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VOL. XV.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1867.

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XV.

THE CLAVERINGS. By Anthony Trollope.

			PAGE
Chapter	XXXIV.	Mr. Saul's Abode	1
"	XXXV.	Parting	9
"	XXXVI.	Captain Clavering makes his Last Attempt	17
"	XXXVII.	What Lady Ongar thought about it	129
"	XXXVIII.	How to Dispose of a Wife	137
"	XXXIX.	Farewell to Doodles	143
"	XL.	Showing how Mrs. Burton fought her Battle	257
"	XLI.	The Sheep returns to the Fold	264
"	XLII.	Restitution	272
"	XLIII.	Lady Ongar's Revenge	385
"	XLIV.	Showing what happened off Heligoland	392
"	XLV.	Is she Mad ?	402
"	XLVI.	Madame Gordeloup retires from British Diplomacy	513
"	XLVII.	Showing how things settled themselves at the Rectory	521
"	XLVIII.	Conclusion	531

THE VILLAGE ON THE CLIFF.

Chapter	XVIII.	The Abbaye aux Dames	75
"	XIX.	Fontaine to the Rescue	82
"	XX.	Never, Never	242
"	LAST.	"Turn, Fortune, turn thy Wheel"	250

STONE EDGE.

Chapter	I.	The Lone Moor	586
"	II.	The Wakes	594
"	III.	A Morning Visit	599
"	IV.	Taking a Character	601
"	V.	Nathan the Wise	727
"	VI.	Scientific and Antiquarian	732
"	VII.	Fern-Cutting on the Druid's Hill	737
"	VIII.	Crooked Ways	743

THE BRAMLEIGHS OF BISHOP'S FOLLY.

Chapter	I.	The Bishop's Folly	641
"	II.	Lady Augusta's Letter	645
"	III.	"The Evening after a Hard Run"	649
"	IV.	On the Croquet Lawn	654
"	V.	Confidential Talk	659

Digitized by Google

Page
Admirals (British) and their Biographers 538
Anti-Jacobin, Canning and the 63
Austrian History, A Dark Chapter of 366
Austrian Service, Reminiscences of an English Cadet in the. Parts I.—III., 104, 174, 326

Beauty and the Beast 676
Berchtesgaden and the Ziller-Thal, Sketches from 572
Blank Verse 620
British Admirals and their Biographers 538

Canning and the Anti-Jacobin 63
Chroniclers, The Old English 154
Country-House, A Week in a French. Parts I.—III. 192, 304, 457

"Diana" Whaler of Hull, Voyage of the, in the years 1866-67. By Allen Young 748
Don Quixote's Country 440
Drama, Music-Halls versus the 119

Eagle (The) of the German Empire 612
Education (Female) in Germany 354
Edward I. as a Military Leader 281
English Cadet in the Austrian Service, Reminiscences of an. Parts I.—III., 104, 174, 326
English Chroniclers, The Old 154

Female Education in Germany 354
Fleet Parsons (The) and the Fleet Marriages 555
French Country-House, A Week in a. Parts I.—III. 192, 304, 457

German Empire, The Eagle of the 612
Germany, Female Education in 354
Golfer (The) at Home 490

History, A Dark Chapter of Austrian 366
Hull, Voyage of the "Diana" Whaler of, in the years 1866-67. By Allen Young 748

Jephthah's Daughter. By G. A. Simcox 606

Köningsmarks (The) and Marshal Saxe 410

Laurence, Samuel: Our Old Pictures 222
Libel, The Law of 36
Life in a Military Prison 499

Marriages in the Fleet, and the Fleet Parsons 555
Marshal Saxe and the Köningsmarks 410
Martial Law and Military Law 484
Military Prison, Life in a 499
Mobs 710
Mrs. Katherine's Lantern. By W. M. Thackeray 117
Music-Halls versus the Drama 119
Music in Vienna 25

Digitized by Google

Page
Old English Chroniclers (The) 154
Orpheus. By G. A. Simcox 218
Our Old Pictures. By Samuel Laurence 222

Parsons, The Fleet, and the Fleet Marriages 555
Pictures, Our Old. By Samuel Laurence 222
Pine-Forest, Ravenna and the 346
Pontresina, Sketches from 47
Prison, Life in a Military 499

Quixote (Don), the Country of 440

Ravenna and the Pine-Forest 346
Reminiscences of an English Cadet in the Austrian Service. Parts I.—III., 104, 174, 326

Saints (The) of the Stage 429
Satrap (The). By W. Frank Smith 343
Saxe, Marshal, and the Köningsmarks 410
Simcox, G. A.: Jephthah's Daughter 606
Orpheus 218
Sketches from Pontresina 47
" " Berchtesgaden and the Ziller-Thal 572
Slips on and off the Stage 665
Smith, W. Frank: The Satrap 343
Spain and the Spaniards 231
Stage, The Saints of the 429
" Slips on and off the 665

Thackeray, W. M.: Mrs. Katherine's Lantern 117
Training 92

Verse, Blank 620
Vienna, Music in 25
Voyage of the "Diana" Whaler of Hull, in the years 1866-67. By Allen Young 748

Week (A) in a French Country-House. Parts I.—III. 192, 304, 457

Ziller-Thal and Berchtesgaden, Sketches from the 572

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	TO FACE PAGE
Husband and Wife	1
"Out of the Valley of the Shadow of Death"	75
A Plea for Mercy	129
An Evening in a French Country-House	192
The Sheep returns to the Fold	257
The Satrap	343
Harry sat between them, like a Sheep as he was, very meekly	385
Drifting	457
Lady Ongar and Florence	513
"You're tired, dear Heart," said Lydia	586
On the Croquet Lawn	641
Guy Griffiths	676

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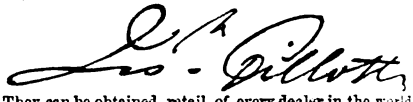

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JANUARY, 1867.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

THE CLAVERINGS. (With an Illustration.) 1

CHAPTER XXXIV.—*Mr. Saul's Abode.*
" XXXV.—*Parting.*
" XXXVI.—*Captain Clavering makes his last Attempt.*

MUSIC IN VIENNA 25

THE LAW OF LIBEL 36

SKETCHES FROM PONTRESINA 47

CANNING AND THE ANTI-JACOBIN 63

THE VILLAGE ON THE CLIFF (With an Illustration.) 75

CHAPTER XVIII.—*The Abbaye aux Dames.*
" XIX.—*Fontaine to the Rescue.*

TRAINING 92

REMINISCENCES OF AN ENGLISH CADET IN THE AUSTRIAN SERVICE 104

MRS. KATHERINE'S LANTERN. BY W. M. THACKERAY 117

MUSIC-HALLS VERSUS THE DRAMA 119

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HUSBAND AND WIFE

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THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1867.

The Claverings.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Mr. Saul's Abode.

WHEN Harry Clavering left London he was not well, though he did not care to tell himself that he was ill. But he had been so harassed by his position, was so ashamed of himself, and as yet so unable to see any escape from his misery, that he was sore with fatigue and almost worn out with trouble. On his arrival at the parsonage, his mother at once asked him if he was ill, and received his petulant denial with an ill-satisfied countenance. That there was something wrong between him and Florence she suspected, but at the present moment she was not disposed to inquire into that matter. Harry's love-affairs had for her a great interest, but Fanny's love-affairs at the present moment were paramount in her bosom. Fanny, indeed, had become very troublesome since Mr. Saul's visit to her father. On the evening of her conversation with her mother, and on the following

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morning, Fanny had carried herself with bravery, and Mrs. Clavering had been disposed to think that her daughter's heart was not wounded deeply. She had admitted the impossibility of her marriage with Mr. Saul, and had never insisted on the strength of her attachment. But no sooner was she told that Mr. Saul had been banished from the house, than she took upon herself to mope in the most love-lorn fashion, and behaved herself as though she were the victim of an all-absorbing passion. Between her and her father no word on the subject had been spoken, and even to her mother she was silent, respectful, and subdued, as it becomes daughters to be who are hardly used when they are in love. Now, Mrs. Clavering felt that in this her daughter was not treating her well.

"But you don't mean to say that she cares for him?" Harry said to his mother, when they were alone on the evening of his arrival.

"Yes, she cares for him, certainly. As far as I can tell, she cares for him very much."

"It is the oddest thing I ever knew in my life. I should have said he was the last man in the world for success of that kind."

"One never can tell, Harry. You see he is a very good young man."

"But girls don't fall in love with men because they're good, mother."

"I hope they do,—for that and other things together."

"But he has got none of the other things. What a pity it was that he was let to stay here after he first made a fool of himself."

"It's too late to think of that now, Harry. Of course she can't marry him. They would have nothing to live on. I should say that he has no prospect of a living."

"I can't conceive how a man can do such a wicked thing," said Harry, moralizing, and forgetting for a moment his own sins. "Coming into a house like this, and in such a position, and then undermining a girl's affections, when he must know that it is quite out of the question that he should marry her! I call it downright wicked. It is treachery of the worst sort, and coming from a clergyman is of course the more to be condemned. I shan't be slow to tell him my mind."

"You will gain nothing by quarrelling with him."

"But how can I help it, if I am to see him at all?"

"I mean that I would not be rough with him. The great thing is to make him feel that he should go away as soon as possible, and renounce all idea of seeing Fanny again. You see, your father will have no conversation with him at all, and it is so disagreeable about the services. They'll have to meet in the vestry-room on Sunday, and they won't speak. Will not that be terrible? Anything will be better than that he should remain here."

"And what will my father do for a curate?"

"He can't do anything till he knows when Mr. Saul will go. He talks of taking all the services himself."

"He couldn't do it, mother. He must not think of it. However, I'll see Saul the first thing to-morrow."

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The next day was Tuesday, and Harry proposed to leave the rectory at ten o'clock for Mr. Saul's lodgings. Before he did so, he had a few words with his father, who professed even deeper animosity against Mr. Saul than his son. "After that," he said, "I'll believe that a girl may fall in love with any man! People say all manner of things about the folly of girls; but nothing but this,—nothing short of this,—would have convinced me that it was possible that Fanny should have been such a fool. An ape of a fellow,—not made like a man,—with a thin hatchet face, and unwholesome stubbly chin. Good heavens!"

"He has talked her into it."

"But he is such an ass. As far as I know him, he can't say Bo! to a goose."

"There I think you are perhaps wrong."

"Upon my word, I've never been able to get a word from him except about the parish. He is the most uncompanionable fellow. There's Edward Fielding is as active a clergyman as Saul; but Edward Fielding has something to say for himself."

"Saul is a cleverer man than Edward is; but his cleverness is of a different sort."

"It is of a sort that is very invisible to me. But what does all that matter? He hasn't got a shilling. When I was a curate, we didn't think of doing such things as that." Mr. Clavering had only been a curate for twelve months, and during that time had become engaged to his present wife with the consent of every one concerned. "But clergymen were gentlemen then. I don't know what the Church will come to; I don't indeed."

After this Harry went away upon his mission. What a farce it was that he should be engaged to make straight the affairs of other people, when his own affairs were so very crooked! As he walked up to the old farmhouse in which Mr. Saul was living, he thought of this, and acknowledged to himself that he could hardly make himself in earnest about his sister's affairs, because of his own troubles. He tried to fill himself with a proper feeling of dignified wrath and high paternal indignation against the poor curate; but under it all, and at the back of it all, and in front of it all, there was ever present to him his own position. Did he wish to escape from Lady Ongar; and if so, how was he to do it? And if he did not escape from Lady Ongar, how was he ever to hold up his head again?

He had sent a note to Mr. Saul on the previous evening giving notice of his intended visit, and had received an answer, in which the curate had promised that he would be at home. He had never before been in Mr. Saul's room, and as he entered it, felt more strongly than ever how incongruous was the idea of Mr. Saul as a suitor to his sister. The Claverings had always had things comfortable around them. They were a people who had ever lived on Brussels carpets, and had seated themselves in capacious chairs. Ormolu, damask hangings, and Sèvres china were

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not familiar to them; but they had never lacked anything that is needed for the comfort of the first-class clerical world. Mr. Saul in his abode boasted but few comforts. He inhabited a big bed-room, in which there was a vast fireplace, and a very small grate,—the grate being very much more modern than the fireplace. There was a small rag of a carpet near the hearth, and on this stood a large deal table,—a table made of unalloyed deal, without any mendacious paint, putting forward a pretence in the direction of mahogany. One wooden Windsor arm-chair—very comfortable in its way—was appropriated to the use of Mr. Saul himself, and two other small wooden chairs flanked the other side of the fireplace. In one distant corner stood Mr. Saul's small bed, and in another distant corner stood his small dressing-table. Against the wall stood a rickety deal press in which he kept his clothes. Other furniture there was none. One of the large windows facing towards the farmyard had been permanently closed, and in the wide embrasure was placed a portion of Mr. Saul's library,—books which he had brought with him from college; and on the ground under this closed window were arranged the others, making a long row, which stretched from the bed to the dressing-table, very pervious, I fear, to the attacks of mice. The big table near the fireplace was covered with books and papers,—and, alas, with dust; for he had fallen into that terrible habit which prevails among bachelors, of allowing his work to remain ever open, never finished, always confused,—with papers above books, and books above papers,—looking as though no useful product could ever be made to come forth from such chaotic elements. But there Mr. Saul composed his sermons, and studied his Bible, and followed up, no doubt, some special darling pursuit which his ambition dictated. But there he did not eat his meals; that had been made impossible by the pile of papers and dust; and his chop, therefore, or his broiled rasher, or bit of pig's fry was deposited for him on the little dressing-table, and there consumed.

Such was the solitary apartment of the gentleman who now aspired to the hand of Miss Clavering; and for this accommodation, including attendance, he paid the reasonable sum of 10*l.* per annum. He then had 60*l.* left, with which to feed himself, clothe himself like a gentleman,—a duty somewhat neglected,—and perform his charities!

Harry Clavering, as he looked around him, felt almost ashamed of his sister. The walls were whitewashed, and stained in many places; and the floor in the middle of the room seemed to be very rotten. What young man who has himself dwelt ever in comfort would like such a house for his sister? Mr. Saul, however, came forward with no marks of visible shame on his face, and greeted his visitor frankly with an open hand. "You came down from London yesterday, I suppose?" said Mr. Saul.

"Just so," said Harry.

"Take a seat;" and Mr. Saul suggested the arm-chair, but Harry contented himself with one of the others. "I hope Mrs. Clavering is well?" "Quite well," said Harry, cheerfully. "And your father,—and

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sister?" "Quite well, thank you," said Harry, very stiffly. "I would have come down to you at the rectory," said Mr. Saul, "instead of bringing you up here; only, as you have heard, no doubt, I and your father have unfortunately had a difference." This Mr. Saul said without any apparent effort, and then left Harry to commence the further conversation.

"Of course, you know what I'm come here about?" said Harry.

"Not exactly; at any rate not so clearly but what I would wish you to tell me."

"You have gone to my father as a suitor for my sister's hand."

"Yes, I have."

"Now you must know that that is altogether impossible,—a thing not to be even talked of."

"So your father says. I need not tell you that I was very sorry to hear him speak in that way."

"But, my dear fellow, you can't really be in earnest? You can't suppose it possible that he would allow such an engagement?"

"As to the latter question, I have no answer to give; but I certainly was,—and certainly am in earnest."

"Then I must say that I think you have a very erroneous idea of what the conduct of a gentleman should be."

"Stop a moment, Clavering," said Mr. Saul, rising, and standing with his back to the big fireplace. "Don't allow yourself to say in a hurry words which you will afterwards regret. I do not think you can have intended to come here and tell me that I am not a gentleman."

"I don't want to have an argument with you; but you must give it up; that's all."

"Give what up? If you mean give up your sister, I certainly shall never do that. She may give me up, and if you have anything to say on that head, you had better say it to her."

"What right can you have,—without a shilling in the world——?"

"I should have no right to marry her in such a condition,—with your father's consent or without it. It is a thing which I have never proposed to myself for a moment,—or to her."

"And what have you proposed to yourself?"

Mr. Saul paused a moment before he spoke, looking down at the dusty heap upon his table, as though hoping that inspiration might come to him from them. "I will tell you what I have proposed," said he at last, "as nearly as I can put it into words. I propose to myself to have the image in my heart of one human being whom I can love above all the world beside; I propose to hope that I, as others, may some day marry, and that she whom I so love may become my wife; I propose to bear with such courage as I can much certain delay, and probable absolute failure in all this; and I propose also to expect,—no, hardly to expect,—that that which I will do for her, she will do for me. Now you know all my mind, and you may be sure of this, that I will instigate your sister to no disobedience."

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"Of course she will not see you again."

"I shall think that hard after what has passed between us; but I certainly shall not endeavour to see her clandestinely."

"And under these circumstances, Mr. Saul, of course you must leave us."

"So your father says."

"But leave us at once, I mean. It cannot be comfortable that you and my father should go on in the parish together in this way."

"What does your father mean by 'at once?'"

"The sooner the better; say in two months' time at furthest."

"Very well. I will go in two months' time. I have no other home to go to, and no other means of livelihood; but as your father wishes it, I will go at the end of two months. As I comply with this, I hope my request to see your sister once before I go will not be refused."

"It could do no good, Mr. Saul."

"To me it would do great good,—and, as I think, no harm to her."

"My father, I am sure, will not allow it. Indeed, why should he? Nor, as I understand, would my sister wish it."

"Has she said so?"

"Not to me; but she has acknowledged that any idea of a marriage between herself and you is quite impossible, and after that I'm sure she'll have too much sense to wish for an interview. If there is anything further that I can do for you, I shall be most happy." Mr. Saul did not see that Harry Clavering could do anything for him, and then Harry took his leave. The rector, when he heard of the arrangement, expressed himself as in some sort satisfied. One month would have been better than two, but then it could hardly be expected that Mr. Saul could take himself away instantly, without looking for a hole in which to lay his head. "Of course it is understood that he is not to see her?" the rector said. In answer to this, Harry explained what had taken place, expressing his opinion that Mr. Saul would, at any rate, keep his word. "Interview, indeed!" said the rector. "It is the man's audacity that most astonishes me. It passes me to think how such a fellow can dare to propose such a thing. What is it that he expects as the end of it?" Then Harry endeavoured to repeat what Mr. Saul had said as to his own expectations, but he was quite aware that he failed to make his father understand those expectations as he had understood them when the words came from Mr. Saul's own mouth. Harry Clavering had acknowledged to himself that it was impossible not to respect the poor curate.

To Mrs. Clavering, of course, fell the task of explaining to Fanny what had been done, and what was going to be done. "He is to go away, my dear, at the end of two months."

"Very well, mamma."

"And, of course, you and he are not to meet before that."

"Of course not, if you and papa say so."

"I have told your papa that it will only be necessary to tell you this,

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and that then you can go to your school just as usual, if you please. Neither papa nor I would doubt your word for a moment."

"But what can I do if he comes to me?" asked Fanny, almost whimpering.

"He has said that he will not, and we do not doubt his word either."

"That I am sure you need not. Whatever anybody may say, Mr. Saul is as much a gentleman as though he had the best living in the diocese. No one ever knew him break his word,—not a hair's breadth,—or do—anything else—that he ought—not to do." And Fanny, as she pronounced this rather strong eulogium, began to sob. Mrs. Clavering felt that Fanny was headstrong, and almost ill-natured, in speaking in this tone of her lover, after the manner in which she had been treated; but there could be no use in discussing Mr. Saul's virtues, and therefore she let the matter drop. "If you will take my advice," she said, "you will go about your occupations just as usual. You'll soon recover your spirits in that way."

"I don't want to recover my spirits," said Fanny; "but if you wish it I'll go on with the schools."

It was quite manifest now that Fanny intended to play the rôle of a broken-hearted young lady, and to regard the absent Mr. Saul with passionate devotion. That this should be so Mrs. Clavering felt to be the more cruel, because no such tendencies had been shown before the paternal sentence against Mr. Saul had been passed. Fanny in telling her own tale had begun by declaring that any such an engagement was an impossibility. She had not asked permission to have Mr. Saul for a lover. She had given no hint that she even hoped for such permission. But now when that was done which she herself had almost dictated, she took upon herself to live as though she were ill-used as badly as a heroine in a castle among the Apennines! And in this way she would really become deeply in love with Mr. Saul;—thinking of all which Mrs. Clavering almost regretted that the edict of banishment had gone forth. It would, perhaps, have been better to have left Mr. Saul to go about the parish, and to have laughed Fanny out of her fancy. But it was too late now for that, and Mrs. Clavering said nothing further on the subject to any one.

On the day following his visit to the farm house, Harry Clavering was unwell,—too unwell to go back to London; and on the next day he was ill in bed. Then it was that he got his mother to write to Mrs. Burton;—and then also he told his mother a part of his troubles. When the letter was written he was very anxious to see it, and was desirous that it should be specially worded, and so written as to make Mrs. Burton certain that he was in truth too ill to come to London, though not ill enough to create alarm. "Why not simply let me say that you are kept here for a day or two?" asked Mrs. Clavering.

"Because I promised that I would be in Onslow Terrace to-morrow, and she must not think that I would stay away if I could avoid it."

Then Mrs. Clavering closed the letter and directed it. When she

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had done that, and put on it the postage-stamp, she asked in a voice that was intended to be indifferent whether Florence was in London; and, hearing that she was so, expressed her surprise that the letter should not be written to Florence.

"My engagement was with Mrs. Burton," said Harry.

"I hope there is nothing wrong between you and Florence?" said his mother. To this question, Harry made no immediate answer, and Mrs. Clavering was afraid to press it. But after a while he recurred to the subject himself. "Mother," he said, "things are wrong between Florence and me."

"Oh, Harry;—what has she done?"

"It is rather what have I done? As for her, she has simply trusted herself to a man who has been false to her."

"Dear Harry, do not say that. What is it that you mean? It is not true about Lady Ongar?"

"Then you have heard, mother. Of course I do not know what you have heard, but it can hardly be worse than the truth. But you must not blame her. Whatever fault there may be, is all mine." Then he told her much of what had occurred in Bolton Street. We may suppose that he said nothing of that mad caress,—nothing, perhaps, of the final promise which he made to Julia as he last passed out of her presence; but he did give her to understand that he had in some way returned to his old passion for the woman whom he had first loved.

I should describe Mrs. Clavering in language too highly eulogistic were I to lead the reader to believe that she was altogether averse to such advantages as would accrue to her son from a marriage so brilliant as that which he might now make with the grandly dowered widow of the late earl.. Mrs. Clavering by no means despised worldly goods; and she had, moreover, an idea that her highly gifted son was better adapted to the spending than to the making of money. It had come to be believed at the rectory that though Harry had worked very hard at college,—as is the case with many highly born young gentlemen,—and though, he would, undoubtedly, continue to work hard if he were thrown among congenial occupations,—such as politics and the like,—nevertheless, he would never excel greatly in any drudgery that would be necessary for the making of money. There had been something to be proud of in this, but there had, of course, been more to regret. But now if Harry were to marry Lady Ongar, all trouble on that score would be over. But poor Florence! When Mrs. Clavering allowed herself to think of the matter she knew that Florence's claims should be held as paramount. And when she thought further and thought seriously, she knew also that Harry's honour and Harry's happiness demanded that he should be true to the girl to whom his hand had been promised. And, then, was not Lady Ongar's name tainted? It might be that she had suffered cruel ill-usage in this. It might be that no such taint had been deserved. Mrs. Clavering could plead the injured woman's cause when speaking of it without any close

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reference to her own belongings; but it would have been very grievous to her, even had there been no Florence Burton in the case, that her son should make his fortune by marrying a woman as to whose character the world was in doubt.

She came to him late in the evening when his sister and father had just left him, and sitting with her hand upon his, spoke one word, which perhaps had more weight with Harry than any word that had yet been spoken. "Have you slept, dear?" she said.

"A little before my father came in."

"My darling," she said,—"you will be true to Florence; will you not?" Then there was a pause. "My own Harry, tell me that you will be true where your truth is due."

"I will, mother," he said.

"My own boy; my darling boy; my own true gentleman!" Harry felt that he did not deserve the praise; but praise undeserved, though it may be satire in disguise, is often very useful.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Parting.

On the next day Harry was not better, but the doctor still said that there was no cause for alarm. He was suffering from a low fever, and his sister had better be kept out of his room. He would not sleep, and was restless, and it might be some time before he could return to London.

Early in the day the rector came into his son's bedroom, and told him and his mother, who was there, the news which he had just heard from the great house. "Hugh has come home," he said, "and is going out yachting for the rest of the summer. They are going to Norway in Jack Stuart's yacht. Archie is going with them." Now Archie was known to be a great man in a yacht, cognizant of ropes, well up in booms and spars, very intimate with bolts, and one to whose hands a tiller came as naturally as did the saddle of a steeple-chase horse to the legs of his friend Doodles. "They are going to fish," said the rector.

But Jack Stuart's yacht is only a river-boat,—or just big enough for Cowes harbour, but nothing more," said Harry, roused in his bed to some excitement by the news.

"I know nothing about Jack Stuart or his boat either," said the rector; "but that's what they told me. He's down here, at any rate, for I saw the servant that came with him."

"What a shame it is," said Mrs. Clavering,—"a scandalous shame."

"You mean his going away?" said the rector.

"Of course I do;—his leaving her here by herself, all alone. He can have no heart;—after losing her child and suffering as she has done. It makes me ashamed of my own name."

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"You can't alter him, my dear. He has his good qualities and his bad,—and the bad ones are by far the more conspicuous."

"I don't know any good qualities he has."

"He does not get into debt. He will not destroy the property. He will leave the family after him as well off as it was before him,—and though he is a hard man, he does nothing actively cruel. Think of Lord Ongar, and then you'll remember that there are worse men than Hugh. Not that I like him. I am never comfortable for a moment in his presence. I always feel that he wants to quarrel with me, and that I almost want to quarrel with him."

"I detest him," said Harry, from beneath the bedclothes.

"You won't be troubled with him any more this summer, for he means to be off in less than a week."

"And what is she to do?" asked Mrs. Clavering.

"Live here as she has done ever since Julia married. I don't see that it will make much difference to her. He's never with her when he's in England, and I should think she must be more comfortable without him than with him."

"It's a great catch for Archie," said Harry.

"Archie Clavering is a fool," said Mrs. Clavering.

"They say he understands a yacht," said the rector, who then left the room.

The rector's news was all true. Sir Hugh Clavering had come down to the Park, and had announced his intention of going to Norway in Jack Stuart's yacht. Archie also had been invited to join the party. Sir Hugh intended to leave the Thames in about a week, and had not thought it necessary to give his wife any intimation of the fact, till he told her himself of his intention. He took, I think, a delight in being thus over-harsh in his harshness to her. He proved to himself thus not only that he was master, but that he would be master without any let or drawback, without compunctions, and even without excuses for his ill-conduct. There should be no plea put in by him in his absences, that he had only gone to catch a few fish, when his intentions had been other than piscatorial. He intended to do as he liked now and always,—and he intended that his wife should know that such was his intention. She was now childless, and therefore he had no other terms to keep with her than those which appertained to her necessities for bed and board. There was the house, and she might live in it; and there were the butchers and the bakers, and other tradesmen to supply her wants. Nay;—there were the old carriage and the old horses at her disposal, if they could be of any service to her. Such were Sir Hugh Clavering's ideas as to the bonds inflicted upon him by his marriage vows.

"I'm going to Norway next week." It was thus Sir Hugh communicated his intention to his wife within five minutes of their first greeting.

"To Norway, Hugh?"

"Yes;—why not to Norway? I and one or two others have got

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some fishing there. Archie is going too. It will keep him from spending his money;—or rather from spending money which isn't his."

"And for how long will you be gone?"

It was part of Sir Hugh Clavering's theory as to these matters that there should be no lying in the conduct of them. He would not condescend to screen any part of his doings by a falsehood;—so he answered this question with exact truth.

"I don't suppose we shall be back before October."

"Not before October?"

"No. We are talking of putting in on the coast of Normandy somewhere; and probably may run down to Brittany. I shall be back, at any rate, for the hunting. As for the partridges, the game has gone so much to the devil here, that they are not worth coming for."

"You'll be away four months!"

"I suppose I shall if I don't come back till October." Then he left her, calculating that she would have considered the matter before he returned, and have decided that no good could come to her from complaint. She knew his purpose now, and would no doubt reconcile herself to it quickly;—perhaps with a few tears, which would not hurt him if he did not see them.

But this blow was almost more than Lady Clavering could bear,—was more than she could bear in silence. Why she should have grudged her husband his trip abroad, seeing that his presence in England could hardly have been a solace to her, it is hard to understand. Had he remained in England, he would rarely have been at Clavering Park; and when he was at the Park he would rarely have given her the benefit of his society. When they were together he was usually scolding her, or else sitting in gloomy silence, as though that phase of his life was almost insupportable to him. He was so unusually disagreeable in his intercourse with her, that his absence, one would think, must be preferable to his presence. But women can bear anything better than desertion. Cruelty is bad, but neglect is worse than cruelty, and desertion worse even than neglect. To be treated as though she were not in existence, or as though her existence were a nuisance simply to be endured, and, as far as possible, to be forgotten, was more than even Lady Clavering could bear without complaint. When her husband left her, she sat meditating how she might turn against her oppressor. She was a woman not apt for fighting,—unlike her sister, who knew well how to use the cudgels in her own behalf; she was timid, not gifted with a full flow of words, prone to sink and become dependent; but she,—even she,—with all these deficiencies,—felt that she must make some stand against the outrage to which she was now to be subjected.

"Hugh," she said, when next she saw him, "you can't really mean that you are going to leave me from this time till the winter?"

"I said nothing about the winter."

"Well,—till October?"

"I said that I was going, and I usually mean what I say."

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"I cannot believe it, Hugh; I cannot bring myself to think that you will be so cruel."

"Look here, Hermy, if you take to calling names I won't stand it."

"And I won't stand it, either. What am I to do? Am I to be here in this dreadful barrack of a house all alone? How would you like it? Would you bear it for one month, let alone four or five? I won't remain here; I tell you that fairly."

"Where do you want to go?"

"I don't want to go anywhere, but I'll go away somewhere and die; —I will indeed. I'll destroy myself, or something."

"Psha!"

"Yes; of course it's a joke to you. What have I done to deserve this? Have I ever done anything that you told me not? It's all because of Hughy,—my darling,—so it is; and it's cruel of you, and not like a husband; and it's not manly. It's very cruel. I didn't think anybody would have been so cruel as you are to me." Then she broke down and burst into tears.

"Have you done, Hermy?" said her husband.

"No; I've not done."

"Then go on again," said he.

But in truth she had done, and could only repeat her last accusation. "You're very, very cruel."

"You said that before."

"And I'll say it again. I'll tell everybody; so I will. I'll tell your uncle at the rectory, and he shall speak to you."

"Look here, Hermy; I can bear a deal of nonsense from you because some women are given to talk nonsense; but if I find you telling tales about me out of this house, and especially to my uncle, or indeed to anybody, I'll let you know what it is to be cruel."

"You can't be worse than you are."

"Don't try me; that's all. And as I suppose you have now said all that you've got to say, if you please we will regard that subject as finished." The poor woman had said all that she could say, and had no further means of carrying on the war. In her thoughts she could do so; in her thoughts she could wander forth out of the gloomy house in the night, and perish in the damp and cold, leaving a paper behind her to tell the world that her husband's cruelty had brought her to that pass. Or she would go to Julia and leave him for ever. Julia, she thought, would still receive her. But as to one thing she had certainly made up her mind; she would go with her complaint to Mrs. Clavering at the rectory, let her lord and master show his anger in whatever form he might please.

The next day Sir Hugh himself made her a proposition which somewhat softened the aspect of affairs. This he did in his usual voice, with something of a smile on his face, and speaking as though he were altogether oblivious of the scenes of yesterday. "I was thinking, Hermy," he said, "that you might have Julia down here while I am away."

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"Have Julia here?"

"Yes; why not? She'll come, I'm sure, when she knows that my back is turned."

"I've never thought about asking her,—at least not lately."

"No; of course. But you might as well do so now. It seems that she never goes to Ongar Park, and, as far as I can learn, never will. I'm going to see her myself."

"You going to see her?"

"Yes; Lord Ongar's people want to know whether she can be induced to give up the place; that is, to sell her interest in it. I have promised to see her. Do you write her a letter first, and tell her that I want to see her; and ask her also to come here as soon as she can leave London."

"But wouldn't the lawyers do it better than you?"

"Well;—one would think so; but I am commissioned to make her a kind of apology from the whole Courton family. They fancy they've been hard upon her; and, by George, I believe they have. I may be able to say a word for myself too. If she isn't a fool she'll put her anger in her pocket, and come down to you."

Lady Clavering liked the idea of having her sister with her, but she was not quite meek enough to receive the permission now given her as full compensation for the injury done. She said that she would do as he had bidden her, and then went back to her own grievances. "I don't suppose Julia, even if she would come for a little time, would find it very pleasant to live in such a place as this, all alone."

"She wouldn't be all alone when you are with her," said Hugh, gruffly, and then again went out, leaving his wife to become used to her misfortune by degrees.

It was not surprising that Lady Clavering should dislike her solitude at Clavering Park house, nor surprising that Sir Hugh should find the place disagreeable. The house was a large, square, stone building, with none of the prettinesses of modern country-houses about it. The gardens were away from the house, and the cold desolate flat park came up close around the windows. The rooms were large and lofty,—very excellent for the purpose of a large household, but with nothing of that snug, pretty comfort which solitude requires for its solace. The furniture was old and heavy, and the hangings were dark in colour. Lady Clavering when alone there,—and she generally was alone,—never entered the rooms on the ground-floor. Nor did she ever pass through the wilderness of a hall by which the front-door was to be reached. Throughout more than half her days she never came downstairs at all; but when she did so, preparatory to being dragged about the parish lanes in the old family carriage, she was let out at a small side-door; and so it came to pass that during the absences of the lord of the mansion, the shutters were not even moved from any of the lower windows. Under such circumstances there can be no wonder that Lady Clavering regarded the place as a prison. "I wish you could come upon it unawares, and see how gloomy it is," she said to

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him. "I don't think you'd stand it alone for two days, let alone all your life."

"I'll shut it up altogether if you like," said he.

"And where am I to go?" she asked.

"You can go to Móor Hall if you please." Now Moor Hall was a small house, standing on a small property belonging to Sir Hugh, in that part of Devonshire which lies north of Dartmoor, somewhere near the Holsworthy region, and which is perhaps as ugly, as desolate, and as remote as any part of England. Lady Clavering had heard much of Moor Hall, and dreaded it as the heroine, made to live in the big grim castle low down among the Apennines, dreads the smaller and grimmer castle which is known to exist somewhere higher up in the mountains.

"Why couldn't I go to Brighton?" said Lady Clavering boldly.

"Because I don't choose it," said Sir Hugh. After that she did go to the rectory, and told Mrs. Clavering all her troubles. She had written to her sister, having, however, delayed the doing of this for two or three days, and she had not at this time received an answer from Lady Ongar. Nor did she hear from her sister till after Sir Hugh had left her. It was on the day before his departure that she went to the rectory, finding herself driven to this act of rebellion by his threat of Moor Hall. "I will never go there unless I am dragged there by force," she said to Mrs. Clavering.

"I don't think he means that," said Mrs. Clavering. "He only wants to make you understand that you'd better remain at the Park."

"But if you knew what a house it is to be all alone in!"

"Dear Hermione, I do know! But you must come to us oftener, and let us endeavour to make it better for you."

"But how can I do that? How can I come to his uncle's house, just because my own husband has made my own home so wretched that I cannot bear it. I'm ashamed to do that. I ought not to be telling you all this, of course. I don't know what he'd do if he knew it; but it is so hard to bear it all without telling some one."

"My poor dear!"

"I sometimes think I'll ask Mr. Clavering to speak to him, and to tell him at once that I will not submit to it any longer. Of course he would be mad with rage, but if he were to kill me I should like it better than having to go on in this way. I'm sure he is only waiting for me to die."

Mrs. Clavering said all that she could to comfort the poor woman, but there was not much that she could say. She had strongly advocated the plan of having Lady Ongar at the Park, thinking perhaps that Harry would be more safe while that lady was at Clavering, than he might perhaps be if she remained in London. But Mrs. Clavering doubted much whether Lady Ongar would consent to make such a visit. She regarded Lady Ongar as a hard, worldly, pleasure-seeking woman,—sinned against perhaps in much, but also sinning in much herself,—to whom the desolation of the Park would be even more unendurable than it was to the elder sister. But of this, of course, she said nothing. Lady Clavering left her, some-

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what quieted, if not comforted; and went back to pass her last evening with her husband.

"Upon second thought, I'll go by the first train," he said, as he saw her for a moment before she went up to dress. "I shall have to be off from here a little after six, but I don't mind that in summer." Thus she was to be deprived of such gratification as there might have been in breakfasting with him on the last morning! It might be hard to say in what that gratification would have consisted. She must by this time have learned that his presence gave her none of the pleasures usually expected from society. He slighted her in everything. He rarely vouchsafed to her those little attentions which all women expect from all gentlemen. If he handed her a plate, or cut for her a morsel of bread from the loaf, he showed by his manner and by his brow that the doing so was a nuisance to him. At their meals he rarely spoke to her,—having always at breakfast a paper or a book before him, and at dinner devoting his attention to a dog at his feet. Why should she have felt herself cruelly ill-used in this matter of his last breakfast,—so cruelly ill-used that she wept afresh over it as she dressed herself,—seeing that she would lose so little? Because she loved the man;—loved him, though she now thought that she hated him. We very rarely, I fancy, love those whose love we have not either possessed or expected,—or at any rate for whose love we have not hoped; but when it has once existed, ill-usage will seldom destroy it. Angry as she was with the man, ready as she was to complain of him, to rebel against him,—perhaps to separate herself from him for ever, nevertheless she found it to be a cruel grievance that she should not sit at table with him on the morning of his going. "Jackson shall bring me a cup of coffee as I'm dressing," he said, "and I'll breakfast at the club." She knew that there was no reason for this, except that breakfasting at his club was more agreeable to him than breakfasting with his wife.

She had got rid of her tears before she came down to dinner, but still she was melancholy and almost lachrymose. This was the last night, and she felt that something special ought to be said; but she did not know what she expected, or what it was that she herself wished to say. I think that she was longing for an opportunity to forgive him,—only that he would not be forgiven. If he would have spoken one soft word to her, she would have accepted that one word as an apology; but no such word came. He sat opposite to her at dinner, drinking his wine and feeding his dog; but he was no more gracious to her at this dinner than he had been on any former day. She sat there pretending to eat, speaking a dull word now and then, to which his answer was a monosyllable, looking out at him from under her eyes, through the candlelight, to see whether any feeling was moving him; and then having pretended to eat a couple of strawberries she left him to himself. Still, however, this was not the last. There would come some moment for an embrace,—for some cold half-embrace, in which he would be forced to utter something of a farewell.

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He, when he was left alone, first turned his mind to the subject of Jack Stuart and his yacht. He had on that day received a letter from a noble friend,—a friend so noble that he was able to take liberties even with Sir Hugh Clavering,—in which his noble friend had told him that he was a fool to trust himself on so long an expedition in Jack Stuart's little boat. Jack, the noble friend said, knew nothing of the matter, and as for the masters who were hired for the sailing of such crafts, their only object was to keep out as long as possible, with an eye to their wages and perquisites. It might be all very well for Jack Stuart, who had nothing in the world to lose but his life and his yacht; but his noble friend thought that any such venture on the part of Sir Hugh was simple tomfoolery. But Sir Hugh was an obstinate man, and none of the Claverings were easily made afraid by personal danger. Jack Stuart might know nothing about the management of a boat, but Archie did. And as for the smallness of the craft,—he knew of a smaller craft which had been out on the Norway coast during the whole of the last season. So he drove that thought away from his mind, with no strong feelings of gratitude towards his noble friend.

And then for a few moments he thought of his own home. What had his wife done for him, that he should put himself out of his way to do much for her? She had brought him no money. She had added nothing either by her wit, beauty, or rank to his position in the world. She had given him no heir. What had he received from her that he should endure her commonplace conversation, and washed-out, dowdy prettinesses? Perhaps some momentary feeling of compassion, some twang of conscience, came across his heart, as he thought of it all; but if so he checked it instantly, in accordance with the teachings of his whole life. He had made his reflections on all these things, and had tutored his mind to certain resolutions, and would not allow himself to be carried away by any womanly softness. She had her house, her carriage, her bed, her board, and her clothes; and seeing how very little she herself had contributed to the common fund, her husband determined that in having those things she had all that she had a right to claim. Then he drank a glass of sherry, and went into the drawing-room with that hard smile upon his face, which he was accustomed to wear when he intended to signify to his wife that she might as well make the best of existing things, and not cause unnecessary trouble, by giving herself airs or assuming that she was unhappy.

He had his cup of coffee, and she had her cup of tea, and she made one or two little attempts at saying something special,—something that might lead to a word or two as to their parting; but he was careful and crafty, and she was awkward and timid,—and she failed. He had hardly been there an hour, when looking at his watch he declared that it was ten o'clock, and that he would go to bed. Well; perhaps it might be best to bring it to an end, and to go through this embrace, and have done with it! Any tender word that was to be spoken on either side, it

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was now clear to her, must be spoken in that last farewell. There was a tear in her eye as she rose to kiss him; but the tear was not there of her own good will, and she strove to get rid of it without his seeing it. As he spoke he also rose, and having lit for himself a bed-candle was ready to go. "Good-by, Hermy," he said, submitting himself, with the candle in his hand, to the inevitable embrace.

"Good-by, Hugh; and God bless you," she said, putting her arms round his neck. "Pray,—pray take care of yourself."

"All right," he said. His position with the candle was awkward, and he wished that it might be over.

But she had a word prepared which she was determined to utter,—poor weak creature that she was. She still had her arm round his shoulders, so that he could not escape without shaking her off, and her forehead was almost resting on his bosom. "Hugh," she said, "you must not be angry with me for what I said to you."

"Very well," said he;—"I won't."

"And, Hugh," said she; "of course I can't like your going."

"Oh, yes, you will," said he.

"No;—I can't like it; but, Hugh, I will not think ill of it any more. Only be here as much as you can when you come home."

"All right," said he; then he kissed her forehead and escaped from her, and went his way, telling himself, as he went, that she was a fool.

That was the last he saw of her,—before his yachting commenced; but she,—poor fool,—was up by times in the morning, and, peeping out between her curtains as the early summer sun glanced upon her eyelids, saw him come forth from the porch and descend the great steps, and get into his dog-cart and drive himself away. Then, when the sound of the gig could be no longer heard, and when her eyes could no longer catch the last expiring speck of his hat, the poor fool took herself to bed again and cried herself to sleep.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Captain Clavering makes his last Attempt.

The yachting scheme was first proposed to Archie by his brother Hugh. "Jack says that he can make a berth for you, and you'd better come," said the elder brother, understanding that when his edict had thus gone forth, the thing was as good as arranged. "Jack finds the boat and men, and I find the grub and wine,—and pay for the fishing," said Hugh; "so you need not make any bones about it." Archie was not disposed to make any bones about it as regarded his acceptance either of the berth or of the grub and wine, and as he would be expected to earn his passage by his work, there was no necessity for any scruple; but there arose the question whether he had not got more important fish to fry. He had not as yet

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made his proposal to Lady Ongar, and although he now knew that he had nothing to hope from the Russian Spy,—nevertheless he thought that he might as well try his own hand at the venture. His resolution on this head was always stronger after dinner than before, and generally became stronger and more strong as the evening advanced;—so that he usually went to bed with a firm determination "to pop," as he called it to his friend Doodles, early on the next day; but distance affected him as well as the hour of the day, and his purpose would become surprisingly cool in the neighbourhood of Bolton Street. When, however, his brother suggested that he should be taken altogether away from the scene of action, he thought of the fine income and of Ongar Park with pangs of regret, and ventured upon a mild remonstrance. "But there's this affair of Julia, you know," said he.

"I thought that was all off," said Hugh.

"O dear, no; not off at all. I haven't asked her yet."

"I know you've not; and I don't suppose you ever will."

"Yes, I shall;—that is to say, I mean it. I was advised not to be in too much of a hurry; that is to say, I thought it best to let her settle down a little after her first seeing me."

"To recover from her confusion?"

"Well, not exactly that. I don't suppose she was confused."

"I should say not. My idea is that you haven't a ghost of chance, and that as you haven't done anything all this time, you need not trouble yourself now."

"But I have done something," said Archie, thinking of his seventy pounds.

"You may as well give it up, for she means to marry Harry."

"No!"

"But I tell you she does. While you've been thinking he's been doing. From what I hear he may have her to-morrow for the asking."

"But he's engaged to that girl whom they had with them down at the rectory," said Archie, in a tone which showed with what horror he should regard any inconstancy towards Florence Burton on the part of Harry Clavering.

"What does that matter? You don't suppose he'll let seven thousand a year slip through his fingers because he had promised to marry a little girl like her? If her people choose to proceed against him they'll make him pay swinging damages; that is all."

Archie did not like this idea at all, and became more than ever intent on his own matrimonial prospects. He almost thought that he had a right to Lady Ongar's money, and he certainly did think that a monstrous injustice was done to him by this idea of a marriage between her and his cousin. "I mean to ask her as I've gone so far, certainly," said he.

"You can do as you like about that."

"Yes; of course I can do as I like; but when a fellow has gone in for a thing, he likes to see it through." He was still thinking of the

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seventy pounds which he had invested, and which he could now recover only out of Lady Ongar's pocket.

"And you mean to say you won't come to Norway?"

"Well; if she accepts me——"

"If she accepts you," said Hugh, "of course you can't come; but supposing she don't?"

"In that case, I might as well do that as anything else," said Archie. Whereupon Sir Hugh signified to Jack Stuart that Archie would join the party, and went down to Clavering with no misgiving on that head.

Some few days after this there was another little dinner at the military club, to which no one was admitted but Archie and his friend Doodles. Whenever these prandial consultations were held, Archie paid the bill. There were no spoken terms to that effect, but the regulation seemed to come naturally to both of them. Why should Doodles be taken from his billiards half-an-hour earlier than usual, and devote a portion of the calculating powers of his brain to Archie's service without compensation? And a richer vintage was needed when so much thought was required, the burden of which Archie would not of course allow to fall on his friend's shoulders. Were not this explained, the experienced reader would regard the devoted friendship of Doodles as exaggerated.

"I certainly shall ask her to-morrow," said Archie, looking with a thoughtful cast of countenance through the club window into the street. "It may be hurrying the matter a little, but I can't help that." He spoke in a somewhat boastful tone, as though he were proud of himself and had forgotten that he had said the same words once or twice before.

"Make her know that you're there; that's everything," said Doodles. "Since I fathomed that woman in Mount Street, I've felt that you must make the score off your own bat, if you're to make it at all."

"You did that well," said Archie, who knew that the amount of pleasing encouragement which he might hope to get from his friend, must depend on the praise which he himself should bestow. "Yes; you certainly did bowl her over uncommon well."

"That kind of thing just comes within my line," said Doodles, with conscious pride. "Now, as to asking Lady Ongar downright to marry me, —upon my word I believe I should be half afraid of doing it myself."

"I've none of that kind of feeling," said Archie.

"It comes more in your way, I daresay," said Doodles. "But for me, what I like is a little bit of management,—what I call a touch of the diplomatic. You'll be able to see her to-morrow?"

"I hope so. I shall go early,—that is, as soon as I've looked through the papers and written a few letters. Yes, I think she'll see me. And as for what Hugh says about Harry Clavering, why, d—— it, you know, a fellow can't go on in that way; can he?"

"Because of the other girl, you mean?"

"He has had her down among all our people, just as though they

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were going to be married to-morrow. If a man is to do that kind of thing, what woman can be safe?"

"I wonder whether she likes him?" asked the crafty Doodles.

"She did like him, I fancy, in her calf days; but that means nothing. She knows what she's at now, bless you, and she'll look to the future. It's my son who'll have the Clavering property and be the baronet, not his. You see what a string to my bow that is."

When this banquet was over, Doodles made something of a resolution that it should be the last to be eaten on that subject. The matter had lost its novelty, and the price paid to him was not sufficient to secure his attention any longer. "I shall be here to-morrow at four," he said, as he rose from his chair with the view of retreating to the smoking-room, "and then we shall know all about it. Whichever way it's to be, it isn't worth your while keeping such a thing as that in hand any longer. I should say give her her chance to-morrow, and then have done with it." Archie in reply to this declared that those were exactly his sentiments, and then went away to prepare himself in silence and solitude for the next day's work.

On the following day at two o'clock Lady Ongar was sitting alone in the front room on the ground-floor in Bolton Street. Of Harry Clavering's illness she had as yet heard nothing, nor of his absence from London. She had not seen him since he had parted from her on that evening when he had asked her to be his wife, and the last words she had heard from his lips had made this request. She, indeed, had then bade him be true to her rival,—to Florence Burton. She had told him this in spite of her love,—of her love for him and of his for her. They two, she had said, could not now become man and wife;—but he had not acknowledged the truth of what she had said. She could not write to him. She could make no overtures. She could ask no questions. She had no friend in whom she could place confidence. She could only wait for him, till he should come to her or send to her, and let her know what was to be her fate.

As she now sat she held a letter in her hand which had just been brought to her from Sophie,—from her poor famished, but indefatigable Sophie. Sophie she had not seen since they had parted on the railway platform, and then the parting was supposed to be made in lasting enmity. Desolate as she was, she had congratulated herself much on her escape from Sophie's friendship, and was driven by no qualms of her heart to long for a renewal of the old ties. But it was not so with the more affectionate Sophie; and Sophie therefore had written,—as follows:—

Mount Street—Friday morning.

Dearest dearest Julie,—My heart is so sad that I cannot keep my silence longer. What; can such friendship as ours has been be made to die all in a minute? Oh, no;—not at least in my bosom, which is filled with love for my Julie. And my Julie will not turn from her friend, who has been so true to her,—ah, at such moments too,—oh, yes, at such moments!—just for an angry word, or a little

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indiscretion. What was it after all about my brother? Bah! He is a fool; that is all. If you shall wish it, I will never speak to him again. What is my brother to me, compared to my Julie? My brother is nothing to me. I tell him we go to that accursed island,—accursed island because my Julie has quarrelled with me there,—and he arranges himself to follow us. What could I do? I could not tie him up by the leg in his London club. He is a man whom no one can tie up by the leg. Mon Dieu, no. He is very hard to tie up.

Do I wish him for your husband? Never! Why should I wish him for your husband? If I was a man, my Julie, I should wish you for myself. But I am not, and why should you not have him whom you like the best? If I was you, with your beauty and money and youth, I would have any man that I liked,—everything. I know, of course,—for did I not see? It is that young Clavering to whom your little heart wishes to render itself;—not the captain who is a fool,—such a fool! but the other who is not a fool, but a fine fellow;—and so handsome! Yes; there is no doubt as to that. He is beautiful as a Phœbus. [This was good-natured on the part of Sophie, who, as the reader may remember, hated Harry Clavering herself.]

Well,—why should he not be your own? As for your poor Sophie, she would do all in her power to assist the friend whom she love. There is that little girl,—yes; it is true as I told you. But little girls cannot have all they want always. He is a gay deceiver. These men who are so beautiful as Phœbus are always deceivers. But you need not be the one deceived;—you with your money and your beauty and your —what you call rank. No, I think not; and I think that little girl must put up with it, as other little girls have done, since the men first learned how to tell lies. That is my advice, and if you will let me I can give you good assistance.

Dearest Julie, think of all this, and do not banish your Sophie. I am so true to you, that I cannot live without you. Send me back one word of permission, and I will come to you, and kneel at your feet. And in the meantime, I am

Your most devoted friend,

SOPHIE.

Lady Ongar, on the receipt of this letter, was not at all changed in her purpose with reference to Madame Gordeloup. She knew well enough where her Sophie's heart was placed, and would yield to no further pressure from that quarter; but Sophie's reasoning, nevertheless, had its effect. She, Lady Ongar, with her youth, her beauty, her wealth, and her rank, why should she not have that one thing which alone could make her happy, seeing, as she did see, or as she thought she saw, that in making herself happy she could do so much, could confer such great blessings on him she loved? She had already found that the money she had received as the price of herself had done very little towards making her happy in her present state. What good was it to her that she had a carriage and horses and two footmen six feet high? One pleasant word from lips that she could love,—from the lips of man or woman that she could esteem,—would be worth it all. She had gone down to her pleasant place in the country,—a place so pleasant that it had a fame of its own among the luxuriantly pleasant seats of the English country gentry; she had gone there, expecting to be happy in the mere feeling that it was all her own; and the whole thing had been to her so unutterably sad, so wretched in the severity of its desolation, that she had been unable to endure her life amidst the shade of her own trees. All her apples hitherto had turned to ashes between her teeth, because her fate had forced her to attempt the

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eating of them alone. But if she could give the fruit to him,—if she could make the apples over, so that they should all be his, and not hers, then would there not come to her some of the sweetness of the juice of them?

She declared to herself that she would not tempt this man to be untrue to his troth, were it not that in doing so she would so greatly benefit himself. Was it not manifest that Harry Clavering was a gentleman, qualified to shine among men of rank and fashion, but not qualified to make his way by his own diligence? In saying this of him, she did not know how heavy was the accusation that she brought against him; but what woman, within her own breast, accuses the man she loves? Were he to marry Florence Burton, would he not ruin himself, and probably ruin her also? But she could give him all that he wanted. Though Ongar Park to her alone was, with its rich pastures and spreading oaks and lowing cattle, desolate as the Dead Sea shore, for him,—and for her with him,—would it not be the very paradise suited to them? Would it not be the heaven in which such a Phœbus should shine amidst the gyrations of his satellites? A Phœbus going about his own field in knickerbockers, and with attendant satellites, would possess a divinity which, as she thought, might make her happy. As she thought of all this, and asked herself these questions, there was an inner conscience which told her that she had no right to Harry's love or Harry's hand; but still she could not cease to long that good things might come to her, though those good things had not been deserved. Alas, good things not deserved too often lose their goodness when they come! As she was sitting with Sophie's letter in her hand the door was opened, and Captain Clavering was announced.

Captain Archibald Clavering was again dressed in his very best, but he did not even yet show by his demeanour that aptitude for the business now in hand of which he had boasted on the previous evening to his friend. Lady Ongar, I think, partly guessed the object of his visit. She had perceived, or perhaps had unconsciously felt, on the occasion of his former coming, that the visit had not been made simply from motives of civility. She had known Archie in old days, and was aware that the splendour of his vestments had a significance. Well, if anything of that kind was to be done, the sooner it was done the better.

"Julia," he said, as soon as he was seated, "I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you quite well?"

"Pretty well, I thank you," said she.

"You have been out of town, I think?" She told him that she had been in the Isle of Wight for a day or two, and then there was a short silence. "When I heard that you were gone," he said, "I feared that perhaps you were ill!"

"O dear, no; nothing of that sort."

"I am so glad," said Archie; and then he was silent again. He had, however, as he was aware, thrown a great deal of expression into his inquiries after her health, and he had now to calculate how he could best use the standing-ground that he had made for himself.

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"Have you seen my sister lately?" she asked.

"Your sister? no. She is always at Clavering. I think it doosed wrong of Hugh, the ways he goes on, keeping her down there, while he is up here in London. It isn't at all my idea of what a husband ought to do."

"I suppose she likes it," said Lady Ongar.

"Oh, if she likes it, that's a different thing, of course," said Archie. Then there was another pause.

"Don't you find yourself rather lonely here sometimes?" he asked.

Lady Ongar felt that it would be better for all parties that it should be over, and that it would not be over soon unless she could help him. "Very lonely indeed," she said; "but then I suppose that it is the fate of widows to be lonely."

"I don't see that at all," said Archie, briskly; "—unless they are old and ugly, and that kind of thing. When a widow has become a widow after she has been married ever so many years, why then I suppose she looks to be left alone; and I suppose they like it."

"Indeed, I can't say. I don't like it."

"Then you would wish to change?"

"It is a very intricate subject, Captain Clavering, and one which I do not think I am quite disposed to discuss at present. After a year or two, perhaps I shall go into society again. Most widows do, I believe."

"But I was thinking of something else," said Archie, working himself up to the point with great energy, but still with many signs that he was ill at ease at his work. "I was, by Jove!"

"And of what were you thinking, Captain Clavering?"

"I was thinking,—of course you know, Julia, that since poor little Hughy's death, I am the next in for the title?"

"Poor Hughy! I'm sure you are too generous to rejoice at that."

"Indeed I am. When two fellows offered me a dinner at the club on the score of my chances, I wouldn't have it. But there's the fact;—isn't it?"

"There is no doubt of that, I believe."

"None on earth; and the most of it is entailed, too; not that Hugh would leave an acre away from the title. I'm as safe as wax as far as that is concerned. I don't suppose he ever borrowed a shilling or mortgaged an acre in his life."

"I should think he was a prudent man."

"We are both of us prudent. I will say that of myself, though I oughtn't to say it. And now, Julia,—a few words are the best after all. Look here,—if you'll take me just as I am, I'm blessed if I shan't be the happiest fellow in all London. I shall indeed. I've always been uncommon fond of you, though I never said anything about it in the old days, because,—because you see, what's the use of a man asking a girl to marry him if they haven't got a farthing between them. I think it's wrong; I do indeed; but it's different now, you know." It certainly was very different now.

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"Captain Clavering," she said, "I'm sorry you should have troubled yourself with such an idea as this."

"Don't say that, Julia. It's no trouble; it's a pleasure."

"But such a thing as you mean never can take place."

"Yes, it can. Why can't it? I ain't in a hurry. I'll wait your own time, and do just whatever you wish all the while. Don't say no without thinking about it, Julia."

"It is one of those things, Captain Clavering, which want no more thinking than what a woman can give to it at the first moment."

"Ah,—you think so now, because you're surprised a little."

"Well; I am surprised a little, as our previous intercourse was never of a nature to make such a proposition as this at all probable."

"That was merely because I didn't think it right," said Archie, who, now that he had worked himself into the vein, liked the sound of his own voice. "It was indeed."

"And I don't think it right now. You must listen to me for a mement, Captain Clavering—for fear of a mistake. Believe me, any such plan as this is quite out of the question;—quite." In uttering that last word she managed to use a tone of voice which did make an impression on him. "I never can, under any circumstances, become your wife. You might as well look upon that as altogether decided, because it will save us both annoyance."

"You needn't be so sure yet, Julia."

"Yes, I must be sure. And unless you will promise me to drop the matter, I must,—to protect myself,—desire my servants not to admit you into the house again. I shall be sorry to do that, and I think you will save me from the necessity."

He did save her from that necessity, and before he went he gave her the required promise. "That's well," said she, tendering him her hand; "and now we shall part friends."

"I shall like to be friends," said he, in a crestfallen voice, and with that he took his leave. It was a great comfort to him that he had the scheme of Jack Stuart's yacht and the trip to Norway for his immediate consolation.

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Music in Vienna.

Benedick of Padua, remarking how a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age, anticipated the sad result of modern inquiry into the causes of artistic growth and decline. Beyond some such empirical formula as this our critical philosophy has not attained. No comprehensive theory of the dynamics of æsthetic evolution has yet been propounded. Partial explanations of local phenomena have indeed been offered by disciples of the Camel school, who consider that man's moral consciousness is the most perfect engine of discovery and the proper criterion of truth. Thus Schelling showed that the inevitable path of genius in painting was from greatness to grace. Thus the late Mr. Buckle explained that Italy was the mother of art because contact with nature's sublimer aspects had exalted the creative faculties of the people. So Mr. Ruskin has demonstrated that the Venetians surpassed in colour because they worshipped God. It would spoil such brilliant generalizations to verify them by the vulgar test of facts. We may suspect that Michel Angelo followed Angelico, that Rubens succeeded Velvet Breughel; but Schelling's postulate must not be attacked. Holland bred ten painters where picturesque Spain bred one, while sublime Switzerland can only boast her solitary Calame; but let Mr. Buckle's profundity be unimpeached. The fasti of the city of the Lagunes relate how Titian and Veronese were given to the delights of the old Italian Adam, how they adored their models too much and the Madonna not at all; yet we cannot part with Mr. Ruskin's beautiful dogma that "the roots of the moral power of the Venetians" lay less in their maulsticks than in their faith,—with his elevated *fact* that their ateliers were homes of piety and their easels scenes of prayer.

Be these things as they may, we shall hardly advance beyond Benedick's generalization unless we can extend and systematize our knowledge of the outward circumstances which tend to bring about the rise and fall of art. Perhaps the evidence which might lighten our darkness is not extant, nor in the nature of things ever will be. Under such conditions we shall never, except by chance, stumble on the legislative or domestic devices likely to improve our artistic prospects. It is still uncertain whether modern methods of publicity and reward—in the case, for instance, of painting—do not tend to destroy genius and debauch taste. Competent French authorities allege that we have partly to thank our picture exhibitions if instead of M. Ingres we have got M. Courbet, instead of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Whistler. Our systems of encouragement for music and musicians are open to similar question. Referring to

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this head, we proceed to speak of one of the few apposite cases where effect may be traced to cause, and *propter* identified with *post*. The details narrated will naturally lead to the special subject of the present paper.

Bohemia has long been reputed to be the paradise of music. When Vienna rejected Mozart, Prague received him with open arms. "Die Böhmen verstehen mich," said he, and rewarded their intelligence by composing *Don Giovanni* expressly for their capital city. Although it is now felt that the notion of such Bohemian supremacy may rest on tradition rather than contemporary fact, a certain importance still attaches, in German circles at least, to the musical verdicts of Prague. Bohemia's solid claim to such repute belongs to the last century. The Thirty Years' War was followed by the moral death of the Czech people. Two Hapsburg Emperors had extirpated the better part of the nation by battle or on the scaffold, and driven the rest into exile. The spoil of the victims was distributed by the imperial executioners amongst their supporters and favourites, amongst whom the Catholic clergy claimed and received a lion's share. Monasteries were founded, churches built. The Jesuits and other religious orders piled up vast palaces that glittered with all the splendours of rococo decoration, and cathedrals that blazed with incrusted marbles, mosaics, scagliola, frescoes, and gold. In these gorgeous temples of sensuous and holiday worship the crystal psalmody of Palestrina and Allegri seemed too primitive and too feeble of effect. To the lust of the eye was married the lust of the ear. The church borrowed the resources of the stage; the plaintive choir of early faith became an operatic chorus; prelates bowed and prayed, acolytes flung about the perfumed smoke to an accompaniment of trumpets, bassoons, and violins. Thus the orchestra grew to be an indispensable element in every spiritual foundation. Most establishments maintained musical schools on their own account. Some monasteries were very academies of music; there were few which did not lodge a Bartolomeo or Angelico of the melodious art. The monastery of Osseg was said to contain twenty instrumentalists of the first rank. Such was the musical fame of these communities that the composer Astorga made one of them the last asylum of his romantic life, while Sebastian Bach rejoiced in the society of the Bohemian monks. Out of doors the religious foundations maintained or encouraged village schools for music. Another circumstance added to the demand for players on every sort of instrument. The great nobles of Bohemia, the Hartigs, the Czernins, the Mannsfelds, the Thuns, affected all the appurtenances and symbols of that royalty from which they considered themselves to differ but in degree. The Emperor had his orchestra, and the Prince or Count must have one too. There was the more inducement to this in days when regular performances in theatres and concert-rooms were comparatively rare. Mozart's letters make enthusiastic mention of the private orchestra of his friend and host Count Thun. Contemporary writers, amongst others our own Burney, give curious details on the subject. It seems that in Prague livery-servants were expected to play some

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instrument: the artists who delighted Mozart's ears with a skilful rendering of his last quartet had brushed the composer's coat in the morning and blacked his boots.

These performers came from the village schools. Between his lay and ecclesiastical patrons the musical idea of the little Czech peasant soon learned to shoot; for every boy with respectable talent was sooner or later taken into a monastery, or educated at some nobleman's expense. No wonder if authors of those days declared that the Bohemians surpassed even the Italians in singing and playing, and wrote in raptures of the finished style, the *brio*, the *ensemble*, displayed by the amateur executants of the University of Prague. Before the end of the last century the ecclesiastical reforms of Joseph II., entailing as they did the abolition of so many religious foundations and corporations, struck a blow from which monks and music suffered alike. The monasteries which survived ceased to be homes of art, church orchestras declined, while a new educational code paralyzed the general cultivation of music in the village schools, by suspending or narrowing the salaries of the teachers. At the same time the great nobles began to dismiss their instrumentalists, partly, perhaps, because the requisite staff could no longer be procured from their estates, partly on account of the confusion, the pressure on property and purse, the consequent need of economy, which followed the outbreak of the French Revolution. And then music in Bohemia fell almost suddenly from its palmy state. In the beginning of the present century the mischief was so complete, that even in Prague itself a good orchestra could no longer be got together. Attempts were made to stem the tide, but in vain; so that in more recent years the musical importance of Prague sank below that of Leipzig and even Vienna. The Bohemian capital no longer maintains a regular philharmonic society, or quartet party: the Cecilia Society has been dissolved, the Sophienakademie threatens to follow its example. Nothing of the old musical Bohemia now remains but the Conservatoire of Prague, which furnishes the orchestras of Europe with artists whose skill shows that the musical faculties of the people are not yet dead.

If the above sketch explains the decline of art, the facts which it narrates by no means suggest the methods of restoration. Monasteries will never again be homes of music, and Czernins and Thuns will never again have private bands of butlers and shoeblacks. That equivalent shapes of encouragement should hereafter arise is not very likely. The day is distant enough when there will be truth in the absurd statement of Oulibicheff (based on an exaggerated and modern application of the older authorities above cited,) that "in Bohemia you constantly hear classical music played even amongst the peasantry!" Meanwhile there is no doubt that the Czechs are still potentially musicians. Like all other Slaves, they are capable, under culture, of most melodious results. No one can doubt this who is familiar with the style of performance proper to the matchless Military Chapels of Austria, which are chiefly recruited from

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the Czech and other branches of the Slave population of the empire. It may be doubted if on trial of executive skill before a competent jury, any of the great European string orchestras would bear the palm from the best of these bands. The general standard of excellence is incredibly high, but amongst the chapels which cannot be surpassed may be named those of the "Hoch und Deutschmeister" Infantry, of the "King of the Belgians," of the (late) "King of Prussia's" Hussars: noting that the last performs marvellously when in movement, and would probably do as well even at full gallop. Splendour and roundness of voice, precision of *ensemble*, the neatest and crispest execution in difficulties of detail, faultless intonations, vigorous accent, above all a certain nobility and *maestria* of style befitting

Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds—

such are the characteristics of these unrivalled bands. Nothing is more surprising than the beauty of the tone emitted from the throats of instruments which in every other country preserve a painful and "ear-shattering" clang; while the volume of tone produced is as remarkable as the *timbre*. In such respects an Austrian band is to any other what a fiddle by Vuillaume or Foster is to a violin by Straduarius or Amati, what Rubini and Lablache were to Dr. Gunz and M. Faure. The artists, it should be observed, are no mere hornists or trumpeters, but also players on stringed instruments. In places of public entertainment the military bands often give alternate pieces of "harmony" and "smite" music, as Germans say. The cornet is a contrabasso, the ophicleide roars like any sucking dove, and becomes a tenor, the trombones are sharp violins. No wonder if the performance of such men has a soul of melody and harmony, which will in vain be sought amongst half-drilled and mercenary machines. The music played, if not generally of the sort we call classical, is good in its kind, and well adapted to display the powers of instruments and executants.

As a general rule, the Austrian abhorrence of the intellectual breaks out even in the artistic fancies of the people. Amongst symptoms of this tendency may be noticed the persistence with which the caterers to Swabian tastes banish from their musical programmes whatever smacks of a classic origin. In Berlin and Dresden, if hardly in Munich and Stuttgard, there are gardens and halls where the burghers with their wives and daughters, amidst clouds of tobacco, and the fumes of meat and beer, cheaply listen to the masterpieces of Beethoven and Mozart. Now, in Vienna, symphonies and overtures are caviare to the general. At the Volksgarten or Weghuber's, the audience will hardly tolerate the tunes of a popular opera, unless they be set for dancing, the only art in which the Austrians are proficient. It may not be denied that the dance music of Vienna, both in form and execution, is altogether *sui generis*, and well worth the notice of an educated ear. Some of the greatest musicians who have resided in the Imperial city have stooped to this branch of com-

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position. Hummel and Schubert did not disdain to play waltzes and quadrilles while their friends danced: Liszt is never more unapproachable than in his impromptu waltzes and polkas. The first string orchestra for dance music is that of the younger Strauss, who knows how to wield the bâton, plays well on the violin, and is a versatile though unequal composer. English waltzes and polkas, when not stolen from foreign sources, seem to be written less to accompany flying feet, than to tempt feeble fingers; and success in art does not often follow a road like this. The Austrian composer seldom thinks of the piano. His pieces will generally be well scored, daintily instrumented, besides being admirably suited to their special vocation. If Strauss is not always well inspired, and seldom hits the original rhythms, the intense and sustained melodies which flow from the pen of his rival of St. Petersburg and Peterhof, the Polish Gungl, yet in his happiest moments he abounds in graceful and sparkling themes. True Viennese as he is, he expresses that polished vivacity and healthy animalism breathed by the atmosphere of the Danubian Capua. Never mind if his sentiment is mostly skin-deep, if he discourses not deep passion, but sugary seduction. As soon as his bow glides over the strings, you would like to dance with Salian vigour, and you say with the rest, *nunc pedes libro pulsanda tellus*. Terpsichore seems to be the greatest of the sacred nine, when you are listening to an orchestra which is as notable for smooth and mellow tone, distinct accentuation, and swan-like steadiness of movement, as that of Strauss.

In the Opera House, Viennese tastes are equally simple, and, so to speak, eminently southern. In the old Swabian times neither the *Alcestis*, nor the *Nozze di Figaro*, nor *Don Giovanni* pleased much. Salieri and Martin were preferred to Mozart and Glück. The Teutonic masterpieces now attract special audiences, much as they do in London; but the *habitués* of the Kärnthner Thor Theatre, high and low, prefer the rhythmical melodies of Italy to the contrapuntal devices of Germany. The object of theatrical managers is to attract audiences, so that from the supply we may more or less safely argue the nature of the demand. The statistics occasionally furnished by newspapers show that the operas of Verdi are the most seductive which can be offered to a German public; and if this is the case in Hamburg and Berlin, it is eminently so in Vienna. An opera by Wagner is sometimes put on the stage, but the Zukunftsmusik is abhorred by the Viennese,—be they outsiders or professors. The *Afrikänerin* was, of course, mounted last season, but the universal verdict was most unfavourable. The Opera House of the Kärnthner Thor, which will shortly be supplanted by the splendid edifice now rising to completion, is the house which witnessed the triumphs of Rossini forty years ago. There may be nearly three hundred subscription performances in the yearly season, and the cost of a box on the grand tier for alternate nights is about one hundred pounds. The best boxes above and below are in the hands of the nobility, but the middle classes are not systematically excluded from all the more desirable parts of the

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theatre, as is, or lately was, the case in several of those smaller German capitals which have been quoted as centres of civilization. The Viennese aristocracy have to witness in the Opera House spectacles both of snobbery and sin. Two conspicuous boxes on the grand tier have been persistently filled by persons whose appearance was painful to eyes polite. The worst case was the presence of individuals whose pedigree did not quite go back to the days of Tilly and Wallenstein. The late Austrian Premier and his Minister of Marine, with their families, were accustomed here safely to contemplate the aristocracy of their country; for no existing law forbids a plebeian to inspect a noble through an opera-glass. Hard by was a flood of objectionable crinoline. The ample tulle skirt, the colossal chignon, the hair daubed with bandoline, the enamelled cheeks, the emeralds and diamonds on the neck of frailty, were obtruded in awful proximity to the chaste charms of patrician beauty.

The Opera House has no distinctive features of decoration or construction. The band is about sixty strong, and takes a good place amongst European orchestras. Some years since its merits used to be reckoned higher than they can be now. The falling off is generally attributed to the want of energy and organizing power in the new race of Kapellmeisters. However this may be, the performers of the Kärnthner Thor can no longer be cited as presenting the type of orchestral perfection. They do not play with the *brio* and accent which Signor Costa has infused into his forces; nor, on allowance being made for relative numbers, does the tone of the Austrian stringed instruments seem equal in volume to that to which we are accustomed in London. Foreign rates of remuneration are low in comparison with the English, so that the artists are not able to purchase those Cremonese treasures which English executants consider indispensable. Such difference of materials may produce a corresponding difference of result. But the Vienna band is more nearly of the strength suited to the natural powers of the human voice when accompaniments are concerned. The conductors of large orchestras may do what they will, the inevitable crashes of wood and metal must cover the tones of the most stentorian windpipe. Unless, for instance, the upper *D* on which Figaro rests his voice in the last syllable of the phrase "Un vulcano la mia mente," explodes, as Don Basilio would say, "come un colpo di canone," or like that "alto corno" which Dante heard when he went up out of Malebolge into the ninth circle of hell, it will not be heard over the thunder of Covent Garden. So that if the successors of Galli and Lablache make a *bocca ridente*, and save the vibration of their vocal chords, the public is unaware that it is the dupe of a *brutum fulmen*. Here is the besetting sin of our English style of accompaniment, and not of English accompaniment alone. Mozart did not mean the delivery of "Fin ch' han del vino" to be drowned in a roar of brass and catgut. The artist has enough to do to enunciate the syllables which gush like champagne bubbles from Don Giovanni's debauched throat. If he has besides to battle with the vibrating and blatant powers of a hundred instruments, his physical resources are

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overtaxed. In despair he will wish for the powers and opportunities of Polyphemus—"Bring me a hundred reeds of decent growth to make a pipe for my capacious mouth." The extension of orchestras does far greater mischief than the extension of opera-houses, which is not necessarily an evil;—the huge area of La Scala or San Carlo being filled with facility by voices that are lost in an ordinary drawing-room. The decline of vocalism is attributable to the former cause, as well as to the exaggerated cultivation of the modern dramatic style, with its monosyllables, its *colpi di gola*, its passionate declamation,—to the gradual extinction of good masters and traditions, and the undue anxiety of singers to discount the pecuniary rewards of labour without waiting till promise shall have ripened into perfection. An English tympanum may be interested by the *tempi* of the Vienna orchestra. We are running into a violent extreme of quickness. The adagio is hurried till it overtakes the allegro, and the allegro apes the manners of the presto. We need not inquire whether this system has not grown up under the shadow of singers who can neither sustain semi-breves with firmness, nor dash off semi-quavers with speed, and who therefore like a killing pace, which equally obscures both *sostenuto* and *agilità*. Enough to say that the vice exists, and that in Continental corners the traditional times still linger. Great musicians have not been in the habit of giving unvarying times for their compositions. Mendelssohn used to play his own pieces at different rates of speed. So that a margin may be allowed for the excrescences of individual taste. But it is always interesting to hear great works given as the authors originally directed. Sometimes the Italian innovator has improved the composer's meaning. For instance, the great chorus of the Blessing of the Daggers in the *Hugonots* loses something of its sublimity when taken at the crawling pace approved by Meyerbeer himself. So the overture to *Egmont*, when the time is dragged in Vienna fashion, which is probably the fashion of Beethoven himself, seems to lose both rhythm and expression to a hearer who is familiar with the English delivery of that immortal work.

The singers of the Vienna Opera House demand no special description. Whoever accepts the Italian method as the most pleasing, and what is more, the most natural vocal system, can receive but little gratification from half-educated German artists. Good singing must be based on the natural properties of the spoken tongue. Now the vowels of the German language are not favourable to the production of smooth and steady tone, nor does the genius of German speech properly admit of that emphatic accentuation of consonants which is essential to effects of delicacy and power. At present the Viennese opera troupe has no name which can be placed on a par with Staudigl or Ander.

Herr Schmidt is a basso-profondo of considerable rough power, who, as is known by all who have seen his Mephistopheles, has the merit, so rare with German opera-singers, of dressing well; he can also boast decent histrionic talents. Herr Rokitansky is a baritono-basso, who out of

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Vienna is sometimes palmed off as a basso. The Austrian musical critics (who, incredible to relate, have the property of saying what they think, and, —fact more stupendous still,—will not sell their pens for florins, nor even for cigars or plate,) are not partial to this Herr, and complain bitterly of the manner in which he spins out his dry and not mellifluous tones as Sarastro or Marcel. Just now Vienna has no distinguished tenor. Herr Wachtel comes occasionally, as the Germans say, "Als Gast," and when he smacks his whip as Postillion de Lonjumeau, the Viennese whisper that none but a retired cabman could equal that part of the performance. Rubini was originally a tailor, so that it is no disgrace to this gentleman if he has been a coachman at Hamburg. The stalls of the Kärnthner Thor Theatre, while generous of applause to the explosions in *alt* of Mr. Wachtel's robust organ, are perfectly sensible that his performance does not belong to high art. Doctor Gunz has likewise guested it at Vienna, but he does not please a public which prefer, when they can get it, the metallic *timbre* of Italian throats. Miss Murska is accepted as Lucia; but the definite judgment of the Austrian capital is very different from that pronounced by London audiences on this lady. It never occurred to a Swabian critic to compare her performance of the part with that of Persiani. The Viennese have something like a southern judgment in singing. Their enthusiasm is reserved for the Italian companies which usually visit the Imperial city in each year. Last season the foreigners were lodged in the Kärnthner Thor, and the discrimination of the audience—which, however, would naturally include many Italians, Slaves, and Hungarians—would have honoured an assemblage of singing-masters. Whatever Englishmen may think, it is impossible to form a competent judgment of vocal performance except on due understanding of the words sung. The knowledge of the Italian language is widely diffused in certain Austrian spheres, especially in the army; and the officers who filled the standing-room of the pit—which they may do on reduced terms—were notable for their correct appreciation of whatever was best in the performances of Mdlle. Artôt, Signori Calzolari, Everardi, and Zucchini. If Mdlle. Artôt has not a sympathetic voice, her skill is great. As an interpreter of Rossini's florid music she is the worthy partner of Calzolari, whose organ in the Kärnthner Thor sounded fresher and stronger than it did in past times behind the foot-lamps of Her Majesty's Theatre. At present the signor is the pearl of tenorini, and no other artist can match his delivery of the embroidered melodies of the *Cenerentola*, or the *Italiana in Algieri*. Everardi is a baritono-basso of the true school, a capital actor, and perhaps, until Belletti reappears, the only authentic representative of such parts as Dandini, Belcore, and Mustafa. His voice is full and metallic, his *agilità* unrivalled. In declamatory music neither the tenor nor the baritone are at home. Zucchini is well known to be a capital basso-buffo. It might be worth while ascertaining why we no longer hear Calzolari or Everardi in London. The soul of operatic management, like the soul of State, has its mysteries, perhaps its favouritism and red tape.

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We have said that the best musical talent of Austria is not of Teutonic origin. The remark might be extended, for a number of German musicians, so-called, turn out, on inquiry, not to be Germans at all. Beethoven was a Dutchman by birth: Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer belonged to the Semitic race; Kalliwoda, Czerny, Kalkbrenner, Chopin, Schulhoff, and Pischek, are Slave names; Haydn, Hummel, Joachim, Tietjens, and Liszt, belong to Hungary. Whoever has lived in Germany and inquired into the statistics of the subject, must be aware that there is not the least foundation for the prevailing British notion that the Germans, as a people, are specially gifted with the æsthetic forms of *geist*. Philosophers who settle questions of fact by appeals to their moral consciousness may be satisfied that the appearance of a Raphael or a Mozart denotes the existence in the places of their birth of a large leaven of pictorial and musical genius. But those meaner minds which stoop to inquire for evidence will be driven to the less elevated conclusion, that a great composer and a great painter is often a detached phenomenon, an Atlas, a Teneriffe, standing unconnected and alone. We cannot always discover from books the prevalent conditions of artistic culture. Personal intercourse and the Socratic method in talk can alone supply the information wanted. By such means we may dissect the several species of artistic fibre, so as to discriminate between the living genius which creates, and the antiquarian taste which appreciates. But these, again, have their varieties. For instance, admitting Velasquez to be greater than Rubens, are we therefore to set artistic Spain above artistic Flanders, which has produced twenty superior painters where the Iberian Peninsula has produced one? Again, admitting Handel and Mozart to have surpassed Marcello and Rossini, are we to ignore the fact that for every German score Italy can show a hundred? Then, in order to follow the subject of comparative artistic instincts, we must further ask whether the pictures and operas are the spontaneous growth of the soil, or the painful birth of Academies and Acts of Parliament. If music is in point, it is necessary to inquire whether labour or intuition has the greater share in the executive energies; whether melody and harmony are loved for their own sake, or for the moral and intellectual suggestions which may have been fastened on them: whether concert audiences are collections of professors, or microcosms of national taste: whether, judging from the average tones of spoken and written criticism, the public may be credited with accuracy of ear, and a comprehension of the elements of expression, harmony, and time. Such matters must be ascertained before the specific artistic gravity of a given city or country can be gauged; and they cannot be learned by viewing the world through the loopholes of retreat. In regard to Germany, it should be said that the excellent scholastic system prevalent over the whole country, except the Austrian dominions, includes music as an essential of popular education. But there is no ground for supposing that the Germans have peculiar facilities for musical acquirement. On the contrary, they seem, as a race, to be entirely destitute of that

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fatal facility of finger so often the enemy of mechanical perfection, of that exquisite sense of time and intonation, which never deserts Italian natures. So that the Italian may travel in a month the road on which the tardigrade and patient German will be detained for a year. Then, as must be notorious to whoever has frequented Southern society, melodious perception is almost universally diffused over all ranks and conditions of men. Elsewhere professors and amateurs have the monopoly of this advantage. In Italy, even in unmusical Turin, you may safely consult statesmen and waiters as to the *timbre* and extension of a prima donna's voice, or the accuracy of a violinist's arpeggios and double notes. Of such matters the general public in Munich and Berlin are tolerably ignorant, though we may not rate their intuitions at the dead level of our own. Nor, apart from those choral performances which have nearly as much to do with goodfellowship as with art, is there to be heard in Germany much amateur execution of a superior kind. The Blue-blood does nothing at all in this walk, and the little skill which exists belongs to men rather than to women. This is the more strange, because in such opposite points of Europe as St. Petersburg and the Hague, especially in the last capital, ladies with sixteen quarterings attain to surprising degrees of executive power. A like remark applies to Pesth, where the local magnates lately gave a public concert from their own resources of throat and finger, and fairly beat the profession out of the field. Vienna is perhaps the Nadir of musical performances as far as the aristocracy of parchment is concerned. But the choral societies maintained by middle-class agency—by which we mean lawyers, doctors, employés, shopmen, and so forth—are models of correct and vigorous execution. In particular their voices produce that competent volume of tone which is so curiously absent when our own larynxes congregate in large numbers. The Viennese amateur philharmonic society goes far beyond any like institution amongst ourselves. But then it is recruited from a lower social stratum, and the comparative lightness of Austrian toil allows the native of the Imperial city opportunities for prolonged practice, which cannot be commanded in our busy land.

The Swabians do not love oratorio, and works of this class are not regularly given. Ecclesiastical music in churches is at the lowest ebb; classical concerts are not, according to our London standard, very plentiful. There are two philharmonic societies, of which that of "The Young Musicians" is to be preferred, partly, perhaps, because the older institution is under the direction of the Opera Kapellmeister above mentioned. There are usually two sets of performances of chamber music: one by Herr Hellmesberger's party; another conducted by that admirable violinist, Herr Laub. The *ensemble* of the Hellmesberger set cannot be too highly praised. Their delivery of Beethoven's posthumous quartettes has never been surpassed, if indeed equalled; it almost repays the trouble of a journey from London to Vienna to hear the "Danza Tedesca" and the Presto of the Quartette No. 13, played in the room of the Musikfreunde.

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Herr Laub's party were hardly so well drilled as their rivals, but on the other hand, Laub himself is an artist of the first rank. Like Joachim, he belongs to the school of Spohr; but whereas Joachim is not without analogies, remote though they be, to the manner of Paganini on one hand, and Vieuxtemps on the other, Laub's playing may be described as suggesting certain reminiscences of Ernst. If Joachim excels in Doric breadth and senatorial dignity, Laub is perhaps more at home in the tender and impassioned strains of the Lydian measure. Vienna possesses one great resident pianist of what may be called the Swabian school. Herr Eppstein descends, as far as genealogy of style is concerned, through Kalkbrenner and Czerny, from Hummel, pertaining rather to the Döhler and Meyer species, and is altogether a very attractive artist. With perfect fluency of finger, a touch so limpid as almost to defy comparison, and great agility, he is full of feeling and refined taste. Grandeur is not his walk; so that, though he succeeds with Haydn, or even with Mozart, Beethoven lies outside his horizon. The soul of harmony has chains, which, in the case of part music, are hardly to be untwisted, except by the persevering and confidential repetition that belongs to domestic practice alone. The sisters Milanollo and Marchisio may be cited as witnesses to this truth, and when Herr Eppstein plays duets with his graceful wife, the rule receives a fresh illustration. In the presence of beauty criticism loses its edge, and praise becomes panegyric, but Madame Eppstein can stand on her artistic merits; she rivals her husband in delicacy, and goes beyond him in vigour, as well as in the subtleties of "linked sweetness long drawn out." A more extraordinary though less legitimate performer than Herr Eppstein, is Tausig, a Pole who often visits Vienna. His bravura powers are of the most surprising sort, and as a concerto player he has an aplomb and fire almost phenomenal. Tausig's reading of the march in Weber's Concert-Stück, and other pieces requiring an impetuous and broad delivery, is not without a dash of the *mens divinior* of that incomparable Hungarian meteor, now well-nigh lost to music,—the Rev. Abbé Liszt. The roll of the pianists who belong more or less to Vienna would be incomplete without the mention of a highly gifted young lady from Prague, Mademoiselle Kolar, whose powers, however, are not yet equal to her charms.

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The Law of Libel.

No part of the law of England is more closely connected with the common affairs of life, or more liable to be misunderstood on account of the difficulties inherent in the subject, and superinduced by the legislator, than the law of libel. Most of us find it easy to keep clear of the other branches of criminal law, and even civil litigation may generally be avoided without much real difficulty, but the law of libel is peculiar. Any one who has to give the character of a servant, or who repeats a story which happens to have struck his fancy, and which is to the disadvantage of some other person, may find himself involved in its meshes without having had the slightest notion of committing a crime or inflicting an injury; and it is not too much to say that, of that innumerable multitude of men and women who are in one way or other concerned in writing for the papers, there is hardly one who has not frequent occasion to write what, if the law were rigorously construed, might be regarded as a libel. Wide, however, as is the definition of libel, it is no less true that the course of events has gradually introduced extensive changes into the law, all of which, at least of late years, have tended to discourage the strict notions upon the subject which formerly prevailed; and it is hardly too much to say of this gradual change, that of late the courts have been disposed to regard newspapers as being invested with a sort of quasi-judicial position, involving privileges not unlike those which are possessed by regular tribunals. This change, which would be enough to make the elder generation of lawyers turn in their graves, has been very gradual; but the length to which it has gone, may be collected from a case lately decided between a Dr. Hunter, the incidents of whose career attracted a good deal of public attention, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Dr. Hunter published in various newspapers a series of letters on consumption, and otherwise conducted his professional affairs in such a manner, that the *Pall Mall Gazette* considered itself justified in assailing him in terms about as vehement as could well be used. The article was headed "Impostors and Dupes," implying that Dr. Hunter belonged to the one class, and his patients to the other. Dr. Hunter was described as a quack, classed with scoundrels, and his right to call himself "Dr." was questioned in the most vehement and contemptuous manner. In short, the article *primâ facie* was about as severe a libel as could be written. If the printer had been criminally prosecuted for its publication forty, or even thirty years ago, he would, in all probability, have had to undergo substantial punishment. Nevertheless, in the course of his summing up, the Lord Chief Justice of England made the following observations on the subject:—

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"Under his second head of defence, the defendant says—This was a matter of public concern. The plaintiff put forward in these advertisements his system, his theory, and communicated to a certain extent the remedies by which he proposed to cure this malady. He invited persons to come to him for the purpose of being treated and cured by him. I could see from his account of the theory on which his treatment was based, and from his account of the treatment that he proposed to use, that the whole was a mere idle delusion, and looking at the mode in which his work was published, looking at the secrecy in which his discovery was shrouded, looking to the mode which he adopted to bring himself into notoriety—a mode which was utterly at variance with the received habits of the profession to which he professed to belong—I was warranted in drawing the inference that he was a mere pretender, and not only a pretender, but a quack who intended to impose on mankind as quacks do. I was warranted in drawing this inference, and I denounced him accordingly. It may be that I was wrong, it may be that now the matter has been fully investigated, and that the plaintiff has had an opportunity of being heard and vindicating this theory which he has put forward, of showing that his practice has not been wholly unsuccessful, that a jury may think I have gone too far; but the question is not thereby concluded, if it should appear, under all the circumstances of the case, that, bringing to the discharge of my duty as a public writer caution and moderation in criticizing what I thought to be a mischievous and noxious pretence, I have exercised a reasonable and careful judgment, have not been over-hasty and precipitate, inferring sinister design and wicked motive against the person whom I have assailed. If I have brought to the discharge of my duty only an honest desire to do good and benefit in the department to which I belong, in that case, if a jury should be of that opinion, I am entitled to their verdict. And, gentlemen, I endorse that proposition."

We do not believe that the law has ever before been stated in a manner so favourable to journalists, and we think that it may possibly be interesting to our readers to be presented with a short sketch of the various phases through which the law passed before it reached this point.

The law of libel is singularly confused, and it is by no means an easy matter to give anything like a systematic account of it. It may, however, be traced back to the very infancy of English law, into which, together with a far larger proportion of our system than is generally supposed, it was introduced from the Roman law. It would be interesting to lawyers, but hardly to unprofessional readers, to exhibit at length the influence which the one system had upon the other. Those who wish to study the subject will find much learning about it, mixed up with a great deal of singularly prosy and commonplace speculation, in the preliminary discourse prefixed by Mr. Starkie to his work on the *Law of Slander and Libel*. A few observations on the leading points of the history of the system in England may be of interest to our readers as an introduction to what we have to say on the most recent development of the law.

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The law of libel may be divided into two great branches, each of which again is subdivided into two other great branches. Libel may be regarded either as a crime or as a civil wrong, and the crime may be committed or the wrong inflicted either by writings, pictures, or other permanent things, or by words spoken. Each of these has its own history. Libel, regarded as a crime, has passed through a great variety of changes at different periods in our history. In very early times, when there was no periodical literature, and when comparatively few people could read, the commonest way of committing the offence was by word of mouth: by spreading rumours which either were or were considered as false, by writing the songs which were the first germs of the modern leading article or review, and by maintaining propositions which were regarded as dangerous to the established authorities in church and state. The gravity of these offences varied from the very highest degree of criminality to the most petty breach of police regulations. Many instances occur in our early history, and especially in the more excited periods of it, when, for a certain time and under special provocation, the severest of all penalties were attached to words spoken. In Henry VIII.'s reign, for instance, it was made high treason to deny the royal supremacy, and in the fierce legislation of that period many similar instances may be found of the severity with which the expressions of any sort of censure upon the Government, or on the doctrines which for the time being happened to be established, were repressed. If we go to the other end of the scale, we find a homely provision made for the punishment of mere bad language in the bridle or trebuchet and ducking-stool. The bridle was a sort of gag made of iron which surrounded the head and confined the tongue, and the ducking-stool was a contrivance by which a person could be ducked under water in a pond. These were the remedies which our ancestors considered it necessary in old times to provide for scolds. They were at the disposal of the petty criminal jurisdictions which at that time existed in manors under the name of courts-leet, and which to a certain extent filled the place of our modern magistrates. There was besides this another jurisdiction, once most formidable and efficient, but now almost forgotten, which it may be well to mention, and which existed till our own times. This was the jurisdiction of the spiritual courts, which before the Reformation was by no means confined to the discipline of the clergy and to questions of doctrine and the like, but extended to the laity quite as rigorously, and applied to almost all cases of moral delinquency, and especially to matters connected with the relations of the sexes and the sins of the tongue. The well-known saying, that the duty of archdeacons is to discharge archidiaconal functions, had once a very different meaning from that which it has at present. The archidiaconal functions were no joke at all, nor were they confined to questions about the repair of the fabric of churches and the like. The archdeacon was a sort of inquisitor in a mild way. He took cognizance of all charges of unchastity, all matters of defamation, and various other things, and

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the spiritual sentence which was promulgated by his court was known to and enforceable by the secular arm. Some of the oddest points about our existing law of libel may be traced to the existence of this forgotten jurisdiction. For instance, words imputing unchastity to a woman are, generally speaking, not actionable, however base and false the accusation may be. This is because by the old law such topics were matter of spiritual cognizance. There would have been a remedy for such a wrong in the spiritual court, and consequently the temporal court refused to notice it. The shadow of this jurisdiction survived till our own days. In the year 1849 or 1850, a clergyman near Cambridge thought fit to prosecute one of his parishioners in the court of the Bishop of Ely for talking scandal about him and one of his servants. The suit ended in the condemnation of the defendant, who was in a very poor position in life, to do penance in the church of the clergyman whom he had defamed. He was, that is, to make his appearance in a white sheet in front of the pulpit, and there to read a recantation of his words. The man took it as an excellent joke, and announced his intention of getting drunk and blacking his face to heighten the effect. Whether he exactly kept his word we do not know, but he did appear, surrounded by admiring and sympathizing friends, in a most disgraceful state. The consequence was that the church became the scene of a riot. The clergyman was pelted with hassocks, and had to take refuge in his parsonage from the indignation of the public. The jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical court over suits for defamation was abolished by the 18 & 19 Vict. c. 41.

The next great step in the history of proceedings against cases committed by writing or word of mouth, is to be found in the well-known history of the Star Chamber. To punish all offences which were committed by offenders too powerful to be dealt with by the common law, or which concerned the interests of the Government and the peace of the whole kingdom, was the object of that court, and of its ecclesiastical twin, the Court of High Commission. These two courts, which followed the course of the civil law, and in which, accordingly, people were put to their trial, not on the motion of private prosecutors, nor by the presentment of a grand jury, but directly by the highest officers of the Crown acting as public prosecutors, form a sort of parenthesis in the history of the law of libel and analogous offences. As they and their procedure were swept away by the Long Parliament, they left but small traces behind them in the law as at present administered. The nature of the supervision which they exercised over the press—the strongest illustration of which is to be found in the famous case of Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton—and the terrible severity of the punishments which they inflicted both on the purses and on the persons of those who fell under their power, are too well-known to require more than a passing allusion. The effect of their existence upon the common law turned out, singularly enough, to be in the long run rather beneficial than otherwise. Whilst the Star Chamber and the Court of High Commission were in full operation, there was no necessity for any other legal

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protection for the Government against literary assaults, and they flourished just at the time when such assaults were beginning to be formidable. Hence their existence during the whole of that period superseded the necessity of the introduction, by judicial legislation, of despotic principles upon this subject into the courts of common law; and when they fell, the additions which otherwise might, and probably would, have been made to the common law for the protection of the Government, by the judges, had not been effected. The excessive exercise of the prerogative through the Star Chamber may thus be said to have protected the principles of the common law much as a frost will sometimes protect seeds from the cold.

There is, however, one branch of the law of libel considered as a crime which is probably transmitted directly from the Star Chamber, and which still exists, though it is of no great practical importance. This is the law relating to blasphemous libels, and attacks on morality and religion in general. After the Star Chamber had been abolished, and after the Restoration, the Court of Queen's Bench in one or two cases assumed the character of a "*Custos morum*," and in that capacity punished acts which it considered as gross outrages on the elementary principles of religion and morals. This was justified principally on the ground that, though the Star Chamber had ceased to exist, such offences must not be allowed to go unpunished. Upon this ground a variety of prosecutions for blasphemy, indecency, and blasphemous and indecent publications, have at different times been successfully prosecuted. At present, however, this branch of the law is of little importance. Indecency is dealt with by special laws provided for that purpose; and it appears to be pretty well recognized, though it may be doubted whether the principle is honestly acted upon in all cases, that the offence of blasphemy or blasphemous libel consists not in the sin of denying or arguing against the fundamental principles of religion, but in the crime of wounding the feelings of others by abusing the principle they consider sacred. If the law thus understood were administered with complete impartiality, mere abuse of an unpopular creed would be punished, whilst the most eager and sharply-expressed invectives against the fundamental doctrines of Christianity would be left unpunished so long as they were honestly intended to have an effect as arguments.

From the Restoration to the Revolution the crime of libel was taken cognizance of exclusively by the courts of common law, and though abundant proof might be given of the excessive severity with which the crime was punished, and of the wide interpretation which was put upon the generalities of the law relating to it, it is remarkable, and indeed it is characteristic of the coarseness of the age, that the great question as to the bearing of the truth upon the criminality of a defamatory writing or speaking does not appear to have been decided during the reign of Charles II. and James II. in a manner hostile to our present views on the subject. There was so much partisanship in the political trials which occurred, and there were so many special penal laws for the repression of particular

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topics obnoxious to the Government, that there was no occasion to invent and lay down as law a despotic theory on the subject. The famous case of the seven bishops is one which it is not very easy to turn into a precedent according to the modern fashion; but throughout the whole of it the judges appear to have assumed that there was some connection between the truth of the matter published and the innocence of its publication. Each judge expressed his opinion separately, and the opinions themselves are very discordant; but no one of them lays down in broad terms the doctrines as to the irrelevance of the question, whether the matter published was true or not, which would have been laid down on such an occasion a hundred years later.

During the 18th century the law relating to libel considered as a crime assumed a degree of importance altogether different from anything which had belonged to it before. Pamphleteering first, and by degrees journalism, were rapidly growing towards their present dimensions, and of course they were regarded with the greatest jealousy by all constituted authorities, and by none more than the judges. There is a good deal of the judge about the journalist, for he has the power of inflicting upon those of whose conduct he disapproves the punishment of as much public indignation as his skill and power enable him to direct against them. His paper, as far as its influence extends, is a kind of open court of an irregular kind, in which all manner of persons may be called upon to justify themselves upon every sort of charge affecting any part of their conduct. For sufficiently obvious reasons the judges have always felt the greatest possible jealousy of this power, and it is to be owned that a great deal is to be said for the judicial view of the subject, though it was certainly carried during the last century to a most pernicious extent.

There were three main theories—perfectly independent of each other in reality, though they were in practice closely connected—by which the judges proposed to bridle, and, to a certain extent, actually succeeded in bridling, the continually increasing power of the press. These theories or principles were—

First—Maliciously to impute blame to a man publicly is criminal, and especially it is criminal maliciously to find fault with the Government, or to dispute the truth of the established religion, or to express dissatisfaction with any public measures or established institutions whatever.

Secondly—The court, and not the jury, are to determine in each particular case whether the matter complained of did impute blame or express dissatisfaction, and whether such expressions were or were not malicious. The jury are to decide whether the matter was published and what it meant.

Thirdly—Whether the matter is true or not makes no difference, except indeed that either the truth or the falsehood of the accusation may have an effect upon the punishment.

This was the spirit of the law of libel as administered and interpreted throughout the whole of the eighteenth century, and till it was modified

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by the famous Act passed at the instance of Lord Erskine. To our modern notions of things, it certainly does appear about as harsh a view of the law of libel as it would be possible to frame; yet there is a good deal more to be said for it than would appear at first sight, and it still forms the foundation of the law, and far more of it survives as a legal theory to the present day than most persons are aware.

If we take in succession the different propositions of which the theory is composed, it will be found that the first of the three is pretty nearly the only one which can be laid down upon the subject. The only difficulty about it lies in defining what is meant by the word "maliciously," that is, in specifying the occasions upon which the public censure of one person by another ought to be permitted. The great struggle between Lord Erskine when at the bar, and the various judges before whom he pleaded on different occasions, was to secure to the jury the right of saying generally whether or not the publication was malicious (other abusive adjectives, "false," "scandalous," &c., were introduced into indictments, but one is enough for our purpose). The judges stoutly resisted, and for many years deferred the admission of the claim, but at last it was declared by Parliament (32 Geo. 3. c. 6.,) that the jury might give a general verdict "on the whole matter put in issue," including of course the averment of malice. There is a good deal of slovenliness and confusion about this matter. "Malice" is the vaguest of all vague words, and nothing shows the unscientific popular character of one of the most important parts of the law of England than the fact that such a word should have entered into the definition of two such crimes as murder and libel. Murder is a "malicious" killing, and libel is a "malicious" attack on reputation. "Malicious" really means no more than wicked, so that unless we know what malice is, this definition is in reality no definition at all. In the case of murder the term "malice" has by degrees been reduced to a certainty. It means all intentional killing, with certain specified exceptions, such as killing under the recent provocation of considerable personal violence; and besides this general provision it has been specifically determined that certain cases of killing are to be considered as murder—for instance, killing a constable in the execution of his duty, and so forth. If, therefore, the analogy of the law of murder had been followed in the case of libel, the judges would have devised a variety of specific rules as to the cases in which attacks on reputation were or were not "malicious," and the jury would have had to find whether the particular case at issue fell under any one of those rules or not. Something more than this, however, was claimed for the judges on the one hand, and for the juries on the other. The judges claimed a right not merely to lay down subordinate general rules as to the nature of malice, but to say in general whether the particular publication in question was or was not malicious. On the other hand, a right was claimed for the jury of saying not merely whether the case fell under any of the particular rules as to the nature of malice laid down by the judge, but generally whether the publication was "malicious" or not. There was no disposition on either

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side to define clearly what constituted a libel. The struggle was between the arbitrary power of the judges and the arbitrary power of the juries to label any publication with the word "malicious," and so convert it into a crime. In this contest the juries were at last successful, the victory being secured to them by the declaratory Act above referred to. No law ever defined what occasions or causes render it legal to blame a man publicly in writing, and under Lord Erskine's Act all that could be said was, that a libel was any writing for which a jury might think that a man ought to be sent to prison. At one time their thoughts upon this subject were apt to run into most tyrannical shapes. Mr. Reeves, for instance, the author of the only history of English law which is even now in existence, was all but convicted of libel in 1796 for having written a pamphlet in which the royal power was compared to the trunk, and the powers of Parliament and of juries to the branches of a tree: a comparison which was said to tend "to raise and excite jealousies and divisions amongst the liege subjects of our lord the king, and to alienate the affections of the liege subjects of our lord the king, from the government by king, lords, and commons now happily established."

The only point in the whole matter which was well established was, that in a criminal prosecution the truth of the libel was no defence. As regarded public establishments, it seems to have been considered that it was altogether improper for a private person to question their advantages or to criticize the manner in which they were conducted. As regarded private persons, it was said that libels tended to produce a breach of the peace, and that this tendency was rather increased than diminished by their truth, if they were true. Apart from this, which obviously was a mere excuse, it was urged that to sanction the bringing of true charges against people by means of the public press would amount to the erection of a new set of volunteer tribunals for the trial of offences of every description. If a man has committed a crime, it was said, prosecute him as the law directs. If the law does not punish his conduct you shall not punish it by public exposure. That the law was and always must be a most imperfect instrument for the protection of society against various kinds of dangerous and improper conduct, was a view against which all lawyers revolted with the natural jealousy of those who watch the encroachments of a rival power upon their own dominions. By maintaining this principle inflexibly (notwithstanding the rule that the jury were to judge of the existence of malice), a considerable degree of strictness was still maintained; for though the whole matter was left to the jury, the judge always directed them that they must not consider the truth of the matter alleged, and excluded all evidence tending to establish it. Thus the matter stood till the passing of Lord Campbell's Act (6 & 7 Vict. c. 96), which provided that on the trial of any indictment or information for a defamatory libel (this has been held not to apply to seditious or blasphemous libels) the defendant might plead that the matters charged in the libel were true, and that their publication was for the public benefit; and

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this put the right of the press to act as a volunteer tribunal for the trial of all offences upon a legal footing—subject of course to the opinion of a jury that the matters alleged by the writer were true, and that their publication was beneficial to the public. It is upon this footing that the writer now rests, except as regards libels of a seditious or blasphemous character. With respect to them, it seems that even in the present day truth would be no justification, but the old rule would apply.

Thus much for libel regarded as a crime. There is not much difference between the crime and the civil injury, except on the point of the effect of the truth of the matter complained of in respect to the right to recover damages. There are, however, one or two other points which may be noticed before we come to this. The law of verbal slander, regarded as a civil injury, is very singular at first sight. Yet, though open to just exception in one or two points, its peculiarities are due rather to the real difficulty of the question than to any defect on the part of the legislator. It is obvious, on the one hand, that mere abuse ought not to be the subject of an action, and on the other, that serious slanders should; and to draw the line between the two definitely enough for practical purposes is no easy matter. In early times the judges fluctuated between the fear of encouraging litigation and that of encouraging slander, till they produced a set of precedents as astonishing as any to be met with in the whole range of the law. One of the curious entertainments in the nature of high jinks which took place in old times at the Northern Circuit bar mess was an Amœbæan dialogue between two learned gentlemen, in language which had been held to be not actionable. Considerable parts of it were not exactly fit for republication. We will try to give a specimen of the less offensive parts.

"*A.* You poisoned C. I don't say he is dead.

"*B.* You ran away from your captain. I don't say you were pressed.

"*A.* I charge you with felony.

"*B.* You were in Newgate for a highwayman.

"*A.* You smell of the robbery of C. You are a cheat, and stole two bonds from me.

"*B.* You stole my corn.

"*A.* You stole the iron bars out of my window.

"*B.* You stole Lord Derby's deer.

"*A.* You are forsworn.

"*B.* You, being a justice of the peace, are a bloodsucker, and will take a couple of capons.

"*A.* You, being a justice of the peace, are a rascally villain, and keep a company of thieves and traitors to do mischief.

"*B.* You are a beetle-headed justice, an ass, a coxcomb, &c.

"*A.* And you are a vermin, a corrupt man, and a hypocrite."

The dialogue might be continued almost *ad infinitum* by any two gentlemen who chose to refer to Comyn's *Digest*, and great part of it would be very much more picturesque than decent.

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With respect to the effect of the truth of the matters charged upon the right to recover damages for any slander, verbal or written, and also with respect to the definition of malice, there is a marked difference between the crime and the civil injury. Speaking broadly, proof of the truth of the matter complained of has always been regarded for a great length of time as a complete answer to a claim for damages, inasmuch as a man is held to be entitled only to a reputation founded on truth; so that the publication of the truth about him may be a crime as against the State, but can be no injury to him. On the other hand, proof that a man has said or written of another that which, being libellous, was not true, has been held to entitle the plaintiff to damages, however good the intention of the defendant may have been, except in certain excepted cases; for your good intentions are no reason why you should damage the character to which I have a right. The excepted cases are those in which it is thought expedient for carrying on the business of life that persons should be protected who make false statements to the disadvantage of others under an honest and reasonable belief in their truth. Such statements are described as privileged, and the occasions on which they are made are said to rebut the presumption of malice. In other and simpler words, men who attack each other's characters falsely are not excused by an honest belief of the truth of what they say, except in certain cases. In a popular sketch like this it will be needless to enumerate the cases in question. The case of giving a servant's character is the illustration most commonly given; and it would not be very incorrect to say, in general terms, that wherever there is a moral duty incumbent on a man to give advice or to state an opinion which may be to the disadvantage of another, a mistake as to a matter of fact will not expose him to an action if it is made honestly. The peculiar interest of the case of *Hunter* v. *Sharpe*, to which we referred at the beginning of this article, is that, if it is good law, it most unquestionably recognizes what to Lord Ellenborough and Lord Kenyon would have appeared the monstrous and intolerable heresy that a journalist is under a moral duty to criticize his neighbours; and that if in doing so he exercises reasonable skill, and writes with proper moderation on the facts as he apprehends them, he is not responsible for honest mistakes. This certainly does carry the theory of privileged writing to a length to which we do not think it has ever been carried before, though the doctrine in question was contended for unsuccessfully in the case of *Campbell* v. *Spottiswoode*, in which an action was brought and damages were recovered by Dr. Campbell against the *Saturday Review* for making imputations on him which the jury found to be false; though they also found that the reviewer honestly believed them to be true, and though they might very probably have found, if they had been asked, that Dr. Campbell's conduct in the matter which was the subject of the libel had been such as to suggest to the reviewer the conclusion which he did honestly draw from that conduct. The result of the case of *Hunter* v. *Sharpe* was

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a verdict for the plaintiff, with a farthing damages, and this practically put a stop to further litigation on the subject; for the plaintiff could not set aside a verdict which was found in his favour; and the defendant could not complain of a misdirection (if such it was) which was favourable to him, though the verdict was not. The question thus remains open for future discussion, but the journalists have on their side an argument more than they had before this case was decided. If the matter be viewed as one of policy and not of law, it certainly does seem hard that if people are practically allowed and encouraged to make a profession of discussing every kind of conduct and sitting in judgment on every sort of reputation, they should not be at liberty to suggest any conclusion whatever as to conduct or character which the facts before them reasonably suggest. If the facts are such that a rational man, honestly considering them, might naturally come to the conclusion that A. B. is an impostor, why may he not honestly state the facts and boldly avow the conclusion which he draws, without the fear of an action before his eyes if he happens in point of fact to be mistaken? It is perhaps natural in a public writer to overlook what might be said on the other side; and on the other hand it must be owned that it certainly is hard that I should be liable to be falsely accused of any offence which a volunteer accuser may honestly but erroneously suppose me to have committed, and that when I have established my innocence I may nevertheless have to pay my accuser's costs because of his good intentions. Not that we mean to apply this observation to the particular case referred to in this article.

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Sketches from Pontresina.

A HEAVY storm of wind and rain and snow had kept us prisoners all day, and we had nearly exhausted our resources. The stove in the little salon could not be lighted, on account of the smoke; and even with the piano (which is a very good one), the most ardent musician could not have supported life there for many hours if he were to be entirely dependent on the warmth of his feelings for any extra amount of caloric. The great *salle-à-manger* was still in process of preparation for the season, and damp with premonitory scrubbings. There remained the *stube* and the *café*. In the latter apartment we had spent many hours, and found them somewhat tedious. The clouds were low in the valley, and there was no view. We had read through the last pile of serials and papers from England. We had written our journals; had painted numberless small studies of wild-flowers, with mosses, leaves, and branches of wood and stones grey and golden with lichens, much to the astonishment of the *kellnerin*, who, when E. challenged her admiration for her handful of treasures, said, "Ah, yes, she noticed that the foreigners cared for sticks; as for her, she saw so many pieces of wood, she was accustomed to them."

We had the great hotel almost to ourselves, and had taken vigorous exercise in the large unfurnished rooms, and up and down the passages, and still the pitiless snow fell, and the wind blew, rattled against the windows, and shook the jalousies, making us humble and imploring as to the matter of fuel, in which we considered ourselves somewhat stinted. Half frozen, and sighing for real summer and warmth, we appealed to

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Frau Gredig in the choicest German, explaining our sufferings;—that we, delicate English, were not accustomed to reside in ice-houses, to be frozen to the floors, to warm ourselves over the eggs at breakfast, and live through the afternoons on the thought of securing a little steam from the urn at tea. "Feel our hands, madame, and see how we suffer!"

Frau Gredig had not a bad heart. For a moment, as she took the suffering fingers into her maternal grasp, her countenance relaxed, a gleam of compassion shone in her eye, and a cry for more fuel trembled on her lips; but second thoughts proved safest. With a vigorous rub she administered present consolation and a valuable moral truth.

"It is not the fault of the climate that you suffer, Fräulein. *I* am not cold; my sister is not cold; and why? We run about from morning till night. My head and my hands are full. We have to think and plan, and do for you all, and—ach mein Gott, sind wir nicht warm genug?"

Driven from all hope of external comfort, we evolved heat from our internal consciousness, and warmed ourselves by the brilliancy of our own imaginations. D. and C. had conceived a wonderful thought. We would utilize the snow. We would plan a day of delights to be realized from it, the very thought of which would cause every flake that fell to be hailed with jubilations. We would make a grand *schlitten partie* to the Bernina Pass. A messenger was sent to summon Walther, and we all eagerly discussed preliminaries.

Bartholome Walther, one of the pleasantest guides in Switzerland, and a capital one for ladies, had been with us as a sort of travelling-servant for some weeks past during our wanderings in Tyrol, and, though now off duty, was still considered as belonging, in a semi-attached fashion, to our party. He lived in one of the large houses forming the main-street of the little Pontresina village, which, as it is a fair type of the homes of the people, may be worth a word or two of description. On the ground-floor was a small shop, a stable for cows and horses, a dairy well stocked, a large dark entrance-hall, roughly paved, with the usual arched wooden doors, a staircase leading to a hay-loft, where a *bergwagen* was stowed away, (how they got their carriages there I could never tell, but you invariably found them on the first floor,) and a pleasant little *stube* or living-room, wainscoted with wood, built like a nest into the great stone and plaster erection, the deep setting of the window, gay with flowering plants and shrubs, showing how great the cold must be in winter, and somewhere under the eaves no doubt a little colony of sleeping-rooms into which we did not penetrate. It is a sort of *home farm;* everything is stored under the one roof, and when the long dark winter days set in the women's work at least may be done under shelter. Madame Walther, a pleasant-faced, soft-voiced woman, always made us very welcome, and she and her little daughter were proud to show their pans of rich cream and stores of butter. "Nine months of winter and three of bad weather," say the Engadine peasants. They are wise, certainly, to gather all the

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can under their home eaves. The men, who during their short season are employed as guides by travellers, busy themselves when the strangers have departed in carrying on their wine-trade with the Valtelline. Early in the morning men and horses start for the summit of the Bernina Pass, floundering through the deep snow, the good clever beasts sometimes moving steadily forward on their knees, when unable to keep their footing, till they reach the shelter of the hut which marks the highest ground, and here they meet the people from the southern valleys with their casks of wine. Three or four times a week the journey is made, the Engadiners returning with well-laden sleighs to the village.

Walther entered with proper spirit into our plans and wishes, promised us great enjoyment for the morrow, fine weather, and plenty of snow; two *bergwagen* were to be at the door at eight o'clock, and we went to sleep in a state of high contentment, to dream of wonderful adventures and successes. We were up early, and, breakfast over, started in full mountaineering costume, well prepared for whatever might befall us, with linsey or serge dresses arranged as riding-habits in case of need, boots stout and strong and rich in nails, our especial pride and boast, alpen-stocks, coloured spectacles, veils, and linen masks, the "weisse Teufel" head-dresses now becoming well known to Swiss natives as another wonderful idiosyncrasy of the English. The men had provided two very small sledges, but we were as yet ignorant of how they could by any possibility be good at need. Walther had arranged for the regular post sledges to be ready for us when we reached the snow. The day was perfectly cloudless, the sky of the deepest blue, the marvellously beautiful range of the Bernina,—Piz Palü, Piz Bernina, Piz Morteratsch, and other mighty mountains—rising up in almost dazzling whiteness against the clear background of colour. The sun was pleasantly warm, even at that early hour, and there was fortunately very little wind; we were in the highest possible spirits, and prepared to find amusement out of everything; the horses even seemed to share our enjoyment, as they trotted on, tossing their heads to the merry music of their bells and the gay songs of the drivers. As the way grew steeper we were glad to walk and to get thoroughly warmed by exercise, before encountering a possible snow-bath higher up. The road is a new one, made about three years ago, but still liable to much injury from the avalanches, which have been unusually frequent during this year. In some places all the telegraph posts were destroyed, and a sad desolation marked the course of the snow,—uprooted trees and masses of stone and broken walls showing where it had passed.

We halted at the Bernina Wirthshaus, rather less than two hours from Pontresina, to order dinner to be ready on our return, and then climbed still higher; the snow lying thickly all around us, not even a tree or rock to be seen, nothing but a white wilderness, with soft blue shadows in the hollows of the hills; and solemnly marking our way like silent fingerposts of fate, the telegraph poles rose at regular intervals, struggling

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up through the mass of snow, sometimes scarcely showing a few feet above the ground, though our road so far had been dug out and beaten hard, and the travelling was by no means bad: but suddenly it came to an end, winter reasserted itself, and the snow had it all its own way. We dismounted, fastened on with great care spectacles and masks, the men following our example, and arranging their veils and glasses, and then busying themselves in transferring the horses to the sledges, which were lying by the side of the road, fastening the seats from our *bergwagen* on to the slight wooden framework of the runners. We watched, meanwhile, with much amusement, a drove of small black pigs who were disporting themselves on the snow, being ignominiously captured by a leg or an ear, and tossed into a cart, where they subsided into a most uncomfortable heap, with shrieks guttural and expostulatory.

The sledges were soon prepared, and we mounted to our places, D. and E., under Walther's care, heading the procession. They were very well off, the guide having fastened the seat of his *bergwagen* bodily, by means of cords, to the runners, so that they had something to cling to besides each other. Mrs. C. and C. were not so fortunate, they being enthroned on a long box, sitting back to back, with a loose cross-board for the feet, and nothing particular to lay hold of. A few yards brought us to the place where a gang of labourers were at work cutting out the roadway; unfortunately they had begun laterally, and a great slice of hard snow was already gone, leaving only a narrow ledge or shelf, not wide enough for our carriages. But the peasants were good-natured, and willing to put their shoulders to the wheel; that is to say (having a strict regard to truth), they held up the runners on one side to prevent our toppling over; and that difficulty past, we dashed on in famous style. The workmen, with their veiled faces and goggle eyes, standing silently in the dismal trenches, looked like a troop of weird ghosts, who had somehow strayed from the Inferno, and were fated to dig their way down again into the darkness, while we mere earthly travellers passed on into higher air.

The horses rushed over the snow, and flung up the cold white masses into our faces, pelting us with snow-balls with their eager feet; a man stood behind each sledge balanced between the runners, and drove over our heads, with shout and song urging on the horses. Whenever we dared to turn our heads the sight was one never to be forgotten: C. and her companion, in an agony of terror and laughter, holding on by the strength of a fixed determination, and looking out despairingly for side jolts which might upset their equilibrium. A joyful shout reached us, and Mrs. C. announced that she had found a rope to hold by, and was very comfortable: a short-lived happiness, as the next moment she discovered she had been clinging to her own crinoline, from which no difficulties of the way had ever separated her.

We went on and on, the only moving things in that beautiful still snow world, except one little marmot, who raced away in the distance,

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uttering his shrill cry; a lake lay near us, but so covered over that only here and there a green glimmer of ice was to be seen. The mountains were entirely veiled, the great gallery on the Italian side was roofed with snow, which was piled up within and about it. Here our expedition ended, as we did not wish to give our poor horses a toilsome ascent; so dismounting, we walked down the hill, and plunged into the soft bank beside the road, gaining the entrance to the first arches in order to see the immense icicles that fringed them, and then prepared to return in different order, D. being anxious to try her power of keeping her place on the wooden box. The pace was glorious, and it was the greatest possible fun to spin along through the snow—great hard masses balling under us, and throwing sledge, and seat, and travellers suddenly from side to side, as we dashed round corners, half blinded by the dazzling brightness; the cold and the speed at which we went taking away our breath with almost a terror of delight. Writing now in a warm quiet English home, such raptures sound too foolish to repeat, but our enjoyment was ecstatic while it lasted, our sensations so entirely new,—except in so far as old childish dreams came back of wonderful Siberian journeys, and tales of adventure with dogs and reindeer. And then it was our own escapade, and had not been "cut and dried," and arranged for us by the powers that be! There had not been such a season for thirty years, and there might never be another when such an expedition could be made in June. Of course, there could never be another; of that we felt quite sure, and we laughed in our content, like a rabid connoisseur who hugs himself in silent delight over the contemplation of a rare engraving, knowing that the plate has been destroyed.

Our day was unique,—a beautiful completeness, which could only live again in our memories.

And then there was the dinner. Other people may come to that little inn, and may dine there, but not with such appetites as ours. And again fortune favoured us; there had been a wedding on the Sunday, and the remains of the feast graced the board. In romantic descriptions of the highest class it is inadmissible to speak of a table simply as such; whatever may be the number of its legs, whether it be round or square or oblong, it invariably becomes a board and generally *groans;* and this practice probably originated the first idea of mahogany as a spiritual *habitat;* it may to many minds afford a triumphant refutation of the notions of idle cavillers who profess to regard the legends of Tintagel as vague myths, that the knights of King Arthur invariably met at a table, the use of that simple word conveying a sense of remote antiquity, and a quaint rudeness of expression, bearing, by all rules of criticism, a genuine stamp of truth that must be perfectly irresistible! Fancy an erection of spun sugar and a bouquet of roses in a little wainscoted salon, through the windows of which we looked out on nothing but the same dream of snow. That sugar temple and the flowers added the element of poetry

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to the adventure which was lacking in our prosaic and realistic minds. We grew sentimental with the good Wirthin over their festivities, and rested and talked and fraternized with the bright-faced domestics, examined the kitchen, and saw that our men were well cared for; and then, just as a lazy content was stealing over us, and even a somnolent tendency had manifested itself in Mrs. C., we were summoned by Walther and his companion, who carried the small sledges slung by ropes over their shoulders. These are less than a yard long, and about eighteen inches in width, and are formed of small transverse pieces of wood, attached to iron runners, the rope being fastened to the front.

The men walked up a steep slope of snow, and we plodded after them, with many stumbles in the soft mass. At last, landed on a piece of stone which offered sure footing, we prepared to start. Seating ourselves on the sledges, with our feet extended, we steered ourselves, and by a

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vigorous dig with our heels could come to a stop at pleasure. At first, the men took the ropes and ran with us, but the sensation was horrible of being dragged into infinite space, with nothing earthly to hold to, but crumbling or melting snow. When, however, we took the reins into our own hands the whole thing was different, and became an indescribable pleasure—a swift shooting through the air without sense of obstruction. I began to realize what a fine time, if they were only sentient, the arrows would have belonging to an archery club, where the members were not clever enough to hit anything. But that was the difficulty, the one flaw in the perfect enjoyment of our performance; *there was an end to it.*

As a Frenchman once graphically remarked:—"Dans une chute il y a deux moments terribles: le départ et l'arrivée. Le voyage en lui-même n'est rien. On cite même un maçon qui, tombant d'une cinquième étage, adressait au ciel, pendant la traversée, cette fervente prière: 'Mon Dieu, pourvu que ça dure!'"

The sun had considerable power, and it was hard work to struggle up to the starting-post, marked by an alpenstock, preparatory to each fresh glissade. At last, fairly exhausted, E. took refuge with Mrs. C., who had camped out on a damp piece of grass, a wholesome dread of wet feet having made all our descriptions of delight fall heedlessly on her ears. For a few minutes longer D. and C. ran races against each other, a sudden unlucky turn of the foot bringing up now one, now the other, as a very bad second, in a snow-drift, while the winner was often precipitated most ingloriously into the cold soft mass at the bottom of the slope.

The hours had passed so pleasantly that we hardly realized how rapidly the shadows were lengthening, till the *bergwagen* were announced to be ready, and it was time to turn our faces homewards. Contented and weary, we were glad to find ourselves once more rattling down the road, and we reached our old quarters as a golden glow passing over the tops of the fir-trees, and shining through the tufts and branches of the great Arolla pines, left the earth in a cold, frosty twilight, settled down for a moment like a veil of light over the higher mountains, and then faded slowly into the pale clear greenness of the evening sky.

* * * * * *

We spent more than ten days at Pontresina, the pleasantest possible headquarters for mountaineers or for ladies. The valley is at an elevation of nearly six thousand feet, and the air is deliciously fresh and bracing, even in July; and early as we were there, with sunshine and fine weather, the cold was very bearable and wonderfully invigorating. The history of each day would fill a long paper, and cannot be given here. A morning on the Morteratsch glacier, was among our pleasantest expeditions; the ice was in good order, comfortably crumbly on the surface, and affording us plenty of foothold. You may walk for miles over this great sea of dirty ice, which is anything but beautiful, as there are none of the

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aiguilles which make the great charm of the Oberland glaciers, and very little colour. Here and there in a deep crevasse, one sees a tinge of soft sea-green, and the *moulins*, formed by little hidden streams forcing their way through the fissures, make an amusing variety in one's path; but as a whole, it is decidedly dull. At least, I can only write of it as we found it, and we may be told that "as a whole" we did not see it, for truth obliges me to confess that wonderful descriptions of the beauty and grandeur of the ice-fall, "combining the solemnity of cathedral architecture and the fantastic decorations of a Chinese pagoda, Druidical beards and dripping caves gleaming with diamonds in the sunlight," have reached us from those who penetrated further than an inexorable fate allowed us to proceed. In our experience, the cracks in the ice were only a few inches apart, so there was nothing to jump over, and during our expedition it afforded such good foothold that there was no excuse for slipping. The amphitheatre of hills enclosing this great frozen sea has few rivals in grandeur, when, as we saw it, a great white mantle of snow sweeping from each summit, falls as in soft, noiseless folds, to meet the rugged mass of ice below. The little woods skirting the end of the glacier are full of beauty, and near by there is a waterfall that in any other place would alone be an object of pilgrimage. The water-meadows were like a brilliant flower-bed, gay with patches of gentians and forget-me-nots, masses of purple primulas, yellow pansies, and delicate little soldinella; and clustering round the stones and rocks were sweet-scented daphnes and white crocuses, which sprout up on the barest-looking ground a few hours after the snow has melted from its surface.

These meadows, and the woods which skirt them, had a wonderful charm for us. A broad river flowed through the midst, often spreading itself over the valley when the warm sun melted the snows, and when the waters drew back again into their stony channel, grass, and moss, and flowers sprang up on the instant into vivid life; the trees cast their twisted roots about the soil to hold it fast, binding it with gray lichens and little fir twigs, and a soft carpet of dead leaves from last year's store; and before the hay was grown and there could be the sweet summer scent of mown grass drying in the wind, there was everywhere a garden of flowers, golden and violet, with soft pink blooms, and the blue gentians with their bright little eyes; the stones were encrusted with orange and scarlet lichens, and gray fringes hung in festoons from the old trees; the ice in great billows and ridges came down into the grass, turning it back in long furrows in its steady advance year by year, and down the rocks rivulets of cold snow-water trickled from among the stones, bubbled up under the moss, and turned into a sudden cloud of spray as they sprang from any jutting crag into the river at their feet; and far above, as solemn sentinels, the great snow mountains closed around the valley. Days among the Alps, though full of commonplace adventure and merriment, and the prose of ordinary life a little caricatured, are rich in

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deeper thoughts and feeling. There is a stronger spell than the mere love of exercising their muscles or the desire to conquer a new peak that takes men to the mountains, and he must have a poverty-stricken soul who does not return humbler indeed, but calmed and strengthened by a fresh revelation of the Divine power in which his life can rest.

The contrast of these mighty forces of nature,—ice and snow, torrent and avalanche, mist and cloud, and desolating power, and the tender beauty of the grass and flowers, and gentler life, held as in the hollow of a strong hand,—was very wonderful to see. This Morteratsch valley was a place that the old myths would have made beautiful and palpitating with life. Fair-faced Persephoné might have wandered through those meadows dimly conscious of a great dread where the cold darkness from the ice-caves fell across her path, as the mountain torrent spreading round her feet swept her away into the shadows. One dreams of a time when grand old Pan was strong and lusty, and could sing—

> In my great veins—a music as of boughs
> When the cool aspen-fingers of the Rain
> Feel for the eyelids of the Earth in spring;

and Dryads made their home in the depths of the wood, where gnarled and twisted branches, gray-bearded and old, look like evil beings expiating their sins and cramped with rheumatism.

Evening after evening we watched the clouds draw away from the mountain tops, till they stood clear against the sky; the sunshine died from the earth, the fir-trees grew black, and a chill dimness crept over the soft gray meadows, and then suddenly a little flush spread over the crests of the mountains, and deepened into a rosy delight; one or two stray cloudlets caught the glory, that like a great radiant smile touched them as it past, and then slowly the light faded; a special beatitude vouchsafed to the great mountains, emblems of purity and strength; a host of Fra Angelico's gentle seraphs with their pink and violet wings might have sung there their Gloria in Excelsis, and sent their light upon the hills. And then came night, and a frosty stillness and clear heavens studded with stars, and a cold moonlight over silver snow.

In our wood walks up the Roseg Thal we often encountered droves of the long-eared sheep from the Italian valleys, driven to the Alpine pastures by their Bergamesque shepherds,—picturesque fellows, with dark, handsome southern faces under the shadow of their broad hats, roughly dressed in skins and leather leggings, tanned like their faces by exposure to wind and weather.

A few miles away by the road and an hour distant from Pontresina by a footpath through the wood, is the great Bad-haus of St. Moritz, a ghastly water-cure establishment, much frequented by true believers of all nations; where a heterogeneous multitude are stowed away in hundreds of little rooms, and live together in great cold salons, and feed together, each after his own fashion in the matter of forks or fingers, in an enormous

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salle-à-manger, and kill time by drinking the waters, walking up and down the passages, and watching for the diligence which has kindly consented to go so far out of its way as to come round in front of the great *établissement*, for the accommodation and amusement of the sufferers.

Beyond St. Moritz, there are little lakes, lying like gems set in a forest of pines, and more mountains, and wood, and waterfalls to be visited, all within easy reach of Herr Gredig's pleasant headquarters.

Our time at Pontresina was coming to an end, and we had been unable to accomplish the ascent of the Piz Languard,—an old friend we were anxious to revisit; but the quantity of snow, and its soft state, had hitherto made such an expedition impossible. F. and his companion had joined us after a most successful ascent of the Piz Bernina by a new route, and entertained us with wonderful stories of their capture by the Austrians, as Italian spies; of a sudden attack made on them when peacefully reposing in a hay-loft; of a night-march with fixed bayonets down a horribly bad path; the completion of their broken slumbers in an Austrian fortress, the bayonets still on guard; and of a triumphant and apologetic acquittal from the gallant commandant in the morning. In our state of excitement and suspense as to news from the army, which generally came to us first through the English papers, though there were Swiss troops at the time in the village, any one fresh from the frontier was doubly welcome, and our travellers joined us with somewhat of a halo of romance; and as to the guides, they were very great men indeed, and were duly glorified over wine and tobacco in the *stube*. If the four were not patriots, they had been considered a sufficiently good imitation, and vividly before the imaginations of all hovered images of the horrors of an Austrian dungeon!

Christian Almer, one of the heroes, looked as though he had been kept on bread and water, and then dried and smoked. I never saw anything human so like an Egyptian mummy or a red-herring; but his miserable condition was really due to the amount of work that had been accomplished, and the great cold they had encountered. Three Passes and two new Spitze in twenty-four hours take something out of a man, even the strongest, when you have twenty-five degrees of frost at your lunching-place.

The weather had broken up and looked very doubtful, but with this accession to our numbers we were determined to make an attempt on the mountain. Walther and ten or twelve men went up on the Saturday to try to make a little path through the snow by digging and stamping it hard; and this they succeeded in doing in a degree near the summit, where the snow lay less thickly on the stones,—but anything like a track was hopeless lower down. On Monday morning we were all called soon after two; the clouds looked threatening, but at that early hour it was difficult to judge how the day would turn out, and we hoped, at any rate, to make a good start. It is wonderful how the most glowing anticipations we may have indulged in over night pale in the uncertain glimmer of dawn. The

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only sensation E. admitted to being vividly conscious of, was a profound desire that some one would say it was raining hard, and there was nothing to be done but to go to sleep again. Of course this feeble expostulation of the flesh was crushed back instantly, and our spirits rising with the first plunge into cold water, we prepared to encounter hopefully the experiences of the coming day.

We had invited some English acquaintances to join our party—Major and Mrs. L., who were staying with us at the hotel, and Mr. N. and Lady L. N., from St. Moritz; and as we mustered our forces in the *salon* over an early breakfast, we rejoiced over the prospect of a successful ascent. It was very cold, and we were glad of warm dresses and plenty of wraps. C. was to remain behind; but a party of nine, exclusive of servants, started on horseback and on foot at three o'clock, with porters laden with provisions, three first-rate guides, and a following of boys or men belonging to the beasts. We rode for the first two hours in single file, with shouting comments on our steeds, on the weather, and on the comforts and discomforts of our saddles. These were wonderful constructions, on which you were mounted high above the horse's shoulder and very far forward; padded seats, on which it is difficult to keep your balance without pommel or stirrup, a flat board being substituted for the latter, which it is hopeless to try to grasp with your foot. Mrs. C. exhausted herself by her efforts to sustain nobly her equestrian reputation. One or two of the party were first-rate horsewomen; but the Engadine "mounts" tried their mettle more than a five-barred gate or a stone-wall country with the hounds at home; and at every stumble of the animals during the slippery ascent a rider would fall forwards on the neck of the horse, or be jolted almost over its tail, with many outcries and much laughter. Poor Lady L. N. had provided herself with an English saddle, and set off in happy security, but her pony and the saddle would not fit; the pony was fat and the saddle was angular; and the mathematical problem how to make a round body fit into a square hole was proved to be insoluble, and the hopelessness of the attempt was illustrated by a sudden descent of the hapless rider, first on one side, then on the other, as the poor beast struggled up the winding path.

The track, such as it was, came to an end with the first snow, and here we dismissed our horses, and prepared for work. And now we discovered a flaw in the perfection of our mountaineering costume, which we had considered very perfect. Our riding-habits were looped well up over linsey petticoats, and the feminine mind exulted in the strong hobnailed boots, which looked as if they meant work; but unfortunately Mrs. L—— alone had supplied herself with the leather leggings, which all travellers ought to know are essential to the comfort of any one intending to encounter a tramp through snow, and we thus found ourselves dependent on the charity of our companions. With great care and much expenditure of packthread, some leather or cloth gaiters, generously subscribed on the instant, were

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fastened over our boots; but as the fit was by no means perfect, they soon became clogged with snow, and proved a very doubtful blessing. By this time clouds had gathered above us and round the higher mountains, and were rapidly rising below us, covering the valley and the little green lakes, and leaving stretched before us an uncomfortable mass of snow, with here and there a little oasis of stones, the only landmarks in its dreary uniformity. It was very cold, a drizzling rain began to fall, and our spirits sank rapidly. Light and sunshine would have made us go on our way rejoicing, but in the grey cold bleak dimness it was a dreary prospect to go up and up through deep snow into a cloud of snow-flakes, knowing all the time that we must come down again. However, all being ready, we made our final plunge. F. put an ice-axe on his shoulder, and E. held firmly by the iron, keeping her alpenstock in the other hand; and in single file we began the march. A few steps, and we were in a snow-drift, up to our knees, then to our waists, so firmly wedged into the soft mass that each step was a weary labour, and every muscle was strained and stretched before another yard could be gained.

For the first moment we felt thoroughly miserable and frightened, fancying the next we might go in over our hats, or that we might start an avalanche on our own account; but looking back at the slow procession of figures showing dark against the white background, in every attitude possible to struggling humanity, a sense of the ludicrousness of the whole thing came to our help, and amid peals of laughter we all agreed to consider our difficulties infinitely amusing, and from that moment there was no one so mean-spirited as even to ask under their breath the reason of our encountering so much exertion, and what we expected to see at the summit when we got there! The clouds rose up beneath us like the black roof of a tent under which villagers and tourists might be tranquilly sleeping, the mist closed in damp and impenetrable, wrapping us in a veil disagreeable and unexhilarating in the highest degree. Ten minutes more of climbing and everything was snow, and we were white all over, looking

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like rash pillars of salt during the process of transformation, except where our breath melted out little blue and black patches on our veils. We stepped and stumbled on bravely; every now and then a cry would pierce the silence, and two or three men were needed to extricate some unlucky pedestrian who had come upon a "soft bit," and was half-stifled and unable to stir.

Mrs. C. presented a gallant appearance, and with the large hood of her caoutchouc heavy with snow, and a doleful dripping from the brim of her hat and nose and chin, the black draperies of her waterproof only relieved by voluminous drab gaiters, she looked like an image of Father Christmas *thawing*, but cheery and brave even under difficulties.

On we went, undeterred by the now certain knowledge that there was nothing to be seen from the Spitze. We had our provisions, and a luncheon party having been planned for the summit of the Piz Languard, there we would go, and eat our luncheon, and return with peaceful consciences to Pontresina.

The latter part of the ascent was not really so difficult as we had found it two years before, when the mass of loose stones had added greatly to our fatigue; these were now well carpeted, and the guides have built a sort of rude staircase for the last ten minutes of the way, which has the advantage of not rolling away beneath one's feet. At one place we had had to cross a great plateau of snow, so soft that progression was simply impossible to us. F. shouted, "Gentlemen to the front," and with hands and knees and axes they literally pounded the snow hard. It was strange to see how lightly guides and mountaineers walked over the yielding surface, which seemed much less affected by their greater weight than where ladies attempted to try the same path; by long practice they have acquired a perfect balance, which is, I imagine, the real secret of walking on snow successfully.

We reached the final plateau, which is about half-a-dozen yards across, in a heavy snow-storm, and being by this time, spite of all precautions, thoroughly wet through, we dared not linger very long. To an outsider—say the Spirit of the Storm,—we must have presented a ludicrously forlorn appearance, but that would only have been because the Spirit being German, or at least German-Swiss, would be naturally phlegmatic, and unable to understand that sterling quality of the British character which delights in being jolly under difficulties, and enjoying life under an aspect

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totally differing from insular civilization. The champagne bottles were opened, and we drank to the mountain and our own success, and ate chickens and potted meats and compôte, a ravenous hunger serving as

sauce piquante; and then the guides joined in chorus, and the mountai echoes rang again to the wild wonderful jödels so full of unutterable jo and music to every Führer's and Bergsteiger's heart. We were drippin at our elbows and sitting in pools of water, while the great snow-flake soaked our bread and settled in the salt, and came down so thoroughly i earnest that our hats and umbrellas were heavy with them, and we dare not linger lest we should suddenly stiffen. The descent looked a littl formidable, a snow slope ending in blackness and mist, and with man inward tremblings a question was whispered as to how we were get down. That soon settled itself. Franz Andermatten, one the merriest, sturdiest of Valais guides, seized Lady L. N., and befo she could utter one shriek of protestation they were flying down f below us. Her husband quickly glissaded after her, and we all follow according to our different fashions. Walther seated himself on the sno and bade E. sit behind him, and then with a vigorous push—swish! th spun down, throwing up snow-balls and a white spray about th faces, till, safely landed at the first pile of stones, they could wat others descending. F. had placed his plaid on the ground, and D. sitti

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on it, wound one end firmly round her, while he held the other, intending to draw her luxuriously down the slope; but the inclined plane being

slightly uneven, D. swerved aside, and came down in the end headforemost, rather like a bundle of hay in a blanket, while Mrs. C.'s dignified and successful glissade was in perfect keeping with her character. Major L. and his wife were old mountaineers and in capital training, and her walking powers cast the other ladies entirely into the shade, though, judging by their own accounts at a later date, the performances of each had been unrivalled. And thus with much laughter and enjoyment the ground was rapidly got over, and we found ourselves at about twelve o'clock once more standing on the short scrubby grass, which later in the year would turn this bare hill-side into pasture-land. Here the gaiters were unfastened, snow shaken off, and a few drops of wine taken before we started for the final trudge home.

The mind of Pontresina, agricultural and commercial, is slow and conservative, and difficult to convince, and it was in vain we pleaded for the aid of the horses on our return march. The owners resisted with dogged persistency our most pathetic appeals; our ancestors, if ever they had ascended the Piz Languard, had walked down again, and so must we.

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There was no more to be said, and we were not long in descending through the little wood and the meadows above the village; but we must have looked a very motley company to any fresh eyes that encountered us, judging by the amusement on C.'s face when she met us. One of our party who had fared the worst, her lighter dress not having been prepared for such rough work, was clothed in garments which by this time had assumed the colour and consistency of tea-leaves, while her boots were literally cut to pieces. We were warmly welcomed by Herr Gredig at the Krone, that worthy landlord killing a fatted calf in the gladness of his heart (at least this is our only way of accounting for the fact that veal formed the chief ingredient of all dishes served on that and subsequent occasions), and absolutely submitting even with cheerfulness to the choice on our part of the hour for dinner. To those by whom he is known, this fact will speak volumes. Herr Gredig has a great soul, but it moves in a narrow groove, and he is a man who believes implicitly in precedent. The law of the Gredigs of Pontresina, which altereth not, is carven on the door-post, and engraved on the ductile but abject minds of his followers. It afforded us exquisite gratification during our stay to infringe the regulations in every possible manner; and such was the ascendancy that we acquired, that we were recognized as despots, and were graciously permitted on all occasions to eat our *abendessen* when we were hungry, and not when the inmates of the Gasthaus zur Krone thought we ought to be.

Our St. Moritz companions hurried off to seek dry clothes and shelter, while the rest of our party adjourned in the afternoon to Flury's studio, eliciting deep-drawn sighs from that conscientious artist by desiring to be photographed *en masse* (with a background of snow, and a grand moraine built up of loose stones), in perpetual remembrance of our very successful ascent of the Piz Languard.

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Canning and the Anti-Jacobin.

It is difficult to account for the neglect into which the wit and wisdom of the *Anti-Jacobin* have fallen, unless by the reluctance with which men accord the palm of superiority in varied pursuits to one and the same competitor. In Canning's lifetime his reputation as a writer of political *jeux-d'esprit* long stood in the way of his claim to be recognized as a parliamentary orator of the first rank. His after-career as a statesman seems in its turn to have obscured his literary fame. To show how his reputation as a wit was thrown in his teeth, it may be sufficient to quote the character given him by a contemporary political satirist—Sydney Smith. Having compared him to the blue-bottle fly, "the bluest, grandest, merriest, most important animal in existence," he thus sums up his character:—

"I have listened to him long and often, with the greatest attention; I have used every exertion in my power to take a fair measure of him, and it appears to me impossible to hear him upon any arduous topic without perceiving that he is eminently deficient in those solid and serious qualities upon which, and upon which alone, the confidence of a great country can properly repose. He sweats, and labours, and works for sense, and Mr. Ellis always seems to think it is coming, but it does not come: the machine can't draw up what is not to be found in the spring. Providence has made him a light-jesting, paragraph-writing man, and that he will remain to his dying day.

"When he is jocular, he is strong; when he is serious, he is like Samson in a wig; any ordinary person is a match for him. A song, an ironical letter, a burlesque ode, an attack in the newspaper upon Nicholl's eyes, a smart speech of twenty minutes, full of gross misrepresentations and clever turns, excellent language, a spirited manner, lucky quotation, success in provoking dull men, some half-information picked up in Pall Mall in the morning,—these are your friend's natural weapons; all these things he can do; here I allow him to be truly great. Nay, I will be just, and go still farther—if he would confine himself to these things, and consider the facile and playful to be the basis of his character, he would, for that species of man, be universally allowed to be a person of a very good understanding: call him a legislator, a reasoner, and the conductor of the affairs of a great nation, and it seems to me as absurd as if a butterfly were to teach bees to make honey. That he is an extraordinary writer of small poetry, and a diner-out of the highest order, I do most readily admit. After George Selwyn, and perhaps Tickell, there has been no such man for this half-century."

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It is difficult to know whether more to admire the cleverness of a passage such as this, or to feel vexed at its injustice. Sydney Smith, himself the prince of diners-out, was not the man to discharge this shaft against a wit and man of genius.

Passing by, however, what can be said of Canning as a politician, let us consider him solely as a man of letters. In his younger days graceful and accurate scholarship constituted in itself a social and literary distinction of high value. The two leaders of our two great political parties of the present day still keep up the memory of this former time; but notwithstanding the brilliant examples of the Earl of Derby and Mr. Gladstone, it is to be feared that the circle within which such pursuits are understood and appreciated is daily becoming narrower. When Canning had scarcely emerged from boyhood we find that he was one of the principal contributors to the *Microcosm*, or, to quote its full title, *The Microcosm: a Periodical Work, by Gregory Griffin, of the College of Eton. Inscribed to the Rev. Dr. Davies.* It consisted of papers by various youthful authors, written in imitation of the *Spectator*, and published every Monday from November 6, 1786, to July 30, 1787. From one of the papers written by Canning in imitation of Addison's commentary on the ballad of *Chevy Chase* we extract the following passage, commended to the attention of some learned but withal rather heavy commentators:—

> The Queen of Hearts,
> She made some tarts
> All on a summer's day.

On this last line we have the following comment:—"'All on a summer's day.'—I cannot leave this line without remarking that one of the Scribleri, a descendant of the famous Martinus, has expressed his suspicions of the text being corrupted here, and proposes, instead of 'All on,' reading 'Alone,' alleging, in favour of this alteration, the effect of solitude in raising the passions. But Hiccius Doctius, a High Dutch commentator—one, nevertheless, well versed in British literature—in a note of his usual length and learning, has confuted the arguments of Scriblerus. In support of the present reading, he quotes a passage from a poem, written about the same period with our author's, by the celebrated Johannes Pastor (most commonly known as Jack Sheppard), entitled *An Elegiac Epistle to the Turnkey of Newgate*, wherein the gentleman declares that—rather indeed in compliance with an old custom than to gratify any particular wish of his own—he is going

> All hanged for to be,
> Upon that fatal Tyburn tree.

Now, as nothing throws greater light on an author than the concurrence of a contemporary writer, I am inclined to be of Hiccius's opinion, and to consider the 'All' as an elegant expletive, or, as he more aptly phrases it, '*elegans expletivum.*'"

The publication, however, with which the name of Canning is most generally associated is the celebrated *Anti-Jacobin*, the object of which

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was to ridicule and refute the theories of religion, government, and social economy propounded by the revolutionary leaders in France, and their friends and admirers in England. Its first appearance was on November 7, 1797, its last on July 9, 1798. In 1799 the poetical portion of it was reprinted in one volume, and in 1854 it was again issued, under the editorship of Mr. Charles Edmonds, who fulfilled his task with industry and discrimination. He was at great pains to ascertain the authorship of the various contributions, but not in every case, apparently, with success. He appears to have relied on four principal authorities, viz. Canning's own copy of the poetry;* the copy belonging to the Earl of Westmoreland, then Lord Burghersh, the publisher's copy, and information derived from W. Upcott, the authors' amanuensis. Appended to the table of contents is a curious account, derived, the editor tells us, from "the researches of E. Hawkins, Esq., of the British Museum:"—

"Wright, the publisher of the *Anti-Jacobin*, lived at 169, Piccadilly, and his shop was the general morning resort of the friends of the Ministry, as Debrett's was of the Oppositionists. About the time when the *Anti-Jacobin* was contemplated, Owen, who had been the publisher of Burke's pamphlets, failed. The editors of the *Anti-Jacobin* took his house, paying the rent, taxes, &c., and gave it up to Wright, reserving to themselves the first floor, to which a communication was opened through Wright's house. Being thus enabled to pass to their own rooms through Wright's shop, where their frequent visits did not excite any remarks, they contrived to escape particular observation. Their meetings were most regular on Sundays, but they not unfrequently met on other days of the week, and in their rooms were chiefly written the poetical portions of the work. What was written was generally left open upon the table, and as others of the party dropped in, hints or suggestions were made; sometimes whole passages were contributed by some of the parties present, and afterwards altered by others, so that it is almost impossible to ascertain the names of the authors. Gifford was the working editor, and wrote most of the refutations and corrections of the "Lies," "Mistakes," and "Misrepresentations." The papers on finance were chiefly by Pitt; the first column was frequently reserved for what he might send; but his contributions were uncertain, and generally very late, so that the space set apart for him was sometimes filled up by other matter. He only once met the editors at Wright's. Upcott, who was at the time assistant in Wright's shop, was employed as amanuensis, to copy out for the printer the various contributions, that the authors' handwriting might not be detected."

The account here given of the authorship of these pieces seems to be

* A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* (July, 1858), speaking of this copy, says, "After the fullest inquiries amongst his surviving relatives and friends (with the exception of the Governor-General of India), we cannot discover a trace of its existence at any period."

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very improbable. Good writing is seldom wrought out in the hap-hazard manner here described. The more highly polished any composition is, the greater the ease with which it flows, in such proportion does it tell of quiet thought and patient elaboration.

Among Canning's contributions, the best known are the "Inscription for the Door of the Cell in Newgate where Mrs. Brownrigg the Prenticide was Confined, previous to her Execution," and the "Friend of Humanity and the Knife-grinder."

In the year 1796, Mr. Payne Knight published *The Progress of Civil Society*, a didactic poem in six books. This production, which evinced a decided preference for man in a savage state, when uncorrupted by the unnatural customs of civilization, offered a fair mark for the ridicule of Canning. In the *Progress of Man*, a parody of Mr. Knight's poem, his description of love-passions as "warming the whale on Zembla's frozen shore" is well satirized, though with but little exaggeration, in the following lines:—

> How Lybian tigers' chawdrons love assails,
> And warms, midst seas of ice, the melting whales;
> Cools the crimpt cod, fierce pangs to perch imparts,
> Shrinks shrivell'd shrimps, but opens oysters' hearts;
> Then say, how all these things together tend
> To one great truth, prime object, and good end?

In the second part we are told how man in his downward progress to civilization became a flesh-eater. Having seen a tiger devour a leveret or a pig, he becomes desirous of doing the same. Taught by some instinct to make a bow and arrow,—

> Then forth he fares. Around in careless play
> Kids, pigs, and lambkins unsuspecting stray;
> With grim delight he views the sportive band,
> Intent on blood, and lifts his murderous hand;
> Twangs the bent bow, resounds the fateful dart,
> Swift-wing'd, and trembles in a porker's heart.

In the concluding part, marriage is treated of. Taking up Mr. Knight's rather free notions on the subject, Canning opens this part with an invocation to the South Sea Islands, tells us of the happy absence of form and ceremony which there characterize all nuptial rites, and thus proceeds:—

> Learn hence, each nymph, whose free aspiring mind
> Europe's cold laws and colder customs bind,
> Oh! learn what Nature's genial laws decree,
> What Otaheite is, let Britain be!
>
> * * * *
>
> Of whist or *cribbage* mark th' amusing game,
> The partners changing, but the sport the *same*:
> Else would the gamester's anxious ardour cool,
> Dull every deal, and stagnant every pool.
> Yet must one man, with one unceasing wife,
> Play the long rubber of connubial life.

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The *Loves of the Triangles* is another piece in which we can discern the airy grace of Canning's genius. The first part of this poem was written by J. H. Frere; but as Addison borrowed and improved upon Steele's *Sir Roger de Coverley*, so did Canning with the original conception of Frere. This poem Jeffrey pronounced to be the perfection of parody. It far excels, however, the production it aims at ridiculing, viz. Darwin's *Loves of the Plants*, and it may be questioned whether at times it does not awaken more elevated associations than could possibly have been suggested by the original. The contest between Parabola, Hyperbola, and Ellipsis for the love of "the Phœnician cone" is exceedingly humorous. Respecting this object of the affections of the mathematical Goddesses, the following information is given us in a note:—"It was under this shape that Venus was worshipped in Phœnicia. Mr. Higgins thinks it was the Venus Urania, or Celestial Venus; in allusion to which the Phœnician grocers first introduced the practice of preserving sugar-loaves in blue or sky-coloured paper; he also believes that the conical form of the original grenadier's cap was typical of the loves of Mars and Venus." Two lines of this poem are well known, through the application made of them by the late Daniel O'Connell to the present Earl of Derby —

> So down thy hill, romantic Ashbourn, glides
> The Derby dilly, carrying *Three* Insides;

or, as the great Irish agitator read it, to give point to his joke—"six insides."

In the last number of the *Anti-Jacobin* appeared what is generally considered its masterpiece, viz. "New Morality." From this we extract the lines on Candour,—lines sometimes quoted, at least in part, by many who are ignorant of the source whence they are derived:—

> "Much may be said on both sides," hark, I hear
> A well-known voice that murmurs in my ear,—
> The voice of Candour. Hail! most solemn sage,
> Thou drivelling virtue of this moral age,
> Candour—which softens party's headlong rage;
> Candour—which spares its foes; nor e'er descends
> With bigot zeal to combat for its friends.
> Candour—which loves in see-saw strain to tell
> Of acting foolishly, but meaning well;
> Too nice to praise by wholesale, or to blame,
> Convinced that all men's motives are the same;
> And finds, with keen discriminating sight,
> Black's not so black, nor white so very white.
> "Fox, to be sure, was vehement and wrong;
> But then Pitt's words, you'll own, were *rather* strong.
> Both must be blamed, both pardon'd; 'twas just so
> With Fox and Pitt full forty years ago!
> So Walpole, Pulteney;—factions in all times
> Have had their follies, ministers their crimes."
> Give me the avow'd, th' erect, the manly foe.
> Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow;
> But of all plagues, good Heav'n, thy wrath can send,
> Save, save, oh! save me from the Candid Friend!

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It is unnecessary to observe, however, that the lesson inculcated by these brilliant lines must be taken *cum grano*. There is such a thing as genuine, unsophisticated candour, which is deserving of all respect; though every effort should be made to put down the canting candour adopted by men who either have no opinions of their own to express, or who are too timid and servile to give them utterance.

The following lines on the British Oak are generally attributed to Pitt. Both for their innate beauty, and for the political lesson they teach, they are worthy of attention:—

So thine own Oak, by some fair streamlet's side,
Waves its broad arms and spreads its leafy pride;
Towers from the earth, and rearing to the skies
Its conscious strength, the tempest's wrath defies:
Its ample branches shield the fowls of air;
To its cool shade the panting herds repair.
The treacherous current works its noiseless way,
The fibres loosen, and the roots decay;
Prostrate the beauteous ruin lies, and all
That shared its shelter perish in its fall.

To Pitt is also attributed the concluding stanza of Rogero's song in "The Rovers; or, Double Arrangement." This was a parody upon the German drama, which was at that time only known to Englishmen through the medium of a few very bad translations of some of the least meritorious of the works of Goethe, Schiller, and Kotzebue. This song, though often quoted, will bear quotation once more:—

I.

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen,—
—niversity of Gottingen.

II.

Sweet kerchief, check'd with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in!
Alas! Matilda *then* was true!
At least I thought so at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen,—
—niversity of Gottingen.

III.

Barbs! Barbs! alas! how swift you flew
Her neat post-waggon trotting in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view.
Forlorn I languished at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen,—
—niversity of Gottingen.

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IV.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
  This blood my veins is clotting in:
My years are many,—they were few
When first I entered at the U—
  —niversity of Gottingen—
  —niversity of Gottingen.

V.

There first for thee my passion grew,
  Sweet! sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my tu—
  —tor, law professor at the U—
  —niversity of Gottingen—
  —niversity of Gottingen.

VI.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu,
  That kings and priests are plotting in:
Here doomed to starve on water gru—
  —el, never shall I see the U—
  —niversity of Gottingen,—
  —niversity of Gottingen.

For his share in this drama of "The Rovers," the vials of Niebuhr's wrath were emptied upon poor Canning's head. It is amusing to see the great German historian, the reconstructor of Roman history, exhibiting so curious a misapprehension of contemporary English history, and of the characters of contemporary English statesmen, as the following passage evinces:—

"Canning was at that time (1807) at the head of foreign affairs in England. History will not form the same judgment of him as that formed by his contemporaries. He had great talents, but was not a great statesman; he was one of those persons who distinguish themselves as the squires of political heroes. He was highly accomplished in the two classical languages, but without being a learned scholar. He was especially conversant with the Greek writers; he had likewise poetical talent, but only for satire. At first he had joined the leaders of opposition against Pitt's ministry; Lord Grey, who perceived his ambition, advised him, half in joke, to join the Ministers, as he would make his fortune. He did so, and was employed to write articles for the newspapers and satirical verses, which were often directed against his former benefactors.

"Through the influence of the Ministers he came into Parliament. So long as the great eloquence of former times lasted, and the great men were alive, his talent was admired; but younger persons had no great pleasure in his petulant epigrammatic eloquence and his jokes, which were often in bad taste. He joined the Society of the Anti-Jacobins, which defended everything connected with existing institutions. This society published a journal, in which the most honoured names of foreign countries were attacked in the most scandalous manner. German literature was at that

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time little known in England, and it was associated there with the ideas of Jacobinism and revolution. Canning then published in the *Anti-Jacobin* the most shameful pasquinade which was ever written against Germany, under the title of 'Matilda Pottingen.' Gottingen is described in it as the sink of all infamy; professors and students as a gang of miscreants; licentiousness, incest, and atheism as the character of the German people. Such was Canning's beginning. He was at all events useful,—a sort of political Cossack." — (*Geschichte des Zeitalters der Revolution*, vol. ii. p. 242.)

There is one of the prose contributions to the *Anti-Jacobin* which bears the impress of Canning's peculiar humour, and which contains specimens of oratory so well suited to some of the leading speakers of the Reform League that we must not pass it by. It is entitled the "Report of the Meeting of the Friends of Freedom at the Crown and Anchor Tavern." The writer puts into the mouth of Erskine a speech of which the following extract contains the peroration:—

"Mr. Erskine concluded by recapitulating, in a strain of agonizing and impressive eloquence, the several more prominent heads of his speech. He had been a soldier and a sailor, and had a son at Winchester School; he had been called by special retainers, during the summer, into many different and distant parts of the country, travelling chiefly in post-chaises. He felt himself called upon to declare that his poor faculties were at the service of his country—of the free and enlightened part of it, at least. He stood here as a man; he stood in the eye, indeed, in the hand, of God, to whom (in the presence of the company and waiters) he solemnly appealed. He was of noble, perhaps royal, blood; he had a house at Hampstead; was convinced of the necessity of a thorough and radical reform; his pamphlet had gone through thirty editions, skipping alternately the odd and even numbers; he loved the constitution, to which he would cling and grapple; and he was clothed with the infirmities of man's nature. He would apply to the present French rulers (particularly Barras and Reubel) the words of the poet:—

> Be to their faults a little blind;
> Be to their virtues very kind;
> Let all their ways be unconfined,
> And clap the padlock on their mind!

And for these reasons, thanking the gentlemen who had done him the honour to drink his health, he should propose, '*Merlin, the late Minister of Justice, and Trial by Jury.*'"

A lengthy speech is delivered by the great Macfungus—by whom is intended the late Sir James Mackintosh. From the ruins of all ancient governments and constitutions, he proposes to raise a magnificent Temple of Freedom, where—

"Our infants shall be taught to lisp, in tender accents, the Revolutionary Hymn,—where with wreaths of myrtle, and oak, and poplar, and vine, and olive, and cypress, and ivy, with violets, and roses, and daffodils,

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and dandelions in our hands, we will swear respect to childhood, and manhood, and old age, and virginity, and womanhood, and widowhood; but, above all, to the Supreme Being.

"These prospects, fellow-citizens, may possibly be deferred. The Machiavelism of governments may for the time prevail, and this unnatural and execrable contest may yet be prolonged; but the hour is not far distant; persecution will only serve to accelerate it, and the blood of patriotism streaming from the severing axe, will call down vengeance on our oppressor in a voice of thunder. I expect the contest, and I am prepared for it. I hope I shall never shrink, nor swerve, nor start aside, wherever duty and inclination may place me. My services, my life itself, are at your disposal—whether to act or to suffer, I am yours—with Hampden in the field, or with Sidney on the scaffold. My example may be more useful to you than my talents; and this head may, perhaps, serve your cause more effectually, if placed on a pole upon Temple Bar, than if it was occupied in organizing your committees, in preparing your revolutionary explosions, and conducting your correspondence."

When Canning was attacked in Parliament for his share in the *Anti-Jacobin*, he declared that he felt no shame for its character or principles, nor any other sorrow for the share that he had had in it than that which the imperfection of his pieces was calculated to inspire. Pitt, however, seems to have thought it better to bring the publication to a close, and it accordingly terminated with the number which contained "New Morality." A monthly review was, indeed, afterwards started under the same name, but with this Canning seems to have had nothing to do.

During the Addington administration Canning's muse was very prolific, and many of his effusions against that Minister appeared in the columns of a newspaper of that day called the *Oracle*. Many of them were reprinted in the *Spirit of the Public Journals* for 1803 and 1804. The following character of Addington is taken from the conclusion of *Good Intentions*—

'Twere best, no doubt, the truth to tell,
But still, good soul, he means so well!
Others, with necromantic skill,
May bend men's passions to their will,
Raise with dark spells the tardy loan,
To shake the vaunting Consul's throne;
In thee no magic arts surprise,
No tricks to cheat our wondering eyes;
On thee shall no suspicion fall
Of sleight of hand, or cup and ball;
E'en foes must own thy spotless fame,
Unbranded with a conjuror's name!
Ne'er shall thy virtuous thoughts conspire
To wrap majestic Thames in fire!

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And if that black and nitrous grain
Which strews the fields with thousands slain,
Slept undiscovered yet in earth,
Thou ne'er hadst caused the monstrous birth,
Nor aided (such thy pure intention)
That diabolical invention!
Hail, then, on whom our state is leaning!
O minister of mildest meaning!
Blest with such virtues to talk big on,
With such a head (to hang a wig on).
Head of wisdom—soul of candour,
Happy Britain's guardian gander,
To rescue from th' invading Gaul
Her "commerce, credit, capital!"
While Rome's great goose could save alone
One Capitol—of senseless stone.

"Ridicule," says Lord Chesterfield, "though not founded upon truth, will stick for some time, and, if thrown by a skilful hand, perhaps for ever." Of the truth of these words Addington was an instance—he was literally laughed out of power and place. If, indeed, his administration had been composed of stronger elements, he might have weathered the storm of ridicule, as did Pitt, against whom the wits of the *Rolliad* directed their fire in vain. Addington was known by the sobriquet of the "Doctor," and Canning made good use of it in the following parody of *Douglas*:—

My name's the Doctor: on the Berkshire hills
My father purg'd his patients—a wise man:
Whose constant care was to increase his store,
And keep his eldest son, myself, at home.
But I had heard of politics, and long'd
To sit within the Commons House, and get
A place: and luck gave what my sire denied.

In 1804, Pitt made up his mind to resume the premiership. He offered Canning his choice of two posts, the treasurership of the Navy, or the Secretaryship of War. Having chosen the former, Canning took a prominent part in the defence of Lord Melville. Whitbread, the famous brewer, in moving the impeachment, made use of language which struck Canning in so comical a light, that he composed the following rhyming report of the speech:—

I'm like Archimedes for science and skill;
I'm like a young prince going straight up a hill;
I'm like (with respect to the fair be it said)—
I'm like a young lady just bringing to bed.
If you ask why the first of July I remember
More than April, or May, or June, or November;
'Twas on that day, my lords, with truth I assure ye,
My sainted progenitor set up his brewery.
On that day, in the morn, he began brewing beer;
On that day, too, commenc'd his connubial career;
On that day he renewed and he issued his bills;
On that day he clear'd out all the cash from his tills.

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On that day, too, he died, having finished his summing,
And the angels all cried, "Here's old Whitbread a-coming."
So that day still I hail with a smile and a sigh
For his beer with an *e*, and his bier with an *i*.
And still on that day in the hottest of weather,
The whole Whitbread family dine all together.
So long as the beams of this house shall support
The roof which o'ershades this respectable court—
As long as the light shall pour into these windows,
Where Hastings was tried for oppressing the Hindoos,
My name shall shine bright, as my ancestor's shines,
Mine recorded in journals, his blazon'd on signs.

One of the last of Canning's political squibs was the following, written in the year 1824:—

"Letter from a Cambridge Tutor to his former Pupil, become a Member of Parliament: written in the year (1824) in which the Right Honourable Frederick Robinson, Chancellor of the Exchequer, repealed half the duty on sea-borne coals imported into the Port of London:—

Yes! fallen on times of wickedness and woe,
We have a Popish ministry, you know!
Prepared to light, I humbly do conceive,
New fires in Smithfield, with Dick Martin's leave.
Canning for this with Robinson conspires,—
The victim, this provides,—and that, the fires.
Already they, with purpose ill-concealed,
The tax on coals have partially repealed;
While Huskisson, with computation keen,
Can tell how many pecks will burn a dean.
Yes! deans shall burn! and at the funeral pyre,
With eyes averted from the unhallow'd fire—
Irreverent posture!—Harrowby shall stand,
And hold his coat flaps up with either hand."

To him, also, is generally assigned the following parody of Moore's Melody, "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms:"—

Believe me, if all those ridiculous airs,
  Which you practise so pretty to-day,
Should vanish by age, and your well-twisted hairs,
  Like my own, be both scanty and gray:
Thou would'st still be a goose, as a goose thou hast been,
  'Tho' a fop and a fribble no more,
And the world that has laughed at the fool of eighteen,
  Would laugh at the fool of three-score.
'Tis not whilst you wear that short coat of light brown,
  Tight breeches, and neckcloth so full,
That the absolute void of a mind can be shown,
  Which time will but render more dull.
Oh, the fool that is truly so, never forgets,
  But as truly fools on to the close,
As P * * * leaves the debate when he sits,
  Just as dark as it was when he rose.

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That Canning's muse could also strike a deeper and more solemn note must be admitted by all who read the epitaph upon his only son, who died in 1820:—

Though short thy span, God's unimpeach'd decrees,
Which made that shortened span one long disease,
Yet, merciful in chastening, gave thee scope
For mild, redeeming virtues, faith and hope,
Meek resignation, pious charity:
And since this world was not the world for thee,
Far from thy path removed, with partial care,
Strife, glory, gain, and pleasure's flowery snare,
Bade earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,
And fix'd on heaven thine unreverted eye!

Oh! mark'd from birth, and nurtured for the skies!
In youth, with more than learning's wisdom wise;
As sainted martyrs, patient to endure;
Simple as unwean'd infancy, and pure:
Pure from all stain, (save that of human clay,
Which Christ's atoning blood hath washed away,)
By mortal sufferings now no more oppress'd,
Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destined rest!
While I, reversed our nature's kindlier doom,
Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb.

With these verses we conclude this brief notice of George Canning, than whom a more brilliant star has scarcely ever shone in the parliamentary heavens. He was one of those instances which show how well the pursuits of literature become a statesman, and how a reputation acquired in such a field may well be looked upon as the Corinthian capital to the column of a statesman's fame.

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"Out of the Valley of the Shadow of Death."

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The Village on the Cliff.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Abbaye aux Dames.

MEANWHILE Catherine, in good spirits and in better heart than she had felt for many a day, was picking her way between the stones, and walking up the little village street with her husband. Fontaine nimbly advancing with neatly gaitered feet, bowed right and left to his acquaintance, stopping every now and then to inquire more particularly after this person's health, or that one's interests, as was his custom. The children were at play in the little gardens in front of the cottages, the women were sitting in groups dancing their bobbins, spinning, whirring, twisting, stitching. Their tongues were wagging to the flying of their fingers and the bobbing of their white caps. Some of the men were winding string upon nails fixed to the walls, some were mending their nets, others were talking to the women, who answered, never ceasing their work for an instant. Between the houses a faint, hazy sea showed glittering against the lime walls. Dominique, from the farm, came down the middle of the street with some horses clattering down to the water; Marion and others called out a greeting to him as he passed. "And when does Mademoiselle Chrétien return?" said Madame Potier from the door of her shop.

"Who can tell?" said Dominique, clattering away. "To-morrow perhaps." He took off his hat to Monsieur Fontaine, and Madame Potier beamed a recognition as they passed.

Catherine asked her husband why so many of the men were at home. She had not been long enough by the sea to read the signs of the times in the south-west wind now blowing gently in their faces—in the haze which hid the dark rocks of the Calvados.

Fontaine adjusted his glasses and looked up at the sky, and then at the

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faint blue horizontal line. "These fine mornings are often deceptive," said he, "although it is hard to believe in bad weather on such a day as this." Everything was so bright and so still, the wind so gentle, that it seemed as if gales could never blow again, or storms rise. The sun poured down upon the dusty road. Now and then the threads of the women at work stirred in the soft little breeze; the voices sounded unusually distinct,—a cheerful echo of life from every door-way. Presently two men and a boy, tramping down towards the sea, passed by, carrying oars and rope-ends. These were Lefebvres, who evidently thought, like Catherine, that no storm need be apprehended when the sun shone so steadily and the sea lay so calm. The boy looked up and grinned, and his bright blue eyes gave a gleam of recognition, for he knew Madame Fontaine; one of the men, Christophe Lefebvre, touched his cap, the other, who was his cousin, tramped on doggedly. Joseph Lefebvre was the most obstinate man in the village, and no one dared remonstrate with him. Christophe and he had words that morning, it was said, about their coming expedition, but it ended in Christophe going too at Isabeau's prayer. He never refused Isabeau anything she asked, poor fellow—that was known to them all. The men went their way, and at some distance, watching them, and muttering to herself, old Nanon followed: her brown old legs trembled as she staggered along under her load of seaweed. "Christophe was a fool," she said. "What did he mean by giving in to that dolt of a Joseph?" So she passed in her turn, muttering and grumbling. Catherine would have stopped and spoken to her, but the old woman shook her head and trudged on. "What is it to you?" she was saying. "You have your man dry and safe upon shore, always at your side; he is not driven to go out at the peril of his life to find bread to put into your mouth."

The old woman's words meant nothing perhaps, but they struck Catherine with a feeling of vivid reality, for which she could hardly account. Poor souls, what a life was theirs, a life of which the sweetest and wholesomest food must be embittered by the thought of the price which they might be called upon to pay for it some day. Yes, she had her "man," as Nanon called Monsieur Fontaine, and she looked at him as he walked beside her, active and brisk, and full of life and good humour. He talked away cheerfully, of storms, and fish, and fishermen, of the *Ecole de Natation* at Bayeux, which he had attended with much interest, and where he meant Toto to go before long; he talked of the good and bad weather, storms, and of the great piles of seaweed with which the coast was sometimes covered when the tide went down after a boisterous night. "That is a sight you must see, my very dear Catherine," said the maire. "People rise at the earliest dawn and come down with carts and spades, and barrows and baskets. It would amuse you to see the various expedients for carrying away the *varech* before the evening tide."

"But what do they do with it?" said Catherine.

"It forms a most valuable manure," said the maire, in his instructive voice. "The odour is not agreeable, but its beneficial properties cannot be

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too highly commended. I remember, last spring, in the early dawn, some one tapping at my window, saying, 'Get up, get up, Monsieur le Maire, the *varech* is arrived.' I hastily dressed and found all the company assembled upon the beach, although it was but three o'clock in the morning." They had come to the church at the end of the village by this time, and Monsieur le Curé was descending the well-worn steps. He pulled off his three-cornered hat, and Fontaine, hastily stepping forward, panama in hand, returned the salutation, and asked M. le Curé whether he would be at home in the course of half an hour? "I have certain *paperasses* to sign," said the maire, with a beaming and important face, "and I venture to ask if you would kindly witness them? I will return after escorting my wife to the château," said the maire, with some slight complacence at the thought of such good company. "She joins the niece of Madame de Tracy and others in an expedition to Bayeux."

"We shall have rain soon," said the curé, looking at the horizon from the church. "We must make the most of this fine sunshine while it lasts." And as he spoke the whole place seemed to grow bright.

"Joseph Lefebvre is putting out," said the maire. "It seems hazardous; but these people are fish, not men." And he adjusted his eyeglass and looked at a long low bank of clouds beyond the rocks of the Calvados.

"There will be a storm to-night," said the curé, dryly. "Madame, however, has time to divert herself before it comes. I'm afraid Joseph will scarcely return *à sec*."

"Monsieur le Curé," cried Fontaine, walking off, "I shall drop in at the presbytery on my way home."

Catherine looked after the curé as he trudged away towards a cottage, where she, too, sometimes paid visits of charity. The black figure with its heavy skirts passed through the brilliant waves of light. This light seemed to make everything new and beautiful, the fields, the distant lanes, the very grass along the roadside. The two, walking towards Tracy, presently reached a place where the field-path joined the road, and where one of those wayside crosses which are so common in Normandy had been erected. Some faded garlands were still hanging to it, and the grass was growing between the stone steps. Here Fontaine stopped.

"Is not that the carriage from Tracy coming to meet us?"

"Yes, I think so," Catherine answered.

"Then I will leave you with your friends, for I have several things to do," Fontaine said, hastily. "Good-by, dear Catherine: they will see you home; they promised me they would if I spared you to them."

"Good-by, Charles," said Catherine. "Thank you for coming with me when you were so busy."

Fontaine smiled and kissed her forehead. "Good-by, my little Catherine," said he, a second time, so kindly that it seemed to her that the sound of his voice echoed long after he had spoken. When the carriage drove up, Catherine was standing quite still by the cross, watching

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Fontaine as he walked away. Once he turned and looked back, and then the slope of the field hid him from her eyes.

"It was not like Monsieur Fontaine to run away from us," said Mrs. Beamish cheerfully, driving up in her furs and smiles. "We came to meet you. My aunt changed her mind at the last moment and wouldn't come. Ernestine declares we are going to see old rags and bones, and that it is a fast day, and they won't let us into the convent. But we mean to try, don't we? Jump in, dear."

The convent of the Augustines at Caen stands upon a hill next to the great Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, which the people call l'Abbaye aux Dames. The convent walls enclose shady lime-walks, and quadrangles, and galleries, and flights of steps, along which the white nuns go drifting. The galleries lead to sick wards and dispensaries, to refuges and nurseries. The care of the soldier's hospital is given to the nuns, and it is almost a city which you come to within the great outer gates. Life and prayer, and work, and faith, the despairs of this world, and the emblems of the next, meet you at every step in the halls and courts and quiet gardens, in the sunshine and shadow, peopled by this pathetic multitude: men and women and children, who have fled hither for refuge. They come up from the great battle-fields of the world, and from the narrow streets and dark tenements below. Some go to the hospital, some to the convent, and some to the little graveyard upon the hill-side, from whence you may see the city lying in the plain, and the river shining and flowing, and the distant curve of encompassing hills painted with the faint and delicate colours of the north.

De Tracy led the two Catherines, Dick and Beamish toiling up the steep streets with their rugged stones. They crossed a lonely "Place" at last, where the sun beat upon the grass-grown pavements, and no one was to be seen but some masons chipping at the great blocks of marble which were being prepared for the restoration of the cathedral. There it stood before them, high up above the town, silent, and gleaming white, and beyond it the two great gates, closed and barred, with the words Hôtel Dieu emblazoned upon them. Reine had passed through those gates, Butler was thinking as he stood waiting with the others for the porteress to come with the key and admit them into the precincts. To Butler there was an indescribable sadness about the place. The monotonous sound of the blows from the workmen's mallets seemed to fill the air. He looked at the closed way, at the great silent cathedral, at the distant valley; some presentiment saddened and oppressed him,—none of the others felt as he did. Catherine was in high spirits—gay in the passing excitement, thankful for relief after her pain, happy in the consciousness of her husband's trust and Butler's friendship.

As for Mrs. Beamish, everything was grist that came to her mill,—she was one of those princesses who know how to grind gold out of straw. Beamish used to laugh at her energy and enthusiasm, but he loved her for it. Fossils, doubtful relics, Bishop Odo's staff, jolting omnibusses, lo

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half-hours in waiting-rooms—Mrs. Beamish laughed and enjoyed everything untiringly. She stood now leaning against the iron gate and holding one great bar in her hand, as she chattered on in her pleasant way, while Catherine, who had perched herself upon a block of stone, sat listening to the talk of the others. It was only woman's talk after all—of needlework, and of samplers, and of stitches, but the stitches had been set eight hundred years ago, and the seamstress was an empress, and the pattern was the pattern of her times. They had just come from the Bayeux tapestry. "I should as soon have thought of seeing the Gordian knot," cried Mrs. Beamish flippantly.

"Or Penelope's web," said Dick.

"Hush," said Beamish. "Here comes the abbess."

A little bright-eyed, white-robed sister, followed by an attendant in a blue cotton gown, now came to the gate and unlocked it. "Mademoiselle will conduct you over the hospital," she said, in answer to their various requests and inquiries. "You wish to see Mademoiselle Chrétien, madame? The ladies here who are in retreat, admit no visits. I am sorry to refuse you, but the convent is closed to the public." Then they asked for Marthe. It was a fast day, and as Ernestine had predicted, no strangers could be allowed to see the ladies. Any vague hopes, which might have brought Dick all the way from Petitport, were quickly extinguished by the gentle little nun who glided away from them along the arched cloister, in and out of the shade and the light, with silent steps, like a ghost.

Then the lay sister took up the story in a cheerful, sing-song voice, and began to recite the statistics of this House Beautiful. So many loaves, so many fishes, so many doctors, so many cauldrons of soup, of physic, so many people cured, so many buried. She led them into the kitchen, where two nuns were busy cooking vegetables, while a third was sitting at a table chaunting out canticles from the Psalms, to which the others responded loudly. She led them into the long wards where the sick were lying, with their nurses coming and going from bedside to bedside; one pale man, with great dark eyes, raised himself wearily to see them go by, and then fell back again upon his pillow. The curtains of the bed next to his were drawn close, and Catherine bent her head as she hurried past it. The nursery was the prettiest and most cheerful sight of all. It was on the ground-floor, where two or three rooms opened out upon one of the cloisters, and in these rooms were small cradles and babies asleep, with their little fat hands warm and soft upon the pillows, and some little children playing quietly, and some old nuns keeping watch. The shadows made a shifting pattern on their woollen gowns, and the lights through the open door painted the unconscious little groups. They sat there busy, peaceful, beatified, with the children all about them, and saintly halos round about their worn old heads. They were not saints, only old women as yet. Though, indeed, it is not more difficult to imagine them as saints and angels one day yet to

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come, than to think of them like the children round about—young, golden-haired, round-eyed. One of the children, a little boy called Henri, took a great fancy to Dick, and trotted up to him with a sticky piece of sugar, which he silently thrust into his hand. A baby, who was sitting upon the floor, began to make a cooing noise as if to call attention, but when Mrs. Beamish stooped to take her up into her arms, she saw that the poor little thing was blind.

"Blind from her birth," the nurse cried, "but a little angel of goodness!"

"I think if I had not married I should have liked this life," said Mrs. Beamish, thoughtfully. "And you, Madame Fontaine?"

Little Catherine flushed up, and shook her head gently.

"Our sisters are very happy," said their conductress. "We have three who are over eighty years of age. They never come out of the convent, where they remain with the novices."

"Do any of them ever go back into the world?" asked Beamish, in a John Bull sort of tone.

"Last year a novice came," said the conductress; "there was a grand ceremony at her reception. She came, dressed as a bride, in a great carriage with two horses, and many gentlemen and ladies were present to take leave of her. Then her mother came and cried, and threw herself at her feet. The unfortunate girl's courage failed; apparently hers was no real vocation. She left in a common hackney coach next morning, disgraced and pitied by us all. . . . This is the Abbaye, which is, as you see, in reparation."

Matilda and her successors have raised the church upon tall up-springing arches, so light, so beautiful, that they strike one like the vibrations of music as one enters. If our faith of late years had been shown by such works as these, what strange creeds and beliefs would have seemed represented by the Egyptian mausoleums, the stucco, the Grecian temples, in which we have been content to assemble. Here, through a side-door in the massive wall, they entered in among the springing forest of arches, first passing through a small outer chapel which seemed echoing with a distant chaunt, and where a coffin was lying on the marble pavement. The lay sister quietly pointed to it, saying, "The bearers will be presently here to take it away. It is a young man who died in the hospital two days ago. We do not know his name." And then she opened a grating and led them into the church. They were all silent as they moved about; the whiteness and cheerfulness of the place seemed at once lovely and sad to Catherine;—she was glad to be there. "The tomb of the empress is in the choir," their conductress continued, "behind that black curtain. You have seen her *tapisserie*, no doubt. I cannot take you in, for, as I told you, the service is going on, but, if you like, I may raise the curtain for an instant."

She was quite at home and matter-of-fact. Catherine Beamish was silent and impressed; Catherine Fontaine felt as if it was a sort of alle-

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gorical vision passing before her; she could hardly believe in the reality of this calm oasis in the midst of the roaring work-a-day world: the coffin, the children, the sick people, all seemed like a dream somehow. She was thinking this when the sister called them to the grating which separated the choir from the nave, and raised the curtain, and as she did so a flood of yellow light from the west window came pouring through the bars, and then the most unreal sight of all met Catherine's eyes. It was like some vision of a saint in ecstasy. In the midst of the choir stood the great black tomb; all round about the praying nuns knelt motionless in their white garments. The priests at the altar were intoning in a low sing-song voice. All the faces were towards them; closed eyes, some hands clasped, some crossed devoutly, some outstretched in supplication. Catherine suddenly seized Dick's arm. "Look!" she whispered.

"Do you see her?" he asked, eagerly, in a low voice, turning to Madame Fontaine; but the curtain fell almost at that instant and it was too late.

"No, madame," said the lay sister decidedly, "I must not do it again; it is impossible."

She was deaf to all their entreaties, and stood before the pulley to prevent any one attempting to look again.

"She saw you," said Catherine to Butler, as they walked away at once, touched, impressed, and curious, with the sound of the chaunting in their ears. Presently the unconscious Beamish began asking them all if they had seen that beautiful young woman to the right? "She was not so well trained as the others, and opened her eyes," said he.

The last thing to see was the garden, where the sick people were strolling in the sunshine, and then by a great alley of lime-trees they came to the hill beyond the graveyard, from whence they could look for miles and miles at plains and hills all bathed in misty sunshine. A little wind was blowing, and smoke drifting over the gables of the town, and an odd bank of clouds seemed piled against the west. Coming back under the bare branches of the avenue they met the little funeral procession, and stood still to let it pass. Two choristers were trudging ahead, chaunting as they hurried along; an old white-headed priest was hurrying beside the coffin. Some birds were faintly chirruping overhead, the wind came rushing through the bare branches, shaking the shadows upon the dry turf.

"It does one good to come to this place. I shall ask my husband to bring me here again," said Catherine.

No one answered her. Butler was a little ahead, walking with his hands deep in his pockets. Catherine Beamish had got hold of her husband's arm and was talking to him. For the first time that day a strange chill presentiment came to Madame Fontaine; she remembered it afterwards. As she came out through the gates again it seemed to her as if she was leaving behind her more of peace and of prayer than were to be found outside, and yet she was glad to escape and to be carried away by the tide of life.

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Who shall say where peace is to be found? George Eliot has nobly written that the kingdom of heaven is within us, and not to be found here or there by those who vainly search for it. Reine Chrétien thought once that she had discovered it to the sound of the chaunted prayers in the companionship of sacred, indifferent women. She had been torn by mistrust. Catherine's poor little warning had roused the sleeping jealousy of this strange and difficult nature. She had hated herself, struggled against it, forgotten it in a passionate enthusiasm of devotion, of gratitude; and by some strange chance, praying in the choir, within the gates of the convent, she had opened her eyes to see the curtain raised, and, like a terrible revelation, the secret visions of her heart standing realized before her. There were Dick and Catherine standing outside at the grating, side by side; and within it, the nuns at their prayers, and Reine still on her knees, with a sudden tempest raging in her heart.

Another time the chance might have meant nothing, but now she was in a demoralized state of mind, and, as it often happens, the very efforts which she had made to overcome the evil seemed to increase its strength, like water poured upon the flames.

Certain combinations, which at one time, to some people, seem utterly shifting and unmeaning, to others are, as it were, stamped and arrested for ever in their minds. A certain set of emotions have led up to them; a certain result follows. The real events of life happen silently, and in our hearts the outward images are but signs and faint reflections of its hopes, longings, failings, victories.

CHAPTER XIX.

Fontaine to the Rescue.

In the absence of his wife, poor Fontaine had been making mischief at home; he had let out Dick's secret to Madame de Tracy, who happened to meet him as he was coming out of the curé's house with his *paperasses*, as he called them, in his hands. She had been transacting some business with the lace-makers at the end of the village, and had walked home with him, talking of one thing and another, little thinking as she went along that this was the last of their many gossips. Madame de Tracy listened with interest to Fontaine, who was speaking of his wife, and saying how happy he was, how good she was, how charmingly she bore with the small peculiarities of a tender and excellent but over-anxious and particular mother.

"My nephew told me that he was afraid Madame Mérard had taken a great dislike to him," said the countess, laughing. "I know she is a little difficult at times."

"She is a person of great experience," said Fontaine, "and one cannot blame her, madame, for feeling that in a usual way the acquaintance

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of an elegant young man of the world is not desirable for a young wife in Catherine's position. She might be tempted to draw comparisons—but of course, under the circumstances—Monsieur Butler is engaged," and here poor Fontaine suddenly stopped short and looked Madame de Tracy in the face . . . . "You did not know it," he said; "I have forgotten myself—madame, I entreat you to ask no more—let my words be buried in oblivion."

He might have known that Madame de Tracy of all the people in the world was the last person to comply with such a request. She asked a hundred questions, she plied him in every way. She never rested for one instant until she finally extracted poor Reine's name from her victim. Her next proceeding was to rush off to the farm in a state of indescribable agitation. Petitpère was plodding about in company with his friend Barbeau, the wisps of straw hanging from their wooden sabots. Together they poked the pigs, inspected their barns, examined the white horse's lame foot. The apparition of the countess took them by surprise, but old Chrétien courteously replied to all Madame de Tracy's agitated questions. Reine was absent. She would return next day—offered her refreshment, a little bread-and-butter after her walk, a little milk—would she not rest? She was tired, would she not permit him to send her home on Annette, who should be instantly saddled? for the weather was threatening, and as he spoke the storm which Fontaine had predicted broke. So Madame de Tracy had to wait for shelter at the farm, and meanwhile the little party of excursionists had not yet reached home. The carriage was waiting at the station, and as they passed through the streets, Bayeux looked black, and then again suddenly lighted by gleams from the setting sun, the window-panes blazed here and there, drops of rain began to fall, and presently clouds came spreading and hid the pale gold, and the rain began to pour upon the roads and hedges, by the stunted fruit-trees, upon the wide fields which spread to the sea; and soon the mists came creeping up, and hid the distant glimpses of the sea and the hills.

They were all tired and silent, and spoke little on the way back. Baptiste was standing at the door of the château, when the carriage drove up through the gusts of rain. "Madame has not yet returned from the village," he said. "She has sent a message; she wishes the carriage to go for her to Lefebvre's cottage. The poor wife is in great trouble; he has not yet returned. They say the boat has been seen making for the port."

"Ah, poor woman!" said Madame Fontaine with an ache in her heart. A sudden gust of wind and rain came blowing in her face, and Baptiste staggered under the great umbrella which he was holding over Mrs. Beamish as she alighted.

Dick had got down too, but he sprang into the carriage again when he found that De Tracy did not get off the box, but was buttoning up his coat and preparing to go on. "Good-by," said Catherine Beamish, and then the carriage set off again. The horses went with a sudden swift-

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ness, and presently they came in sight of a brown sea tossing fiercely in the twilight. Tracy stood up upon the box, and tried to make out something of the boat, but the wind blew his hat off into the carriage, and he could see nothing. The wind had changed since the morning, and was now blowing in fierce gusts from the north-west. They passed the wayside cross, upon which the wet garlands were swinging to-and-fro; the wet was dripping upon the stony steps, the mists were thickening behind it. Catherine could hardly believe that this was the sunshiny place where she had parted from her husband in the morning. Then they passed the church, and the dark-looking gates of the presbytery, over which the bushy branches were swinging and creaking; and then they came at last to Lefebvre's cottage, which stood by itself at some little distance from the street. Here Jean pulled up, but no one seemed to be there. There was the sound of an infant's voice screaming within, and at last two or three little frightened children came crowding round the door, and peeped out and ran away. "Ils sont allé voïre," one little girl said at last; and the countess was gone too, she told them, in reply to Catherine's questions.

The rain fell with soaking force. The child inside the cottage went on crying in piercing sad tones, forlorn, helpless, deserted. Jean looked in. "It is on the floor, poor little wretch," he said.

"Please let me out," Catherine cried suddenly; "that poor little baby! I know it. I will wait here for Madame de Tracy, if you will tell my husband where I am, and ask him to come for me presently."

"Had we not better take you home," said Jean; "how will you get back?"

"Oh, Charles does not mind the rain; it is a very little way," Catherine said. "I must stay with these children."

The two young men turned and walked away, with the empty carriage following, as Catherine disappeared into the cottage. She took the wailing child into her arms, and throwing a few branches of colza upon the fire, she sat down upon a low stool, and tried to warm it and comfort it by the blaze. It was a long dark room, with the usual oaken cupboard and the deep chimney of those parts, like the chimneys in our own cottages. The wind shook the window-panes, and the slant rain struck against it as it fell; the fire seemed to make a melancholy and fitful glare, every now and then lighting up a little plaster statuette of the Virgin, ornamented with a tiny garland of artificial flowers. The kitchen was in confusion: chairs pushed about, the spinning-shuttle lying on the floor. Catherine noticed it all when her eyes grew accustomed to the darkness; for little light came from the window, and she had asked the children to close the door. They were standing round her now, staring in amazement. One of them who had not seen her before thought it was, perhaps, a lady from heaven who had come to quiet the baby. As she hushed the wailing baby, she had taken off her bonnet, and her sweet little dark head was bent thoughtfully as one thing after another very far away from the cottage came into her mind. Every now and then the baby gave a little appealing moan; but after a time it

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dropped off to sleep in the folds of the cashmere shawl. Now and then Catherine would think she heard a step, and imagined it might be Fontaine coming to fetch her; but no one came for a very long time—so at least it seemed to her.

When the door did open at last it was old Nanon who appeared, slowly hobbling in from the storm outside, and staring and blinking with her odd blood-shot eyes. A little rush of sleet seemed to burst in with her, and the baby set up a fresh moaning. The old woman did not seem surprised to see Catherine there.

"I came back to look to the children," she said. "If I had known you were here I should have stayed down below. They can't get the boat round the point. Isabeau has gone to the Chapel of our Lady to pray for their safety. That child wants food." And going to a cupboard she poured some milk into a cup, and gave it to the baby. The other children clamoured round her, but Nanon pushed them away. Then she pulled the wheel with trembling haste up to the fire, and began to spin as if from habit, mumbling and looking at the door. "They will bring us news," she said. "M. le Maire is on the *plage*, and M. de Tracy and the countess. Ah, it is not the first time they have gone down. . . . Look at my wheel; there it is, forty years old. Many things have happened since it first began to turn."

"How many thousand times it must have turned!" Catherine said.

"Ah, madame, many a time I have sat up till two o'clock in the morning to get bread to put into my children's mouths, after my poor defunct man's death. They used to cry sometimes because I had no food to give them. But M. le Curé was very good to me. 'Courage, my poor girl,' he said; and he made a *quête* of four francs for me. That was one day when I had nothing in the house."

Catherine shivered as she listened to the sad old voice complaining of the troubles of bygone years. She began to long to get away,—to be at home. The place seemed unutterably sad. The baby was asleep by this time. She listened to the sound of the rain pattering without, of the fire blazing fitfully, of the wheel turning. The elder children had begun a little game with a broom in a corner, and were laughing over it. Old Nanon span on. "Ah, what trouble I have had!" she was mumbling. "My 'petiot,' he was only ten,—so gentle, so obedient. Listen that I may tell you. He went out with his father and his elder brother, and about the time I was expecting them, I went into a neighbour's house, and she said, 'My poor Nanon, will you spin two pounds of flax?' But I said, 'No, I had to repair the "camiche" of my husband. He would want a dry one when he came home; and I was arranging a pretty little pair of sabots for my petiot.' This is what Marion said to me:—'Perhaps he may never want them, my poor Nanon.' And then I looked up, and I saw that more people had come in. 'Qui se mouchiaient,' said the old woman, in her Norman patois. And I said: 'Listen to me, Marion; I like best to know the worst. I have lost my husband?' Ah, madame, it was

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not my husband then: my husband had come safe to shore; the men of St. Laurent had saved him. But my petiot; he was holding on to his father in the water, and the cravate gave way. Ah, I have had misfortune in my time." . . . And old Nanon went on spinning.

It was just then that the door opened, and the curé of the village came in. Catherine started up, holding the baby to her, and gave a little cry. She seemed to guess instinctively that sorrow was at hand. The curé advanced to meet her with a face full of compassion.

"My poor child," he said, "come home. I have come to fetch you home. There has been an accident."

Catherine said nothing; she put the child quickly down and pulled her shawl over her head as they hurried through the wet street in the storm of sleet and wind. It seemed to Madame Fontaine that one or two people came to their doors and looked at them, but she was not sure; she did not dare to ask what had happened; she knew without being told, somehow. The curé was holding her hand and hurrying her along through the rain. As they came out upon the ascent leading to the châlet, Catherine saw a crowd of people down below upon the shingle, and some people standing in the little garden in front. "They have got him home," the curé said. "Let us hurry, my poor child; there is no time to lose."

Catherine gave a cry and put her hand to her head and began running through the rain. The people at her door made way for her; but no haste she could have made would have been of any avail.

The two young men had come upon the beach just as the other boats had been hauled up safe and dry; the men were waiting to give a helping hand to the poor Lefebvres, whose boat—*La Belle Marion*—had just appeared through the mist. It was endeavouring to round a little promontory which jutted out into the sea beyond the terrace of the châlet, and which, with the rocks at the other extremity of the village, helped to form a small harbour for the fishing-boats. The name of the place came from this little natural port. There were some sunk rocks round the promontory against which the water dashed fiercely at all times. To-day the whole horizon was upheaving and tossing in the twilight. There was one faint gleam in the west where the black waves were tumbling and where clouds seemed to be shifting and tearing behind the mist, while below the terrible flushing sea was sobbing in passionate fury. Each time the boat attempted to weather the point round which it had to pass before making for the shore, the shrieking wind and the great throbbing flood-tide drove it back again and again; once a great wave came rolling from afar, gathering strength as it approached, and completely covered the poor little labouring bark.

There was a cry of terror from the poor women looking on, but the water rolled away, and the three sailors were still there, fighting for their lives upon this terrible battle-field. Two or three of the people upon the beach hurried to the little promontory of which mention has been made.

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There was only standing-place for two or three. Dick and Fontaine were among the number. Fontaine was very much excited; he gesticulated vehemently, and with the others shouted to the men; but the wind carried their voices away. The storm was at its height. The white horses were dashing against the embankment at the extremity of the maire's little garden, and the spray came washing over the promontory. The wind shrieked like a human voice. The poor little boat seemed doomed; in its efforts to get under shelter it came too near the wind, and once again entirely disappeared. It was like a miracle to the lookers on, standing helpless on the beach, to see that when it emerged a second time, bottom upwards, from the water, the three men were clinging to it still; but it only rose to be drifted rapidly past into the mist by the furious tide from the shore. It passed only some twenty yards from the sand-bank upon which they were standing—Fontaine and Dick, and the two other men.

"Good heavens! one of them is gone," said Dick, beginning, by a sort of instinct, to fasten a rope round his waist.

Fontaine pointed to an object floating upon a wave. "Look," said he, "what is that?" and as he spoke, in his excitement, he seized a rope, and dashed into the water before any one could prevent him. Poor fellow, it was only a barrel; and as he caught at it it slipped from his grasp. There came a shriek from the wind, and a sudden squall of rain, and the rope came slack into the hand of the man who held it. "He has let go the rope," said one of the men, horrified, and then, somehow, it was Dick, in his turn, who was struggling in the sea.

It was a strange and awful moment as he rose upon the great roaring wave which caught him off his feet. The sky seemed to fall to meet him, his heart stood still, chill mountains were rising and falling. At first he was quite conscious; he could even notice a long string of black seaweed pass before his face. Suddenly, sooner than he had expected, he seemed flung with a dash against some floating substance, which he clutched; the water closed over his head; and then they began to pull the rope in from the shore. He scarcely knew what he was grasping; his senses seemed to fail; stunned and bewildered, he struggled through the terrible valley of the shadow of death. When he came to himself he was lying on the shingle, some one was pouring brandy down his throat, and some one else was rubbing his hands.

Richard sat up, bewildered. They had carried him far away to a sheltered place, where they were less exposed to the storm; the sea was roaring still, but the fury of the wind had abated. As he looked, he saw that some people were carrying away the lifeless form of a man upon their shoulders; a woman with fluttering garments, and a child, sobbing in piteous tones, were trudging alongside.

"Thank God," said Madame de Tracy, flinging her arms round Dick's neck; while Jean nodded, and put up his brandy-flask.

"You must take him home in the carriage, mamma," said Tracy; "and now I will go and see how it fares with my poor Fontaine."

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How it fared! He lay quite still upon his bed, with Toto still sobbing and holding his hand, and the old Mérards coming and going with scared white faces and with remedies that were not wanted now, for he would suffer no more. Some terrible blow in the water had stunned him to death. It was no living man that poor Dick had brought to shore. Poor Fontaine had been dashed by the storm against the barrel or some sunken rock.

Dear simple heart. So foolish, so absurd, so confident, so tender and thoughtful for others. "He could swim like a fish," he had said to some one. "It was not for him to remain behind when others were going to their deaths." Ridicule is hushed, the humble are crowned with good things when the solemn wave which cast Fontaine upon the unknown shore comes for each in turn. Some of those who had laughed at his odd kindly ways were waiting outside in the rain with eyes full of tears,—some who had prayed more fervently, felt more deeply, perhaps realized the solemn mysteries of life and death more vividly, than this simple soul, were awe-stricken and silent as they thought of him now, for he was wiser than they. Love thy neighbour as thyself is the divine law of life, and if ever man fulfilled it cheerfully, unpretendingly, it was Fontaine. He had done his task gaily, kindly, ungrudgingly; he had gone his way, and died in harness.

Madame de Tracy awoke from troubled sleep in great agitation and depression on the morning after the storm. She could not rest: her nerves had been greatly shaken by the terrible calamity of the day before, by the sight of the poor little widow's terror and anguish. The good châtelaine longed to be of use to her, but Catherine had begged her to go, to leave her alone.

Poor lady! all night long she had wondered, reproached herself, sorrowed for her friend, trembled and reproached herself again. Madame de Tracy rose at last from her uneasy bed, where the little sharp points of conscience were piercing the down and the elastic mattresses; she went to one of the windows, and opened it, and looked out. From this window she could see the châlet far away, and a bit of the sea and of the beach, upon which a light was burning, and she saw that the shingle was quite black with the seaweed which the night's storm had cast up. The châlet looked very still; no one seemed moving, but presently from one of its upper windows there came a light.

Madame de Tracy looked at it with a pain aching and tugging at her kind old heart; she waited for a while, and then rang for Barbe, who appeared presently, bright and smiling, with white cap-strings flying, as if it had been five o'clock in the afternoon instead of in the morning. "Barbe, go to Mr. Richard's door and ask him how he feels."

"Madame, he is asleep," said Barbe; "his door was open as I passed."

"Asleep! ah, perhaps it is the best thing for him. Tell me, is any one stirring in the house?"

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"I think, madame, that M. le Comte is rising."

"Barbe! go and knock gently at his door. Ah, no; prepare my dressing things and a small cup of coffee, and one also for yourself. I want you to come with me to the châlet. I must go and see after that poor child. Ah, what a terrible scene! I little thought when they sent for me . . ."

When Barbe and her mistress reached the village it was all alive with early voices. The morning after the storm had broken with brilliant sunshine, although great mountains of clouds still hung mid-air. The doors were open, the people busily coming and going, children half-dressed were peeping, the early plants in the gardens were bathed in brightness. Even Madame Potier was at her unopened shop. She stared at Madame de Tracy, who, for the first time for many years, appeared in public without her frizzy curls.

"You have heard the news, madame?" she cried. "They came back in the night. They managed to get on shore at St. Laurent! It is a miracle." From the steep ascent to the châlet Madame de Tracy could see the figures crowding down below like ants, to clear away the great piles of black seaweed, and gather the harvest which the storm had cast up upon the shore. Nanon had her *hotte* full of the long hanging fringes: carts heaped with the fluttering ribbons slowly rolled away. Poor Catherine, too, saw the sight, looking out at early dawn, and languidly wondering what the bright lights moving here and there upon the beach could mean. Were they watching as she was? It seemed to her like a great pall cast up out of the sea, and she turned away with a sickening pang and a groan. She was afraid she had awakened Toto, who was lying asleep in a great chair, but the poor child only stirred uneasily, and breathed gently to sleep again.

About mid-day the storm came on again with so much fury that they were obliged to close the shutters of the châlet, and burn candles all day long.

On the third day it abated, and poor Fontaine was laid in his grave.

Once after the funeral Catherine saw the little feather brush which had vexed her so often lying on a table. She caught it up, the poor little widow, in her long black dress, and covered it with kisses and tears. Tears of such tender love and longing and remorse; no hero of romance, no knight dying in tournament, could have inspired truer and more tender sorrow.

On the third day after the storm Reine came walking quietly across the fields from the station, wrapping her cloak round about her, for the evening was chill. Everything looked dusky, silent; low pale lights were shining through the broken heaps of cloud that were, at last, dispersing in the west. The salt pool under the dark bushes at the end of the road was gleaming with these pale lights. The horses in the fields were moving here and there, scarcely distinguishable in the darkness. Just over the farm, where the clouds had not yet risen, a little bit of red moon

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was hanging. The lights were pale chilly gold; but some deep shadows were heaping against the faint background. The windows of the farm were lighted up warmly, and looked home-like and welcoming to the young mistress of the house as she reached the great arch and went in.

She thought her own home had never looked so home-like, with its friendly seamed face, and quaint yet familiar aspect. She had a feeling as of a living friend or spirit of the hearth welcoming her, and enclosing her within open arms. She was glad to come back to liberty, to daily work, glad to meet her grandfather,—glad to meet Dick once more. But something—a presentiment, perhaps, growing out of the feelings of the last few days—seemed to mix with the happiness which she felt. It was like a little bitter taste, a little passing fear,—like a small cloud no bigger than a man's hand rising out of the horizon.

We all know how strangely, as we travel on in life, we suddenly reach new countries, states of mind, and of being, undreamt of, or at least unrealized by us. Those terrible phantoms of our youth—the selves to be of the future—come silently upon us before we are aware. They come vigorously at first, impatiently, with quick blood flowing. Then more indifferent. Then middle-aged, careworn, lean and slippered figures, advancing quietly out of the unknown, whispering secrets to us which we have not suspected, telling us truths that we sometimes hate to hear, sometimes thank heaven with unspeakable relief for knowing at last. There had been a strange revelation to Reine in that sudden withdrawing of the curtain of the chapel. She had seen, as it were, the thoughts, the unexpressed anxieties of her secret heart, in flesh and blood, there actually represented before her. The sight might have meant nothing if it had not been for the feelings which had preceded it: Dick at his ease among those rustling silks and furs; Catherine there, and, as it were, one of them. What had Reine in common with it all? Nothing, ah, nothing but her great love. So great it was that she sometimes felt alone in it: her love, which was as a pain and a burden to her, for she could not express it. It was scarcely a part of herself, she thought sometimes. It seemed to her like something from without, bearing down upon her from a great distance. She could only offer it up with terror and awe, in solemn sacrifice to an unknown God. Alas! poor woman, these great silent emotions are not the offerings which are accepted most willingly in this good-humoured world. Thousands of little affectionate fires are burning on our neatly-blackened hearths, in our kitchens, in our hospitals and refuges. We deal out our fuel in scuttlefuls, and put in a few sticks of sentiment if the flame is very low; but I think Reine would have lighted a great pile, if she could have heaped upon it all the most worthy and valuable things; flung into it all the rich flowers, sweet fruit, and a few bitter herbs and incense, set fire to it all, and walked herself into the flames had she seen the occasion. Reine, with all her defects and her tenderness, her jealousy, her fidelity, her passionate emotions, her angry, rough words, could speak of the

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small passing feelings of an instant; but it was so hard to her to put words to the great harmonious discords of her secret heart, that she rarely tried to do so. It was in the look of her eyes, the flush of her face, its sometimes tender brilliance of anger and sweetness, that Richard Butler could read her heart.

Although Reine was old for her years in feeling, she was young in the knowledge of the world, and many a child of thirteen is wiser than she was then. It is only as women grow older and know more of life that they escape from the Rhadamanthine adoration which haunts their inexperience. They find out later how fallible all human judgments are—how unsatisfactory and incomplete—and they discover when it is too late sometimes, that the tall superior beings who are to take the calm direction of their poor little flustered souls are myths and impossibilities.

Poor Reine's ideal had appeared to her through the bars in company with two rustling ladies of another country and class and religion to her own. Little combinations which at one time and to some people seem utterly shifting and unmeaning, to others are arrested for ever in their minds. A certain set of emotions have been silently leading up to this particular instant and date from it ever after. The girl walked across the court with the heavy deliberate footstep of the Chrétiens. The ladies of the d'Argouges family, her mother's ancestors, had not been in the habit of wearing such heavy leather shoes; but one of them, Jeanne d'Argouges, had once been painted in a peasant dress with the same old golden crucifix hanging round her neck that Reine now wore. She used to be called "La Fée," and the girl had often heard her mother tell the story of her sad end, and how she died of a cruel word. Reine was like the picture, poor Madame Chrétien thought, and she had been used to laugh and say that perhaps her daughter's beauty came to her from the drop of fairy blood in her veins.

As she came in, Petitpère, who was sitting by the fire, looked up and smiled at her, and knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

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Training.

Few things are more grateful to the men of middle and advanced age than to relate their early victories won in out-door sports. The races they ran, the races they rowed, the long runs at hare and hounds, the scores at cricket, form subjects for as proud boasting as the prizes and the laurels won by hard head-work; and when grey hairs assert their presence beyond a doubt, and there is unmistakable evidence of that "internal fat" they so much feared in the days of their athletic youth, they turn to the newspaper to read of the doings of their successors, and wonder if perchance things are done now as they were of yore. Prone as they naturally are to laud the time which is past, they cannot but remember how very bad were some of the doings of that honoured period. Old rowing men and running men doubtless often inquire whether the sacred traditions so firmly believed in when they were young have remained even until now, and if not, what has taken their place. That athletics are not on the decline will be evident to the incumbent of the most rural of parishes, if he read the newspapers. Every rifle corps holds its festival, every school and college devotes one day or more to the same solemnities. The Oxford and Cambridge race is an annual institution, instead of occurring every two or three years; and at the former university the number of boats in the college races is nearly doubled. Now, for all this it is clear that there must be much preparation, commonly called Training. It is not easy, however, for the uninitiated to ascertain its precise nature. The elder generation knows what it used to be, but what is it now? Even to this day it appears to be mainly traditional and oral; handed down in college legend and precept, or imparted by mystery-men, yclept professional trainers—cunning pedestrians and ancient mariners who derive their maxims from their predecessors, and polishing them by their own experience, duly instil them into the minds of admiring pupils, while they scorn to profane them by printing them for the benefit of a reading world. In the midst of a search for information there appeared unto us a book specially written on the subject by Mr. Maclaren, of gymnastic renown, which tells what is done as well as what ought to be done. And we find that what is done is very much what was done a great many years ago. What ought to be done, and what in all probability will be by those who read Mr. Maclaren's book, is quite another matter. It is written for the rowing men of Oxford, and we will only say that we wish it had treated more closely of the muscular exercise of rowing, of the art of the oarsman, as well as of his diet and regimen. Thinking over the whole subject by the light of present knowledge and the experience of

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past performances, it seems to us that something yet remains to be said upon training in general, whether for rowing or running, or any other violent exertion.

The object of training is to enable a man to make during the whole of a given period the greatest possible muscular effort of which his body is capable. The period may be long or short, but he who can use his muscles the most, and the most continuously, while it lasts, must be the victor. It need hardly be remarked that training almost implies a contest. Men do train to a slight extent merely to be able to enjoy at their own pleasure certain sports and pastimes, or to keep the body in subjection; but those who make training a science do so that they may win a victory, whatever the nature of the prize may be.

In these peaceful days the ordeal of battle is no more. Save when an anti-garotter panic prevails, we commit our defences to the police, and are no longer required to be proficients with the small sword, the pistol, or even with those weapons provided to every man by Nature. Our exercises are chiefly the propelling our own bodies over land or water by walking, running, or swimming, or the propelling a boat by rowing. Of these, probably, rowing and running require the greatest exertion, and consequently the longest and most careful preparation. Rowing is the exercise in which the greatest glory is to be won by the gentle youth of England, and to which most reference will be made here. There is no contest between gentlemen which draws to it so many thousands of anxious spectators as the boat-race of the two universities. The Greeks, who beyond any nation of old valued the training of the body by gymnastic exercises, made a distinction between *athletes* proper, who devoted themselves to such pursuits, and made athletics a profession, and *agonistæ*, —persons who, for the sake of improving their health and strength, sometimes contended in the public games, but did not give their whole lives to these contests. In like manner we have our professionals and our amateurs, and the distinction is important to those who treat of training; for amateurs spend comparatively a small portion of their whole time in gymnastic pursuits: their proper preparation is interfered with by other employments, and is crowded into too short a space of time, and the contest often takes place when their bodies are in an incomplete state of development. It is doubtful whether any boys ought to row races at the age when they are at Eton and Westminster. It constantly happens that those who were most distinguished at school are exhausted and powerless a few years later, and probably have laid the foundation of serious disease. To compare, as is so often done, racing-man with the racehorse, we may contrast the racing two-year-old of the present day with Eclipse and Childers, who were not trained till they were five years old. Now-a-days it is rare to meet with a horse who runs after he has reached seven years. To keep up the top speed for a short distance is now the thing desired. To keep it up for a long distance under the present system is a thing impossible. But in most athletic sports the end is to put forth the

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extreme of muscular power during the whole of a long time; and to do this requires the full development of body, and long, patient, and careful preparation.

It is probable that many of the rules of the professional trainer are derived from the training of the racehorse. Those which relate to sweating, medicine, limitation of drink, and the like, are almost identical with the maxims which are still rigidly enforced in the stable, though in their application to bipeds they have of late undergone much modification. There is one great lesson that trainers of men might learn of trainers of horses, a lesson of the greatest importance to the trainer and the trained: this is, that very many men, like many horses, are by no means fit to be trained at all. It has been said by a recent writer on this subject that training ought to be more under the guidance and direction of the medical profession, that the doctors ought to be the trainers of men. Unless, however, a doctor is to devote his time entirely to bringing to the starting post a crew or a pedestrian, it is difficult to see how his services and knowledge can be rendered available save in one way: he can decide whether a man is or is not fit to commence training, or, having commenced, whether he is fit to continue. Mr. Maclaren writes for the boating men of Oxford, and his task is comparatively easy; for, like that of the captain of each crew, it is simplified by the fact that the men are nearly on an equality as regards age and conditions of life and employment. They live close together, and during almost the whole of each day they are under the eye of their leader: their ordinary life entails rising at a tolerably early hour, their college duties occupy but little of their time except in the case of those reading for honours, so that they have plenty of leisure to devote to exercise. They can dine in the middle of the day; they are not far distant from ground where they can run, and a ten minutes' walk takes them to the boats. Contrast this with the life of young men in London who have fixed employment or professional duties. Probably they have some distance to travel to their office or chambers in the morning, where they are kept at sedentary work till quite late in the afternoon. This work may prevent their dining in the middle of the day, and this in summer-time would be fatal to rowing. They will probably be a long distance from any ground where they can run; they are sure to be a long way from their boat. Now, where training-exercise has to be taken regularly and carefully every day, and several times in each day, these obstacles are fatal. Such men cannot fairly compete in races with those whose time is more at command, and they are more likely to injure themselves if they attempt it than to prove the victors. But exercise is to be taken for pleasure without having perpetual races in view, and even for pleasurable exercise, if it be hard work, some amount of preparation and forethought is necessary.

As has already been said, a man trains in order that he may on a given day or days exert for a certain time his muscular power to the utmost in a particular manner; the muscular system, then, is chiefly implicated in

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any athletic sport. The power which is to drive the muscles, as the power of steam drives an engine, is provided by the nerves,—a fact much overlooked, and but little discussed by those who write on this topic. There is also the circulatory apparatus which is to carry nourishment to the muscles and nerves by means of the blood; the digestive organs which supply to the blood the elements of the food, and others whose function is to remove dead and waste matter, and to act as auxiliaries in various ways. In addition to all these there is the respiratory system, which purifies the blood by getting rid of the carbonic acid, and by assimilating oxygen; and this is before all necessary to life, and must no less necessarily be in perfect working order when any violent muscular exertion is to be undergone. The last-mentioned fact is so obvious, that it at once engages the attention of those who devote themselves to training. Mr. Maclaren gives it the first place in estimating its importance in rowing. "Muscular power," says he, "plays quite a secondary part in rowing; respiratory power makes the first claim, and makes it more exactingly than in any other mode of physical exertion in which men can be engaged; not only on account of the rapidity of the inspirations and expirations, not only from the fact that these are not regulated by the natural action of the lungs themselves, but by the artificial movements of the exercise, but also from the interruptions caused by the fixing of the chest, and forcibly holding in the lungs of the air inspired after, in the natural order of the function, it would have been expelled." There is some confusion in what Mr. Maclaren says about muscular and respiratory power. Respiration being a muscular act, which has to be performed by certain muscles of the body, at the same time that the other muscular effort—rowing—is being made, it is clear that muscular power cannot be said to play a secondary part in this exercise. No book on training that has yet appeared, attempts to give a physiological account of respiration. Let us consider briefly what we mean by a man out of breath, and in breath.

The amount of air that may be in a man's chest at one time or other may vary considerably. First of all, there is a certain quantity which is always there, which we cannot expel by any effort, which remains there even after death. To this the name of *residual air* has been given, and it has been supposed to average in quantity some 120 cubic inches.* Next, we have a still larger quantity, which by an effort, after an ordinary expiration, we can expel, but which we do not expel in an ordinary expiration. This is estimated at 130 cubic inches, and has been called the *supplementary* air. These two quantities, the residual and the supplementary, remain permanently in the chest when we have done breathing out; they form the chief portion of the air which is at any time contained in the chest, and from their permanence they have received the name of *resident air*. Then we have the air of ordinary inspiration and expiration, which is set down at twenty-six cubic inches, and lastly there is the quantity which we can add to all the foregoing by a violent inspiration. This is

* JEFFREYS. *The Statics of the Human Chest.*

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termed the *complementary*, and may be about 100 cubic inches. The four volumes, the *residual*, the *supplementary*, the *breath*, and the *complementary*, will, according to this estimate, amount to 376 cubic inches. Now it is the *resident* air—the ever-present residual, and the almost ever-present supplementary—which is alone concerned in the purification of the blood, in the supply of oxygen, and the reception of carbonic acid and vapour. The air of ordinary respiration, the breath, does not at once reach the air-cells, or even the smaller air-tubes. Its presence would be injurious to health and even to life. If it ever chances to get down too far, it makes us cough. There is a progressive intermixture of the fresh air and the resident air, from without, inwards, so that the whole process is gradual. The resident air then is the source from which the blood derives its oxygen, and into which it exhales its carbonic acid and vapour. The advantages of this it would be superfluous to dwell upon here; the action on the blood, instead of being perpetually fluctuating, is continuous and uninterrupted; we are protected against any sudden invasion of cold, hot, or impure air; the air-cells also, instead of being alternately empty and full, are kept always filled, and in this way keep up an equable pressure on the vessels. For these and other reasons we do not breathe to the bottom of our lungs at every breath, but retaining always some 250 cubic inches of resident air, we gradually renew and change it by breathing, by inspiring some twenty-five or twenty-six cubic inches of fresh cold air. This is the normal state of a man not taking any violent exercise. So soon as action begins, so soon as he begins to run or row, his circulation is quickened by the rapid muscular movements, the blood is sent into his lungs at a vastly increased rate, and consequently there is an increased demand for air. Now the novice, when he begins to run, commits the grave mistake of breathing out his resident air: in order to command a range for a deeper inspiration, he reduces his resident air greatly, and he is not able to replace it by the atmospheric air, which is too oxygenous and too cold, so he gets out of breath, and if he cannot by degrees recover a certain proportion of that which he has lost there is nothing for it but to stop. The more experienced man, on the contrary, endeavours to keep all he has got and to add to it by intruding *on the complementary* space. When he has replaced the small quantity which at the commencement of the muscular action he may have lost, and when he has raised this beyond what it was at starting, by taking in the complementary air also, he is said to have got his "second wind," and he can then go on comfortably for a long period. He tries by practice to attain the art of holding his breath and adding thereto, not the faculty of strong and deep expiration and inspiration. His object is to increase the capacity of his chest, to fill it fuller and keep it full; so that the phrase so often heard in racing stables, when a horse is said to have "taken a gentle pipe-opener," is singularly incorrect, and we should rather try to shut our pipes and keep them shut, or we shall soon arrive at the stage when a man is seen gasping for air, literally like a fish out of water. So far we

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have spoken more especially with reference to running. The muscles concerned in propelling the body in this way do not interfere with those of respiration; so that the runner can by practice and care command the latter thoroughly, and run without distress for long periods and distances. But the muscular actions in rowing are altogether different. A great number of the important muscles of the arm are inserted into, or take their origin from, the walls of the chest, and that these may act with full power it is necessary that the chest should be firmly distended with air, that it may support a great pressure, just as we fill our chests with air when we are going to lift a great weight, and retain it during the effort. We cannot then control our respiratory muscles while rowing as we can when running: we must at each stroke fill our lungs full, for the benefit of the rowing muscles, and this may have to be done perhaps forty times in a minute. Yet here, practice will enable a man to keep his chest full without letting out his resident air. Though he must breathe at every stroke, yet he may let out a small quantity only, and may fill this up again, so as to keep the full *complement* of air necessary for aerating his blood without changing a great quantity at each breath. By keeping the chest full for a long period every day, either in running or rowing, it is certain that it will in time gradually expand, and its capacity will be increased. It will accustom itself to the larger demand made upon it, if this demand be made carefully and progressively. As the arm of the blacksmith developes, so will the chest of the runner and oarsman, and his lungs will acquire a facility of keeping a larger quantity of air, both resident and complementary. He will in fact acquire by practice the knack of holding his wind, as it is acquired by many who theoretically know nothing about respiration.

Although it is impossible for men with imperfectly formed or deficient chests to run or row effectively and with safety to themselves, it is not to be forgotten that mere capacity of chest does not necessarily enable a man to do either the one or the other. Many can never acquire the knack; though muscular and athletic, and able to put forth great strength slowly, they cannot do anything which demands rapid respiration; while on the other hand, many excellent runners are long, lean, and narrow, the reverse of athletic. It will be the trainer's duty to instruct the former class in the art of developing the respiratory muscles by exercise of various kinds. Beginning slowly and gradually, he will assign to each a considerable amount of work every day. The quantity of exercise taken at Oxford at the present time by men in preparation for rowing, is, according to Mr. Maclaren, absurdly small, consisting of a walk or run of some fifteen minutes' duration, and less than an hour's rowing. This is not as it should be, or as it used to be some years ago; and it arises probably from the small demand made upon the oarsman by the short Oxford course, the length of which is, in the case of many of the eight-oared boats, considerably less than a mile. If every man had to train for a race over such a course as that from Putney to Mortlake, he would have to set about his preparation in a very different way. The method also in which the pupil

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applies his muscular force, in other words, the *style*, is of the utmost importance, and must be corrected and imparted by the trainer according to the principles both of physiology and of mechanics. The measure of a perfect style is the ease with which the greatest force is applied to the work done; and upon this mainly depends the respiration. The man of the best wind in running, will, when he commences to row, be quickly out of breath, because he does not know the secret of putting out his strength, and harmonizing the action of his rowing and his respiratory muscles. Were this a treatise upon rowing, much might be said upon the application of force in the propelling of a boat. The rapidity of stroke, the extent of the reach forwards and of the swing backwards, are all fertile topics of dispute, and in the received opinions there was formerly, and probably is now, much that requires correction. Rapidity of stroke is increased beyond all possible efficiency,—increased to a point which cannot be maintained over any but the shortest course. Said an old waterman to Mr. Maclaren at one of the Oxford races last year,—"The crew that can bucket it the fastest will win the race, *if they don't bust.*" But this rapidity, so far from being more needed in modern boats, is less required, because they do not, like the old-fashioned heavy *tubs*, stop so soon as the oars are out of the water, but on the contrary they acquire "way" and "shoot," and to give this, great power must be put forth while the oar is in the water, which is not done in the extremely rapid stroke. We recollect watching some few years since the start of the Oxford and Cambridge race at the Putney aqueduct. The Cambridge crew commenced rowing, as it appeared, some four strokes to the Oxford three, and the race might have been pronounced over in a hundred yards. At Hammersmith the Cantabs were exhausted, and at Mortlake were "nowhere." Again, "getting forward" has been inculcated and the swinging back prohibited, until the men are obliged to commence the stroke with the tips of their fingers, and the full weight and power of the body and legs is not brought into play during the half of it. Many celebrated scullers swing a long way back, and so use their bodily weight with great effect; but in an eight-oared boat this is not allowed, and much power is lost.

We have been tempted to leave training and to enter into a disquisition upon rowing. Let us return to our muttons, and see what is to be said on the subject of diet. Unless we criticize at length the marvellous dietetical doctrines of former generations, there is not much to urge on this head. The rules of professional trainers are apparently all derived from the preparation of the horse and his rider. To eat very sparingly, to drink still more sparingly, to live every man strictly according to one and the same *regime* in weight and measure, are laws which even to the present day have for the most part been little altered. The quantity of food and drink is however, within reasonable limit, of greater importance to the athlete than the quality, as is also the time of meals, and the apportioning of the food to the exercise taken.

It is too much the fashion of the present day to pay exclusive attention

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to the chemical composition of the food, and to assign to each of the great divisions a separate work in the maintenance of the animal economy. From the time that Liebig first proclaimed his views, we have heard of nothing but muscle-making, fat-making, and heat-making food. But as man is not a mere muscular machine to be driven like an engine by artificial force, so is he not a chemical retort into which materials are to be thrown for chemical disintegration and combination. The adage that one man's meat is another man's poison holds good in training as elsewhere. The Greeks of old fed their athletes, some on fresh cheese, others on dried figs; later they advanced to beef and pork. In the present day men differ widely, but as a rule, indigestion is the least common of all ailments amongst the young men who contend in English sports, and the strictures they place upon this or that kind of food, are based upon traditions and ideas of what is favourable or unfavourable, not to digestion, but to "wind." As Mr. Maclaren says, "it certainly borders on that step said to be next to the sublime, to see the look of horror and consternation with which men, whose stomachs could digest cast steel, eye a square inch of raspberry tart."

Did space permit, it would be interesting to analyze the systems of different trainers with regard to diet and *regimen*, some half-dozen of which Mr. Maclaren gives us in a tabular form. The most remarkable limitations are those of vegetables, fresh fruits, and water. So rigidly were the two former classes excluded some few years ago, that the probability is that every man would have suffered from scurvy had his training been prolonged for any considerable time. That fresh vegetables are necessary to the food of man is a fact of experience which cannot be too widely known. Why they are so necessary, is, as a scientific theory, somewhat less certain, and is still a matter of discussion. That modern life is rendered much more healthy by the knowledge of this truth is admitted on all sides. Not only those who go to sea, but every one who dwells on land, stands in need of this essential element of food.

The ordinary every-day diet of young men, cooked in the simplest way, should be their training diet also, excluding those things which are manifestly indigestible, as for example, a quantity of nuts, and that which is innutritious, as twice-cooked meat. The horrible monotony of chops and steaks, steaks and chops, nauseates rather than nourishes. In the good old days chops and steaks were eaten, or rather bolted, raw and blue, and were considered the more nutritious. Now, with the swing of Time's pendulum, reaction has set in, and we are told to eat our chop "well done." Here, as in most other matters, there is no rule specially pertaining to training which cuts off its diet from that of ordinary life. If a man likes his steak blue, let him eat it blue, but do not enforce it. Nothing is more digestible than raw meat: it saves the life of many an infant who can keep nothing else on its stomach, can digest nothing else; it is a better cure for scurvy than potato or lemon-juice. But it must be masticated, not bolted, and it requires more mastication than well-cooked meat. It is not to be inferred from this that raw meat is recommended as

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ordinary diet, but it is worth mentioning, as a fact not generally known, that it can be and is digested, even by a sickly stomach. The quantity of the food is important. The professional trainer thinks he has done nothing for his pupil unless at starting he has largely reduced his weight. "The physicking and preparation for the hard work should occupy the first week," we are told; and violent medicine, violent sweating, and the like, reduce a man's weight quickly enough, as every jockey can testify. This, it is supposed, acts beneficially by getting rid of "internal fat" and "superfluous flesh;" and at the same time the diet is restricted to produce the same result. Positively a man who, when he is doing nothing, eats as much as he can, probably three good meals a day, is called upon to take hard exercise for four or five hours upon a greatly reduced allowance of food. What happens? First of all his fat goes, and there is little of this, either internal or external, in a young man. Then his muscle goes, and he becomes still thinner, which is all very well in the case of a jockey, who must be light at all cost, but in an athlete the very reverse is the object sought to be attained. Nor is this all. Dr. Kane, in his *Arctic Explorations*, says, "It is a little curious that the effect of a short allowance of food does not show itself in hunger. The first symptom is a *loss of power*, often so imperceptibly brought on that it becomes evident only by an accident." The meaning of this is, that the nervous system is not nourished. This want of nerve-power is the explanation of the "low and prostrate condition," the "training off," of which professionals speak. Those who study nervous disorders know that the supply of this power by the metamorphosis of food is their most valuable mode of treatment; and where it is taxed so severely as it is in athletic exercises, an extra, rather than a diminished quantity of food, is imperatively demanded. Nerve force is, it is true, familiarly known and recognized under the titles of "last" and "pluck"—that power of endurance which compensates many a man for deficient bone and muscle; but few care to recollect that this "nerve" is not a merely mental affair, or ethereal essence, but is supplied by actual conducting fibres and central cells, by brain substance and nerve substance, which require to be fed, and well fed, by the blood, no less than bone, muscle, and tendon. Trainers have a morbid horror of fat; but it is laid down by physiologists that fatty food contributes largely to the nutrition of the nerve substance, both directly and also indirectly, "by exerting a protective influence over all the albuminous tissues, sparing their consumption or oxidation by its own greater affinity for oxygen." And it is also stated that the presence of fat in the food of man is necessary for assimilation, "and seems essential to every act of tissue formation." We need, therefore, pay no attention to the old tradition that everything fat or greasy is to be shunned as poison by men in training. On the contrary, fat is more wanted by these than by others, and must be supplied in adequate allowance.

There yet remains an important question, that of drink and sudorifics. On this also great confusion exists in men's minds. If we could only, by

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the aid of a "medium," call back the spirit of a γυμνασίαρχος of ancient times from the Elysian plains, and if we could prevail on him to undertake the preparation of our athletes, how great would be the contrast between his directions and those of a trainer of our own day. He would first cause his pupil to be oiled from top to toe, to check, as much as possible, perspiration: the modern instructor, on the contrary, would make his man don his "sweating flannels," and run in them till he has lost many pounds' weight of liquid, when he will remain for the rest of the day in a state of thirst which would recall to the Greek the torments of Tantalus whom he has left below, while the similarity would be heightened by the obdurate refusal of the professional to grant his pupil a draught of water to cool his burning throat. Now, it may be as well to state, once for all, that perspiration has nothing to do with fat: it is respiration, not perspiration, which regulates this. Neither flesh nor fat is made by the water we drink. Perspiration depends upon the circulation, and will in a healthy skin be regulated by the requirements of the circulating blood, and by the nervous system which controls the secreting apparatus. The watery portion of the blood is thrown off by the skin to relieve the circulation in other parts, as is seen on many occasions as well as during exercise. It is good to have the skin in efficient condition for this purpose, and this is brought about by baths, hot and cold, by rubbing, and such means; but nature will control the amount given off, which will not be very great if the clothing be light and the weather not excessively hot. As a consequence of profuse perspiration we experience intense thirst: many never feel this except they have perspired much, nor ought they if they are in good condition. Excessive thirst, when the weather is not very hot, and perspiration has not been very great, is to be looked upon as a sign of bad condition, of mal-assimilation, whereby the blood is defective in its proper proportion of water.

There is no harm in drinking wholesome fluids to allay the thirst produced by perspiration. The water of the blood has been thrown off during the violent muscular efforts, to relieve the circulation; after the work is over, the blood is deficient in its water, and thirst is the consequence. If the atmosphere be moist, this water may be re-absorbed by the skin, and if we get into a warm bath, our thirst will soon be quenched in this way; but if the air be hot and dry, and we do not immerse our skin in water, we must take it into the circulation by the stomach, and it is mere cruelty to animals to withhold it. The latter method should not be adopted, however, till the rowing or running is ended. The sudden pouring in upon the stomach of a quantity of cold water will not benefit respiratory efforts, if they have to be made shortly after. To allay thirst, it is important that the fluids be appropriate; for many, as beer, will surely increase it, as will sweet fruit or ices, however grateful to the mouth they may be. It is often found that the frequent drinking even of water will increase thirst, and that a pebble held in the mouth, or something chewed to stimulate the salivary organs, is more efficacious.

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As a practical application of these principles, we may give a brief sketch of a day in training. As it is supposed that every man undergoing this preparation is able to get to bed at a reasonably early hour, there will be nothing to prevent his being out of bed again by seven o'clock or even earlier. He will now-a-days as a matter of course sponge his body with cold water, or have a shower bath, and a thorough rubbing afterwards. He will then go out to take exercise before breakfast. Here authorities begin to differ, and undoubtedly the men to be trained differ as widely as the trainers. The latter constantly recommend hard running before breakfast, and this is what comparatively few men can stand. Many a man comes home sick from such a run; he is so nauseated that he can eat no breakfast, and he is thrown out for the whole of the day. The bodily system is devoid of food; what was taken the preceding evening has long since been digested and consumed; and this violent effort is made while the muscular and nerve organs are in a state of inanition. It is good for a man, however, to be out in the fresh air for an hour or so before his first meal; he will get an increased appetite, but walking exercise is all he need take. "The walk," says Charles Westhall the pedestrian, "should be taken at such a pace that the skin does not become moist, but have a good healthy glow on the surface, and the man be at once ready for his breakfast at eight o'clock." And he recommends that before this walk an egg in a cup of tea, or something of the kind, should be taken. The breakfast need not invariably consist of a mutton-chop or cutlet. Any fresh meat, or poultry, or fish, or some of each, and even some marmalade, may be eaten with tea or coffee. After breakfast a reasonable time must be allowed for digestion. Almost every man has some sedentary work, and this will be a good time for it. The hour of dinner must depend upon the season of the year: in summer-time, when the hardest rowing or running is to be done in the evening, the dinner-hour must of necessity be at one or two o'clock. In the winter months this hour would not admit of digestion being duly performed before rowing-time, so lunch must take the place of dinner, the latter being postponed till work is over. Whether it be summer or winter, men must not loll about idly all the morning; on the contrary, they must employ at least two hours before the mid-day meal in exercise of some kind,—running, rowing, or gymnastics. If the river can be reached twice in the day, so much the better. "Rowing exercise should be taken twice every day," says H. Clasper. If this be not practicable, then sharp running, walking, and other exercise, must take its place. Let it not be forgotten that constant exercise, spread over a long period, is necessary to bring the muscular system into condition which can be depended upon. Muscle may be full and firm; yet if it be inactive for the greater part of its existence, it will not be capable of long and sustained exertion. Look at the muscle of the breast of a fowl or a pheasant; it is not deficient, it is large and plump; it serves its purpose when called upon. But if we contrast it with that of a grouse or a wood-pigeon, what a difference may be observed. The muscle of the

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latter birds is so dark from arterialized material and blood-vessels, that it looks black beside the "white meat" of the former. The one is incessantly in motion, taking active exercise in quest of food and shelter, the other scarcely moves about at all, save on its legs. Now, we want to approach the condition of the grouse, not of the hen, to be capable not only of a violent and short, but also of a long-sustained effort, and for this many hours' exercise every day is needed. Dinner may be far more varied than is usually allowed by trainers' rules. Any kind of butcher's meat, plainly cooked, with a variety of fresh vegetables, may be taken, with ordinary light puddings or stewed fruit without paste. If a man be thirsty let him eschew beer. Water, or claret and water, will refresh him more, and may be taken with less stint. After dinner, rest and quiet are necessary; in hot weather a *siesta* can hardly be avoided, nor need we fear to indulge in it. All animals are taught by Nature to sleep after meals. After three or four hours it will be time to commence the evening's row or run, which is to conclude the work of the day. This, it is to be feared, is much curtailed at Oxford in the present day. Mr. Maclaren tells us that "crews are taken over the long course to Nuneham perhaps *once or twice* during their practice." The rowing or running at this time should be extended over at least two hours at various speeds, and great care should be taken not to do too much at the top speed. If a man or a crew has been exercised at high pressure on one day, he should be allowed to do less the following evening, and he will be all the better on the third. It is a great mistake to fix consecutive nights for the races at Oxford, and to have departed from the old custom of rowing them with one day intervening. When work is over, a man may have a bath and be well rubbed down. A bath will greatly relieve him, if he be thirsty. Let him drink water if his thirst does not abate, and rinse his mouth frequently. Next comes supper, and although this need not be a second dinner, yet a man should not go supperless to bed. We confess to a prejudice against the oatmeal porridge and gruel which is the established supper of trainers, and lean to the belief that cold meat and bread with jelly or blanc-mange are quite as nourishing and much more palatable. Finally, the bedroom should be airy and the bedclothes light; it is scarcely worth while in the present day to inveigh against feather-beds and down-pillows.

From the foregoing remarks, those who are in training may conclude that their special preparation does not depend so much upon the nature of their meat and drink as upon the constant and vigorous exercise of their muscles.

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Reminiscences of an English Cadet in the Austrian Service.

At this time, when the various systems of the Continental military powers—the difference between theirs and our own in the mode of recruiting the ranks, and the kind of discipline enforced, &c.—are so eagerly discussed, it is possible that such an account of them as my seven years' experience in the Austrian service (from cadet to captain) may afford would not be unwelcome to the reading public. That they differ from our own in a very essential degree it is hardly necessary to state; the absolute control practised, and the relations subsisting between officers and men, do not correspond with our ideas on such points. And this arises from causes which lie at the very root of their system, as will be seen in the following pages, in which I have related my reminiscences as simply and truthfully as I can.

The circumstances which inclined me to enter the military profession were not more significant or important than those which usually determine a boy in his choice of a career. Though I was intended for the law, my father, by a profitable, and at that time rare inspiration, decided on sending me to Neufchatel for three years, in order to acquire the French language, his notion being that every additional modern language learned doubles a man's power and means. Nor is this far from the truth, for a varied experience in after-life made me quite certain that while with a bad or dishonest interpreter you have no kind of chance, even the very best of these men have the knack, either by intonation or expression, of misrepresenting your real idea, in spite of their giving a literal translation of your words. Among the boys at the Neufchatel *gymnase* I had two fast friends, the one English, the other French. The former was the son of a distinguished British officer, and was intended for the army; the latter was also preparing for the French service, but I afterwards met with him in the Austrian ranks, and since then a French bullet, at the battle of Solferino, struck him dead on the field. Inspired by an ardour beyond their years, these boys often entered into keen discussions as to the respective merits of the English and French generals and their systems of tactics. Fresh from King's College School, I listened at first without much interest, but before long I caught their enthusiasm, and was as hot in dispute and juvenile eloquence as either of the others. On my return to England I told my father that my unalterable desire was to become a soldier, and he at once kindly and wisely consented. His private means did not permit him to purchase for me a commission in the English army, at that time even a more expensive service than it is now, and as I was well aware that a number of English gentlemen had obtained commissions in Austria, I immediately applied to a German friend, and through him procured a

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letter of introduction to the then Minister of War in Austria, setting forth my ambition to serve under the Emperor. Of what would be required from me, and all other details, I was in a state of trustful innocence. I knew I should have to enter as a cadet, which I supposed signified the same thing as an ensign in our army (a very great mistake on my part), and I thought I ought to be able to speak and understand German; and it was with this view that I took the long route, by Hamburg, to Vienna, imagining I should pick up the language on the road. The day after my arrival at the Austrian capital I presented myself at the *K. K. Kriegs-Ministerin*, or as we should call it, at the War Office department. My get-up must have considerably astonished the official to whom I applied for information as to where his Excellency might be seen. In Austria, as on the Continent everywhere, it is *de rigueur* for any person presenting himself officially to be attired in full evening-dress, whereas I wore a black cut-away coat and waistcoat, and an exceedingly tight pair of shepherd's plaid trousers, for it must be borne in mind that I was little more than a growing boy. When I remember my unhappy costume on that occasion, and the extraordinary figure I must have cut, I am often surprised that I was not summarily ejected from the sacred precincts. But Austrian good-nature is almost inexhaustible, and I was at once admitted into the room where the Minister was holding his levée. His Excellency was standing, surrounded by officers of high rank, and was deeply engaged in conversation. Several civilians were likewise present, in full evening attire, and I instantly became aware of my peculiar position, and could have sunk into the ground when I felt rather than saw that all eyes were turned on me and my unfortunate dress. I obeyed my first impulse, which was to endeavour to back out immediately, inquiring in French, as I did so, whether my presence there was not a mistake. But the orderlies to whom I spoke understood not one word of what I said, and their reply was equally unintelligible to me, for the German which I had intended to pick up on my road entirely failed me at this crisis. However, an officer, whom I afterwards ascertained was one of the aides-de-camp to the Minister of War, crossed over to me, and addressed me in French. I explained to him my fears that I was not where I ought to be, or indeed *as* I ought to be. He only partially reassured me on this head, but taking my letter of introduction, he at once placed it in the hands of his Excellency. Never in all my life, before or since, have I felt myself, as an American would say, "so mean." It was my first entrance in the official world, and it seemed that I was already doing something wrong, though how or why I did not precisely know; one by one those present departed, and I hid myself as well as I could behind those who remained. But my defence in this respect grew momentarily more inadequate, and at last I was the only creature left standing before the Minister and his Staff. During that *mauvais quart d'heure* I had imbibed an intense awe for the stern military glances which these gentlemen cast on me, but which were perhaps, after all, mere curiosity to know what my business really was. If this were so, they

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were doomed to disappointment. His Excellency perused the letter, and then turning to his Staff, released them from further attendance, simply desiring the officer who had first spoken to me to remain in the room.

"Well?" said the great man, speaking perfectly good English, and eyeing me from head to foot.

"You are well acquainted with Mr. ——?" (my friend from whom I obtained the introduction). I answered nervously in the affirmative.

"You wish to enter the Austrian army? Good. What for?"

This was a poser. In truth I had no particular reasons, and if I had had, I was far too much frightened at that moment to state them, so I remained in respectful silence. "I will send you as cadet to join the —th battalion of Rifles. If I had a son of my own, I would place him there at once." He then made some remarks in German to the officer, the purport of which, of course, I did not comprehend, and dismissed me saying, "I wish you good fortune in your career. I have instructed Herr Oberlieutenant to assist you during your stay in Vienna, but I should advise you to report yourself as soon as possible to your Colonel, for you will have quite sufficient to do in learning your new duties."

"I congratulate you sincerely on the choice of the corps which his Excellency has selected for you," said my companion, the Herr Oberlieutenant, on leaving the room with me. "The Rifles include the bravest and most daring men in the service, and your future Colonel is distinguished for his immense activity and courage. He never misses the smallest chance of getting his regiment under fire." It is my purpose to write truthfully, and therefore I will own that on being informed of the reasons for these congratulations I did not accept them with that enthusiasm which, as a member of the well-known fighting —— Rifles, I ought to have done. I had very peculiar ideas concerning the parental feelings which would induce a father to send a son of his own to join a body of what I already looked on as unmitigated fire-eaters. My thoughts returned almost sadly to the desk in my father's office, and in my heart I wondered whether I should not have been better, and certainly safer, at home, and—clash!—clash!—the sentries at the gateway presented arms to my friend, and my military ardour revived within me. I thought that some day not far off, the same honours would be rendered to me, and forgot all my disagreeable apprehensions and reflections in my dreams of the future. I was ordered to prepare myself to submit to a medical examination, and further informed that I should have to take the oath to serve the Emperor faithfully for the whole period of my remaining in the army, but that I should not be required to give up my nationality as a British subject. My friend came to fetch me from the hotel, and went with me to the chief military depôt on the Mariahülf road. I was delivered into the charge of a non-commissioned officer, who introduced me into a large room where the medical men were evidently having it all their own way. A number of young peasants were standing there half-undressed, while others were being measured to ascertain that they were of the regulation height. These were young recruits of the ordinary

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kind; and we passed through this room into another in which were several young gentlemen who, like myself, had volunteered as cadets. The assistant-surgeon was aware that I had been recommended by the War Minister, and therefore it is unnecessary to say that I passed easily enough; but even without this assistance, thanks to Nature, which had endowed me with visibly robust health, and size and strength above the average, I should certainly have been accepted. He sang out, "Dienst tauglich Jäger," or "Fit for service in the Rifles"—which verdict was immediately registered by the sergeant in attendance. We were then marched in a body into the barrack-yard, where we were joined by the party of recruits, and were made to form a line three deep, the cadets composing the front rank. They were all well-made, good-looking lads from seventeen to twenty years of age, and I suppose I was the youngest, though not the smallest of the group. Then the sentinel at the top of his lungs emitted an awful roar, the guard caught up their guns, the drums rolled, the officer in command gave an order, and then followed a profound stillness. Next some men were told off, and advanced carrying aloft the Austrian standard. The whole guard presented arms, the officer lowering the point of his sword. More orders were given, the last and the only one which I understood being, "March!" Again the roll of many drums, the line advanced, we halted, and were desired to take off our caps. Several non-commissioned officers assisted us to raise our right hands, closing the third and little fingers, and leaving the thumb and two first open (they manipulated us very carefully to manage this position), and then we repeated after an officer the oath as he read it, and the ceremony terminated. My friend afterwards took the book and explained to me in French the Articles of War and nature of the oath I had sworn, and added laughingly, "And now if you desert you will get a portion of powder and a bullet for your pains." In a day or two, I donned my uniform, and appeared a full-fledged cadet. The war was at that time being carried on in Italy, and matters were looking bad indeed. Though martial law was proclaimed in the capital as elsewhere, and the monetary condition of the State may be judged by the fact that paper florins were torn in halves and quarters and passed to represent change, the Viennese amused themselves as usual whenever occasion offered.

The Rifles formed part of the army in Italy under Field-Marshal Radetzky, and as soon as I had got my side-arms, I was ordered to report myself to the commanding officer at Verona. The interpreter from the hotel took me to the railway station, got my ticket for me, and I started, knowing no more of the place to which I was going than I had learned at school, and I need not say that was not much. At that time the rail was only laid as far as Glocknitz; the remainder of the journey was three days' honest work by the diligence. I felt lonely enough on starting. Some of my travelling companions tried to enter into conversation with me, and were surprised to find I did not understand a word of German. Then they laughed and patted me on the back, making signs of shooting and being shot; but one and all were exceedingly kind, and vied with each other

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in taking care of me, by which I mean that they made me get out at every station to eat and drink at their expense, and it was in vain I proffered my somewhat slender purse in payment. They forced me to return it undiminished to my pocket; and in their talk I could repeatedly hear the word "Engländer Jäger." I left the train at Glocknitz, and proceeded by diligence over the Sömmering and through the Tyrol to Verona, but the exact road and names of the towns I do not know. I only remember that it was a splendid and mountainous country the whole way. On inquiring I found that my corps was not actually in Verona, but was expected in a very few days; and the commandant of the town left it to my choice either to remain at the inn, or go to the depôt, adding that he advised the latter for safety, owing to the cowardly assassinations which were frequently committed at night on single Austrian soldiers by the lower class of Italians. In the days of golden youth we have ever faith in our own luck and prowess, and I believe it was more because I feared for my new uniform than my whole skin that I followed this good counsel. Two days afterwards my battalion arrived, and by the colonel's orders I was put in the sixth company, and presented the following morning to my captain at the daily company report, by the sergeant-major who had charge of me. "Sprechen Sie Deutsch?" So much I understood, and replied, "Non, Monsieur." "Parlate Italiano?" Same response from me. "Der Teufel! what shall I do with him?" he exclaimed. A conversation ensued, and the sergeant went away, and returned with a young man in the full uniform of the corps, who, after saluting, said, "You speak English?" I joyfully replied in the affirmative, and then followed a lamentable pause, when I discovered that his knowledge of the language was confined to the sentence he had so gilbly uttered. However, he was an excellent French scholar, and was released from mounting guard that day, in order that he might act as interpreter between the sergeant-major and myself. I may add that he was cadet and sergeant in my company. I took my place in the ranks and worked hard, as it was expected every moment that we should be placed under fire again. It will be remembered that when the war broke out in 1848, Radetzky, who fully understood the real state of affairs in the Austrian Empire, concentrated all his force on Verona, giving what the Italians thought at the time complete and repeated victories. But with his full strength once in hand, his communication with Vienna kept well open through the Tyrol, ever and always faithful to Austria, he pushed forward, defeating Charles Albert's army at Santa Lucia, Vicenza, Goita, Brescia, Milan, and, lastly, at Novara. I shall give no description of these battles in which I took part. That has been well done by more able pens than my own; and, to say the truth, I took little notice of what was going on beyond my own share in it.

Like every other man that served, I quickly contracted an ardent respect and devotion for our chief, Radetzky. We were delighted when he came among us with "Grüss Euch Gott, mein Jäger," and smiled at our hearty response of "Grüss Ihnen Gott, Fader"—for the old man was always known as Father Radetzky by the troops. To the attachment he

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inspired, and the thorough co-operation between officers and men with him, no doubt part of his great success was due. And he well deserved it all; for owing to his almost paternal care, never, to my knowledge, except when actually under fire, were we one day without our full rations; and the men received their regular pay every fifth day, as was the custom. Once, indeed, it happened that we had a complete feast, all ready prepared by the Italian cooks, and which, in their great hurry to clear out, they had forgotten either to eat or take with them. The Piedmontese troops are always considered as good, brave, hard-fighting men; but the Lombard Volunteers were in our eyes what the Americans would call "small potatoes." They could talk and sing of their valiant doings, or rather of what the Piedmontese did for them, but they showed little fight or pluck when it was required of them; and the Piedmontese were often seriously embarrassed by their unsteadiness and unsatisfactory attitude. It was a common saying among us that the Italians from the plains made excellent parade soldiers, and the recruits were able to take part in the regimental manœuvres sooner than the others; but in dealing with the mountaineers the case was exactly reversed.

Our men were kept in "Bereitschaft," or full marching order, and ready to fall in on the first bugle-call. One of the transport carts belonging to the company was unpacked that I might be furnished with a complete Government uniform, for I was not allowed to wear my best regimentals except when off active duty. There were served out to me trousers, coat, great-coat, hat and feathers, rifle, bayonet, cartouche-box containing sixty rounds, powder-flask, forty extra bullets, and a knapsack. The trousers had been too evidently made for a shorter-legged man than myself, and the coat —a swallow-tailed one (for in those days the frock-coats were not worn)— did not nearly descend to its proper place, so I felt very cool about the region of the waist. I was, however, to be better fitted on the first opportunity, if I lived to see it. The same day that I began my drill, the corporal was ordered forthwith to put me through the movements for loading, so that I might at once understand how to use my gun. Of course at that time neither breech-loaders nor needle-guns were known. The movements were many, and slow-jointed, if I may use the expression; and as all the explanations were given in German, and were so far sheer loss of breath, he went on another tack, and, with the word of command, he practically and efficiently put me through the movement with his own hands and example. So well did he succeed that he was able to report me as trustworthy to sergeant-major by dinner-time, which, I should add, was somewhat before eleven of the day.

I shall always remember the first dinner with my comrades. Each company is divided into four *Zugs*, or squads, and has its own soldier-cook, who acts as *chef-de-cuisine* for the week or month, according to the custom of the corps or order of the captain. The second sergeant of the squad collects and has charge of the mess-money, viz. four kreutzers per day for each man, which is given to him every fifth day after the men have

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received their pay. So much of this fund is daily consigned to the hands of the cook, who purchases the requisite provisions. At the dinner-hour each man places his tin pannikin in the same order in which he stands on parade. The meat (invariably beef) is taken out of the camp pots and cut up on the cleanest table at hand into as many morsels as there are men. One of the soldiers turns his back, while the corporal points to a piece of meat, and the man whose name is called by the soldier takes up his portion and retires with it, his tin-porringerful of soup, and his piece of bread, and eats it in hungry contentedness. The good fellow thought, as it was my first day, he ought to show me the politeness which his kindly nature suggested. So, as the first portion was allotted, he called out at the top of his voice—not knowing my name—*Der Cadet Engländer;* and from that time during the whole term of my service I was always called, by officers and men alike, except when on duty, *Engländer*, and I was too proud of the title to wish for one which would imply greater dignity.

To the majority of English people the rank and office of Cadet are supposed to be the same in Austria as at Woolwich. Such is not the case. Every officer serving in the Austrian army has entered either by conscription, or has volunteered as cadet—a system in some respects, though not entirely, analogous to that of Prussia. In 1848, when I joined, there were two classes of cadets, the *Regiments Cadet* and the *Expropris Cadet*. The duties of a cadet are exactly the same as those of the private soldier, excepting that he is not required to do any dirty or menial work, and in case of punishment the *Regiments Cadet* is sent (in charge of the regimental *propos-sergeant*), if near, to the staff of the regiment, or he is placed in the care and custody of the sergeant-major of the company; whereas the *Expropris Cadet* would be sent to the guard-room to pass his time on the settles with the other prisoners. Neither was one class of cadets or the other allowed to receive corporal punishment, but in certain cases of misdemeanor the *Expropris Cadet* would be degraded to the position of a private soldier. Both had to mount guard, act as orderly, share the drill, in course of time would become corporal, sergeant, and sergeant-major, as they qualified themselves for the different steps, and at last receive the first commission declared vacant. The cadet further enjoys this distinction: he is addressed by *Sie*, You, by the officers, whether commissioned or otherwise, and also by the men; whereas the lance-corporals and privates are accosted by *Du*, Thou. It will thus be seen that between the position of an Austrian cadet and a lad at some of our most ancient and honoured foundation schools there is a great similarity: republican simplicity and equality, hard fare and hard work—perhaps the only time in their lives when our young noblemen do get anything of the kind. But with both there is this distinction drawn: they are treated as gentlemen, and the sense of honour is the sentiment which is held in the highest esteem, and the distinct absence of which is the most severely punished. There is a custom in the Austrian service that all of the same rank should use the term *Du* among themselves; thus all cadets being of the same

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rank, were consequently entitled to regard each other as brothers, notwithstanding that some among them might be sergeants or sergeant-majors, and this continues even in the highest grades. Once this token of camaradschaft or fraternity is exchanged, it remains good, even if the one cadet were to become a general while the other were to stand yet in the ranks. The general rule of the service is, that of three promotions two should be filled by the cadets and the other should be the regimental sergeant-major. The cadet has to obey the same severe rules as the private soldier, and has to be in barracks at the same hour at night, unless by special leave granted by his captain. The only visible distinction is that he carries a silk sword-knot on his side-arm, the commissioned officers wearing gold knots, and the non-commissioned woollen ones on their swords. It was a matter of great rejoicing to a young and almost friendless lad like myself to find that in the ranks I was not posted far from the kind fellow who spoke French to me in my hour of need, and we quickly became great chums. He managed to get my bed placed next his own in the barrack-room, which contained about three-fourths of the company, certainly over 125 men. The building itself had formerly been a convent, and was situated not far from the spot where the tomb of Romeo and Juliet is shown. It seems on looking back but yesterday since, young, happy, and tired-out, I found profound rest on my narrow bed. The room was spacious, very lofty, and full of echoes,—a circumstance which often afforded a grievous kind of immunity to snoring offenders, for which innocent sleepers suffered terribly. Snoring was not tolerated among us; I never could tell why, for we were generally so fatigued that we were pretty sure of sleeping well. But if by chance any one of us awoke and heard a snore, he roused up the others, and boots, knapsacks, and other handy missiles were hurled at the criminal, or in obdurate and long-enduring cases the bed was upset. But the echoes so multiplied the obnoxious sound, and were so delusive and shifting in their indications, that often long after the accused was sprawling on the floor or shouting with all his might, we heard in dismay the heavy sonorous snore of profound sleep as strong and musical as ever. No disputes were, however, allowed about the matter. It generally ended in both boys going an attentive and watchful round, and once the culprit found "in his form," he had to stand all that the deceived detective and ill-used innocent one could give him. Serious complaints or quarrels never occurred, and my own belief is, that there are few who, either as boys or men, are as little capable of feeling rancour or vindictiveness as the Austrians. If the barrack-room presented chaos the next morning when the sergeant-major came at 3.30 to see us turn out, all was restored to order with hearty goodwill in half an hour after.

Our stay was short in Verona, of which we were glad, for our garrison duties had become excessive. We had to go on guard every alternate twenty-four hours, and our men had repeatedly to mount sentry for eight hours in the twenty-four. The Marshal, having completed all his plans, pushed his troops forward, until at length we stood before Milan, which

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surrendered in due course, and we took up our quarters in that fine city. The Milanese have entirely to thank Radetzky that it was not bombarded; but it was commonly said that the old man was more partial to this place and its inhabitants than to any other in the Italian provinces, and certainly in comparison with other places we left few signs behind us of the conflicts of war. The buildings allotted to our battalion for quarters were the Biera Palazzo Marino and another opposite the Teatro della Scala. The latter contained the Assembly-rooms, where the nobility gave their balls and other entertainments, while on the ground-floor was the well-known Restaurant and Café Couva. The first time I mounted guard in Milan was in the Cathedral, and at the top of the steeple, beneath the statue of the Virgin, we posted a sentry, in order to give us intelligence of any suspicious movements either of the Italian troops or people. The hard cold stone floors made very indifferent beds for us, but the vision of the many pretty faces which passed to the early mass in the morning was held to be a recompence for any loss of sleep. Being such a mere lad, I was hardly of an age to benefit by such generosity, and therefore I shall not be charged with boasting, if I add, that whatever amount of patriotic dislike existed, it was not so great as to prevent these beautiful women bestowing many a covert smile on our tall, fair-haired, gentle-looking fellows,—a matter which not unnaturally added to the bitterness with which the Italians regarded us.

We were shortly removed to Pavia, and crossed the Ticino into the enemy's country. It was but a short campaign, and Novara ended it. But still the Papal States remained to be subdued, and the Garibaldini to be turned out of possession; so the Jägers were sent to join a brigade of the army despatched to aid his Holiness and the Dukes of Parma and Modena. It was decided that our corps should be augmented and divided as follows:—The number of our battalions was to be doubled, but were to contain four companies instead of six, and therefore each battalion gave up their fifth and sixth companies to become the first and second of the new one. This was a cause of great grief to us. We were not only sorry to leave our companions, but we disliked the idea of forming an entirely new and untried body, leaving behind us our old and experienced hands, and resigning the splendid insignia which the whole army had subscribed to present to the old Jägers in lieu of the colours which those kind of soldiers do not carry. So the day came for us to march back to Milan to join our new comrades, and it was a hard parting. Our colonel bade us a touching farewell, and said many kind and spirit-stirring words about our future fortunes. The staff-trumpeter then gave for the last time "our signal," the senior captain shouted the word of command, and we set forth, accompanied by the band, who played us on at least half of our day's march, and also by as many of our old comrades, both officers and men, as could be spared from duty. My old captain was promoted to be major, and my brother cadet got his commission in the new corps.

Like all soldiers, we had great faith in omens, and one circumstance

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which happened prognosticated favourably, as we thought, for us in the future. Animals are invariably great pets with soldiers. In Austria almost every regiment has a dog, and we of course had ours. Hector had his peculiarities; he was attached to no one in particular, but always recognized a Jäger by a friendly wag of his stump of a tail. He was a short brown-haired beast, of no particular breed, and first joined us in the battle of St. Lucia. Whence he came no one knew, but he was ever to be seen in the thickest of the fight and firing, and before the end of it was severely wounded. He was considered to have shown great bravery, and was immediately voted into the Jäger corps, and an honorary member of each mess-table. From that time, whichever mess Hector graced with his presence at the dinner-hour (and he never failed to turn up at one or the other), the cook, after allotting the portions, always made one for Hector, and called out his name in turn with the others—a proceeding which the dog perfectly well understood and listened for. Whenever any of the Jägers were mustered for parade, Hector always turned out and took up his position behind the commanding officer and in front of the staff-trumpeter. On the occasion to which I have alluded, *i.e.* our final separation from the old companies, Hector, seeing that some movement was in contemplation, hurried on to the ground, but was not noticed until the last moment, when some of the men called him to accompany them back to quarters, while we called him to go forward with us. The dog looked first at one and then at the other, with a profoundly reflective air; but observing that we were in full marching order, while the others were only in fatigue-dress, he decided, to our great joy, that duty required him to cast in his lot with us, and accordingly trotted cheerfully by our side during that long day's march. Those who hold the doctrine of the metempsychosis of souls would have little difficulty in believing that the spirit of a brave, active, and most thoughtful officer was imprisoned in Hector's poor uncouth form. Whenever we arrived at a new place he first accompanied the chief to head-quarters, which he considered to be his own during the day, while he preferred sleeping with the guard, as being near the point of danger in case of action; but before evening he regularly went the round, and visited every house or tent where a Jäger was to be found. On grand-parade days his collar was decked with green leaves in the same fashion as our hats; and when in defiling he posted himself behind the pioneers, who were in the rear of the band and front of the commanding officer, it was asserted and confidently believed that he obeyed the order of "eyes right" or "eyes left" with as much regularity and precision as any of the men. He was in every battle in which we took part, and was in all wounded, I believe, either five or six times. Another dog joined a line regiment under similar circumstances, and as the colour of his coat was exactly that of the facings of the regiment, he had the regimental title given to him, "Prohaska." He was noted for his intense antipathy to wearing anything in the form of a muzzle; and the sympathy and respect for his feelings were so great among the men that

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when during the dog-days they were quartered in Milan, and the municipality enforced the regulation for muzzling all dogs, to content the men the colonel issued a regimental order for Prohaska to be conveyed to Crema in a transport-waggon drawn by two horses and driven by a corporal told off for the express purpose. At this town the regulation was not in force, and as a portion of the regiment was quartered there the dog remained with them unmuzzled until the dog-days were over, when he was sent back in the same conveyance to head-quarters. When he died his skin was stuffed and placed in the museum of Gratz, where his remains are still to be seen, and a short account was inserted in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, giving the history of his death and antecedent achievements. A little concession shown to the almost boy-like tastes of soldiers in this respect goes a long way in procuring their goodwill.

On our arrival at Milan we were met outside the gates by the major commandant, formerly my captain, and all the officers of the newly-formed battalion; among them my friend, who had received his commission. During my separation from him I had been thrown entirely on my own resources as regards the German language, and in consequence had made such progress that I was able to make myself well understood; and in order to retain our knowledge of French we agreed always to converse with each other for the future in that language. The ancient, dreary, and secluded monastery of St. Eustorgio, near the Porta Ticinese, had been turned into barracks, and in them we were ordered to take up our quarters. I was immediately afterwards promoted to the rank of Sergeant A., or as it is called in the Rifles, "Unterjäger," the sergeant-major being the "Oberjäger," and from that date my severe work was over. I now was to a certain extent as one having authority, could go in command of a guard, and would never again be required to act as sentry—the most irksome and monotonous of any duty which a soldier has to perform. At night especially the inclination of a lad at my age to sleep was so overpowering as to amount to actual pain. And often when I have been dropping off into a doze the sound of the distant tread of the inspecting officer has made me jump to my feet in a cold sweat of terror at my narrow escape from the disgrace of being "found asleep at my post." In Austria, sentries have to "stand attention," and private soldiers are required to salute when a non-commissioned officer passes,—both have to salute a commissioned officer; and for a field officer the guard has orders to turn out. I do not know that ever again in after-life I experienced such a vivid and pleasurable spasm of pride as that which ran through me when I received my first salute. The cavalry barracks in which were quartered the —— Hussars, were near to ours. The Hussars and Jägers are always great friends and brothers in arms, and fraternize much more with each other than they do with the other branches of the service. In fact, excepting that one is mounted and the other is on foot, they have very much the same kind of duty to perform. It is a regular part of the Hussar drill for the men to dismount and throw out skirmishers, who, in action, are supposed to assist the Jäger. Moreover, the *right*

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stirrup of the Hussar belongs to the Jäger, and in case of necessity or sudden danger the Jäger winds his left arm round leg and stirrup together, keeping his rifle ready under his right arm, and is carried off by the Hussar as fast as the horse can be made to go under the double burden. There was an Englishman serving as cadet in the Hussar regiment referred to, with whom I became very intimate, and several matters combined to inspire me with a strong wish to exchange from the Rifles into the Cavalry. But I was afraid to take any active steps in this direction without first consulting the Minister of War, to whose protection I owed so much, and I was not yet so easy in my German as to be able to address him with that ease and eloquence which, as it seemed to me, the occasion demanded. Before long my inclinations on this head were greatly quickened by a little scrape into which I fell, and which caused me a good deal of mortification. To begin with, we were very, very dull. We were drilled morning and afternoon with terrible regularity, and when we were outside the barracks the city was *triste* enough: the inhabitants had not yet returned to their homes, the Scala was closed, and of lawful amusement there was absolutely none. All cadets were required to be in quarters at 9 P.M., the same as the privates, unless by special permission, and in all the other companies my brother cadets had leave for a month at a time—which was renewed at the expiration of that period on application, provided their behaviour continued good. My new captain, however, had notions of his own on this subject. He was a brave and excellent officer, though a very strict disciplinarian; but he had entered the service by conscription, and was popularly supposed in consequence to be by no means partial to the cadets, and to find a certain pleasure in coming down with a heavy hand when any of the young fellows were caught tripping. He always maintained that they ought to have no more licence or privilege than the private soldier, and instead of granting monthly leave as the other captains did, he compelled me to apply every time I wished to stay out an hour or two later; and as I had to do this in public when the daily report was made up in the morning, and then only, it was a vexation to me every time I did it. I had received an invitation from my young friend in the Hussars to be his guest at such a banquet as his limited means allowed him to prepare in honour of his birthday, and had forgotten to ask permission to stay out. Of course I intended to return in time, and equally of course I failed, and it was twenty minutes after nine when I reached my barracks. The sergeant had already reported me as absent, and I was ordered to consider myself under arrest, and to appear as a prisoner at early roll-call. I knew that if the major heard of this my promotion would be delayed, if not altogether stopped. I hardly closed my eyes that night, from pure dismay and fright at the possible consequences of my carelessness, and was up and dressed long before daybreak, though I did not dare to leave my room. At length the summons came, and I was marched in charge of the sergeant and placed in the particular spot allotted to prisoners. I had a companion in trouble, viz. a private in custody for drunkenness, so there we stood together.

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being first, according to my rank; my cap on, but deprived of my side-arms, while a sentry with fixed bayonet stood guard over the soldier. "Attention!" The men dressed up into straight line, and prisoners were ordered to "stand uncovered" according to rule. Our captain approached, and I could see by the way in which he bit and twisted his moustaches that he was not in the best of humours. As he scrutinized each man, I felt worse and worse, and was ready to faint. At last he stood before me, and the sergeant-major called out, "Cadet Unterjäger, under arrest for absence at evening muster—first punishment." The captain said in a slow, cold tone, "Warten sie. Der nextë?"—"Wait. The next?" "John Schmidt, for drunkenness, fifth punishment." The officer eyed the unlucky culprit severely, and remarked, "Since you have been punished already four times leniently and do not improve, you will receive this afternoon twenty-five cuts with a stick." He then addressed me,—"You appear, cadet, to think that your sword-knot justifies anything you see fit to do, and that you may remain out of barracks without leave. You have treated the service with contempt, and myself also; and I will teach you to understand the regulations better by giving you three weeks' barracks-arrest. March." So, the worst was over; but I was horribly mortified by the public nature of my reproof and punishment. And it was in vain that the good-natured fellows tried to cheer me by saying that "Herr Hauptman is in a bad humour to-day." That afternoon I was marched out with the rest to witness the execution of the sentence pronounced on the other culprit. He was, it seems, an old offender,—had been in other regiments and bore a very indifferent character. He lay down on a wooden form, a corporal standing on each side of him. The instrument was a moderate-sized cane or stick, and the cuts were given, not on the shoulders, but fairly and regularly on the seat, the number being called out by the sergeant-major after each blow. It was the first time I had seen anything of the kind, and I believe I felt it a good deal more than the man did himself, for he made neither sound nor movement, and returned to duty next morning apparently none the worse.

There is a curious regulation in the service by which a man under arrest is authorized, and indeed expected, to send two of his comrades twice to the captain to beg him off. Very often the sentence is remitted, but my two messengers returned both times unsuccessful, so I served the three weeks in full within the barrack walls. Finally, I had to present myself (this time with my side-arms) to my captain, and return him "with proper respect (*ganz Gehorsam*) my best thanks for the lenient and well-merited punishment which he had inflicted on me." Had I failed to comply with all these minute points of etiquette, I should have been considered guilty of a flagrant breach of discipline, and have been liable to double punishment; and this fact, which may be relied on as correct, is highly characteristic of the system by which the Austrian service is worked.

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Mrs. Katherine's Lantern.

(WRITTEN BY W. M. THACKERAY IN A LADY'S ALBUM.)

"Coming from a gloomy court,
Place of Israelite resort,
This old lamp I've brought with me.
Madam, on its panes you'll see
The initials K and E."

"An old lantern brought to me?
Ugly, dingy, battered, black!"
(Here a lady I suppose
Turning up a pretty nose)—
"Pray, sir, take the old thing back.
I've no taste for bricabrac."

"Please to mark the letters twain"—
(I'm supposed to speak again)—
"Graven on the lantern pane.
Can you tell me who was she,
Mistress of the flowery wreath,
And the anagram beneath—
The mysterious K E?

"Full a hundred years are gone
Since the little beacon shone
From a Venice balcony:
There, on summer nights, it hung,
And her lovers came and sung
To their beautiful K E.

"Hush! in the canal below
Don't you hear the plash of oars
Underneath the lantern's glow,
And a thrilling voice begins
To the sound of mandolins?—

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Begins singing of amore
And delire and dolore—
O the ravishing tenore!

"Lady, do you know the tune?
Ah, we all of us have hummed it!
I've an old guitar has thrummed it,
Under many a changing moon.
Shall I try it? Do RE MI * *
What is this? *Ma* foi, the fact is,
That my hand is out of practice,
And my poor old fiddle cracked is,
And a man—I let the truth out,—
Who's had almost every tooth out,
Cannot sing as once he sung,
When he was young as you are young,
When he was young and lutes were strung,
And love-lamps in the casement hung."

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Music-Halls versus the Drama.

Our constitution has provided us with an ingenious contrivance for picking men's brains and presenting them in a more or less palatable shape to the public. A Select Committee of the House of Commons, in which men of every variety of opinion are represented, is perhaps the most efficacious means at hand for conducting to a practical and satisfactory issue an inquiry into any given subject. Invested with an authority against which it is useless to rebel, it can summon before it any one who may be best able to afford reliable information or express a competent opinion, or any one who may volunteer to put his own and his class's experience on evidence, or to lay his views, on one side or the other, before it.

One of these committees has recently been sitting to investigate the state of the theatrical licensing laws, which have for some time been the subject of dispute between the managers of theatres and of music-halls. Any question of public amusement touches all classes more or less, and extends itself indirectly into a wide range of topics, to each of which the consideration of the committee must almost involuntarily be drawn. The morality, order, and safety of the people, the education of their taste and feeling, the extension and culture of dramatic and musical literature, are subjects of so much general interest that it may be worth while to give a short summary of the blue-book in which they are fully discussed, before it is consigned with the rest of the progeny of last session to the dusty tomb, whence most of them return no more.

A certain kind of interest is attached to the committee itself. Members of the House of Commons, tired of dreary committees on dull subjects, must have hailed as an agreeable relief their appointment to a board at which they might have a chat with Tom Taylor or Charles Reade, with Fechter or with Buckstone. And the public had the chance of gratifying that peculiar taste for seeing in their everyday clothes, and hearing in their everyday voices, men to whom, in other characters, it had listened often with amusement and delight. But however interesting a discussion on the singular present social position of members of the theatrical profession might be, it is not the object of this article. I shall rather endeavour to give a correct idea of the nature of the dispute between the managers of theatres and of music-halls, already referred to as the origin of the Select Committee on Theatrical Licences, and with that end will briefly review the state of the theatrical law from the date of its first coming into operation down to the present time.

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Supreme jurisdiction over all theatrical matters was originally vested in the Master of the Revels, who derived his authority from the sovereign alone. The managers of the two patent theatres at Covent Garden and Drury Lane enjoyed for a long time an exclusive monopoly of his favour; but from 1660 till the passing of the present Act in 1737, disputes were constantly arising between them and the managers of minor theatres, who from year to year received licences under certain restrictions, but who sought by every means to encroach on the privileges of their patented rivals. The immediate cause of the licensing Act of 1737, 10 George II. c. 28, is by some attributed to a piece called *Polly*, written as a sequel to the *Beggar's Opera*, by Gay; by others, to a piece called the *Golden Rump*, both of them containing offensive allusions to the Walpole administration, and both of them suppressed by the Lord Chamberlain before they could be put upon the stage. Parliament, seeing at last the necessity of providing some legal control over the theatre, and a more extended system of licensing, gave in that year to the Lord Chamberlain the powers of censorship which he has since exercised with various modifications. Whilst constituting him censor of plays throughout Great Britain, it empowered him also to "grant licences for theatrical entertainments within the city and liberties of Westminster." The rendering of this expression, "theatrical entertainment," is at the root of the matter in dispute, and will be more fully discussed hereafter. In 1751 an Act was passed, entitled 25 George II. c. 30, by which the Lord Chamberlain in his district, the justices of the peace beyond it, received the power of licensing houses for "music, dancing and public entertainment after 5 o'clock in the afternoon;" but these words were made to signify so much or so little, according to the different views held by the individuals concerned, that the spirit of the law, intended to protect the regular theatres from encroachments, was constantly broken with more or less impunity. For instance, by "dancing" the law meant dancing by the public; but the owners of the licensed houses tried to make it mean dancing by hired dancers for the amusement of spectators. In the same way the words "theatrical entertainment," were applied to strictly dramatic pieces, which by the spirit of the law could still only be performed at the patented theatres, but which less favoured managers sought to put legally on their boards, by the judicious introduction of some irrelevant songs and dances, and by a strained interpretation of the reading of "music, dancing, and public entertainment." So the evil of illegal performances grew, and became the source of constant confusion.

It was impossible that dramatic literature or histrionic art could flourish under a system so exclusive and yet so ill-defined. The two patent theatres alone still afforded to the highest ranks of the profession a field suitable to their talents. Tragedy and comedy could not exhaust the capabilities of the play-writers. Melodramas and farces and all kinds of illegitimate offspring were consequently produced, and the profession both of actors and

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dramatic authors necessarily suffered at the expense of public entertainment. To provide, if possible, a remedy for this state of things, the Act now in force, 6 and 7 Vict. c. 68, was passed in 1843. It extended the limits of the Lord Chamberlain's jurisdiction to the parliamentary boundaries of London, attempted to define the words "stage plays," provided a code of rules to be observed by the managers and the public, abolished the privileges of the patent theatres, throwing the stage open to free competition, and gave further powers to the magistrates to license theatres and other houses beyond the Lord Chamberlain's district. Twenty-four theatres or saloons in all were licensed by the Lord Chamberlain in that year, to which number very few additions have since been made, although several of the saloons have been converted into regular theatres. On this fact the theatrical managers rest one of their main arguments in the present dispute: that as the number of theatres has increased so materially since 1843, the public wants are entirely satisfied; and there can be no object in giving a licence to perform stage plays to all the proprietors of music-halls who apply for one, and who are accused of debasing the drama by adding or introducing entertainments of other than purely dramatic character.

The growing population of London and the increasing demand by the lower classes for the species of amusement that the music-halls afforded, gave rise to so brisk a competition that many kinds of entertainments were provided by the proprietors to gratify their audiences. The prices of admission to the theatres were high, and rules distasteful to many people had to be observed. The saloon managers gave the public of a certain class the entertainment they desired at a lower price, and allowed them to smoke, drink, and eat during the performances. Growing gradually bolder by comparative immunity, they evaded the law and began to give scenic representations, trusting to the ambiguity of the definition of stage plays. The profits of the theatrical managers fell off (they say), and they saw in the saloons a dangerous rivalry which was daily becoming more serious, and an action was at length brought by them against Mr. Strange, the result of which has been the present inquiry.

Such, then is a very brief review of the state of theatrical law up to the present time. It is admitted on all sides that as it now stands it is ill-adapted to these days; it neither sufficiently protects the drama from so-called degradation, nor does it allow sufficient freedom for the provision of a self-acting remedy; it creates the conflicting jurisdictions of the Lord Chamberlain and the justices, and does not define with sufficient distinctness the power of censorship exercised by the former, nor provide adequately for the due execution of the law.

The witnesses summoned before the committee may be divided into three classes: protectionists, moderate reformers, and thorough free-traders, and the following are the subjects on which their evidence was tendered:—

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Licensing, police, censorship, public taste, dramatic literature, "drink and the drama," literary institutions, morning performances.

The question of licensing seems fraught with anomalies and difficulties. There are the conflicting jurisdictions of the Lord Chamberlain and the magistrates, and the troublesome arrangement of the licences themselves. The Lord Chamberlain within his own district issues a licence for the drama, or rather for the performance of a stage play; the magistrates in their different districts issue licences under differently framed rules; spirit licences, music licences, dancing licences, and licences for "entertainments of the like kind," are the source of infinite trouble and confusion and lead to endless evasions of the law. As has been before observed, the pith of the whole matter seems to lie in the so-called "interpretation clause." Define the expressions "stage plays" and "entertainment of the like kind," and licensing would become comparatively easy. At present lawyers are at variance about it, and whilst a chance, and a good chance, of winning their case exists, the wording of the Act will remain a loophole of escape for the transgressors of the spirit of the law, and the Lord Chamberlain's licence will not be requested, because, by good management, they can put before the public all or nearly all that it wants under a licence from the magistrates. "Music and dancing and entertainments of the like kind" cover a multitude of sins; and although it seems that the music or dancing licence and the spirit licence, without which the bastard theatres cannot thrive, are issued alternately half-yearly, and are thus intended to be one a check upon the other, the magistrates seem practically to form their judgment as a rule more by the wants and wishes of the neighbourhood, (sometimes, indeed, by the tenor of their private views,) than by the requirements of the proprietors themselves. The natural result is, that information can be laid, secretly or otherwise, against any one who is about to set up a saloon, and a system of espionage is sometimes organized which is most reprehensible. It seems also an anomaly that in the country and beyond the Lord Chamberlain's jurisdiction in London, theatres as well as saloons are licensed by the justices. Much the same may be said of this arrangement as of the foregoing. The magistrates are influenced in many ways; country managers are sent from one bench to the other to get their licences; trouble, dissatisfaction, and expense are needlessly incurred, and it would appear very desirable that country theatres should also be licensed and regulated by the same authority as London theatres. Connected with the licensing is the police question. The power of the police to enter the licensed houses is at present so ill-defined and so hampered by technical restrictions, that in many cases they are useless. Besides this, too much discretion, as regards giving information or not, appears to be vested in them; and it depends, in some cases (and the fact is at least open to suspicion), on the treatment they receive from the proprietors, whether they suppress or not the objections they may entertain, and omit to give

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notice to the magistrates. They seem, however, as a rule, to do their duty; but it seems unfair, not only to them, but to the public generally, that their powers are not better defined. In France their duties are distinctly laid down in the code of rules regulating places of entertainment. There is a commissary of police, with his *corps de garde*, in every theatre; and he exercises a vigilant control over public decency and order. In England the police is not called in until there is a disturbance, and then it is sometimes necessary to go through the formality of shouting "Murder" before the policeman may enter a licensed house. These two questions then are intimately connected, chiefly because the magistrates depend to a great extent on the reports of the police in granting a renewal of the licence.

There is little or no complaint of the system of censorship as now exercised by the Lord Chamberlain. From 1852 to 1865, only 19 out of 2,816 plays were condemned, and managers and authors generally concur that the power vested in the Lord Chamberlain has, as a rule, been exercised with tenderness and liberality. The only objection really seems to be that, as the Lord Chamberlain is not directly responsible to Parliament, he may be guided by his private opinions in his judgment of a play; and though the above evidence shows how rarely he has differed from the opinions of authors and managers, it is considered by some that the censorship should be exercised by an officer responsible to Parliament. The question of the extension of his powers has a far wider scope, and has given rise to much discussion. It seems generally to be desired that the Lord Chamberlain, or the officer charged with the duty, should exercise a censorship and complete supervision as to regulations, not only over the whole of the theatres in the kingdom, but, as far as the changeable nature of saloon entertainments will allow, over the music-halls also. This change would, it is urged, do away with the vexatious system of licensing by magistrates. Under one responsible jurisdiction, under one censorship and supervision, justice to the claims of all would be more certainly ensured, and evasions of the law more easily detected and punished. Private opinion as to the morality of a song or the decency of a ballet would not be practicable; police regulations could be effectually brought to bear, and the many evils of double jurisdiction, with all its concomitant anomalies, be swept away. A larger staff would naturally be required, but it is admitted that this extension of the censorship would be feasible. There seems to be no question as to the desirability of the censorship, or at least, only on the part of the freest of free traders. It evidently does not press on dramatic literature, and is admitted in all countries, except in America, to be advisable as a safeguard against any outrage on the public taste or feeling. Evidence has, however, been given that in that country, where there is perfect freedom in all matters appertaining to the stage, the self-acting censorship of the public has been always found sufficient.

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These last remarks lead naturally to the 3rd point of discussion, which is one of the greatest importance, viz., the condition and effect of the public taste. From the times when the "spectacle of two women fighting for a shift of the value of half-a-crown," or of "bull-bait with fireworks," and similar degrading scenes, formed the staple of the amusements of the lower orders, till the present day, when nigger minstrels, tumblers, and performing dogs are amongst the sources of their recreation, public taste has gone through many and various phases. The evidence on this question is extremely divided, and the different remedies suggested are numerous. According to individual bias, Shakspeare's dramas, the Alhambra ballets, Evans's music, are to amuse and elevate the taste of the public. Some would shut up every music-hall in the kingdom, others would allow them to give every species of entertainment if the proprietors can secure a licence. And this question is so intimately connected with that of dramatic literature that they can hardly be separated, and may be better discussed together. There is no doubt that the increasing demand of the people generally for amusement has called the music-halls into existence, and it may almost be fairly argued from the fact that very few new theatres have been erected, that the demand has been for something different to that which theatres supply. The low price of admission charged at the music-halls necessitated the attraction of large numbers, if the place was to pay a profit. This could only be done by varying constantly the nature or the details of the entertainment, and to supply this variety a number of writers of comic songs, duologues, and non-dramatic pieces like *Mathews at Home*, were called into existence, as well as a host of performers. The demand being great the price of the supply rose, for writers and performers were paid better by the proprietors of music-halls than by the managers of theatres, and they naturally gave their services in preference to the former. Young men who could sing and act a little, and who might have supplied the stage and become good actors, writers who might have composed comedies, enlisted for the music-halls; and there are, on the other hand, cases in which actors and actresses since become celebrated, began their career at a music-hall; but these cases are disputed and cannot affect the argument generally. Here, then, arises the point at issue. If all kinds of certified and licensed establishments were thrown open to free competition, would not the managers of music-halls be able to offer a higher class of entertainment to the public? Would not the writers in their service adopt a higher standard? Would it not call the capabilities of dramatic authors into freer play, and create a spirit of rivalry which would lead to the improvement of public taste, instead of being, as now, the source of constant bickerings and lawsuits? There is evidence on both sides as to this, and there is evidence on both sides relative to the public taste. The crowded state of the saloons and music-halls of every degree of refinement and squalor, from Exeter Hall to a penny gaff, both of which have a similar licence and

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are subject to similar penalties, shows that all classes like the amusements such establishments afford, and like them according to their respective tastes and means, with or without cigars and beer. The theatres, on the contrary, are falling off, it is said; at many of them half-price has been abolished, and the managers, instead of lowering their price of admission to attract greater numbers, are charging more and more every year. If free competition would affect them in a still greater degree, in many respects they would also reap some benefits. A brisk competition among dramatic authors and actors must give them a larger selection at a lower price; and if, as they assert, they have the improvement of the public taste so much at heart, they can avail themselves of these advantages to make their theatres as attractive as the music-halls. Moreover, the saloon proprietors have no intention to perform the same description of pieces that are acted at the theatres. Their buildings are not adapted for them, and the arrangements in the auditorium are such, that, with the exception of light pieces, burlettas and spectacles of various kinds, they would not attempt to trench on the province of the legitimate drama. This leads to the discussion of one more point in connection with the subject; indeed, the whole question is so involved, that it is difficult to treat each part of it separately. Drinking and smoking are said to be incompatible with the purity of the drama. These enjoyments, absolutely, as regards the latter, practically, as regards the former, forbidden at the theatres by law, are the main-springs of the success of the music-halls. The evidence is most conflicting as to whether the sale of liquors and cigars or the price of admission constitutes their chief source of revenue. It has been hotly debated whether or no the drinking at saloons is an evil or a good, whether it keeps men and women from the public-house, or leads them there and to worse places; whether it heightens the enjoyment of a song or a pantomine, or produces a drunken oblivion of all that goes on around. It would change very materially the character of the music-halls if, whilst permitting the performance of stage plays in them, the licence prohibited smoking and drinking there also; and theatrical managers would have to encounter a most formidable rivalry if it were otherwise. But the saloon proprietors by no means wish for this; they are not desirous of changing their establishments into theatres, or if some of them were, the only result would be a keener competition for good actors and good plays. They know that the class for which they cater would not come to them without the social attractions of drinking and smoking; as has been shown before, they do not desire to interfere with the theatres, but have, as regards a great many of them, an equally laudable desire to improve and lead the public taste into a higher groove. As to the disorder or impropriety that is induced by the absence of restraint in music-halls, the evidence, or at least the great weight of evidence, shows that it is so inconsiderable as hardly to enter into the question. Under judicious and vigorous management, the proprietors of saloons who are really desirous of keeping up a

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good reputation for the conduct of their establishments, are perfectly able to do so. Several witnesses appeal to the State to guard the morals and regulate the passions of the people. It is questionable whether in England this would be tolerated. The law has power to punish those who offend against it, and it is in every way the interest of the proprietors to be careful.

There are two more points to which the attention of the committee has been called, requiring brief notice, viz., the state of law relative to institutions and galleries of entertainment, and the clause which prohibits morning performances. On both these heads it is productive of the most ridiculous anomalies. A literary institution in London cannot give a recitation without a theatrical licence, which the Lord Chamberlain may, and generally does, refuse. A similar institution in the country gets a magistrate's licence and performs anything it likes. Everyone present at amateur theatricals in a private house, if money is taken at the door for charitable or other purposes, is liable to be indicted for being present at or taking part in an unlicensed performance;* and not only theatrical performances but any entertainment of any conceivable sort, down even to Pepper's Ghost, in an unlicensed house, where money is paid at the door, is illegal, and every spectator can be fined. This presses very hardly on many kinds of establishments. In some London districts remote from the good class of theatres, and in which the inhabitants, though respectable and educated, are too poor to be able to afford the expense of going thither, the committees of lecture-halls and such like institutions gave dramatic performances by the pupils of their elocutionary classes and an actress or two engaged for the night. They were stopped by a notice from the Lord Chamberlain; he would not give a theatrical licence, for the very good reason that he would have to grant one to every one who applied for it, and as it has been already stated, almost every entertainment coming under the meaning of the present Act, every attempt at amusement of that kind, however innocent or useful, must be given up or attempted illegally. This can be hardly the spirit of the law, for it is quite certain that these institutions, being utterly unfit for regular dramatic performances, and being entirely dissimilar in their objects and arrangements from music-halls, being in fact only semipublic, and a growth of recent years, were never taken into consideration when the present law was passed.

The special licences which have been granted to a few of the so-called galleries of illustration, for instance, to German Reed, are a source of grievance to many, as, indeed, any such exceptions to the law must be. Regarding morning performances one word will suffice. The Act prohibits

* There is a story that the Prince of Wales intended on one occasion to be present at some private theatricals given in aid of a charity. He was however warned that by doing so he rendered himself liable to be apprehended as a "disorderly person" and fined. The Prince, against whom such a charge would indeed be ill-timed, decided on staying away.

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under penalties any music or dancing or entertainments of the like kind before five o'clock in the afternoon. It is evaded daily at the Hanover Square and Willis's and other rooms by the simple device of having patrons and subscribers, and by taking no money at the doors. A clause, which in olden times had its value, is utterly obsolete and absurd now; it presses disagreeably, and to no purpose, on the public comfort and convenience, and is so constantly and easily evaded as to be absolutely a dead letter.

I may best conclude this brief sketch of the proceedings of the committee by giving the resolutions which were adopted, and the recommendations which were proposed. They resolved—

That the censorship should not be discontinued, but that it should be extended as far as possible to the performances in music-halls and other places of entertainment, not only in the metropolis, but throughout Great Britain, the double jurisdiction of the Lord Chamberlain and the justices being inconvenient and unsatisfactory.

That under certain conditions as to site, public safety, &c., a licence for a new theatre in London should be granted without any reference to the question of competition with other establishments.

That the licensing of a new theatre in the country should be by the Lord Chamberlain instead of, as heretofore, by the magistrates; but that these should still retain their present powers as regards both the renewal of licences and the regulations to be enforced.

That the section of the present Act which empowers the excise to grant beer and spirit licences to all buildings licensed by the Lord Chamberlain or justices be repealed.

That there be two different forms of licences: one by which drinks, refreshment, and tobacco, may be consumed in the auditorium; the other by which such refreshments, &c., are prohibited.

That the department of the Lord Chamberlain be so organized as to be able to deal efficiently with the new duties assigned to it; and that his decisions, as far as the original granting of licences is concerned, be subject to an appeal to the Home Secretary.

That apart from the question whether an identical form of licence should or should not be given to theatres and music-halls, it is not desirable to continue the existing restrictions which prevent music-halls from giving theatrical entertainments.

That proprietors of music-halls and other similar places of entertainment in the country be placed on the same footing as regards licences as the proprietors of music-halls, &c., in the metropolis.

That any new Act of Parliament relating to theatres, music-halls, &c., should render compulsory the inspection and survey of such places, as regards stability of structure, due security against fire, ventilation, &c., and that regulations should be framed from time to time by the licensing authority for insuring the safety, comfort, and order of the public; which

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regulations should receive the sanction of the Home Secretary of State, and be laid on the table of the House of Commons.

That any applicant for permission to build or open a theatre or music-hall, &c., should furnish satisfactory security to the Lord Chamberlain.

Lastly, that the provisions for enforcing the proper working of the law are insufficient and unsatisfactory, as there is no legal authority under which the police can take direct proceedings against unlicensed houses in which music and dancing are going on, although they are empowered to deal summarily with cases of unlicensed theatrical entertainments.

From these resolutions it will be seen that the public will reap some benefits from this inquiry, more especially that portion of it which forms the bulk of the audiences at music-halls. The proprietors of these places of amusement have no doubt won the day. With extended powers they will be able to render their entertainments still more attractive; and the managers of theatres will have to learn that free trade in matters of enjoyment must follow in the wake of free trade in other things. That the playgoing public may benefit by this competition must be the devout wish of all who, whilst keenly enjoying the "histrionic art," see with dismay the constantly increasing prices of admission, and are being driven at least the poorer portion of them, from stalls to dress circle, and from the dress circle to the pit.

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THE

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FEBRUARY, 1867.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

THE CLAVERINGS. (With an Illustration.) 129

CHAPTER XXXVII.—*What Lady Ongar thought about it.*
" XXXVIII.—*How to Dispose of a Wife.*
" XXXIX.—*Farewell to Doodles.*

THE OLD ENGLISH CHRONICLERS 154

REMINISCENCES OF AN ENGLISH CADET IN THE AUSTRIAN SERVICE. PART II. 174

A WEEK IN A FRENCH COUNTRY-HOUSE. PART I. 192
(With an Illustration.)

ORPHEUS. BY G. A. SIMCOX 218

OUR OLD PICTURES. BY SAMUEL LAURENCE 222

SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS 231

THE VILLAGE ON THE CLIFF 242

CHAPTER XX.—*Never, Never.*
CHAPTER LAST.—"*Turn, Fortune, turn thy Wheel.*"

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THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1867.

The Claverings.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

What Lady Ongar thought about it.

MRS. BURTON, it may perhaps be remembered, had formed in her heart a scheme of her own—a scheme of which she thought with much trepidation, and in which she could not request her husband's assistance, knowing well that he would not only not assist it, but that he would altogether disapprove of it. But yet she could not put it aside from her thoughts, believing that it might be the means of bringing Harry Clavering and Florence together. Her husband had now thoroughly condemned poor Harry, and had passed sentence against him,—not indeed openly to Florence herself, but very often in the hearing of his wife. Cecilia, womanlike, was more angry with circumstances than with the offending man,—with circumstances and with the woman who stood in Florence's way. She was perfectly willing to forgive Harry, if Harry could only be made to go right at last. He was good-looking and

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pleasant, and had nice ways in a house, and was altogether too valuable as a lover to be lost without many struggles. So she kept to her scheme, and at last she carried it into execution.

She started alone from her house one morning, and getting into an omnibus at Brompton had herself put down on the rising ground in Piccadilly, opposite to the Green Park. Why she had hesitated to tell the omnibus-man to stop at Bolton Street can hardly be explained; but she had felt that there would be almost a declaration of guilt in naming that locality. So she got out on the little hill, and walked up in front of the Prime Minister's house,—as it was then,—and of the yellow palace built by one of our merchant princes, and turned into the street that was all but interdicted to her by her own conscience. She turned up Bolton Street, and with a trembling hand knocked at Lady Ongar's door.

Florence in the meantime was sitting alone in Onslow Terrace. She knew now that Harry was ill at Clavering,—that he was indeed very ill, though Mrs. Clavering had assured her that his illness was not dangerous. For Mrs. Clavering had written to herself,—addressing her with all the old familiarity and affection,—with a warmth of affection that was almost more than natural. It was clear that Mrs. Clavering knew nothing of Harry's sins. Or, might it not be possible, Cecilia had suggested, that Mrs. Clavering might have known, and have resolved potentially that those sins should be banished, and become ground for some beautifully sincere repentance? Ah, how sweet it would be to receive that wicked sheep back again into the sheepfold, and then to dock him a little of his wandering powers, to fix him with some pleasant clog, to tie him down as a prudent domestic sheep should be tied, and make him the pride of the flock! But all this had been part of Cecilia's scheme, and of that scheme poor Florence knew nothing. According to Florence's view Mrs. Clavering's letter was written under a mistake. Harry had kept his secret at home, and intended to keep it for the present. But there was the letter, and Florence felt that it was impossible for her to answer it without telling the whole truth. It was very painful to her to leave unanswered so kind a letter as that, and it was quite impossible that she should write of Harry in the old strain. "It will be best that I should tell her the whole," Florence had said, "and then I shall be saved the pain of any direct communication with him." Her brother, to whom Cecilia had repeated this, applauded his sister's resolution. "Let her face it and bear it, and live it down," he had said. "Let her do it at once, so that all this maudlin sentimentality may be at an end." But Cecilia would not accede to this, and as Florence was in truth resolved, and had declared her purpose plainly, Cecilia was driven to the execution of her scheme more quickly than she had intended. In the meantime, Florence took out her little desk and wrote her letter. In tears and an agony of spirit which none can understand but women who have been driven to do the same, was it written. Could she have allowed herself to express her thoughts with passion, it would have been comparatively easy; but it behoved her to be calm, to be very quiet in her words,—

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almost reticent even in the language which she chose, and to abandon her claim not only without a reproach, but almost without an allusion to her love. Whilst Cecilia was away, the letter was written, and re-written and copied; but Mrs. Burton was safe in this, that her sister-in-law had promised that the letter should not be sent till she had seen it.

Mrs. Burton, when she knocked at Lady Ongar's door, had a little note ready for the servant between her fingers. Her compliments to Lady Ongar, and would Lady Ongar oblige her by an interview. The note contained simply that, and nothing more; and when the servant took it from her, she declared her intention of waiting in the hall till she had received an answer. But she was shown into the dining-room, and there she remained for a quarter of an hour, during which time she was by no means comfortable. Probably Lady Ongar might refuse to receive her; but should that not be the case,—should she succeed in making her way into that lady's presence, how should she find the eloquence wherewith to plead her cause? At the end of the fifteen minutes, Lady Ongar herself opened the door and entered the room. "Mrs. Burton," she said, smiling, "I am really ashamed to have kept you so long; but open confession, they say, is good for the soul, and the truth is that I was not dressed. Then she led the way upstairs, and placed Mrs. Burton on a sofa, and placed herself in her own chair,—from whence she could see well, but in which she could not be well seen,—and stretched out the folds of her morning dress gracefully, and made her visitor thoroughly understand that she was at home and at her ease.

We may, I think, surmise that Lady Ongar's open confession would do her soul but little good, as it lacked truth, which is the first requisite for all confessions. Lady Ongar had been sufficiently dressed to receive any visitor, but had felt that some special preparation was necessary for the reception of the one who had now come to her. She knew well who was Mrs. Burton, and surmised accurately the purpose for which Mrs. Burton had come. Upon the manner in which she now carried herself might hang the decision of the question which was so important to her,—whether that Phœbus in knickerbockers should or should not become lord of Ongar Park. To effect success now, she must maintain an ascendancy during this coming interview, and in the maintenance of all ascendancy, much depends on the outward man or woman; and she must think a little of the words she must use, and a little, too, of her own purpose. She was fully minded to get the better of Mrs. Burton if that might be possible, but she was not altogether decided on the other point. She wished that Harry Clavering might be her own. She would have wished to pension off that Florence Burton with half her wealth, had such pensioning been possible. But not the less did she entertain some half doubts whether it would not be well that she could abandon her own wishes, and give up her own hope of happiness. Of Mrs. Burton personally she had known nothing, and having expected to see a somewhat strong-featured and perhaps rather vulgar woman, and to hear a voice painfully indicative of a strong mind, she was agreeably surprised to

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find a pretty, mild lady, who from the first showed that she was half afraid of what she herself was doing. "I have heard your name, Mrs. Burton," said Lady Ongar, "from our mutual friend, Mr. Clavering, and I have no doubt you have heard mine from him also." This she said in accordance with the little plan which during those fifteen minutes she had laid down for her own guidance.

Mrs. Burton was surprised, and at first almost silenced, by this open mentioning of a name which she had felt that she would have the greatest difficulty in approaching. She said, however, that it was so. She had heard Lady Ongar's name from Mr. Clavering. "We are connected, you know," said Lady Ongar. "My sister is married to his first-cousin, Sir Hugh; and when I was living with my sister at Clavering, he was at the rectory there. That was before my own marriage." She was perfectly easy in her manner, and flattered herself that the ascendancy was complete.

"I have heard as much from Mr. Clavering," said Cecilia.

"And he was very civil to me immediately on my return home. Perhaps you may have heard that also. He took this house for me, and made himself generally useful, as young men ought to do. I believe he is in the same office with your husband; is he not? I hope I may not have been the means of making him idle?"

This was all very well and very pretty, but Mrs. Burton was already beginning to feel that she was doing nothing towards the achievement of her purpose. "I suppose he has been idle," she said, "but I did not mean to trouble you about that." Upon hearing this, Lady Ongar smiled. This supposition that she had really intended to animadvert upon Harry Clavering's idleness was amusing to her as she remembered how little such idleness would signify if she could only have her way.

"Poor Harry!" she said. "I supposed his sins would be laid at my door. But my idea is, you know, that he never will do any good at such work as that."

"Perhaps not;—that is, I really can't say. I don't think Mr. Burton has ever expressed any such opinion; and if he had ——"

"If he had, you wouldn't mention it."

"I don't suppose I should, Lady Ongar;—not to a stranger."

"Harry Clavering and I are not strangers," said Lady Ongar, changing the tone of her voice altogether as she spoke.

"No; I know that. You have known him longer than we have. I am aware of that."

"Yes; before he ever dreamed of going into your husband's business, Mrs. Burton; long before he had ever been to—Stratton."

The name of Stratton was an assistance to Cecilia, and seemed to have been spoken with the view of enabling her to commence her work. "Yes," she said, "but nevertheless he did go to Stratton. He went to Stratton, and there he became acquainted with my sister-in-law, Florence Burton."

"I am aware of it, Mrs. Burton."

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"And he also became engaged to her."

"I am aware of that too. He has told me as much himself."

"And has he told you whether he means to keep, or to break that engagement?"

"Ah, Mrs. Burton, is that question fair? Is it fair either to him, or to me? If he has taken me into his confidence and has not taken you, should I be doing well to betray him? Or if there can be anything in such a secret specially interesting to myself, why should I be made to tell it to you?"

"I think the truth is always the best, Lady Ongar."

"Truth is always better than a lie;—so at least people say, though they sometimes act differently; but silence may be better than either."

"This is a matter, Lady Ongar, in which I cannot be silent. I hope you will not be angry with me for coming to you,—or for asking you these questions——"

"O dear, no."

"But I cannot be silent. My sister-in-law must at any rate know what is to be her fate."

"Then why do you not ask him?"

"He is ill at present."

"Ill! Where is he ill? Who says he is ill?" And Lady Ongar, though she did not quite leave her chair, raised herself up and forgot all her preparations. "Where is he, Mrs. Burton? I have not heard of his illness."

"He is at Clavering;—at the parsonage."

"I have heard nothing of this. What ails him? If he be really ill, dangerously ill, I conjure you to tell me. But pray tell me the truth. Let there be no tricks in such a matter as this."

"Tricks, Lady Ongar!"

"If Harry Clavering be ill, tell me what ails him. Is he in danger?"

"His mother in writing to Florence says that he is not in danger; but that he is confined to the house. He has been taken by some fever." On that very morning Lady Ongar had received a letter from her sister, begging her to come to Clavering Park during the absence of Sir Hugh; but in the letter no word had been said as to Harry's illness. Had he been seriously, or at least dangerously ill, Hermione would certainly have mentioned it. All this flashed across Julia's mind as these tidings about Harry reached her. If he were not really in danger, or even if he were, why should she betray her feeling before this woman? "If there had been much in it," she said, resuming her former position and manners, "I should no doubt have heard of it from my sister."

"We hear that it is not dangerous," continued Mrs. Burton; "but he is away, and we cannot see him. And, in truth, Lady Ongar, we cannot see him any more until we know that he means to deal honestly by us."

"Am I the keeper of his honesty?"

"From what I have heard, I think you are. If you will tell me that I have heard falsely, I will go away and beg your pardon for my intrusion.

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But if what I have heard be true, you must not be surprised that I show this anxiety for the happiness of my sister. If you knew her, Lady Ongar, you would know that she is too good to be thrown aside with indifference."

"Harry Clavering tells me that she is an angel,—that she is perfect."

"And if he loves her, will it not be a shame that they should be parted?"

"I said nothing about his loving her. Men are not always fond of perfection. The angels may be too angelic for this world."

"He did love her."

"So I suppose;—or at any rate he thought that he did."

"He did love her, and I believe he loves her still."

"He has my leave to do so, Mrs. Burton."

Cecilia, though she was somewhat afraid of the task which she had undertaken, and was partly awed by Lady Ongar's style of beauty and demeanour, nevertheless felt that if she still hoped to do any good, she must speak the truth out at once. She must ask Lady Ongar whether she held herself to be engaged to Harry Clavering. If she did not do this, nothing could come of the present interview.

"You say that, Lady Ongar, but do you mean it?" she asked. "We have been told that you also are engaged to marry Mr. Clavering."

"Who has told you so?"

"We have heard it. I have heard it, and have been obliged to tell my sister that I had done so."

"And who told you? Did you hear it from Harry Clavering himself?"

"I did. I heard it in part from him."

"Then why have you come beyond him to me? He must know. If he has told you that he is engaged to marry me, he must also have told you that he does not intend to marry Miss Florence Burton. It is not for me to defend him or to accuse him. Why do you come to me?"

"For mercy and forbearance," said Mrs. Burton, rising from her seat and coming over to the side of the room in which Lady Ongar was seated.

"And Miss Burton has sent you?"

"No; she does not know that I am here; nor does my husband know it. No one knows it. I have come to tell you that before God this man is engaged to become the husband of Florence Burton. She has learned to love him, and has now no other chance of happiness."

"But what of his happiness?"

"Yes; we are bound to think of that. Florence is bound to think of that above all things."

"And so am I. I love him too;—as fondly, perhaps, as she can do. I loved him first, before she had even heard his name."

"But, Lady Ongar——"

"Yes; you may ask the question if you will, and I will answer it truly." They were both standing now and confronting each other. "Or

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I will answer it without your asking it. I was false to him. I would not marry him because he was poor; and then I married another because he was rich. All that is true. But it does not make me love him the less now. I have loved him through it all. Yes; you are shocked, but it is true. I have loved him through it all. And what am I to do now, if he still loves me? I can give him wealth now."

"Wealth will not make him happy."

"It has not made me happy; but it may help to do so with him. But with me at any rate there can be no doubt. It is his happiness to which I am bound to look. Mrs. Burton, if I thought that I could make him happy, and if he would come to me, I would marry him to-morrow, though I broke your sister's heart by doing so. But if I felt that she could do so more than I, I would leave him to her, though I broke my own. I have spoken to you very openly. Will she say as much as that?"

"She would act in that way. I do not know what she would say."

"Then let her do so, and leave him to be the judge of his own happiness. Let her pledge herself that no reproaches shall come from her, and I will pledge myself equally. It was I who loved him first, and it is I who have brought him into this trouble. I owe him everything. Had I been true to him, he would never have thought of, never have seen, Miss Florence Burton."

All that was, no doubt, true, but it did not touch the question of Florence's right. The fact on which Mrs. Burton wished to insist, if only she knew how, was this, that Florence had not sinned at all, and that Florence therefore ought not to bear any part of the punishment. It might be very true that Harry's fault was to be excused in part because of Lady Ongar's greater and primary fault;—but why should Florence be the scapegoat?

"You should think of his honour as well as his happiness," said Mrs. Burton at last.

"That is rather severe, Mrs. Burton, considering that it is said to me in my own house. Am I so low as that, that his honour will be tarnished if I become his wife?" But she, in saying this, was thinking of things of which Mrs. Burton knew nothing.

"His honour will be tarnished," said she, "if he do not marry her whom he has promised to marry. He was welcomed by her father and mother to their house, and then he made himself master of her heart. But it was not his till he had asked for it, and had offered his own and his hand in return for it. Is he not bound to keep his promise? He cannot be bound to you after any such fashion as that. If you are solicitous for his welfare, you should know that if he would live with the reputation of a gentleman, there is only one course open to him."

"It is the old story," said Lady Ongar; "the old story! Has not somebody said that the gods laugh at the perjuries of lovers? I do not know that men are inclined to be much more severe than the gods. These broken hearts are what women are doomed to bear."

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"And that is to be your answer to me, Lady Ongar?"

"No; that is not my answer to you. That is the excuse that I make for Harry Clavering. My answer to you has been very explicit. Pardon me if I say that it has been more explicit than you had any right to expect. I have told you that I am prepared to take any step that may be most conducive to the happiness of the man whom I once injured, but whom I have always loved. I will do this, let it cost myself what it may; and I will do this let the cost to any other woman be what it may. You cannot expect that I should love another woman better than myself." She said this, still standing, not without something more than vehemence in her tone. In her voice, in her manner, and in her eye there was that which amounted almost to ferocity. She was declaring that some sacrifice must be made, and that she recked little whether it should be of herself or of another. As she would immolate herself without hesitation, if the necessity should exist, so would she see Florence Burton destroyed without a twinge of remorse, if the destruction of Florence would serve the purpose which she had in view. You and I, O reader, may feel that the man for whom all this was to be done was not worth the passion. He had proved himself to be very far from such worth. But the passion, nevertheless, was there, and the woman was honest in what she was saying.

After this Mrs. Burton got herself out of the room as soon as she found an opening which allowed her to go. In making her farewell speech, she muttered some indistinct apology for the visit which she had been bold enough to make. "Not at all," said Lady Ongar. "You have been quite right;—you are fighting your battle for the friend you love bravely; and were it not that the cause of the battle must, I fear, separate us hereafter, I should be proud to know one who fights so well for her friends. And when all this is over and has been settled, in whatever way it may be settled, let Miss Burton know from me that I have been taught to hold her name and character in the highest possible esteem." Mrs. Burton made no attempt at further speech, but left the room with a low curtsey.

Till she found herself out in the street, she was unable to think whether she had done most harm or most good by her visit to Bolton Street,—whether she had in any way served Florence, or whether she had simply confessed to Florence's rival the extent of her sister's misery. That Florence herself would feel the latter to be the case, when she should know it all, Mrs. Burton was well aware. Her own ears had tingled with shame as Harry Clavering had been discussed as a grand prize for which her sister was contending with another woman,—and contending with so small a chance of success. It was terrible to her that any woman dear to her should seem to seek for a man's love. And the audacity with which Lady Ongar had proclaimed her own feelings had been terrible also to Cecilia. She was aware that she was meddling with things which were foreign to her nature, and which would be odious to her husband. But yet, was not the battle worth fighting? It was not to be endured that Florence should seek after this thing; but, after all, the possession of the

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thing in question was the only earthly good that could give any comfort to poor Florence. Even Cecilia, with all her partiality for Harry, felt that he was not worth the struggle; but it was for her now to estimate him at the price which Florence might put upon him,—not at her own price.

But she must tell Florence what had been done, and tell her on that very day of her meeting with Lady Ongar. In no other way could she stop that letter which she knew that Florence would have already written to Mrs. Clavering. And could she now tell Florence that there was ground for hope? Was it not the fact that Lady Ongar had spoken the simple and plain truth when she had said that Harry must be allowed to choose the course which appeared to him to be the best for him? It was hard, very hard, that it should be so. And was it not true also that men, as well as gods, excuse the perjuries of lovers? She wanted to have back Harry among them as one to be forgiven easily, to be petted much, and to be loved always; but, in spite of the softness of her woman's nature, she wished that he might be punished sorely if he did not so return. It was grievous to her that he should any longer have a choice in the matter. Heavens and earth! was he to be allowed to treat a woman as he had treated Florence, and was nothing to come of it? In spite both of gods and men, the thing was so grievous to Cecilia Burton, that she could not bring herself to acknowledge that it was possible. Such things had not been done in the world which she had known.

She walked the whole way home to Brompton, and had hardly perfected any plan when she reached her own door. If only Florence would allow her to write the letter to Mrs. Clavering, perhaps something might be done in that way. So she entered the house prepared to tell the story of her morning's work.

And she must tell it also to her husband in the evening! It had been hard to do the thing without his knowing of it beforehand; but it would be impossible to her to keep the thing a secret from him, now that it was done.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

How to Dispose of a Wife.

When Sir Hugh came up to town there did not remain to him quite a week before the day on which he was to leave the coast of Essex in Jack Stuart's yacht for Norway, and he had a good deal to do in the meantime in the way of provisioning the boat. Fortnum and Mason, no doubt, would have done it all for him without any trouble on his part, but he was not a man to trust any Fortnum or any Mason as to the excellence of the article to be supplied, or as to the price. He desired to have good wine,—very good wine; but he did not desire to pay a very high price. No one knew better than Sir Hugh that good wine cannot be bought cheap,—but things may be costly and yet not dear; or they may be both. To such matters Sir Hugh was wont to pay very close attention

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himself. He had done something in that line before he left London, and immediately on his return he went to the work again, summoning Archie to his assistance, but never asking Archie's opinion,—as though Archie had been his head-butler.

Immediately on his arrival in London he cross-questioned his brother as to his marriage prospects. "I suppose you are going with us?" Hugh said to Archie, as he caught him in the hall of the house in Berkeley Square on the morning after his arrival.

"O dear, yes," said Archie. "I thought that was quite understood. I have been getting my traps together." The getting of his traps together had consisted in the ordering of a sailor's jacket with brass buttons, and three pair of white duck trousers.

"All right," said Sir Hugh. "You had better come with me into the City this morning. I am going to Boxall's in Great Thames Street."

"Are you going to breakfast here?" asked Archie.

"No; you can come to me at the Union in about an hour. I suppose you have never plucked up courage to ask Julia to marry you?"

"Yes, I did," said Archie.

"And what answer did you get?" Archie had found himself obliged to repudiate with alacrity the attack upon his courage which his brother had so plainly made; but, beyond that, the subject was one which was not pleasing to him. "Well, what did she say to you?" asked his brother, who had no idea of sparing Archie's feelings in such a matter.

"She said;—indeed I don't remember exactly what it was that she did say."

"But she refused you?"

"Yes;—she refused me. I think she wanted me to understand that I had come to her too soon after Ongar's death."

"Then she must be an infernal hypocrite;—that's all." But of any hypocrisy in this matter the reader will acquit Lady Ongar, and will understand that Archie had merely lessened the severity of his own fall by a clever excuse. After that the two brothers went to Boxall's in the City, and Archie, having been kept fagging all day, was sent in the evening to dine by himself at his own club.

Sir Hugh also was desirous of seeing Lady Ongar, and had caused his wife to say as much in that letter which she wrote to her sister. In this way an appointment had been made without any direct intercourse between Sir Hugh and his sister-in-law. They two had never met since the day on which Sir Hugh had given her away in Clavering Church. To Hugh Clavering, who was by no means a man of sentiment, this signified little or nothing. When Lady Ongar had returned a widow, and when evil stories against her had been rife, he had thought it expedient to have nothing to do with her. He did not himself care much about his sister-in-law's morals; but should his wife become much complicated with a sister damaged in character, there might come of it trouble and annoyance. Therefore, he had resolved that Lady Ongar should be dropped. But

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during the last few months things had in some respects changed. The Courton people,—that is to say, Lord Ongar's family,—had given Hugh Clavering to understand that, having made inquiry, they were disposed to acquit Lady Ongar, and to declare their belief that she was subject to no censure. They did not wish themselves to know her, as no intimacy between them could now be pleasant; but they had felt it to be incumbent on them to say as much as that to Sir Hugh. Sir Hugh had not even told his wife, but he had twice suggested that Lady Ongar should be asked to Clavering Park. In answer to both these invitations, Lady Ongar had declined to go to Clavering Park.

And now Sir Hugh had a commission on his hands from the same Courton people, which made it necessary that he should see his sister-in-law, and Julia had agreed to receive him. To him, who was very hard in such matters, the idea of his visit was not made disagreeable by any remembrance of his own harshness to the woman whom he was going to see. He cared nothing about that, and it had not occurred to him that she would care much. But, in truth, she did care very much, and when the hour was coming on which Sir Hugh was to appear, she thought much of the manner in which it would become her to receive him. He had condemned her in that matter as to which any condemnation is an insult to a woman; and he had so condemned her, being her brother-in-law and her only natural male friend. In her sorrow she should have been able to lean upon him; but from the first, without any inquiry, he had believed the worst of her, and had withdrawn from her altogether his support, when the slightest support from him would have been invaluable to her. Could she forgive this? Never; never! She was not a woman to wish to forgive such an offence. It was an offence which it would be despicable in her to forgive. Many had offended her, some had injured her, one or two had insulted her; but to her thinking, no one had so offended her, had so injured her, had so grossly insulted her, as he had done. In what way then would it become her to receive him? Before his arrival she had made up her mind on this subject, and had resolved that she would, at least, say no word of her own wrongs.

"How do you do, Julia?" said Sir Hugh, walking into the room with a step which was perhaps unnaturally quick, and with his hand extended. Lady Ongar had thought of that too. She would give much to escape the touch of his hand, if it were possible; but she had told herself that she would best consult her own dignity by declaring no actual quarrel. So she put out her fingers and just touched his palm.

"I hope Hermy is well?" she said.

"Pretty well, thank you. She is rather lonely since she lost her poor little boy, and would be very glad if you would go to her."

"I cannot do that; but if she would come to me I should be delighted."

"You see it would not suit her to be in London so soon after Hughy's death."

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"I am not bound to London. I would go anywhere else,—except to Clavering."

"You never go to Ongar Park, I am told?"

"I have been there."

"But they say you do not intend to go again?"

"Not at present, certainly. Indeed, I do not suppose I shall ever go there. I do not like the place."

"That's just what they have told me. It is about that—partly—that I want to speak to you. If you don't like the place, why shouldn't you sell your interest in it back to the family? They'd give you more than the value for it."

"I do not know that I should care to sell it."

"Why not, if you don't mean to use the house? I might as well explain at once what it is that has been said to me. John Courton, you know, is acting as guardian for the young earl, and they don't want to keep up so large a place as the Castle. Ongar Park would just suit Mrs. Courton,"—Mrs. Courton was the widowed mother of the young earl,—"and they would be very happy to buy your interest."

"Would not such a proposition come best through a lawyer?" said Lady Ongar.

"The fact is this,—they think they have been a little hard on you."

"I have never accused them."

"But they feel it themselves, and they think that you might take it perhaps amiss if they were to send you a simple message through an attorney. Courton told me that he would not have allowed any such proposition to be made, if you had seemed disposed to use the place. They wish to be civil, and all that kind of thing."

"Their civility or incivility is indifferent to me," said Julia.

"But why shouldn't you take the money?"

"The money is equally indifferent to me."

"You mean then to say that you won't listen to it? Of course they can't make you part with the place if you wish to keep it."

"Not more than they can make you sell Clavering Park. I do not, however, wish to be uncivil, and I will let you know through my lawyer what I think about it. All such matters are best managed by lawyers."

After that Sir Hugh said nothing further about Ongar Park. He was well aware, from the tone in which Lady Ongar answered him, that she was averse to talk to him on that subject; but he was not conscious that his presence was otherwise disagreeable to her, or that she would resent any interference from him on any subject because he had been cruel to her. So after a little while he began again about Hermione. As the world had determined upon acquitting Lady Ongar, it would be convenient to him that the two sisters should be again intimate, especially as Julia was a rich woman. His wife did not like Clavering Park, and he certainly did not like Clavering Park himself. If he could once get the house shut up, he might manage to keep it shut for some years to come.

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His wife was now no more than a burden to him, and it would suit him well to put off the burden on to his sister-in-law's shoulders. It was not that he intended to have his wife altogether dependent on another person, but he thought that if they two were established together, in the first instance merely as a summer arrangement, such establishment might be made to assume some permanence. This would be very pleasant to him. Of course he would pay a portion of the expense,—as small a portion as might be possible,—but such a portion as might enable him to live with credit before the world.

"I wish I could think that you and Hermy might be together while I am absent," he said.

"I shall be very happy to have her if she will come to me," Julia replied.

"What,—here, in London? I am not quite sure that she wishes to come up to London at present."

"I have never understood that she had any objection to being in town," said Lady Ongar.

"Not formerly, certainly; but now since her boy's death——"

"Why should his death make more difference to her than to you?" To this question Sir Hugh made no reply. "If you are thinking of society, she could be nowhere safer from any such necessity than with me. I never go out anywhere. I have never dined out, or even spent an evening in company since Lord Ongar's death. And no one would come here to disturb her."

"I didn't mean that."

"I don't quite know what you did mean. From different causes she and I are left pretty nearly equally without friends."

"Hermione is not left without friends," said Sir Hugh with a tone of offence.

"Were she not, she would not want to come to me. Your society is in London, to which she does not come, or in other country-houses than your own, to which she is not taken. She lives altogether at Clavering, and there is no one there, except your uncle."

"Whatever neighbourhood there is she has,—just like other women."

"Just like some other women, no doubt. I shall remain in town for another month, and after that I shall go somewhere; I don't much care where. If Hermy will come to me as my guest I shall be most happy to have her. And the longer she will stay with me the better. Your coming home need make no difference, I suppose."

There was a keenness of reproach in her tone as she spoke, which even he could not but feel and acknowledge. He was very thick-skinned to such reproaches, and would have left this unnoticed had it been possible. Had she continued speaking he would have done so. But she remained silent, and sat looking at him, saying with her eyes the same thing that she had already spoken with her words. Thus he was driven to speak. "I don't know," said he, "whether you intend that for a sneer."

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She was perfectly indifferent whether or no she offended him. Only that she had believed that the maintenance of her own dignity forbade it, she would have openly rebuked him, and told him that he was not welcome in her house. No treatment from her could, as she thought, be worse than he had deserved from her. His first enmity had injured her, but she could afford to laugh at his present anger. "It is hard to talk to you about Hermy without what you are pleased to call a sneer. You simply wish to rid yourself of her."

"I wish no such thing, and you have no right to say so."

"At any rate you are ridding yourself of her society; and if under those circumstances she likes to come to me I shall be glad to receive her. Our life together will not be very cheerful, but neither she nor I ought to expect a cheerful life."

He rose from his chair now with a cloud of anger upon his brow. "I can see how it is," said he; "because everything has not gone smooth with yourself you choose to resent it upon me. I might have expected that you would not have forgotten in whose house you met Lord Ongar."

"No, Hugh; I forget nothing; neither when I met him, nor how I married him, nor any of the events that have happened since. My memory, unfortunately, is very good."

"I did all I could for you, and should have been safe from your insolence."

"You should have continued to stay away from me, and you would have been quite safe. But our quarrelling in this way is foolish. We can never be friends,—you and I; but we need not be open enemies. Your wife is my sister, and I say again that if she likes to come to me, I shall be delighted to have her."

"My wife," said he, "will go to the house of no person who is insolent to me." Then he took his hat, and left the room without further word or sign of greeting. In spite of his calculations and caution as to money,—in spite of his well-considered arrangements and the comfortable provision for his future ease which he had proposed to himself, he was a man who had not his temper so much under control as to enable him to postpone his anger to his prudence. That little scheme for getting rid of his wife was now at an end. He would never permit her to go to her sister's house after the manner in which Julia had just treated him!

When he was gone Lady Ongar walked about her own room smiling, and at first was well pleased with herself. She had received Archie's overture with decision, but at the same time with courtesy, for Archie was weak, and poor, and powerless. But she had treated Sir Hugh with scorn, and had been enabled to do so without the utterance of any actual reproach as to the wrongs which she herself had endured from him. He had put himself in her power, and she had not thrown away the opportunity. She had told him that she did not want his friendship, and would not be his friend; but she had done this without any loud abuse unbecoming to her either as a countess, a widow, or a lady. For

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Hermione she was sorry. Hermione now could hardly come to her. But even as to that she did not despair. As things were going on, it would become almost necessary that her sister and Sir Hugh should be parted. Both must wish it; and if this were arranged, then Hermione should come to her.

But from this she soon came to think again about Harry Clavering. How was that matter to be decided, and what steps would it become her to take as to its decision? Sir Hugh had proposed to her that she should sell her interest in Ongar Park, and she had promised that she would make known her decision on that matter through her lawyer. As she had been saying this she was well aware that she would never sell the property;—but she had already resolved that she would at once give it back, without purchase-money, to the Ongar family, were it not kept that she might hand it over to Harry Clavering as a fitting residence for his lordship. If he might be there, looking after his cattle, going about with the steward subservient at his heels, ministering justice to the Enoch Gubbys and others, she would care nothing for the wants of any of the Courton people. But if such were not to be the destiny of Ongar Park,—if there were to be no such Adam in that Eden,—then the mother of the little lord might take herself thither, and revel among the rich blessings of the place without delay, and with no difficulty as to price. As to price,—had she not already found the money-bag that had come to her to be too heavy for her hands?

But she could do nothing till that question was settled; and how was she to settle it? Every word that had passed between her and Cecilia Burton had been turned over and over in her mind, and she could only declare to herself as she had then declared to her visitor, that it must be as Harry should please. She would submit, if he required her submission; but she could not bring herself to take steps to secure her own misery.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Farewell to Doodles.

At last came the day on which the two Claverings were to go down to Harwich, and put themselves on board Jack Stuart's yacht. The hall of the house in Berkeley Square was strewed with portmanteaus, gun-cases, and fishing-rods, whereas the wine and packets of preserved meat, and the bottled beer and fish in tins, and the large box of cigars, and the prepared soups, had been sent down by Boxall, and were by this time on board the boat. Hugh and Archie were to leave London this day by train at 5 P.M., and were to sleep on board. Jack Stuart was already there, having assisted in working the yacht round from Brightlingsea.

On that morning Archie had a farewell breakfast at his club with Doodles, and after that, having spent the intervening hours in the billiard-

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room, a farewell luncheon. There had been something of melancholy in this last day between the friends, originating partly in the failure of Archie's hopes as to Lady Ongar, and partly perhaps in the bad character which seemed to belong to Jack Stuart and his craft. "He has been at it for years, and always coming to grief," said Doodles. "He is just like a man I know, who has been hunting for the last ten years, and can't sit a horse at a fence yet. He has broken every bone in his skin, and I don't suppose he ever saw a good thing to a finish. He never knows whether hounds are in cover, or where they are. His only idea is to follow another man's red coat till he comes to grief;—and yet he will go on hunting. There are some people who never will understand what they can do, and what they can't." In answer to this, Archie reminded his friend that on this occasion Jack Stuart would have the advantage of an excellent dry-nurse, acknowledged to be very great on such occasions. Would not he, Archie Clavering, be there to pilot Jack Stuart and his boat? But, nevertheless, Doodles was melancholy, and went on telling stories about that unfortunate man who would continue to break his bones, though he had no aptitude for out-of-door sports. "He'll be carried home on a stretcher some day, you know," said Doodles.

"What does it matter if he is," said Archie, boldly, thinking of himself and of the danger predicted for him. "A man can only die once."

"I call it quite a tempting of Providence," said Doodles.

But their conversation was chiefly about Lady Ongar and the Spy. It was only on this day that Doodles had learned that Archie had in truth offered his hand, and been rejected; and Captain Clavering was surprised by the extent of his friend's sympathy. "It's a doosed disagreeable thing,—a very disagreeable thing indeed," said Doodles. Archie, who did not wish to be regarded as specially unfortunate, declined to look at the matter in this light; but Doodles insisted. "It would cut me up like the very mischief," he said. "I know that; and the worst of it is, that perhaps you wouldn't have gone on, only for me. I meant it all for the best, old fellow. I did, indeed. There; that's the game to you. I'm playing uncommon badly this morning; but the truth is, I'm thinking of those women," Now as Doodles was playing for a little money, this was really civil on his part.

And he would persevere in talking about the Spy, as though there were something in his remembrance of the lady which attracted him irresistibly to the subject. He had always boasted that in his interview with her he had come off with the victory, nor did he now cease to make such boasts; but still he spoke of her and her powers with an awe which would have completely opened the eyes of any one a little more sharp on such matters than Archie Clavering. He was so intent on this subject that he sent the marker out of the room so that he might discuss it with more freedom, and might plainly express his views as to her influence on his friend's fate.

"By George! she's a wonderful woman. Do you know I can't help

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thinking of her at night. She keeps me awake;—she does, upon my honour."

"I can't say she keeps me awake, but I wish I had my seventy pounds back again."

"Do you know, if I were you, I shouldn't grudge it. I should think it worth pretty nearly all the money to have had the dealing with her."

"Then you ought to go halves."

"Well, yes;—only that I ain't flush, I would. When one thinks of it, her absolutely taking the notes out of your waistcoat-pocket, upon my word it's beautiful! She'd have had it out of mine, if I hadn't been doosed sharp."

"She understood what she was about, certainly."

"What I should like to know is this; did she or did she not tell Lady Ongar what she was to do;—about you I mean? I daresay she did after all."

"And took my money for nothing?"

"Because you didn't go high enough, you know."

"But that was your fault. I went as high as you told me."

"No, you didn't, Clavvy; not if you remember. But the fact is, I don't suppose you could go high enough. I shouldn't be surprised if such a woman as that wanted—thousands! I shouldn't indeed. I shall never forget the way in which she swore at me;—and how she abused me about my family. I think she must have had some special reason for disliking Warwickshire, she said such awful hard things about it."

"How did she know that you came from Warwickshire?"

"She did know it. If I tell you something don't you say anything about it. I have an idea about her."

"What is it?"

"I didn't mention it before, because I don't talk much of those sort of things. I don't pretend to understand them, and it is better to leave them alone."

"But what do you mean?"

Doodles looked very solemn as he answered. "I think she's a medium —or a media, or whatever it ought to be called."

"What! one of those spirit-rapping people?" And Archie's hair almost stood on end as he asked the question.

"They don't rap now,—not the best of them, that is. That was the old way, and seems to have been given up."

"But what do you suppose she did?"

"How did she know that the money was in your waistcoat-pocket, now? How did she know that I came from Warwickshire? And then she had a way of going about the room as though she could have raised herself off her feet in a moment if she had chosen. And then her swearing, and the rest of it,—so unlike any other woman, you know."

"But do you think she could have made Julia hate me?"

"Ah, I can't tell that. There are such lots of things going on now-

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a-days that a fellow can understand nothing about! But I've no doubt of this,—if you were to tie her up with ropes ever so, I don't in the least doubt but what she'd get out."

Archie was awe-struck, and made two or three strokes after this; but then he plucked up his courage and asked a question,—

"Where do you suppose they get it from, Doodles?"

"That's just the question."

"Is it from—— the devil, do you think?" said Archie, whispering the name of the evil one in a very low voice.

"Well, yes; I suppose that's most likely."

"Because they don't seem to do a great deal of harm with it after all. As for my money, she would have had that any way, for I intended to give it to her."

"There are people who think," said Doodles, "that the spirits don't come from anywhere, but are always floating about."

"And then one person catches them, and another doesn't?" asked Archie.

"They tell me that it depends upon what the mediums or medias eat and drink," said Doodles, "and upon what sort of minds they have. They must be cleverish people, I fancy, or the spirits wouldn't come to them."

"But you never hear of any swell being a medium. Why don't the spirits go to a prime minister or some of those fellows? Only think what a help they'd be."

"If they come from the devil," suggested Doodles, "he wouldn't let them do any real good."

"I've heard a deal about them," said Archie, "and it seems to me that the mediums are always poor people, and that they come from nobody knows where. The Spy is a clever woman I daresay——"

"There isn't much doubt about that," said the admiring Doodles.

"But you can't say she's respectable, you know. If I was a spirit I wouldn't go to a woman who wore such dirty stockings as she had on."

"That's nonsense, Clavvy. What does a spirit care about a woman's stockings?"

"But why don't they ever go to the wise people? that's what I want to know." And as he asked the question boldly he struck his ball sharply, and, lo, the three balls rolled vanquished into three different pockets. "I don't believe about it," said Archie, as he readjusted the score. "The devil can't do such things as that or there'd be an end of everything; and as to spirits in the air, why should there be more spirits now than there were four-and-twenty years ago?"

"That's all very well, old fellow," said Doodles, "but you and I ain't clever enough to understand everything." Then that subject was dropped, and Doodles went back for a while to the perils of Jack Stuart's yacht.

After the lunch, which was in fact Archie's early dinner, Doodles was going to leave his friend, but Archie insisted that his brother captain

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should walk with him up to Berkeley Square, and see the last of him into his cab. Doodles had suggested that Sir Hugh would be there, and that Sir Hugh was not always disposed to welcome his brother's friends to his own house after the most comfortable modes of friendship; but Archie explained that on such an occasion as this there need be no fear on that head; he and his brother were going away together, and there was a certain feeling of jollity about the trip which would divest Sir Hugh of his roughness. "And besides," said Archie, "as you will be there to see me off, he'll know that you're not going to stay yourself." Convinced by this, Doodles consented to walk up to Berkeley Square.

Sir Hugh had spent the greatest part of this day at home, immersed among his guns and rods, and their various appurtenances. He also had breakfasted at his club, but had ordered his luncheon to be prepared for him at home. He had arranged to leave Berkeley Square at four, and had directed that his lamb chops should be brought to him exactly at three. He was himself a little late in coming downstairs, and it was ten minutes past the hour when he desired that the chops might be put on the table, saying that he himself would be in the drawing-room in time to meet them. He was a man solicitous about his lamb chops, and careful that the asparagus should be hot; solicitous also as to that bottle of Lafitte by which those comestibles were to be accompanied and which was, of its own nature, too good to be shared with his brother Archie. But as he was on the landing, by the drawing-room door, descending quickly, conscious that in obedience to his orders the chops had been already served, he was met by a servant who, with disturbed face and quick voice, told him that there was a lady waiting for him in the hall.

"D—— it!" said Sir Hugh.

"She has just come, Sir Hugh, and says that she specially wants to see you."

"Why the devil did you let her in?"

"She walked in when the door was opened, Sir Hugh, and I couldn't help it. She seemed to be a lady, Sir Hugh, and I didn't like not to let her inside the door."

"What's the lady's name?" asked the master.

"It's a foreign name, Sir Hugh. She said she wouldn't keep you five minutes." The lamb chops, and the asparagus, and the Lafitte were in the dining-room, and the only way to the dining-room lay through the hall to which the foreign lady had obtained an entrance. Sir Hugh, making such calculations as the moments allowed, determined that he would face the enemy, and pass on to his banquet over her prostrate body. He went quickly down into the hall, and there was encountered by Sophie Gordeloup, who, skipping over the gun-cases, and rushing through the portmanteaus, caught the baronet by the arm before he had been able to approach the dining-room door. "Sir 'Oo," she said, "I am so glad to have caught you. You are going away, and I have things to tell you which you must hear—yes; it is well for you I have caught you, Sir 'Oo." Sir Hugh

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looked as though he by no means participated in this feeling, and saying something about his great hurry begged that he might be allowed to go to his food. Then he added that, as far as his memory served him, he had not the honour of knowing the lady who was addressing him.

"You come in to your little dinner," said Sophie, "and I will tell you everything as you are eating. Don't mind me. You shall eat and drink, and I will talk. I am Madame Gordeloup,—Sophie Gordeloup. Ah,—you know the name now. Yes. That is me. Count Pateroff is my brother. You know Count Pateroff. He knowed Lord Ongar, and I knowed Lord Ongar. We know Lady Ongar. Ah,—you understand now that I can have much to tell. It is well you was not gone without seeing me? Eh; yes! You shall eat and drink, but suppose you send that man into the kitchen?"

Sir Hugh was so taken by surprise that he hardly knew how to act on the spur of the moment. He certainly had heard of Madame Gordeloup, though he had never before seen her. For years past her name had been familiar to him in London, and when Lady Ongar had returned as a widow it had been, to his thinking, one of her worst offences that this woman had been her friend. Under ordinary circumstances his judgment would have directed him to desire the servant to put her out into the street as an impostor, and to send for the police if there was any difficulty. But it certainly might be possible that this woman had something to tell with reference to Lady Ongar which it would suit his purposes to hear. At the present moment he was not very well inclined to his sister-in-law, and was disposed to hear evil of her. So he passed on into the dining-room and desired Madame Gordeloup to follow him. Then he closed the room door, and standing up with his back to the fireplace, so that he might be saved from the necessity of asking her to sit down, he declared himself ready to hear anything that his visitor might have to say.

"But you will eat your dinner, Sir 'Oo? You will not mind me. I shall not care."

"Thank you, no;—if you will just say what you have got to say, I will be obliged to you."

"But the nice things will be so cold! Why should you mind me? Nobody minds me."

"I will wait, if you please, till you have done me the honour of leaving me."

"Ah, well,—you Englishmen are so cold and ceremonious. But Lord Ongar was not with me like that. I knew Lord Ongar so well."

"Lord Ongar was more fortunate than I am."

"He was a poor man who did kill himself. Yes. It was always that bottle of Cognac. And there was other bottles was worser still. Never mind; he has gone now, and his widow has got the money. It is she has been a fortunate woman! Sir 'Oo, I will sit down here in the arm-chair." Sir Hugh made a motion with his hand, not daring to forbid her to do as she was minded. "And you, Sir 'Oo;—will not you sit down also?"

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"I will continue to stand if you will allow me.

"Very well; you shall do as most pleases you. As I did walk here, and shall walk back, I will sit down."

"And now if you have anything to say, Madame Gordeloup," said Sir Hugh, looking at the silver covers which were hiding the chops and the asparagus, and looking also at his watch, "perhaps you will be good enough to say it."

"Anything to say! Yes, Sir 'Oo, I have something to say. It is a pity you will not sit at your dinner."

"I will not sit at my dinner till you have left me. So now, if you will be pleased to proceed——"

"I will proceed. Perhaps you don't know that Lord Ongar died in these arms?" And Sophie, as she spoke, stretched out her skinny hands, and put herself as far as possible into the attitude in which it would be most convenient to nurse the head of a dying man upon her bosom. Sir Hugh, thinking to himself that Lord Ongar could hardly have received much consolation in his fate from this incident, declared that he had not heard the fact before. "No; you have not heard it. She have tell nothing to her friends here. He die abroad, and she has come back with all the money; but she tell nothing to anybody here, so I must tell."

"But I don't care how he died, Madame Gordeloup. It is nothing to me."

"But yes, Sir 'Oo. The lady, your wife, is the sister to Lady Ongar. Is not that so? Lady Ongar did live with you before she was married. Is not that so? Your brother and your cousin both wishes to marry her and have all the money. Is not that so? Your brother has come to me to help him, and has sent the little man out of Warwickshire. Is not that so?"

"What the d—— is all that to me?" said Sir Hugh, who did not quite understand the story as the lady was telling it.

"I will explain, Sir 'Oo, what the d—— it is to you; only I wish you were eating the nice things on the table. This Lady Ongar is treating me very bad. She treat my brother very bad too. My brother is Count Pateroff. We have been put to—oh, such expenses for her! It have nearly ruined me. I make a journey to your London here altogether for her. Then, for her, I go down to that accursed little island;—what you call it?—where she insult me. Oh! all my time is gone. Your brother and your cousin, and the little man out of Warwickshire, all coming to my house,—just as it please them."

"But what is this to me?" shouted Sir Hugh.

"A great deal to you," screamed back Madame Gordeloup. "You see I know everything,—everything. I have got papers."

"What do I care for your papers? Look here, Madame Gordeloup, you had better go away."

"Not yet, Sir 'Oo; not yet. You are going away to Norway—I know; and I am ruined before you come back."

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"Look here, madame; do you mean that you want money from me?"

"I want my rights, Sir 'Oo. Remember, I know everything;—everything; oh, such things! If they were all known,—in the newspapers, you understand, or that kind of thing, that lady in Bolton Street would lose all her money to-morrow. Yes. There is uncles to the little lord; yes! Ah, how much would they give me, I wonder? They would not tell me to go away."

Sophie was perhaps justified in the estimate she had made of Sir Hugh's probable character from the knowledge which she had acquired of his brother Archie; but, nevertheless, she had fallen into a great mistake. There could hardly have been a man then in London less likely to fall into her present views than Sir Hugh Clavering. Not only was he too fond of his money to give it away without knowing why he did so; but he was subject to none of that weakness by which some men are prompted to submit to such extortions. Had he believed her story, and had Lady Ongar been really dear to him, he would never have dealt with such a one as Madame Gordeloup otherwise than through the police.

"Madame Gordeloup," said he, "if you don't immediately take yourself off, I shall have you put out of the house."

He would have sent for a constable at once, had he not feared that by doing so, he would retard his journey.

"What!" said Sophie, whose courage was as good as his own. "Me put out of the house! Who shall touch me?"

"My servant shall; or if that will not do, the police. Come, walk." And he stepped over towards her as though he himself intended to assist in her expulsion by violence.

"Well, you are there; I see you; and what next?" said Sophie. "You, and your valk! I can tell you things fit for you to know, and you say, Valk. If I valk, I will valk to some purpose. I do not often valk for nothing when I am told—Valk!" Upon this, Sir Hugh rang the bell with some violence. "I care nothing for your bells, or for your servants, or for your policemen. I have told you that your sister owe me a great deal of money, and you say,—Valk. I vill valk." Thereupon the servant came into the room, and Sir Hugh, in an angry voice, desired him to open the front door. "Yes,—open vide," said Sophie, who, when anger came upon her, was apt to drop into a mode of speaking English which she was able to avoid in her cooler moments. "Sir 'Oo, I am going to valk, and you shall hear of my valking."

"Am I to take that as a threat?" said he.

"Not a tret at all," said she; "only a promise. Ah, I am good to keep my promises! Yes, I make a promise. Your poor wife,—down with the daises; I know all, and she shall hear too. That is another promise. And your brother, the captain. Oh! here he is, and the little man out of Warwickshire." She had got up from her chair, and had moved towards the door with the intention of going; but just as she was passing out into the hall, she encountered Archie and Doodles. Sir Hugh, who had been

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altogether at a loss to understand what she had meant by the man out of Warwickshire, followed her into the hall, and became more angry than before at finding that his brother had brought a friend to his house at so very inopportune a moment. The wrath in his face was so plainly expressed that Doodles could perceive it, and wished himself away. The presence also of the Spy was not pleasant to the gallant captain. Was the wonderful woman ubiquitous, that he should thus encounter her again, and that so soon after all the things that he had spoken of her on this morning? "How do you do, gentlemen?" said Sophie. "There is a great many boxes here, and I with my crinoline have not got room." Then she shook hands, first with Archie, and then with Doodles; and asked the latter why he was not as yet gone to Warwickshire. Archie, in almost mortal fear, looked up into his brother's face. Had his brother learned the story of that seventy pounds? Sir Hugh was puzzled beyond measure at finding that the woman knew the two men; but having still an eye to his lamb chops, was chiefly anxious to get rid of Sophie and Doodles together.

"This is my friend Boodle,—Captain Boodle," said Archie, trying to put a bold face upon the crisis. "He has come to see me off."

"Very kind of him," said Sir Hugh. "Just make way for this lady, will you? I want to get her out of the house if I can. Your friend seems to know her; perhaps he'll be good enough to give her his arm?"

"Who;—I?" said Doodles. "No; I don't know her particularly. I did meet her once before, just once,—in a casual way."

"Captain Booddle and me is very good friends," said Sophie. "He come to my house and behave himself very well; only he is not so handy a man as your brother, Sir 'Oo."

Archie trembled, and he trembled still more when his brother, turning to him, asked him if he knew the woman.

"Yes; he know the woman very well," said Sophie. "Why do you not come any more to see me? You send your little friend; but I like you better yourself. You come again when you return, and all that shall be made right."

But still she did not go. She had now seated herself on a gun-case which was resting on a portmanteau, and seemed to be at her ease. The time was going fast, and Sir Hugh, if he meant to eat his chops, must eat them at once.

"See her out of the hall, into the street," he said to Archie; "and if she gives trouble, send for the police. She has come here to get money from me by threats, and only that we have no time, I would have her taken to the lock-up house at once." Then Sir Hugh retreated into the dining-room and shut the door.

"Lock-up-ouse!" said Sophie, scornfully. "What is dat?

"He means a prison," said Doodles.

"Prison! I know who is most likely be in a prison. Tell me of a prison! Is he a minister of state that he can send out order for me to be

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made prisoner? Is there lettres de cachet now in England? I think not. Prison, indeed!"

"But really, Madame Gordeloup, you had better go; you had, indeed," said Archie.

"You, too—you bid me go? Did I bid you go when you came to me? Did I not tell you, sit down? Was I not polite? Did I send for a police? or talk of lock-up-ouse to you? No. It is English that do these things; only English."

Archie felt that it was incumbent on him to explain that his visit to her house had been made under other circumstances,—that he had brought money instead of seeking it; and had, in fact, gone to her simply in the way of her own trade. He did begin some preliminaries to this explanation; but as the servant was there, and as his brother might come out from the dining-room,—and as also he was aware that he could hardly tell the story much to his own advantage, he stopped abruptly, and, looking piteously at Doodles, implored him to take the lady away.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind just seeing her into Mount Street," said Archie.

"Who; I?" said Doodles, electrified.

"It is only just round the corner," said Archie.

"Yes, Captain Booddle, we will go," said Sophie. "This is a bad house; and your Sir 'Oo,—I do not like him at all. Lock-up, indeed! I tell you he shall very soon be locked up himself. There is what you call Davy's locker. I know;—yes."

Doodles also trembled when he heard this anathema, and thought once more of the character of Jack Stuart and his yacht.

"Pray go with her," said Archie.

"But I had come to see you off."

"Never mind," said Archie. "He is in such a taking, you know. God bless you, old fellow; good-by! I'll write and tell you what fish we get, and mind you tell me what Turriper does for the Bedfordshire. Good-by, Madame Gordeloup—good-by."

There was no escape for him, so Doodles put on his hat and prepared to walk away to Mount Street with the Spy under his arm,—the Spy as to whose avocations, over and beyond those of her diplomatic profession, he had such strong suspicions! He felt inclined to be angry with his friend, but the circumstances of his parting hardly admitted of any expression of anger.

"Good-by, Clavvy," he said. "Yes; I'll write; that is, if I've got anything to say."

"Take care of yourself, captain," said Sophie.

"All right," said Archie.

"Mind you come and see me when you come back," said Sophie.

"Of course I will," said Archie.

"And we'll make that all right for you yet. Gentlemen, when they have so much to gain, shouldn't take a No too easy. You come with your

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handy glove, and we'll see about it again." Then Sophie walked off leaning upon the arm of Captain Boodle, and Archie stood at the door watching them till they turned out of sight round the corner of the square. At last he saw them no more, and then he returned to his brother.

And as we shall see Doodles no more,—or almost no more,—we will now bid him adieu civilly. The pair were not ill-matched, though the lady perhaps had some advantage in acuteness, given to her no doubt by the experience of a longer life. Doodles, as he walked along two sides of the square with the fair burden on his arm, felt himself to be in some sort proud of his position, though it was one from which he would not have been sorry to escape, had escape been possible. A remarkable phenomenon was the Spy, and to have walked round Berkeley Square with such a woman leaning on his arm, might in coming years be an event to remember with satisfaction. In the meantime he did not say much to her, and did not quite understand all that she said to him. At last he came to the door which he well remembered, and then he paused. He did not escape even then. After a while the door was opened, and those who were passing might have seen Captain Boodle, slowly and with hesitating steps, enter the narrow passage before the lady. Then Sophie followed, and closed the door behind her. As far as this story goes, what took place at that interview cannot be known. Let us bid farewell to Doodles, and wish him a happy escape.

"How did you come to know that woman?" said Hugh to his brother, as soon as Archie was in the dining-room.

"She was a friend of Julia's," said Archie.

"You haven't given her money?" Hugh asked.

"O dear, no," said Archie.

Immediately after that they got into their cab; the things were pitched on the top; and,—for a while,—we may bid adieu to them also.

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The Old English Chroniclers.

A FAMILIAR phenomenon in the eyes of all students of literary history is the play of action and reaction, ebb and flow, in the course of the literature of every country. There is a certain sense in which progress may be recognized there, just as in the social condition of a nation; but it by no means follows from this, that what is written in each age is an advance on what has been written by the age before. On the contrary, intervals occur, during which little is doing of any excellence; and when these pass over, the revival often takes the form of a restoration. The new men of genius revolt against their immediate predecessors, and recur to the study of predecessors long gone by. This is peculiarly true of the English, and is in harmony with their action in the cognate world of political life. The patriots who first moved against Charles the First, did not want to make a new England or a new English monarchy, but to restore what they believed the old to have been, and to save the kingdom from becoming what, by an undue triumph over the best elements of the feudal system, the Continental kingdoms had become.

Among literary movements of a similar character, that in which we are interested on the present occasion is the awakened love for things mediæval and feudal which is now nearly a hundred years old. It is astonishing how little the most characteristic men of the eighteenth century cared for anything that was older than the revival of learning, or, indeed, for much of the highest value that was considerably later. Johnson edited Shakspeare without hardly troubling himself to look at any other Elizabethan dramatist. Dante was spoken of as a "whimsical" writer. Chaucer was neglected as—to use the words which Cowley had applied to him—"a dry old-fashioned wit." Bacon was modernized; Bunyan was sneered at,—one of the sneerers being Addison; Gray, though a feudal, hardly less than a classical scholar, called the age of Froissart barbarous; and Walpole, though he dabbled in our old history, dabbled in it always in an essentially modern spirit,—diving into its mud (as he thought it) like the divers into the wreck of the *Royal George*, and making epigrammatic snuff-boxes and chimney-ornaments out of what he brought up. This general tendency amongst men of letters was partly due, no doubt, to the prodigious effect produced by the consummate ability of those typical moderns, the Queen Anne men; who, again, had been acted on by the not unnatural sway of the Roman and Greek literature. But the same spirit ran through all life,—from which literature ought never to be viewed apart. Men of family sneered at tradition, and, in spite of their ancient coat-armour, held heraldry in

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contempt. All antiquities were neglected. Everybody building in a country place helped himself to the ruins of the nearest castle or abbey. Pipes were lighted with wills of the fourteenth century; and fowls singed with the correspondence of men who had roamed with Raleigh or fought with Rupert. Here and there, indeed, solitary students, such as Hearne, or learned historical inquirers like the Rymers and Cartes, went on with their labours amongst the relics of the past. But if the world ever heard of these men it heard of them in a satirical epigram, and they were known to, and respected by only the few. When the tide turned, it flowed very slowly. Bishop Percy's labours, we suspect, were not a little inspired by his interest in his own Percy ancestry so conspicuously celebrated in the ballads; and good modern philologers of our day, like Mr. Furnival, are astonished at the liberties he took with his material. Nevertheless the tide *had* turned, and it was flowing. And when the great literary revival of the end of the century began, hardly a writer, however otherwise modern in spirit, but showed the influence of antique associations. Wordsworth celebrated the old Cliffords in one poem. The *Ancient Mariner* was suggested to Coleridge by the old books of travel. Byron began *Childe Harold* by imitating Spenser. Keats drew the subject of one of his most charming poems from Boccaccio. Lamb nourished his humour on Fuller and Browne. And they all, or nearly all, recurred with love to ballads and old plays, to old translations like Chapman's, to Shakspeare, and Chaucer: subjects which interested the whole group, much more than they had ever interested—we don't say Thomson or Collins only—but Dryden, Otway, or Cowley. As for Scott, true to the instinct of the little country, then curiously separated from England, which in some respects was the most feudal country left in Western Europe,—*he* plunged into the new-old element, heart and soul. Hardly, in the course of a life devoted to composition, did he ever attempt to describe his contemporaries. All the wine of his genius was in jars bearing the name of ancient consuls. It was from him more than any of that illustrious band that the age received its antiquarian impress, and that impress was in due time found on many works that were not works of imagination only. *Ivanhoe* has been censured for inaccuracy of detail by Sir Francis Palgrave; but it was in Scott's own spirit that that valuable historian was working when he produced his *Merchant and Friar;* and there can be little doubt, we apprehend, that the vivid juxtaposition of Norman and Saxon in *Ivanhoe* gave birth to the whole view of Thierry,—so mistaken in some respects,—but so brilliantly and effectively expressed in his *Conquest*. As for Scott's influence otherwise, it told on the whole literature of Europe, and on the kindred arts everywhere. The neglect of the Middle Ages had been universal, and the interest in them became universal. There were new translations of Froissart, new investigations of architecture, art, armour, heraldry, costume, sports, folk-lore; and, as one important consequence, there was everywhere a fresh sentiment of nationality. For, the living many-hued

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presentation of the life of their common ancestors in the pages of Scott, and of those whom he influenced, naturally awakened a fresh sense of kinsmanship in the people of each country.

We may venture, accordingly, to say that modern Europe never derived so much historical interest, so much poetical enjoyment, from the traditions of its own ancestors, as it has done since the present century opened; at all events not until we ascend beyond the period when the ancients came to life again, nearly four hundred years ago. It was the natural effect of that memorable event to throw the intellectual home-growth of modern Europe into comparative obscurity. The great sixteenth-century men seem never to have believed that they or their contemporaries could produce anything worth reading. Doubts on the subject are clearly visible in Montaigne, who was as much a child of Plutarch and Seneca as of France. Erasmus apologizes for writing to a merchant of Lubeck in Latin, on the ground that he did not know, or had forgotten, German. Buchanan speaks of his works as requiring the apology of having been produced under a Northern heaven, and in an unlearned age. This feeling lasted long, and prevailed everywhere. It is the real explanation of the little that we know of Shakspeare. The contemporaries of Shakspeare admired his powers, and rewarded them; but we were not yet familiar with the idea that immortality might be won by a modern; and we have abundant materials for the biography of those men of Shakspeare's age who devoted themselves to the classics. There are plenty of letters extant, for instance, which Isaac Casaubon wrote from London during the later years of Shakspeare's life; and it has a strange effect to read them, and to find no hint that he had ever heard of Shakspeare's existence; or that he passed bookstalls every day on which were ballads for sale that future scholars would use for the illustration of Homer and Livy. But if you had stopped the good Isaac,—one of the best and most learned of the children of men,—on his way westward from his house in St. Mary Axe, and told him that a greater than Sophocles was to be seen in London streets, he would have thought you an indisputable maniac, and would have muttered something from Horace and Juvenal about "hellebore" and "opening the middle vein." All this is changed now; and has changed more rapidly during the last fifty years than in the hundred years preceding. The pine rears its head in rivalry of the olive; and the Scandinavian ale disputes precedence with the Wolf's milk. The classic man in his garland is confronted with the feudal man in his mail; and the return of a crusader, wounded at Antioch, affects the imagination of Europe as much as that of a well-greaved Achæan from the labours of Troy. Mr. Carlyle founds a book on the life of a twelfth-century monk; Mr. Tennyson a series of poems on the Mort d'Arthur; Mr. Dasent and Dr. Carlyle study the Norse Sagas; Lord Lindsay and Mr. Ruskin the masterpieces of Christian art. That all this is a reaction after, and in some degree against, classicism, is no doubt true. But this is far from being the only important feature of it. It is a most valuable appeal to the poetry and sentiment of

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our own heroic and faithful ages against the tyranny of mere mechanism and industrialism, and it also helps to elevate and refine these. Meanwhile it has no deep quarrel with classicism after all; for the subjects are capable of being made to illustrate each other. We owe some of Shakspeare's finest plays to his wise and genial study of the wise and genial Plutarch. Nor is it right, however true and convenient it may be to speak of the *revival* of learning, to speak of it as if the classical literature had ever been *dead*. The Latin language has never been dead, and will die as hard as the Latin wolf,—

> . . biting hard
> Amidst the dying hounds.

It was pre-eminently the language of mediæval history as of the mediæval church. The chroniclers quote Lucan, and Ovid, and Horace; the Walter Mapes poets know their Juvenal well. The old fire was still always smouldering half alive under the mighty ashes of the barbarian invasions; and the scattered Greeks of the fifteenth century, if they brought new fuel, still found no cold hearth, and no hostile atmosphere. Indeed it may be reserved for the criticism of the future to show that the history of Europe is one; that those old Greeks and Italians were our cousins less far removed than we suppose; and that the explanation of our sympathy with Homer, Aristotle, and Sophocles; Horace, Cicero, and Tacitus; is nothing but the natural sympathy of early relationship and kindred blood.

The chroniclers, we have said, quote now and then the Latin poets, and this brings us to our more immediate object in the present paper. Of all classes of writers, the chroniclers are naturally least read, and for very sufficient reasons. They are at once Latin writers, without being classical, and modern writers, without being amusing after the modern fashion. A general reader may keep up his Virgil, or bestow the reasonable though moderate trouble necessary to make him relish his Chaucer or Montaigne. But the chances are a hundred to one against his ever meddling with Dudo of St. Quentin, William of Poitou, or the long line of the historians whom we commonly call chroniclers, from these men to Matthew Paris, and from Matthew Paris to Froissart. Their world is another world; their language another language. They are much more removed from the modern spirit than Cicero or Horace, who lived in a civilization corresponding in its development to that which we have reached. Yet they are our men—our countrymen—the sources of our early history; and we ought to know something about them. They were born either in that Normandy which was one of the cradles of our race, or in broad England itself. They spent their lives in our monasteries and churches, living and dying in hope of England's welfare, and employed in toil for the sake of England's future generations. We ought to have some conception of what they did, and from what point of view, just as we have of the Johnsons and Goldsmiths of the last age; and even an imperfect conception will be better

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than none at all, provided only that it be an honest and sound one as far as it goes. Let us glance at their general work, general character, and features, serious and comic; taking them not individually and in detail, but as a group, which, though distributed over many generations, had yet a common type of faith, knowledge, style, and taste, as distinct from the faith, knowledge, style, and taste of the modern, civilized, accomplished, industrial, non-feudal, non-Catholic world in which we live.

As for our obligation to the chroniclers, in the widest sense, from the compilers of the Saxon Chronicle, downwards—for instance, to Florence of Worcester, John Bromton, Henry of Huntingdon, William of Malmesbury, and Vinsauf, of the twelfth century; and Roger Hoveden, Roger of Wendover, and Matthew Paris, of the thirteenth—it practically amounts to this, that they are the main sources of our knowledge of the events of those epochs. They may be checked or confirmed by such State papers as have survived; but what we know of the life of the country in those remote times is altogether derived from them. The commonplaces of popular knowledge,—Rollo's capsizing the French king, Alfred and the story of the cakes, Godiva's ride through Coventry, Canute and the waves,—all these are simply the anecdotes which they use as garnish, and which fly through the world without the world's caring who were the first narrators of them. It is a common notion that such legends—not necessarily untrue by any means—form the main staple of chronicles; but this is a mistake. The mediæval chronicler was simply the man of letters of his age; a churchman generally, because the Church was the home of all the speculative intellect and book-knowledge of the time; but still substantially the representative of our Merivales and Grotes. He had good materials,—first, the recorded narratives of his predecessors; and next, the personal conversation of the best informed of his contemporaries. He worked away in the *scriptorium* of the religious house to which he belonged, using the advice and assistance of the brothers of his fraternity. But those religious houses played the part of friendly hotels or inns for travellers, rich or poor; and the rich traveller paid not ignobly for his lampreys, pasty, Greek wine, and lodging, by stretching out his stout legs at the huge wood fire, and telling the good brothers all the news. If he had been to Palestine, so much the better for him and for them; and in any case, he was able to communicate not only all he had seen himself, but all he had heard and picked up in his wanderings from other chevaliers leading the same active and stirring life as his own. The head of the house, too, if he was a mitred abbot, attended the King's Councils, and afterwards his Parliaments, to be consulted *circa ardua regni*, with the *proceres*, *comites*, or *magnates* of the realm. A chronicle, then, produced at one of the great seats of the religious orders represented much more than the knowledge and experience of the individual chronicler. His mind was present in it like a flavour, but the dish was virtually the work of many hands. The Saxon Chronicle is the result of more elements than can be separated from each other with certainty, like the Chronicle of

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Melrose, and many others. But in those which bear the names, and reflect the character of single authors, we find an amount of knowledge which no single author could have accumulated by himself.

The chronicles, accordingly, became the regular fountains of mediæval history; and their writers formed a chain, which quoted and borrowed from each other, and continued each other's work through different centuries, forming a *catena historicorum*, as the Fathers form a *catena Patrum*. After the monasteries were broken up, their MSS. got ultimately dispersed into various libraries, and into private collections, of which the most famous for its antiquarian value was that of Sir Robert Cotton, a store-house to which his friends Sir John Eliot, Selden, and other patriots resorted for precedents in their noble struggle—a struggle essentially *historical* in its inspiration—against Charles the First. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, some of the most important chronicles were printed in those sober folios of Duchesne, Sir Henry Savile, Twysden, and others, which look so stately on the shelves of libraries. Duchesne edited the Norman chronicles, containing the whole story of the Dukedom, from the days of Rollo to the days of William—his descendant in the fifth degree. The historians of the Crusades were collected in the celebrated work *Gesta Dei per Francos*. Jortin, once so well known, and still somewhat remembered for a *Life of Erasmus*, which is useful, though unsatisfactory as a whole, nicknamed this collection *Gesta* DIABOLI *per Francos*—a good joke, which Gibbon enjoyed, but which, in its want of sympathy with the Middle Ages, is eighteenth century all over. From these early editions of the chroniclers our first modern histories were drawn; and they were of great use to Dugdale in his learned *Baronage* (the foundation of all sound genealogy), and elsewhere. The modern historian whose original study of them has been of most consequence to the world, was Thomas Carte, the Jacobite of the early part of last century, a most worthy, excellent man, whatever may be thought of his opinions, a writer of profound research, devoted to the cause of the English monarchy, but not given to shirking the truth when a bad monarch—like John, for example—is to be dealt with. It is a rather humiliating thing to reflect upon, that "Thomas Carte, an Englishman," as he calls himself on his title-page, is in our days of "reading made easy" hardly ever opened at all. But nothing can be more natural. His warmest admirers, of whom Mr. Edgar, the author of the excellent histories for boys, was one of the last, cannot pretend that Carte is entertaining; but his folios were always at the elbow of a certain most sagacious Scottish gentleman, who lived just after him, named David Hume; and to him nature had given, besides one of the subtlest of philosophical intellects, a gift that by no means always accompanies that—the gift of a most easy, graceful, winning style, which flows along as clearly and freely as the Tweed flows along the borders of his native county. Great seem to have been the obligations of Hume to the materials of Carte; but he dealt with them as the conjuror deals with the

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object which he borrows from one of his audience. He reproduced them in superior forms, and showered the results all abroad. His powers of generalization, his insight of all kinds, were infinitely superior to Carte's; and as for his English, Carte's English is to Hume's what worsted is to silk. But what we have specially to remark is, that both men were indebted to the chroniclers. When we read them,—as when we read Lingard or Sir Francis Palgrave,—we are still communicating with the good old monks, whether of St. Alban's, Peterborough, Melrose, or elsewhere; whose names and works are as green as ever. The English Historical Society and similar bodies have re-edited them in our time; and they are still being re-edited in the Government series. French translations of them have been made under high patronage; for the French, as in the notable case of our Civil War memoirs, have (thanks to men of the stamp of the illustrious Guizot) done much service to British historical studies. The English translations in Mr. Bohn's Antiquarian Library, though not proof in every part of their plating against the heavy artillery of the *Saturday Review*, deserve a good word from all who care for such subjects, as readable, portable, pleasant representatives of the often obscure originals. A reader engaged in detailed research, a historical writer or critic, will, of course, take care to consult the originals in their best texts. But for general purposes, the labours of Dr. Giles, Mr. Riley, and their colleagues, are sufficient; and it would be a wise thing for "the general reader" to take a good deal of his history even in that form, so that he might see past ages face to face, were it only through a glass, rather than trust to those echoes of echoes, those hashings-up of other people's philosophy, with which our commonplace histories abound. For it is better to read *in* ancient times than *about* them; just as it is better, instead of reading *about* ancient writers, to read the ancient writers themselves. We venture to say, for instance, that a good vigorous prose translation, as nearly literal as possible, would give the intelligent mechanic or aspiring clerk a better notion of Homer, than any amount of articles upon him.

It has been pointed out that the old chroniclers, however unlike modern historians, are yet essentially historians, and are the original authorities for early English history. The remark is by no means superfluous, when we remember that so able and well-read a man as Mr. Buckle took the wildest parts of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and laid them before the world as fair samples of the historic writing of the middle ages. Now, of the miraculous and legendary in the chroniclers—as we shall see presently—there is no end. *Gulliver's Travels* are a joke compared with much that they tell us. But for that very reason, let us do all the more justice to them when they show wisdom, observation, common sense, and humour. And the truth is that they constantly *do* show these when they are speaking of the world which they personally know. Dean Dudo of St. Quentin, for example, the earliest Norman chronicler, who lived in the time of Rollo's grandson, tells us strange stories about Rollo's dreams. According to the

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Dean, Rou had miraculous visions of his future conversion to Christianity at the time when he was still a piratical rover, eager for hard cash, and not perhaps incapable of roasting a French or Saxon bishop. But ask Dudo what kind of a civil ruler Rollo made, or how he behaved himself after he had acquired Normandy, and the Dean will give you as practical an answer as *The Times* newspaper could. He will tell you that he encouraged church-building, and agriculture, and suppressed disorder. In fact, we know the characters of those princes and rulers entirely through the power of the chroniclers to seize characteristic points. They will declare that William the Conqueror was stern; that he would not bear opposition; that he was passionately fond of the chase. But they will add that the invasion was admirably organized; that the Conqueror was just between man and man, and kept such order in England that "a girl might go laden with gold from end to end of it;" that he was mild and kindly to ecclesiastics, and that his laws protected the chastity of the poor female serf. And so with monarch after monarch, nay with princes who never succeeded to thrones, like Courthose, of whom it is possible to form as vivid a conception as one has of Prince Frederick, the heir of George the Second, or Prince Henry, the heir of James the First. His daring and humour; his talent for leading, and his want of talent for governing; his natural good sense useful to everybody but himself; the extravagance which on some occasions compelled him to lie in bed in Rouen, till the hose, so famous for their brevity, were repaired—all this is brought before us with thorough vividness by Ordericus Vitalis and Malmesbury, who perfectly appreciated the lights, shadows, and salient points of the character. Or, take William of Poitou's account of the details of the great invasion of 1066. (Duchesne's *Hist. Norm. Script.*, p. 197, *seq.*) He tells us that the Conqueror gathered together his invading army at St. Valery, in such order and discipline, that no private property was interfered with, but "the flocks of the country people fed in peace." He is careful to mention that some of the force having been drowned there, the bodies were buried at night to prevent alarms. The most "philosophical" of modern historians could not better select the facts necessary to enable one to judge of the degree of civilization attained, the degree of prudence exerted, by those old warriors. In the same way Florence of Worcester notes that the Normans were "very ambitious of future renown;" and Malmesbury observes it as peculiar to them that "they marry with their vassals;"—two most significant characteristics, and exactly such as a philosopher of our age studying them is glad to learn. The natural inference seems that the chroniclers were men of sense and observation, like our own best writers; that with a child-like simplicity of soul, as to all that related to the invisible or super-sensual world, they combined a manly sagacity and penetrating insight into the world of every-day life.

While we are engaged on the question of the literary power of the chroniclers, nothing at once strikes us as more worthy of remark than

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their eye for the picturesque,—for colour, dramatic incident, and affecting sentiment,—for the scenery as well as the action of the great theatre of human existence. Thus, William of Poitou takes care to narrate that when, after the calm which delayed the sailing of the Norman fleet, the wind arose, it was hailed with a shout and with up-raised hands. Wace, the author of the *Roman de Rou*, describes the Conqueror's jumping into the saddle of his Spanish horse all clad in armour on the morning of the battle of Hastings, without help of any kind, amidst the applause of the surrounding knights, and describes, too, how, when the fight was done, they gathered round him to look with admiration on the dints made by many a blow upon his helmet and shield. We learn from William of Newbury whom Hearne edited, that after Saladin had recovered the Holy City from the Christians, he purified the temple with rose-water (*aqua rosea*), and silenced all bells (bells were essentially Christian,) wherever his power extended. Naturally, the chroniclers of the Crusades have no lack of startling and brilliant details. Courthose, during the First Crusade, clove a pagan to the middle with the terrible exclamation, "I commend your soul to all the devils of hell!" The Archbishop of Aix relates how, in the march across the Burnt Phrygia, the hawks died on their masters' wrists, and the dogs at their feet; how the Saracens hung up at their tent doors the heads of those whom they had slain,—with many curious stories of the same kind. When we come to the later crusade of Richard, we find him the centre figure of many a picture, the colours and figures of which have been borrowed for romance and song. In his favourite galley *Trench-the-Mer*, he sent a Turkish vessel to the bottom of the sea after a sharp sea-fight,—the first at which a King of England had been present since the days of Alfred. When he captured Cyprus, he fettered the ruler, whom he deposed, with *silver* chains. The acquisition of that island gave a spur to the joy with which he was received by the armies before Acre in the Pentecost week of 1191,—a joy thus characteristically described by one of the old writers under review:—

> The very calmness of the night was thought to smile upon them with a purer air; the trumpets clanged, horns sounded, and the shrill intonations of the pipe, and the deeper notes of the timbrel and harp, struck upon the ear; and soothing sympathies were heard like various voices blended in one; and there was not a man who did not, after his own fashion, indulge in joy and praise, either singing popular ballads, to testify the gladness of his heart, or reciting the deeds of the ancients stimulating by their example the spirit of the moderns. Some drank wine from costly cups to the health of the singers, while others mixing together, high and low, passed the night in constant dances. . . As a further proof of the exultation of their hearts, and to illumine the darkness of the night, wax torches and flaming lights sparkled in profusion, so that night seemed to be usurped by the brightness of day, and the Turks thought the whole valley was on fire.*

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* Geoffrey de Vinsauf (or Richard the Canon ?—*see* Wright's *Biog. Lit.*, p. 415), in the Bohn Library.

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In Lord Lindsay's pleasant *Letters from the Holy Land*, after he has been talking of Acre and Ibrahim Pasha's doings there, he not unnaturally breaks out with,—"Ibrahim Pasha! Why not a sigh for the olden time, when the standard of England streamed from St. George's Mount, and the chivalry lay encamped around it, and the young knights stood and listened to Blondel's lay!" The recollection of this pretty little crusading picture makes us say a word of the more poetical of the traditions about Cœur de Lion,—traditions so characteristic of that old literature. Who does not remember how Mr. Tennyson has embodied one of them?—

> What can it matter, Margaret,
> What songs below the waning stars
> The Lion-Heart Plantagenet
> Sang, looking through his prison-bars?

It was in prison that Blondel found him, and made himself known to him by playing an air that he loved on the harp. And this story about Blondel is, as Mr. Wright has remarked, not later than the thirteenth century. But, if we owe to the chroniclers so much beautiful matter of sentiment, they were, also, far too healthy and natural men not to rejoice equally in hard fact and in jolly humour. Accordingly, we have always liked a passage in Wendover (who died in 1237), which shows that the prison-life of Richard had an exceedingly comic and homely side. "To others," says the chronicler, "I leave the relation of his jokes to his guards, how he made them drunk, and assaulted their huge persons by way of amusement."—(Dr. Giles's *Wendover*, ii. 127.) A cynic may think that this makes an end of the Blondel story; a sentimentalist may be shocked by it. But both would be wrong, for the essence of those primæval days was the heartiness with which men threw themselves into everything,—passing from blood to wine, from tears to jollity, with a fierceness at once spiritual and animal. Another illustration of the way in which legend and plain prose exist side by side with each other about the same persons and events, is furnished by the epoch which produced Richard. Here again Mr. Tennyson, with his fine eye for true poetic material, has been at work. We mean in the passage of his *Dream of Fair Women* where he deals with Rosamond Clifford and the "dragon eyes of anger'd Eleanor." That Eleanor hated Rosamond and poisoned her, is a standing article in mediæval mythology. We are glad, then, to know that her Majesty was a good Christian woman. For it is certain that, at one period of her life, she made interest with the Pope on behalf of a son of Rosamond's by Henry—Geoffrey, Archbishop of York—who led a life of much trouble and controversy, and at last died in exile in John's reign. The Rosamond attachment was, indeed, a boyish love of King Henry's, and it would have been well for Queen Eleanor, if her husband had only had *that* sin on his conscience.

But to return for a moment to the descriptive powers of the chroniclers.

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A good specimen of it is the sketch of Sir James Douglas, called the Good Sir James, in the *Bruce* of Archdeacon Barbour:—

> In visage was he some deal gray,
> And had black hair, as I heard say;
> But then of limbs he was well made,
> With bones great, and shoulders braid.
> When he was blythe he was leuzie,
> And meek and sweet in company;
> But who in battle might him see,
> Another countenance had he!

Barbour adds that Sir James had a lisp, which became him "wondrous weel;" which may remind classical scholars of Alcibiades, whose τραυλίσμος the Athenians rather liked than otherwise. The chroniclers love all such details of portraiture, whether in dealing with persons or things; not from conscious artistic feeling (though to use them required artistic power,) so much as from the healthy appetite for reality and exact representation proper to the social stage which they had reached. And it is well worthy of remark, that what they did from instinct we are at this very day doing deliberately in the full light of modern culture. Nothing is more significant about our present historical literature than its constant effort to reproduce past times with all their accessories of incident, costume, character, and colour; and it is curious to compare the success attained in this way with that which was sufficient to make a writer of history remarkable in the generation of our great-grandfathers. Dr. Johnson said of Lord Hailes, the founder of critical modern Scottish history, that though his book had not "the painted style now in fashion," there was an accuracy of dates and a punctuality of citation about it, which would always make it valuable. But what is the mere pictorial force of the men Johnson was thinking of—Hume, Robertson, or Gibbon—to that of, say, Mr. Carlyle? What was that of the inferior men to the same power exercised by Lord Macaulay or Mr. Froude—not to meddle with the Frenchmen, like Thierry or Michelet? It has now become a commonplace, and one which tends to be abused, that history ought not to be written only by antiquaries; or, to borrow the hackneyed epithet so often borrowed through Carlyle from Scott, by "Dryasdust." Well, all the movement which takes shape in this demand, and voice in this language, is only an attempt to recur by the help of theory to what was the unconscious practice of the chroniclers. They, guided only by their natural impulse towards full and lively expression, anticipated this modern want; and with their own fresh and, so to speak, infantine *naïveté*, transferred to their pages the life of their times as a whole. They give the conversations of their heroes as they would be given in a play; describe their persons; repeat little anecdotes of them; and go into sketches of their private lives and habits, which modern taste does not like, but which gratify the same human craving for personal knowledge of memorable people which modern taste takes care to get provided for it in its own fashion.

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The success of the chroniclers in achieving this familiar kind of description, is partly owing to a quaint, old-worldly humour, which, if occasionally puerile, is on the whole by no means feeble. Roger of Wendover, already quoted, in giving what we are sorry to say is a grossly prejudiced and false account of the prophet Mahomet, dryly observes:—"Moreover, he declared that pleasures and carnal delights are the chief good; *wherefore I believe that, were he living at this day, he would find many disciples.*" (Giles's *Wendover*, i. 74.) Roger de Hoveden, a Yorkshireman, who was a clerk or secretary to Henry the Second, deals in the following style with Longchamp, the Bishop of Ely—Cœur de Lion's unpopular chancellor:—

All the sons of the nobles acted as his servants, with downcast looks, nor dared they to look upwards towards the heavens, unless it so happened that they were addressing him; and if they attended to anything else they were pricked with a goad, which their lord held in his hand, fully mindful of his grandfather of pious memory, who, being of servile condition in the district of Beauvais, had, for his occupation, to guide the plough and whip up the oxen; and who at length, to gain his liberty, fled to the Norman territory.*

The same Roger de Hoveden, referring elsewhere to the prevalent belief that "the old dragon"—which he tells us "is the same as the Devil and Satan"—was to be let loose (A.D. 1201), observes:—"If he did so much harm to the world while he was bound, what will he do when he is set free?—(*Quod si Diabolus ligatus tot et tanta intulerit mala mundo, quot et quanta inferet solutus?*)"—There is a palpable undercurrent of sarcasm here, and nothing can be more natural than a little pleasantry on such subjects, as a rebound after the intense and indeed awful earnestness with which they were regarded in that era. But we do not require the rollicking fun even of the poems attributed to Walter Map, or Mapes, with their—

Mihi est propositum in tabernâ mori,

so cleverly translated by Leigh Hunt, to prove to us that as there were heroes before Agamemnon, so there were wits before Rabelais and Erasmus, and that the twelfth century, in spite of its superstitions and barbarisms, and all the rest of it, was not destitute of them. Let us take an anecdote from the well-known Giraldus Cambrensis of Henry the Second's time, Archdeacon of Brecknock, a member of the great Norman house of Barri, and nearly related to the conquerors of Ireland. Giraldus, in arguing with the Archbishop of Cashel, took occasion to remind him that no one in the kingdom of Ireland had ever obtained the crown of martyrdom. "Upon this," he goes on, "the archbishop replied sarcastically, avoiding the point of my proposition and answering it by a home-thrust. 'It is true,' he said, 'that although our nation may seem barbarous, uncivilized, and cruel, they have always

* RILEY'S *Hoveden*, ii. 232.

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shown great honour and reverence to their ecclesiastics, and never on any occasion raised their hands against God's saints. But there is now come into our land a people who know how to make martyrs, and have frequently done it. Henceforth Ireland will have its martyrs as well as other countries.' "* The sting here is forked; for the first part of the archbishop's reply obviously refers to the slaughter of Becket. As for the other part of it, few Englishmen will deny that the lapse of seven hundred years has only given polish to its sharpness. The frankness of Giraldus in putting this hit at himself on record, is quite in keeping with the general out-spoken honesty of the whole tribe of chroniclers. If we have a low opinion of them and their epochs, it is not that they have provoked us by any attempts to paint themselves and their contemporaries in white and pink colours. They lay into both with hearty good-will. Do the Danes triumph over the Saxons, or the Normans over both; do the Saracens turn our ancestors out of the Holy City, or carry them off as slaves into the heart of Asia?—it is all due to the shameful sins, gluttony, incontinence, usury, simony, and a long string more,—of the population generally. The wicked baron, we can assure our readers, catches it from the chronicler, as sharply as ever his successor does for pursuing virtuous beauty through the penny numbers of a popular romance in our own more refined period. The feudal times have left us their photographs though they knew nothing of photography, and have painted themselves, as Cromwell in the old story desired to be painted, with the warts on. Mr. Thackeray was not harder on George the Fourth than Henry of Huntingdon on William Rufus, or Matthew Paris on Henry the Third. Huntingdon calls William an "impious king, hateful alike to God and the people;" and Matthew Paris grumbles through page after page, a true *frondeur* of the thirteenth century, with a stolid John-Bullish hatred of tyranny, waste, and foreigners, showing that the head of Cobbett could be as much at home under the cowl of a monk of St. Alban's of the thirteenth century, as under the hat of a journalist of the nineteenth.

Hitherto we have dwelt chiefly on those qualities of our venerable friends which they possessed in common with their more recent successors: natural sagacity, an eye for the splendours and beauties of life and the world, mother-wit and native humour. It is now time to describe some of the peculiarities of their position in literary history; and to define and explain, as well as our limits permit, their point of view. We need hardly say that as regarded the ages before them (for about their own period they were shrewd enough, as we have shown), they were very credulous and uncritical. Historical criticism is quite a modern science, if science it can yet be called. The nature of the Roman agrarian laws was not understood till about the time of the French Revolution; and it was after that event that Niebuhr changed the whole opinion of Europe about the sources of Roman

* WRIGHT'S *Giraldus Cambrensis*, 145–6.

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history. The siege of Troy was not considered more doubtful than *we* consider the siege of Sebastopol to be, during the greater part of last century. Up to Dr. Johnson's time, Scotsmen derived their royal family from Banquo, and believed stories about their leading houses which are not a whit more solid than the incidents of the battle of the Lake Regillus. And yet it is astonishing how much the influence of the art of printing has altered historical *perspective*;—how near it has brought us to ages which, if we had only oral and scanty MS. records of them, would appear to us involved in illimitable distance and impenetrable haze. Under the last disadvantage, aggravated by difficulties of communication, social turbulence, imperfect culture, imperfect materials, all the old chroniclers laboured. Accordingly, grave archdeacons, men who were fair Latinists, and high theologians, did not scruple to repeat the most extraordinary statements about the early history of their native land. They tell us that the British nation is of Trojan origin, being descended from Æneas, through Ascanius, who had a son Silvius, who had a son Brute. It seems that a soothsayer had predicted of Brute, before his birth, that he would kill his father. The soothsayer was executed for his pains, but his prophecy came true for all that. Brute slew his father by accident with an arrow, and being banished from Italy went to Gaul. There he founded the city of Tours, and having afterwards conquered the Armoricans, passed over to Britain and subjugated it. So much for the origin of Britain, *i.e.* the land of Brute. The Scots had an equally veracious record of a dynasty of prodigious length, which took its place in real literature, thanks to the incomparable Latinity of Buchanan; and on the strength of which the town council of Edinburgh, many generations ago, hired a Dutch dauber to paint a series of fancy portraits of the whole line, still to be seen, with much other trash, at Holyrood. As for the Irish, Giraldus Cambrensis gives some highly curious accounts of the earliest settlers in their island, beginning with Cæsara, the granddaughter of Noah, who went there to escape the Flood, "with an ingenuity," says Giraldus, in a somewhat patronising tone, "laudable in a woman." An ancestor of the Gaels, according to Professor Aytoun,—

> —— nearly spoiled the Flood,
> By drinking up the water.
>
> Which 'tis my belief
> He could well achieve it,
> Had the mixture been
> Only half Glenlivat.

But Cæsara was overcome by the Deluge and lost. A critical qualm here seizes Giraldus Cambrensis; for he confesses that he does not see how, "if nearly all perished in the Flood, the memory of these events and of their arrival could have been preserved." He comforts himself, however, with the reflection that "perhaps some record of these events was found inscribed on a stone or tile, as we read was the case with the art of music

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before the Flood." And he proceeds to relate the successive immigrations: that of Bartholanus, a descendant of Japhet, three hundred years after the Deluge; of Nemedus, the son of a Scythian; and so on to the Milesians, the tradition of whom, we need not say, is still alive and vigorous. All such queer fables point at once to the remote antiquity of the races from which we spring in Europe, and to the profound impression made on the European mind even in barbarous ages by biblical as well as profane history. Nor are they to be despised even now; they form still an appreciable part of that sentiment of nationality which, in Poles, Irish, Greeks, and other races, cuts out plenty of work for the best statesmen that Europe produces.

The credulity of the chronicler as to historical tradition was accompanied by an equal readiness to accept all wonders related of the material world and of distant lands. He has no difficulty in accepting such stories as that of Sir John Maundeville about those apples in the East which, cut them however you pleased, would always have inside the figure of the cross. He believed readily that a comet was the cause of a famine; or that the body of Pallas, the son of Evander, had been found uncorrupted at Rome, with a lamp at its head so constructed as to defy the power of wind or water to extinguish it. He never doubted that the true cross was still extant, and the crown of thorns, and some of the hair of Mary Magdalen. He was firmly persuaded of the importance of dreams, and of the constant interference of supernatural power in the affairs of the world—more especially in cases where the clergy had been ill-used. Some instances of the latter kind are singular enough. At a town in Saxony, in A.D. 1012, certain perverse people, men and women, would keep singing and dancing in the churchyard while a presbyter named Robert was saying mass. The good man remonstrated, but in vain. At last he lost patience, and exclaimed,—"May it please God and St. Magnus (the patron of the church) that you may go on singing for a whole year!" The imprecation took instant effect. They danced the entire twelvemonth, without suffering from heat, cold, hunger, or fatigue; without their clothes or shoes being worn out; till they beat holes in the earth up to their thighs. At length the Archbishop of Cologne made their peace for them with St. Magnus, and the spell was broken. Three of them expired immediately; the others slept three days and nights; some, who died afterwards, were famous for miracles. The natural moral follows: let people learn obedience.* Take another case of severer punishment for injuries done to holy men. There flourished in the thirteenth century one Ralph Cheinduit, described by Matthew Paris as "the inexorable and unwearied persecutor of the church of St. Alban's and the impudent usurper of its liberties for the space of three years." "This, I say," Matthew adds, "that all Christ's faithful followers may see the evidence of the miracle, and the just vengeance which Alban, the protomartyr of

* Roger of Wendover, in *ann.* 1012.

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England, inflicted upon him." And he proceeds to show what the audacious gentleman's fate was. He had been three years lying under ecclesiastical censure, and yet one day at the palace of Westminster he said, tossing his head about in a haughty manner, "Ha! what do you say about the monks of St. Alban's? Eh? what do you say of them? They have excommunicated me so long a time, so often, and so effectually, that I am much the better for it—fat and well—and so stout that I can hardly get into my saddle when I ride on horseback." He had scarcely spoken when he was seized with "a lack of strength," and carried home scarcely breathing. And he lived just long enough to make reparation and receive absolution,—through the mercy of St. Alban. It would, of course, be presumptuous to talk of apoplexy in such a case. Indeed, we are expressly assured by the chronicler that Ralph was far from being a solitary instance of such "miraculous vengeance" being inflicted on the "usurpers and disturbers of the liberties of the said martyr's church."

Not a few of these little miracle stories are distinguished by a vein of poetry, sometimes tender, sometimes tragic. To the former class belong certain events said to have foreshadowed the glory of St. Dunstan. His mother was in church on the day of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, when all the tapers went suddenly out and left the sacred building dark. While everybody was astonished, the taper of Dunstan's mother took light of itself, and so became the means of relighting them all. As the youngster grew up, too, a harp which hung on a peg played suddenly one day the melody of the antiphone *Gaudent in Cœlis*. Another legend, conceived in the same spirit of sacred poetry, grew up to explain how the epithet Venerable had been bestowed on Bede. The pious monk who wrote the inscription for his tomb sat late one night, striving, but in vain, to find the right word for the memorable man. He could not get beyond

Hac jacent in fossâ
Bedæ . . . . ossa;

and he retired to rest, leaving the blank unfilled. But in the silent hours the pen of an angel supplied the want, and the good man found, on resuming his task in the morning, that Bede had received the honourable title which has ever since clung to his name. Of a similar stamp is the experience of two clerks, who, returning to their diocese, heard, while still a day or two's journey from home, the bell of the cathedral tolling with peculiar sweetness, and found on their arrival that the good bishop whom they all loved had at that very moment passed away to his rest. Sea as well as land was full of signs and wonders in the same ages of simple faith. The fleet which Cœur de Lion sent to the Mediterranean fell in with a terrible gale in the Bay of Biscay, when, just as the leading men in one of the chief ships were giving themselves up for lost, St. Thomas appeared, radiant in supernatural glory, amidst the tempest, and the wind gradually subsided. A similar experience befel William Longuepée, Earl of Salisbury, in the same generation, over whose storm-tossed vessel at midnight the Blessed Lady was pleased to hover, surrounded with

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divine light, a harbinger of peace and a pledge of safety. Mysterious powers everywhere at work receive ample record in the same antique pages. A leper was cured by using water which had been used by Anselm; and miracles were wrought at the tomb, in Hereford Cathedral, of St. Thomas, the son of a Cantelupe by a Gournay, the last Englishman canonized by the Holy See.

Sometimes such chroniclers' tales of the supernatural are more tragic, yet with a dash of the grotesque in their tragedy. The cellarer of a certain monastery had been defrauding the defunct members of their masses, in order to feed more sumptuously the living brotherhood. One time that he was passing the empty chapter-house, as he thought it, a voice that made his flesh creep summoned him to come in. He entered trembling, as well he might; for there sat the dead abbot at the head of the table, with the dead monks around him, and the cowering sinner who had robbed them was first rebuked and then flogged. But the most awful stories are those in which the Devil and his subordinate devils appear: sometimes dragging corpses from their graves; sometimes vainly attempting to bully good and pious men; almost always triumphant over those who by wickedness had become their legitimate prey. The Devil was no abstraction, no principle of evil, no figure of speech, in the days of the chroniclers, but a real ubiquitous being, ever on the watch to ruin man, and endowed with indefinite powers of metamorphosis for the purpose. All mischief that was done, was done *Diabolo suadente* or *instigante;* and even in politics he was so influential that he fairly ranked as a European Power, like the Emperor or the King of France. Long after the dates of which we have been chiefly speaking, that is, the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, Luther habitually talked of the Devil along with the Pope and the Turk, as the chief of a kind of Triple Alliance. This materialistic view, so to speak, of the Enemy is the real explanation of the intense credulity of our ancestors about witchcraft, which ceased to be believed in when the rigidity of the conception they had formed of him began to be refined away. In reading story after story illustrative of the prodigious superstitions which the chroniclers recorded and shared,—how, when Richard the First approached his father's corpse, it began to bleed, and the Lion-Heart, who feared nothing human, instantly wept with horror like a child,—in reading such things, we say, it is difficult to fancy how men breathed freely or enjoyed life at all. But the truth is that the counteracting elements were proportionately vigorous. There was a very active animal life, and a great deal of rude roystering jollity, for one thing; while, of course, if one set of superstitions stimulated fear, another set encouraged hope; and the Church was a vast standing army against the powers of hell, just as the feudal militia was always ready for service at short notice against foreigners.

The point of view, then, from which the chroniclers regarded things in general was the antithesis of the scientific one. They did not deal with "causes," "tendencies," "currents of opinion," and so on, like the modern

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philosophical historian, at all. With an ever-living sense of the continuous action of Infinite Power on human affairs, they hardly grasped at all the idea of Law. They saw in Providence a force like that of the kings and barons under whom they lived, striking in at every moment to do justice in some incomprehensible way; and they saw such special intervention in a thousand cases in which nobody now would venture to say that he sees anything but the operation of general principles long since recognized as universal and unchangeable. But, for this very reason, their spiritual life was intensely sensitive and quick; and, with all their superstitions, they have a keen feeling of man's infinite responsibility and high destiny: a feeling elevating in itself, and which has certainly always been strong in the ages in which man has done anything great. The inspiration of their writing was avowedly religious; not to show "philosophy teaching by examples," but, as we may put it, "Providence teaching by examples." "The attentive reader," says Henry of Huntingdon, one of the most remarkable of them in the twelfth century, "will learn in this work both what he ought to imitate and what he ought to eschew; and if he becomes the better for this . . . . it is the fruit of my labour which I most desire." Examples being best furnished by individuals, the chroniclers bestow their chief attention on the conduct of the conspicuous personages of each generation, the sovereigns, nobles, and high churchmen. It is not that they are indifferent to the condition of the masses, as we call them now. On the contrary, they are, as a rule, careful in noting the harvests and weather of each year, and their effects upon the price of provisions and the public health. But they do all this kind of thing in a very elementary way, natural to times when a dearth was met by sending the poor off for relief in divisions to the large proprietors, and when many died of hunger in spite of such precautions. Their principal force is expended on the moral and ecclesiastical side of life, and on the doings of those who were at the head of the kingdom; and what we learn from them of social, domestic, and economical details, is conveyed in their books incidentally. Some institutions which have made a great noise in the world are not expressly mentioned by the chroniclers at all. None of them tell us how and why heraldry arose, for one thing. And most of our definite knowledge about the formation of Parliament, the *status* of the baronage, and so forth, is drawn rather from legal documents than from the chronicler's page. Naturally, he occupied himself with the developed powers, the prominent establishments, of his day; and could not be expected to deal with growths the future importance of which it was impossible that he could foresee.

The transition from the old chronicle to the history as we understand it now, was made very slowly and gradually. Seven centuries and a half elapsed between the age of Bede and the age of Philippe de Comines, who is usually regarded as the founder of history proper. The last of the great chroniclers, a man so much connected with England that one almost thinks of him as half an Englishman, was Froissart, whom Gray called

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"the Herodotus of a barbarous age." The comparison is a happy one; for both Herodotus and Froissart were chroniclers in soul, while they both give us the chronicle at that stage in which it is just passing into the history. Criticism is beginning in both, but has not attained full growth in either. Herodotus not unfrequently lets us understand that he does not quite believe all that he is reporting, but at the same time he has an obvious pleasure in narrating wonders, and his phantom galley at Salamis is an apparition quite after a chronicler's own heart. Froissart and he delight equally in making their heroes talk in their proper persons, and in reproducing the familiar aspects of heroic life; and they write with an obvious enjoyment of their subject which communicates itself to the reader, who, like the steed in Pope,—

Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.

They were both travellers and curious inquirers; both of strong religious feelings, and deeply sympathetic with the generations in which their lot was cast. Herodotus was followed by Thucydides, whose "first page" Hume thought "the beginning of real history." So Froissart was followed, though at a greater distance of time, by historians whose school may be said still to exist. For the greatest of these, we must look, not to the Holinsheds and such as he, however useful in their way, but to one great in so many other fields,—Francis Bacon. Bacon's was, we think, the earliest first-rate intellect employed upon historical writing, and perfectly enjoyable still in modern England; and his *History of Henry the Seventh* is one of the master-pieces of literature. The education by which such men as he were produced was given by the classics, whose action upon the intellect of Europe in abolishing its superstitions, sharpening its scientific acumen, widening its range of vision, and refining its sense of taste, has hardly even yet received proper appreciation amongst us. The heresies of the school of Erasmus are become the commonplaces of to-day; and they were all derived from the inspiration of that ancient Greek and Roman literature on which Erasmus and the friends of Erasmus bestowed their honourable and laborious lives. But if the influence of the classics superseded the influence of the chroniclers, so that a Hume and not a Froissart is the type of a modern writer of history, and is much more like a Thucydides or Tacitus than Froissart is like either of the three, yet the chroniclers are even in our own days getting their revenge. The craving for a rich, personal, pictorial style of history, is in reality, as hinted before, a return to the chronicling spirit, of which there is infinitely more in Macaulay or Froude than in Hume or Robertson. It is even possible, as we have indicated, that the ridicule of the old school of "Dryasdusts," which so many people now use at third-hand from Scott through Carlyle, may become a nuisance in the hands of half-read charlatans; and it is certain that the Comic Histories with which we were plagued some years ago had a direct tendency to pollute the mind of the rising youth of the nation. On the other hand, there is one influence at work which will

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act as a wholesome check upon any undue activity of the minds engaged in making history too merely pungent and rhetorically descriptive. We refer to the current of thought of which the late Mr. Buckle was the best known representative, and the aim of which is to reduce history to a science properly so called. It is obvious that a philosophy of this kind, labouring incessantly to prove the operation of general laws on the highly complicated course of human action, will leave us, as one result, a repressing effect on the vagaries of the imagination. Successful or not, it will do much good by the study and thought which it will render imperative. Nor need it, even if successful, rob history of its colour and grace; for the rainbow is not less beautiful now that its laws are known, than it was when the old poets saw in it an Iris—

Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores.

And, just so, if the impulse which gave birth to the Crusades could be explained with equal clearness, the human heart would still beat responsive to the tramp-tramp of the mailed warriors on the Syrian shore, whose banners outshone the glory of the Eastern palm-tree and the Eastern rose. But to produce this effect, the historical writer, scientific or not, will need a share of the genius common to the great historian with the great poet; and whoever possesses it will find something in himself akin to the ancient, simple, pious, half-cultivated old chroniclers, whose dust rests under the flag-stones of the cathedrals, and amidst the ruins of the monasteries, of the land for which they loved to labour and to pray.

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Reminiscences of an English Cadet in the Austrian Service.

PART II.

In June, 1850, we marched from Milan to take up our summer quarters in the neighbourhood of the Lago Maggiore, and go through the usual manœuvres, but on a larger scale, and under the eye of a field officer. The General in command on this occasion was Count Gyulai, afterwards so well known in the Italian War for his many retreats "for strategic purposes;" and of course we saw a good deal of him. He was by no means a favourite with either officers or men, nor did he ever attain to any popularity in the service, whatever he might do at Court. In after days the news of his partial disgrace touched our hearts very differently to what the tidings of poor Benedek's disasters did. He was excessively haughty in his manner; the severity of his discipline was not uniform, nor was it always altogether just; and whereas the yearly muster of troops in summer was generally considered a kind of holiday, he literally exacted more from the men than they were accustomed to endure even in barracks. It was an article of our creed that the Count was as ill-disposed towards the Jägers as Radetzky was known to be the reverse. In an ordinary way all those who were not told off for duty would be at liberty for the rest of the day after ten in the morning, but his Excellency used to have the Jägers out at all hours. He was very fond of throwing out the sharpshooters in all directions, and then when we were at a great distance the rallying call was sounded, the space for cavalry to attack was cleared, and we had to run at the top of our speed to form little clumps or larger squads. He would have this over two and three times in the same day; and under a broiling sun, with our knapsacks strapped on to our backs, it was fearful exertion. Our men were often regularly knocked up by it, and I have known them faint away with exhaustion after leaving the ground. When the alarm was given that Count Gyulai was coming through the camp, we used to scamper off like rabbits to their holes; whereas when the word passed that the old General Shassoldos was about, men and officers used to try to throw themselves in his way, for he would talk to the former in their own patois, give them wine or *Trinkgeld*, and had always a pleasant word for us.

After some weeks spent in this kind of practice, we were told off to detached villages, or small towns, in the neighbourhood of the Ticino. It happened just then that I had not received any money from England for some time, and as, boy-like, I could not bear to give up our only luxury, *i.e.* an evening visit to the *café*, I ceased to subscribe to the soldiers' mess, in order to save my poor kreutzers for the *café*. For six weeks I literally lived on coffee, cakes, and walnuts, and my ration of bread I used

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to exchange against a couple of cigars. But it was in the days of golden youth, and I bore my hardships with a gay heart. The truth is, that in that climate and that land mere animal life is an actual intense pleasure. The air is so pure and clear that rock, sea, castle, lake, or river, even when miles away, looks like a painted picture which you could touch with your hand. The autumn there does not produce the same feeling of melancholy which it does in England. The leaves never seem to fall and decay, and the mellow tints and exquisite softness and stillness of the Indian summer linger to the very last. There are villas nestling in the hills, which look burnt white in the heat of the sun; but there are light cool breezes in the leafy ravines, and the tiny waves of the lake splash and sparkle, just to signify that their waters are not absolutely asleep. In some parts, too, there are dark pine-forests on high rocky ground, but everywhere there are orange-groves, clustering vines, the tender quivering leaf of the acacia, or the powdery grey sad green of the olive-woods, and sometimes the darker shade of the ilex palm or tamarind-tree. The peasantry, too, are so picturesque and gay-tempered, and my own comrades were so kind, debonnair, and light-hearted, that hungry I might be and often was, but it was not possible to be dismal for long together with those surroundings. What could be done in that direction, however, was done for me by our captain, whom I have before alluded to as a terrible disciplinarian. It chanced that one day on parade I did not hear my name called out, and of course was silent when I ought to have responded. The captain had been tearing at his moustaches the whole of the morning (an infallible sign of an evil temper for him), and at this instant he thundered out, "Cadet, are you too proud to answer to your name, and come forward and receive the Imperial money?" I instantly left my place and advanced to him, trying to explain my mistake. "Not a word, cadet, but go into barrack arrest until further orders," was his amiable reply.

We were at that time in a pleasant little town called Monza, and I had made some friends there, both men and women, whom in my heart I thought the most charming people in the world. Then, either from the coquetry which is natural to them, or from sentiment, or love of intrigue, or to provoke the jealousy of their countrymen, these beautiful dark-eyed women were often very gracious to us, and even when for patriotic reasons they were less so towards a full-blown Austrian officer, they were always ready, out of pure compassion and tenderness of heart, to give a bright glance and a kind word to a young cadet, who was also well known as an Engländer. Well, my good friends had, I knew, prepared a feast for me, and when I went off parade that day, I was quite in as bad a temper as my captain, and, as I thought, with much more reason. It was in vain I sent two of my comrades, according to custom, to beg me off. All the answer they got was *Nichts* (nothing), and I was driven nearly wild with vexation. Now I was quartered in a large farmhouse just outside Monza; it had no gates, but many doors, and the usual guard was placed only at the main entry. I began to contemplate breaking my arrest; the sin was

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easy, the temptation great, and the risks,—well, I did not take them into consideration,—but as soon as the light shade of an Italian night began to fall, I fastened my cap well on my head, bit my strap hard in my teeth, braced my belt tight for racing, and holding my head well down, as soon as I was fairly outside of the house I flew like an arrow to the place of rendezvous, which was fully a mile off and on the other side of the town, through which I had, of course, to pass. I could hardly speak when I arrived, but how I enjoyed myself that night! I was quite the hero of the banquet, and when grey dawn began to break, the company stood up, and, glass in hand, we had a parting chorus to cheer me on my road back. I actually arranged that, *provided nothing awkward happened*, I would find my way there the following night, and then I set off at the top of my pace to the farmhouse. That awkward thing, however, did happen; for in turning a sharp corner of one of the streets I came face to face against my captain, with such a spin as nearly to knock him down. He reeled back against the wall, and I staggered into the middle of the road; then I stood "attention" and saluted, and he looked hard at me, and simply returning the salute, passed on. It was no use my running more after *that* rencontre, so I walked thoughtfully to my quarters, feeling very well assured that not of a feast, but of a prison, I should be the hero that night. I dressed myself mournfully for parade, to which I was escorted, as my fears foreboded, by the inspecting sergeant, according to "captain's orders received." After the usual routine I was called forward, and reprimanded with exceeding severity. The captain's concluding words were:—"I know that a cadet can claim to be sent for punishment to the *propos*, or provost sergeant-major, or to the sergeant-major's room; but now there is no *propos*, neither has the sergeant-major a barrack-room. You will therefore go to the guard-room, and there be *kurzgeschlossen* for twenty-four hours; you will afterwards remain under barrack arrest until I think fit to release you." I was immediately conducted to the guard-room, there to undergo my sentence. In the punishment called *kurzschliessen* manacles are put on the right ankle and left wrist; when shut, a cap is put over each of them, which closes the ends. These caps have holes in them. Then a chain with a bolt at the end of it is passed first through the leg manacle, then through that on the wrist; it is run up pretty tight, and fastened in the third link from the bolt by a padlock. The prisoner is cobbled in this manner for six hours at a time, when the sergeant of the watch is required to let out the chain to its full length, so that the prisoner may for two hours stretch himself and walk about, not indeed at his ease, but comparatively so. He is then again cobbled as before, and so on to the expiration of the sentence. This punishment is not allowed to be inflicted for more than forty-eight hours at a time, and the two hours of long chain are counted in such case along with the others; but they are not reckoned if the sentence is for any less period than forty-eight hours, so that in all I had actually thirty-two hours of cobbles and long chain. I sat sadly enough on the little truckle bed, with

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my right foot on the other knee and my left wrist fast on to it, with no other amusement than rubbing up and polishing the remainder of the chain, and I remember thinking that it was a very severe chastisement, and that I had unquestionably merited it. I was horribly stiff when the first six hours were over, and tried to persuade the sergeant when he tied me up again to put the manacles on the other leg and wrist. The good-natured fellow would willingly have done it to ease me, but did not dare, for, as he truly remarked, if the captain came round and noticed it, the punishment would in all probability be doubled, and he would be included in it. I was aware we were under orders to march to Bergamo; and as the moment of my release drew near, I looked forward with actual pleasure to a long tramp on foot and in freedom. The two subalterns had arrived on the parade-ground, for I recognized their voices, and I heard the tread of the captain; still no message came to me, though from my prison window I could see the heads of the men, and could tell they were all in marching order. At last the door opened, and I was told to come out. My accoutrements were given me, but the lock was not in my rifle, and my sword was not in its sheath. I slung my knapsack, and then the chains and manacles just taken off me were fastened on to it in an unpleasantly conspicuous manner. My heart sank within me as I perceived a corporal and four privates with fixed bayonets, who immediately surrounded me, for then I knew that I was to march as a prisoner and in disgrace. It was certainly what may be called "hard lines," for we had thirty-two miles of ground to accomplish that day, and I was sadly cramped in my limbs from having been kept so long in one position. However, I had no rancorous feeling in me, for if I had met with severity, I had certainly not encountered injustice, and I thought I should best please my captain by showing him I was not sulky; so I stepped out my very best, and chatted, sang, and whistled as gaily as I could. Occasionally I saw him check his horse and fall back, to ascertain how I was getting on; and when he found I was not flagging even to the last, his stern old face looked positively kindly. He said afterwards to one of my comrades, who of course repeated it to me, "Our Engländer is made of good stuff; he has this day pleased me well." And at the end of that day's march I was released from arrest, and, full of good resolutions, took my place as usual with my comrades. I shortly afterwards received a remittance from home, and the welcome intelligence that efforts were being made to get me transferred to a cavalry regiment, —a change I greatly desired.

Whilst at Bergamo one of our cadets died after a very short illness. As a body they are so exceedingly healthy that it is a most rare thing for a cadet to die otherwise than in the field, or in consequence of wounds; and we had grown to regard such an accident as a kind of anomaly or unaccountable weakness. This poor fellow was by birth a Swiss, and a fine handsome youth much liked by us all. He was of course to be interred with military honours, and we obtained leave from the commanding officer to take it by turns to watch by the body.

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I was called at two in the morning to perform my share of this melancholy task. The corpse was lying on a long table supported by trestles, and was covered with a sheet. I had hardly been alone with it in the room ten minutes before I thought I heard a noise under the sheet like tapping. I looked towards the place, but the body remained quite motionless, so I concluded it was my fancy. Then I dozed a little, and woke up, hearing most distinctly three deliberate raps proceeding from that part where the head was laid. I mustered courage to say aloud, "*Was willst Du?*—(Dost thou want anything?)" but the sheet did not move, and no reply was given. I broke out into a cold perspiration, and began to hope I was not locked in. I would have given anything for courage to have raised the sheet and satisfied myself; but in the first place it seemed to me a sort of sacrilege to touch it; and, secondly, I dared not. So I sat staring very hard at it, the sweat standing on my forehead in great drops. The candles flickered and all was again quiet; then came the same sound—tuck-tuck-tuck—this time faster, and certainly proceeding from the table. I could stand it no longer, but rushed to the door and roared out for the guard. There was a general rush to see what was the matter; my courage returned when I found myself in company with others, though I cannot say my colour did—so I said with white cheeks, but with as much dignity and authority as I could get up, "The gentleman lying there wants some assistance." Even as I said these words we all heard the same sound, and equally we all bolted from the room. However, there are worse things than ghosts—one at least was my captain, so I got serious and desperate, and ordered the men to return into the room with me. They would not, however, enter unless I preceded them, and this I did not want to do. While we were discussing the point the doctor came up, to our great relief, having been fetched by one of the men who happened to be more sensible than the rest. He settled the question by walking straight up to the corpse and taking off the sheet. No; there our poor comrade was lying, cold, silent, and motionless, unmistakably dead. The surgeon, or to use the nickname which is invariably given them among the men, the *Pflasterschmierer*, or "salve-smearer," sharply taunted us with having disturbed him so uselessly, it being evident to him, he said, that it all arose out of our own fears and fancies. He was just retiring when, to our real delight, the noise was heard distinctly; and this time having the courage that is born of numbers, we set to work to find out the cause, which was quickly made apparent. The young cadet had been a Protestant, and therefore a minister of that faith had been sent for, so that the funeral might be conducted with the appropriate ceremonies, and this had caused a little delay in the interment. It was thought advisable to place blocks of ice about the body, and this ice had melted into little pools, which from time to time overflowed, and the water dropping from the table on to the floor had caused the tapping sound which had frightened us so much. It was long before I heard the last of the "cadet's ghost," as they chose to call it, from my companions; but they nevertheless

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resolved that if any duty of a similar kind fell to our share in future it would be more agreeable to all parties to watch in couples.

Shortly after this I was sent for by the Adjutant, and informed that by order of the "Most High War Minister" I was to be transferred to the —— Hussars, the regimental staff of which was then at Brescia. So I bade farewell to the Jägers, reminded them that though my whole body no longer belonged to them, my right leg and stirrup was theirs of right, and with many a kind hearty wish and warm grasp of their hands I left them, and immediately joined the staff and reported myself to my new Colonel.

The —— Hussars was a very crack regiment: it was composed of pure Hungarians, and the celebrated General Georgey had served in it both as subaltern and adjutant; but it had lately been somewhat in the shade, for during the Hungarian revolution in 1848, many of the men, and even one or two of the officers, had deserted in order to join Kossuth. It had consequently been sent out of Bohemia, and was to be quartered in Italy until it could be thoroughly reorganized. The task of getting together and bringing under proper discipline some 1,600 men is by no means a trifling one, and not any easier because the men were Hungarians. They perhaps learn more quickly than Austrians, and are more ready and active; but they are also excitable, passionate, and much more difficult to keep in hand. The position of Colonel in the service is, however, one of great power and authority, and our Colonel had been especially selected for the purpose on account of his great skill and his remarkable capacity for conciliating and attaching to him both officers and men. He was a magnificent-looking soldier, courteous and genial in address and disposition, and of unswerving justice in discipline. His horsemanship was simply perfection from a military point of view. We used sometimes to get up races among ourselves, and I have seen him ride a steeplechase in a fashion absolutely suicidal according to English notions, *i.e.* with a loose rein and a military seat, and yet by his high courage, perfect balance, and the great strength of his limbs, he kept his horse together, and arrived first at the winning-post, cool and unconcerned, and bestriding his horse as though he and it were one and the same. My impression is, however, still, that if he had had a fall it would have been not only a cropper but a crusher. The long stirrup and balance seat are not the best aids for going "cross-country," and though our own cavalry officers are in the hunting-field as bold if not bolder riders than the others, those who do not shorten stirrup-leathers and abandon the military seat get the most falls and the worst—which, however, they take with the pluck natural to English gentlemen. "Therefore it is," says Friar John in the *Inestimable Life of the Great Gargantua*, "that I make my prayers in the fashion of stirrup-leathers, and I shorten them or lengthen them when I think good." In one matter our Colonel was thoroughly Austrian: he was exceedingly particular that the officers should be dressed strictly according to the regulation pattern.

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I remained at Brescia only until my new uniform was made, and then joined my regiment at Cremona. I arrived there late in the evening; but anxious to make acquaintance with my comrades, and not without a secret wish to display my new uniform, I followed them to the opera, where as usual a large box was retained for our use. This was not counted unto me for weakness as it would have been in England. I hardly know how to define the difference, but in Austria, though the extreme of etiquette is observed, there is an utter absence of pretension or surface manner. There is a kindliness almost like that of home, and a simple directness in all they do or say, which I have rarely seen, except in the very best and most cultivated English men and women. Slow they may be, disastrously slow as late events have proved them, but honourable, truthful, and high-couraged and sweet-tempered to the last. I hope I may be pardoned this digression; but when I compare the dignified and grieving yet honest telegrams of Franz Joseph, in the Italian war, and the sturdy outspoken despair of General Benedek after Sadowa, with the alternate boastfulness and rancorous bitterness of the Italians, I cannot help feeling that the first are cast nearer to the ideal of a genuine Englishman than the last.

My comrades received me with great kindness, and nothing remarkable occurred except that my military spurs—worn of course for the first time (and enormously long they were)—tripped me up, causing my sword to get between my legs; the consequence of which was that down those high, broad, and steep stairs which led from the box I rolled from the top to the bottom, amidst roars of laughter from my new friends, and making a clatter which, great as it was, was nothing to that which I heard in my own ears when I managed to get on my legs again.

The difference between a cadet in a cavalry regiment and one in a Jäger regiment is enormous. Mind, I never regret for one moment that I was at first a Jäger, and had to undergo the hard discipline and severe physical exercise inseparable to the position. I am quite sure it made a better man of me; and to be able to walk between thirty and forty miles a day, in full or rather heavy marching order, before a man has reached his twentieth year, is no bad preparation for a cavalry regiment, because that kind of work strengthens the muscles of the leg and thigh amazingly. But the difference between my former duties and those which now fell to my lot was exceedingly agreeable to me. There was, to begin with, only one cadet besides myself, and I had a room assigned to me exclusively for my own use. I was thrown entirely into the society of the commissioned officers, and was allowed to remain out of barracks after the call for retreat at 9 P.M. There was a servant whose duty it was to clean my horse, clothes, and accoutrements. I had of course, being only a cadet-sergeant, to take my turn for inspection: but I had no longer to mount guard, as the cavalry furnish no sentries beyond what are required for their own barracks and stables. In fact I was in all essential respects treated like a commissioned officer, and my Colonel promised me that, as soon as I had mastered the Hungarian language, I should receive my

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commission. Naturally, I set myself to work in earnest to accomplish it. Yet, while in the Hussars, I tried a bit of more severe punishment than had yet fallen to my lot; but it was voluntary, or at most was accepted under the influence of moral pressure. It happened in this wise. A man was brought up to receive twenty-five cuts with a stick for stabbing and otherwise ill-treating his horse, and it was my duty to conduct him from the guard-room to the ground, see the sentence inflicted, and escort him back to prison. After it was over, I stood talking with some of the non-commissioned officers about it, and holding one of the sticks which had been used in my hand, boy-like, I expressed a wish to know how hard I could hit with it. The senior sergeant of my troop said, "Well, cadet, if you will stand a quart of wine you may give me half a score of cuts with your whole strength." I agreed to the proposal, and without another word he lay down, and took the ten blows which I administered without a sound, a word, or a movement. When it was over he of course got his wine, and then tried to persuade me to try "just one stroke," saying that I could not be a thorough hussar unless I knew what it was like. An officer entered while we were discussing the matter. I reported of course, according to custom, and he then inquired what we were talking about. The senior sergeant laughed and replied, "I have been telling our Engländer that he is no hussar until he has tried *Stockstreich*, but he does not seem to like the idea." The officer said *So*, and stroked his moustaches, and in going away added, "*Sie haben kein Courage*—(You are wanting in courage.)" At these words I saw several of the men smile. Now I expected to become an officer, and knew very well I need never hope to do anything with my men if I allowed them to suppose I was deficient in pluck; so I said that at any rate I would see what it was like, and lying down called out to the sergeant to give me a cut and a good one. It may be that his arm was stronger than mine, or that my skin was more tender than his, but it was an awful blow, and I do not know which touched the ground first, my feet or the stick, for I was on my legs in a second, one hand on the part struck, and the other on my mouth. I could hardly breathe, and knew not whether to laugh or groan. However, I decided to grin and bear it. Fortunately, an immediate retreat to my room was necessary, for my thick trousers were cut across as though by a knife, and for many days I found the saddle exceedingly painful, notwithstanding the sheepskin and extra padding with which it was furnished.

On joining, my principal business was in the riding-schools, but I delighted in it. The sergeant-major of the squadron gave me separate lessons in the first instance; and I likewise rode in each of the classes with the men, so that often before 10 A.M. I had been on eight or ten different horses, and was sometimes nine hours in the saddle in one day. Four cavalry regiments, three Hussar and one Dragoon, were mustered that year for practice on the plains of Pondenone in Venetia. We turned out at 6 A.M., and it was a pretty sight when the four detachments issued forth from their several quarters to the rendezvous. When we were all

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drawn in line or in column, there were at least 6,500 men on the ground, exclusive of the horse artillery and rocket batteries.

In three weeks I received my commission as lieutenant of the second class. My captain was likewise promoted; and when he gave me, according to custom, my sword and officer's sword-knot, his regimental horse was also transferred to my keeping. This was a kind of memorial of my commanding officer, which it gave me much pleasure to receive, for Count S——, though young, was an admirable soldier and horseman. He was of one of the first Hungarian families, and very popular with us all, and his kindness to a youngster like myself I shall always remember with gratitude. With some friendly assistance from my comrades I was able that evening to appear at the *café* dressed as they were. During our stay there the young Emperor Franz Joseph came to inspect us, and we had a good deal of parade duty and much rejoicing. Among the guests invited was the Duke of Parma, who appeared in the uniform of junior-colonel of the Hussars. One morning being near the Imperial quarters at break of day, I heard several bugle-calls for which I could not account, and shortly afterwards saw the Emperor and the Grand Duke riding about together; the latter had a bugle under his arm, and was giving his Majesty all the new calls which were to be adopted in the army. The Duke frequently joined us at the *café* and took part in a game at cards. He was, however, often very short of cash, though he was constantly accompanied by his minister and purse-bearer, Baron Ward, the Yorkshire stable-boy. I have often heard him wish that he had been born a poor cavalry captain instead of a Grand Duke. Had it been so, he would probably have had a longer and happier life, and he had certainly all the qualities which constitute a man a good comrade. I have said that the Hussars are composed of Hungarians; the word itself signifies the twentieth man, for in former times one man in twenty was taken for the cavalry, and the Hussar dress is, in fact, the national costume of the Hungarians. We wore trousers, tight-fitting Hessian boots, edged round the top with gold chain lace and gold rosette, a short tunic called *Attila* with five rows of lace across the chest: the olives or buttons were of silver, and the sling-jacket, lined with scarlet cashmere and edged with fur, served for an overcoat. The pouch-belt was of broad gold lace, the cartouch-box of silver embossed with the double-headed eagle; the girdle of gold lace is four fingers broad, and the shako is of white cloth with a black and yellow feather and gold chain and cord attached to it, while the sabretache is of red cloth embroidered with gold. The undress was the tunic, grey trousers, and black forage-cap edged with gold cord, and finished with a gold rosette worked with the initials of the Emperor. I describe all this for two reasons: first, all the extra finery of the Hussar is for a purpose, and every article has its use. For instance, the sabretache is a pocket, as the Hungarian is supposed to have no stowage-room in his tight-fitting dress; the chains on the shako are for extra curb-chains; the cord is made strong enough to be useful for many purposes; and the sling-jacket, called in Hungarian *churepe*, is the winter

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coat, and for the privates is lined with sheepskin. Secondly, the whole expense of my uniform, full and undress, trappings and saddlery, did not exceed 108*l.*, though that sum would not procure a plain infantry outfit in England, much less the uniform of a Dragoon or Hussar, as I know to my cost. And this is because, though it is understood that Austrian officers must be gentlemen, it is not assumed that they are also rich men. A supply of every article which they can require is kept at the regimental staff, furnished at cost price, and paid for either then or by instalments, according to the convenience of the officer. The uniform is made by the regimental tailor at a most reasonable charge, and for perfection of fit and good workmanship I never met with anything to beat our soldier-tailors. By constantly working for military men, and for them only, they turn their whole attention to that branch of their craft, and have a military cut which, for style and ease, is the best I ever saw. If I had my own way, no military tailor should ever touch a civilian; it only spoils his style and demoralizes his ideas.

Again, my pay as a lieutenant of the second class was thirty-two florins (about 3*l.* 4*s.*) per month, without any deductions for income-tax. I had forage for three horses, quarters, consisting of three rooms for myself and one for my servant (the latter also given to me), together with a soldier out of my own troop to be my orderly and take care of my horses. There is no general mess, but each officer caters for himself as he thinks best: in some cases three or four club together, and have a mess of their own; others dine at the hotels when they can afford it. I joined two other men, and as we had good rooms, and our servants were not contemptible cooks, while provisions were cheap and plentiful, we found that we had every day an excellent dinner of three courses for about 1*l.* each a month. We breakfasted at the *cafés* for sixpence, or even fourpence, and supped there likewise. The pay may seem small, but the privileges and conveniences accorded to the Austrian officer are very great. He is treated with the utmost consideration, and everything is done by the State so that he shall not be forced into expenses above his means. A good box at the theatre was always ours at half-price; the band and mess subscriptions, which swallow up the slender pay of an English ensign, were unknown among us; many of us lived comfortably entirely on our pay, and found we had a surplus for cigars and the opera. A poor gentleman is much better off, and stands in a more satisfactory position in the Austrian service than in the English army. The regimental bands played not only for the amusement of our own men, but for the public generally, and were of course paid by Government.

As a rule, the Austrian bands are the most magnificent in the world: they greatly excel both the Prussian and French; in some regiments they number as many as ninety performers, and comprise a good average of really skilled and admirable musicians. I am aware that the question of the reorganization of some portions of the system by which our own army is recruited and managed, is one much discussed in England at the present

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moment. I should be glad to think that such reforms, if they are ever carried out, will affect advantageously not only the private but the officer. Much, very much, remains to be done in that direction. Omitting the subject of the regimental band—though I think the money to support it would never be grudged by the English tax-payer if it were distinctly understood that it was no longer the property of the officers, but was to play at proper times, and in public places, for the encouragement of the men and the pleasure and amusement of the people in whatever town the regiment happened to be quartered—there are still the mess and uniform grievances to be adjusted. Look at them from what point of view you will, extravagance is forced upon the needy gentleman; and whether he is rich, or the reverse, extortion is practised with regard to these two matters. If the sale of commissions and promotion by purchase are ever abolished, and a severe course of professional study is made compulsory, our officers will enter the army no longer as an agreeable amusement for a few years, but will regard it as their career for life. They will also probably be drawn from a poorer but more ambitious and intelligent class of men. It will therefore be very essential so to reduce the cost, that a man can live on his pay as a gentleman should do; and I have shown how inexpensively, and yet how efficiently, the thing is worked in the Austrian service. The original object of a regimental mess was to reduce the outlay for each man individually, and to give him a good dinner for less money than he could get elsewhere. That the reverse is the case, is in English regiments a notorious fact. Again, if the uniform and trappings required by the officer were furnished to him by Government at cost price from a regimental store, and made by the regimental tailor, it would surely be a wise reform; and since it would cost no human being a farthing, but would simply put a stop to a good deal of jobbing and black-mail, it should not be difficult to carry out. It would protect both the pockets and the morals of our subalterns; for the first-class tailors who call themselves "military" make enormous profits on every single article which they supply.

The time came for our division to go into winter-quarters, and we repaired to Crema—a rather dull little town I had thought it while stationed there with the Jägers. The school for "rough-riders" was held there, in which I was to learn my duties for the next four months. On our march we stayed a couple of days at Verona, and I along with the other officers of the division had the honour of receiving an invitation to dine with Field-Marshal Radetzky. Our "old father" conversed with us all separately, though we were a very numerous company, and he was good enough to call me to him, detaining me by his side for a considerable time, and treating me with marked kindness. I was, of course, well aware that I owed this favour to the fact that he had recognized me as one of the old —— Jägers, to which branch of the service he was known to be extremely partial; indeed he told me so, and I was much gratified by the compliment so conveyed to my old corps. Radetzky's son was also present at the

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dinner: he was a general, though on half pay, and on account of failing health and infirmities, apparently attributable to old age, quite unfit for service. The two formed an odd contrast, for the son looked very little younger than his father, but had nothing of the same keen fiery glance, or hale, active appearance. A very important and distinguished personage, in his own way, and certainly in his own opinion, was Karl, the Marshal's servant. He stood behind his master's chair, attending solely to him, and never deigning to lend a hand or cast an eye on any either right or left. It would appear they understood each other very well, for it was Karl's custom, when he thought the Marshal had eaten sufficient, to take away his plate at once. He did so on this occasion; the "old father" looked disconsolate, but neither surprised nor rebellious, and began in the most unoffending way to nibble at and break off pieces of his bread. The officious wretch immediately removed this also. Fortunately we could pass the bottles about without his stopping them, so that if our good "father" was stinted of his food, his dutiful children prevented his supplies of wine being cut off. General Hess was chief of Radetzky's staff, and was of course in pretty close attendance on him. Between the General and Karl there was not a very good understanding, and as commonly happens the dislike entertained by the inferior was the most openly expressed. On one occasion Karl said, "General, both of us cannot remain with 'our father;' therefore one of us must leave him, but I shall not be the one to go." It might, of course, be only a coincidence, but shortly after the General certainly did go, and Karl was left master of the field. From that time, whenever we had anything to do with Karl, we treated him with a respectful awe, which I have reason to believe was highly gratifying to his queer cross-grained temper.

Duels, though strictly forbidden in the service, are, nevertheless, connived at, if not permitted by the authorities. They are not of frequent occurrence, for though the intercourse among the officers is as close and unrestrained as that which subsists between brothers, it is tempered by extreme politeness and good feeling; moreover, the Austrians are not naturally a quarrelsome race. I do not approve of duels, though I am disposed to think the knowledge that a resort to cold steel would most certainly be the result of any rudeness helps to maintain among men a high standard of refinement and courtesy of manner. My first duel was in this wise: one of the cadets had received his promotion to the rank of commissioned officer, and according to custom celebrated the affair by giving a dinner. We dined well, too well perhaps, for champagne is a heady drink for youths accustomed to the thin light wines of Germany, which were our usual beverage. After dinner a few words were exchanged on some trivial matter, and, in answer to a remark of mine, one of my comrades told me that "I knew nothing about it, and was an *altes Weib* ('old wife') for saying so." As I was well aware that this was an epithet I ought not to allow to be applied to me, I immediately left the room with a brother officer, and just outside the door we held our consultation. In reply to my question he said he had

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distinctly heard the offensive words: so I sent him back to make arrangements for a hostile meeting next day. Everything was settled in less than three minutes; I resumed my place at the table, and the conviviality went on as before. The next morning at nine we breakfasted together, principals and seconds, in the most amicable way; for we were really excellent friends, and had no ill-feeling in the affair. The place selected was the old church, which was used as our riding-school, and the weapons were our cavalry swords. My antagonist was neither so tall nor so muscular as myself, but more nimble and a better swordsman, so that I counted on having the worst of it. We were stripped to the waist, and our swords, after being well sharpened, were slung to our waists by silk handkerchiefs. Our seconds took up their position, also with drawn swords; the word was given, "On guard!" and we were then at liberty to slash away as well as we could. Before long I received a cut in the fleshy part of my right arm, and blood being drawn, proceedings were stopped, and I was asked if I were satisfied? The doctor examined the wound and pronounced it to be nothing serious, and by that time I had got warm and wished to flesh my own sword, if ever so little, so I elected to continue. After much parrying and thrusting, I cut through my antagonist's guard and pierced him in the breast. The wound looked ugly, but we were both glad to find that it was not even dangerous, and, moreover, that it brought the duel to an honourable conclusion. He reported himself sick on "doctor's certificate," and from that moment we were firm friends.

Nearly the whole of the winter months were devoted to practice in the *Regiments Equitations Schule*, or riding-school. The best rider among the officers was appointed by the Colonel to act as riding-master, and the cadets, junior officers, two non-commissioned officers from each squadron, and in fact any other officer whose style of riding was not considered sufficiently good, were given into his charge. We were put through a thorough course of school-riding, drill, sword-exercise, veterinary surgery, practical and theoretical. We were required to perform all the minor operations, to learn to shoe a horse, break him in, &c.; and from 5 A.M. to noon, we were at this kind of work almost without intermission. The school at Crema was an old church fitted up for the purpose. On the place where the altar had stood, and which was greatly elevated, a splendid gallery was erected for spectators, and the arrangements of the establishment were excellent. At 2 P.M., we again assembled for drill until 6 P.M., when we went to the stables to see the horses settled down for the night, and we were then at liberty to amuse ourselves until 5 A.M. in the morning, but it will be admitted we had not much idle time on our hands. Short of a course at a regular veterinary college, I know no place where a man gains so much scientific and practical knowledge of horses as in an Austrian cavalry regiment, and there is this further advantage, that the teaching given comprehends every branch of horsemanship. All the unruly, vicious, or unbroken horses are sent to the riding-school to be tamed or trained; and, as I was well advanced, I was placed in the rough-

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riding class, and had one after the other of these animals given to me to mount and break.

The time drew near for the yearly inspection to be made by the Colonel of the division, and when the day was fixed for his arrival we were all prepared to the very last point, and were, moreover, in a very serious frame of mind. It began with a heavy drill under the command of the Major, after which the Colonel was to examine the kit, horses, saddlery, &c. of the different troops separately. When the turn came for the inspection of horses for my troop, I was filled both with pride and apprehension. On the one hand, I knew that they were in perfect discipline and admirable condition, and I was so far sure of receiving his approbation. On the other hand, there was among them a most vicious and unmanageable brute, which was on that day at least my *bête-noire*, for he rarely missed a chance of showing his furious and unmanageable temper, and I felt certain that on an occasion like this he would, if possible, distinguish himself. We had given him the name of *Jiddo* (the Jew), and he was a magnificent horse, in colour coal black. He would often almost scream with rage, would worry with his teeth every one he could get hold of, and strike both with fore and hind legs. There was only one man in the troop who could do anything at all with him, and, though not a very good rider, Jiddo was of course given into his charge. His last rider (the trumpeter to the squadron), a gipsy by birth, this brute had killed. Each man led out his horse at the proper distance, and to my eye all looked well; but following the others, only considerably in the rear, was Jiddo, to my great relief, walking along with great decorum. The Colonel instantly said to me, "For what reason does that black horse not close in properly?" "Vice, sir," was my reply, and nothing further passed at that moment, though I observed a peculiar and ominous twitching of the Colonel's nose, which satisfied me the circumstance was not forgotten. Each horse was thoroughly examined and pronounced to be in a satisfactory state, and at last came Jiddo, with his ears well laid back and the whites of his eyes exhibited like a storm-signal. He stood, however, still as a statue, almost ominously so. The Colonel approached him, but no sooner did he put out his hand to touch him than he reared up, and struck with his near fore-leg full at the officer's head, and would assuredly have killed him had I not braved etiquette, and catching hold of his arm suddenly twisted him away. As it was, I could not prevent the animal giving him a severe blow on the shoulder. The officer made no sign of pain or alarm, but his nose twitched more than ever. He said to the man in charge, "Turn in," and then addressed me with great slowness and deliberation, as follows:—"I am satisfied on the whole with the appearance of the horses in your troop, but I am surprised that a lieutenant of Hussars should allow a wild animal to be among them. In one month from this day I shall return here, and I must find that horse as tractable as the others. *I thank you.*" These last words are the phrase generally used by a superior to inform his subaltern that the interview is over. One month to make Jiddo

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as quiet as other horses! I was well persuaded the thing was impossible, but it was the Colonel's orders and must be obeyed, or I knew the consequences—arrest and disgrace. Any one who has been in a cavalry regiment will remember how difficult it is to prevent soldiers playing tricks with their horses, which ruin the animals' temper. The Germans are much quieter and less cunning in expedients, but the Hungarians were as full of mischief as a set of English schoolboys; so my first step was to remove Jiddo and his attendant to my own stables, and keep the former under lock and key, so that no one might meddle with him and undo my work. It was many days before Jiddo allowed me to approach him without attacking me, but that point gained I began to see my way clearer. Rarey's system had not then been invented, but every means I could think of I faithfully and perseveringly used. Every spare moment I spent with him, and at last he would allow me to caress him frequently, and to clean him, pick up his feet, and perform all those little offices about him which a groom usually does. He let me saddle and unsaddle him, and had not as yet worried me, and he would when in a good humour follow me about in the stable, and answer to my voice by neighing; but beyond this point we had not proceeded, and the time was growing very short. On application, and stating the reason, I was excused from my usual drill, and for the last three days I hardly ever left "The Jew,"—"accursed Jew," as my comrades now called him. The month expired, and to the hour, almost to the minute, the Colonel arrived. I was awaiting him in the barrack-yard, having prepared myself for the encounter as best I knew how—which was by stuffing my pockets with lumps of sugar, with especial reference to a well-marked weakness of "The Jew." The Colonel said very gently, "Let me see, sir, whether you have obeyed my orders." I saluted and went into the stable, saddled "The Jew," and having popped a lump of sugar into his ready mouth, I brought him out apparently in a wonderfully docile frame of mind. I got him well into the centre of the barrack-yard by a kind of tacking progress, so that he should not see the spectators who were to witness his behaviour; but alas! the moment he caught sight of the Colonel and his staff, he laid back his perverse ears and glared at them like an infuriated savage. I knew directly that it was all up with him, but I still continued to walk by him, patting him, and exhorting him affectionately in an under-tone to restrain his temper, to be amiable for five minutes even if he were to be vicious for all eternity, and not to ruin my prospects as well as his own. As I expected, the instant the Colonel offered to touch him, Jiddo sprang into the air off all fours with a roar of rage. The Colonel said, "Well, sir, it certainly appears to me that you have *not* carried out my orders."

I felt perfectly reckless, but answered respectfully, "I have tried every means I could think of, sir, for the whole of the past month; every moment of my time I have been with him in his own stall, and he is quiet with me. Look!" and with the courage of desperation I passed beneath the horse's belly, picked up his fore-foot and placed it on my

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shoulder, and even put my arm within his mouth. The animal, I am thankful to say, never stirred or objected in the slightest degree, but sniffed about me for more sugar. The Colonel then said, "Lieutenant, I have heard and can well discern that you have worked with that horse, so I dismiss you with commendation, only adding that he *must* be made quiet and tractable, not alone towards you, but towards every one else." It was over and I breathed again.

"Accursed Jiddo!" said my brother officers when I detailed the matter to them; "we will no longer have that beast in our regiment; for it is a disgrace that a Jew should be even bestridden by Christian gentlemen. The Jew shall go and quickly."

Our efforts in this direction were successful; and long before the yearly inspection came round, Jiddo was conspicuous by his absence. I forget how it happened. As well as I remember, he was selected for some long and difficult journey, and never returned; but I always felt some little gratitude towards the poor animal for having behaved well towards me in what I regarded as an awful crisis at the time.

The Major who then commanded our division was not by any means a popular character. He had two peculiarities in his disposition: he was exceedingly amorous and exceedingly suspicious; and these infirmities acted and reacted on each other until we had no rest. His fixed idea was that a revolution was constantly on the point of breaking out, or that some conspiracy was being hatched beneath our very feet, which he would be blamed if he did not discover and crush. I really think the numerous ladies to whom he paid his court must have taken pleasure in mystifying him and playing on his fears; for after a visit of this kind he used to appear full of care and importance, confine us to barracks for several nights, double the guard and sentries, and order the horses to be kept saddled, and everything in readiness for an outbreak. Of course it never came. Crema was a singularly quiet little town, and the inhabitants were certainly as well, if not better affected towards us than those of many other places. A young officer who had been under the Major's command at Lodi, told me that while there he rushed into the *café* one morning after a heavy drill, and announced to the astonished officers, who were composedly getting their breakfasts, that "the revolution was abroad, the tricolour was publicly displayed, and they were instantly to get under arms and in the saddle." Of course the *café* was cleared in an instant, and every man was off like a shot; but the revolution did not seem to make progress—at least nothing was to be heard or seen. The market-place was indeed crowded, but it was with women and girls. The Major was a little disconcerted; he, however, still asserted that he had seen the tricolour openly exhibited in the market-square, and thither he insisted on his officers accompanying him, in order that they might be satisfied of the fact; and there he pointed out what he imagined to be the offensive emblem. The truth was, the old Major was somewhat near-sighted and uncertain of vision at the best of times. Now he had gone to the market-

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A Week in a French Country-House.

PART I.

"HERE'S a letter that concerns you, Bessy," said my mother one morning a week or two ago, as I came into our little breakfast-room at Linton.

"And we say you're to go," said aunt Emily.

"Oh, aunt Emily! go where?" I exclaimed in utter despair, and feeling ready to cry with fatigue at the bare idea of a move in any direction.

"Olympe has written," began my mother, holding up a thin letter with a yellow stamp upon it.

"Yes, and you are to go," once more broke in my impetuous old aunt Emily. The letter was from the Comtesse de Caradec, in answer to one from my poor dear mother, who it seems had been writing all her alarms about my health to her old friend and pupil; and now, as soon as I could get aunt Emily to promise silence, the letter was read out to me. It was cordial and affectionate, as all her letters are, and contained the kind proposal that I should go over to Marny-les-Monts, and try what a fortnight's entire change would do towards toning me up, and shaking me out of the languor, mental and physical, which had invaded me of late, and against which, for the first time in my life, I felt quite powerless to do battle.

The fact is, that my dear mother's illness, coming as it did, after a most exhausting term of hard work, had quite knocked me down. I had had a good many pupils and one or two schools also to attend during the last season; and the confinement of the life, together with the painful strain upon the nerves, which I suppose teaching music will always be to me, to the end of time, had already left me feeble and in want of rest, when mother was seized, first with bronchitis, then with inflammation of the lungs; and the terrible anxiety about her, combined with all those days spent in her hot room, and all those nights passed by her sick-bed,

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had prostrated me still farther. Then came our move down to aunt Emily's cottage in Devonshire, from which I had hoped wonders; but while it seemed to be bringing mother round beautifully, and making her quite fat and rosy again, I was dwindling away into an absolute shadow; I could not walk a step without violent palpitations; I fainted dead away after being out for ten minutes in the sun, and when aunt Emily spoke a little louder or sharper to me than usual, if it was only to say good morning, I began to cry. It was such a new state of things for me, that my two dear old guardian angels were getting quite troubled about me, and so after a good long discussion and many useless efforts on my part to persuade them to let me stay where I was and be quiet, it was finally decided that Madame de Caradec's kind invitation was to be accepted, and that I was to go abroad for the first time in my life, and see what entire change of air and scene would do for me.

Abroad! everything has been brought so close to one of late years by the increased rapidity of travelling, and every one is so continually on the move in consequence, that nothing short of Australia, or the Himalayas, answers at all now to the important sound of the word "abroad." Italy, Germany, Switzerland, are become as familiar to everybody as Portman Square or Piccadilly, and my "abroad" meant even less than all this: a bit of France just off the high-road—no more—and within ten hours of England; it would take me very little longer to get there than it had taken us to come down to aunt Emily's.

Madame de Caradec's mother was an Englishwoman, but she herself was born in France, and married there, and has always lived there, both before and since her widowhood. Her only brother, who came to her when her husband died, and has remained with her ever since, I had heard of as entirely Anglomane in his tastes and habits. They buy English horses and keep English grooms, and I believe they even prefer English cookery; and she drives her own pony-chaise, and talks English better than I do. Oh, was it worth while to cross that horrid Channel, and no doubt be odiously ill, to go away from my own who love me, among a parcel of strangers, to find only another inferior sort of England? Oh, was it worth while? especially for a single week; for longer I was quite determined I would not stay? I did not say this, however, either to mother or to aunt Emily, for I saw that they had quite set their hearts on the project, and so I submitted with the best grace I was able to muster; saw my new carmelite, my best black silk, and a white muslin for evenings, put into my trunk, and finally, accompanied by old Margery, who had been with us ever since I was born, and who, having also once spent a single week in Paris when she was six years old, was considered likely to "be of use to me" on my journey, I took leave of my dear ones with a weary heart and watery eyes, and set forth upon my travels. I saw my dear mother with her slender figure, her silver hair, and sweet moonlight face, shading her eyes with her hand, and aunt Emily, who looked like a peony with a grizzled crop, both standing in the porch to look after us as long as we

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were in sight; but the turn in the road by the Angler's Home soon came, and hid us from each other, and then I felt fairly launched indeed and very desolate.

"Never mind, dear," said Margery, wiping a sympathetic drop from the tip of her pointed red nose. "I know *shpow* means hat."

We crossed on the 18th of October. It was a lovely day, and the steamer was crowded with passengers. It was too fine, and the sea too smooth, for any one to be ill, so I had the ladies' cabin all to myself, which I infinitely preferred to being in the midst of all those unfamiliar faces. I hitched myself up into a very comfortable berth, close to an open port-hole, through which I watched the great green swirls of water glittering in the sun, and the passage did not seem long. When we landed at Boulogne, the sky was so blue, the shops all looked so different; the fishwomen, with their short petticoats and their baskets on their backs, so curious; everything seemed so sparkling and unaccustomed, that I would not get into a carriage, but taking my bag in my hand walked with Margery the few steps from the boat to the station.

"Would you allow me, muddàm—porty-bag, muddàm?" said a voice at my side. I turned and recognized an Englishman, with a hot and anxious visage, who had just crossed over with us, and who was making for the same destination as ourselves.

"Thank you," I answered; "I can carry it quite easily; it's not at all heavy."

"Oh, Lord, mum!" ejaculated my friend with effusion, "what a blessing it is to hear one's own language again!"

I felt inclined to advise him to venture no farther if he already experienced *mal du pays* to such an extent, but to go back and wait patiently at the pier until the next steamer started for England. We had two blooming young English ladies in our carriage, accompanied by a surly brother in one corner, who was far too satisfied with himself and too discontented with everything else not to have been a freeborn Briton. Just before arriving at the junction where Margery and I were to branch off from the great Paris main line for Marny-les-Monts, "Préparez vos billets, messieurs et mesdames, s'il vous plaît," said the conducteur.

"Stoopid ass!" remarked the Englishman, with sullen scorn; "in England they'd have said 'Tickets!' and there'd have been an end of it."

When we arrived at Hautbuisson (the station at which we had to get out), I found that the Countess had expected us by an earlier train, and had sent her carriage to meet us. Not finding us, however, it had gone home again, and we had to wait some time while another vehicle was being procured for us, so that it was already quite dark when we started for Marny-les-Monts—quite too dark to be able to see anything whatever of the scenery around us. I only felt that suddenly our road took us through the yet thicker black of trees; then again we emerged, and rolled and bumped with a muffled sound over a heavy wooden bridge; toiled up a sandy hill to the lights that were glimmering on the summit; heard a

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noise of loud voices and foreign tongues all vociferating together; and then I suddenly found myself lifted, I hardly knew how, out of the carriage, and into a tall and potent embrace, enveloped in which I was conveyed along, with my feet hardly reaching the ground, into a brilliant drawing-room. Here a tall gentleman bowed to me, who was presented to me as "my brother Charles." He turned with a kind anxiety to my conductress, and said, "Olympe, what will you do about the dinner?"

"She will dine in her own room," answered the Countess, with despotic melancholy.

"But perhaps she would rather come in with us at once, as we are still at table," he suggested, in a low voice.

"She will dine in her own room," repeated the Countess.

"Are you quite sure that you would like that best?" he again attempted, turning to me.

"She will dine in her own room," imperturbably remarked the Countess, without the slightest shade of difference in her intonation.

I was quite too shy to venture any opinion on the subject myself; moreover, I had an intuitive conviction that it was not expected of me: so, dazed with the sudden light and the new faces, and with the strong arm round me, I was carried, still upon the very tips of my toes, up the staircase, and finally deposited in a cheery little chintz bedroom, where, after a hearty kiss of welcome, I was left, much to my relief, to slip on my dressing-gown, put my feet up, and rest both the spirit and the flesh, which were equally tired out.

Presently, while Margery was arranging my things for the night, the cup of tea, which was all that I had asked for, was brought to me. As I lay with closed lids upon the sofa, I heard Margery say, "Here—on table—tray—put;" as if she thought that broken English, uttered in a very decisive manner, and with a break between each word, answered quite the same purpose as French.

"Does mademoiselle wish for anything else?" inquired the little maid.

"Toody swee," Margery observed, with perfect assurance.

"Do you speak French?" the little maid asked her, with a smile.

"Oh, wee," responded the undaunted Margery, adding "Shpow!" in what I thought rather a menacing way, as she kept nodding her head triumphantly at the girl, and giving sharp taps to her own bonnet, by way of convincing her then and there that she knew what was what.

Fortunately an Irish nurse, who had lived with Madame de Caradec ever since the birth of her daughter, just at this juncture arrived opportunely to the rescue, and Margery, having duly attended to my comfort, was borne off by her new friend to be made comfortable herself.

Later in the evening, just as I had finished writing to mother to tell her of my safe arrival, I heard a quick, decided step coming along the passage, and a hurried little tap at the door. "Come in," I said, and a charming child of about sixteen made her appearance. She was short for her age, but did not look so, from her erect carriage, and from the mag-

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nificent way in which her head was set upon her shoulders. She was brilliantly fair, with heaps of golden hair, which she wore turned back from her clear broad forehead. The charm of her face consisted in its great nobility. The expression was one of mixed decision and sweetness; and there was altogether a sort of veiled power about her, which, combined with her childish aspect, made her exceedingly attractive.

"Maman sends me to ask," she said, in her sweet broken English, "will you more tea? or some sirop, perhaps? Have you, indeed, all you want?"

"I see you are Jeanne," said I, holding out my hands to her, and drawing her down on the sofa by my side.

"Yes, I am Jeanne," she replied in French. "I had been out with the hounds all day, and was late for dinner, and dressing in a hurry when you came; that was why you did not see me when you arrived. But Maman was there, I hope, and Charles, and René, to receive you?"

"I saw one gentleman in the drawing-room—your uncle Charles, I believe."

"Yes," said Jeanne; "that was the Marquis."

"And who is René?" asked I.

"Réné is a cousin of Maman's, who comes here to hunt for three months every winter. De Saldes is his other name—René de Saldes. He always does what he pleases, and is never in time for anything. But the Marquis has to mind his *p*'s and *q*'s, or hm—hm!" and she screwed up her mouth and shook her head with a funny little sagacious expression.

"And you," said I, laughing, "are not obliged to mind your *p*'s and *q*'s, but come down when you like?"

"That depends," she answered. "When René comes out with us, I never get a scolding: there is a sort of complicated family machinery about it all, that it is a little difficult to understand at first. I protect the Marquis, and René protects me: not, indeed, that I need much protection; for they all of them spoil me very perfectly in their different ways, and Maman most of all, although she affects to bring me up with the utmost severity. But I must go now, for Maman desired me not to stay and tire you with my gossiping. I hunt to-morrow with our own hounds; but I shall have the pleasure of seeing you at breakfast before we go."

Then bidding me good-night, she left me to the enjoyment of the most perfect bed that ever rested weary limbs.

The next morning I was awoke by feeling something indescribably soft, cool, and fragrant touching my cheek; and I opened my eyes into a large bunch of dewy, fresh-gathered roses. Madame Olympe was standing by my bedside with a heap of exquisite flowers in her hands, with which she proceeded to deck the jars on the chimney-piece and on the table.

She looked very grand and beautiful, enveloped from head to foot in a great white burnous, which fell in thick heavy folds round her stately person, and was altogether a most satisfactory morning vision, with the white hood over her head shading and softening her stern face, as she

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bent over her many-coloured treasures and arranged them silently. When she had filled the vases, she came and sat down on the foot of my bed.

"How are you," she said, "after your journey? rested? It was much better for you to dine in your own room—you would have felt shy and uncomfortable the first evening with strangers."

"Have you people staying with you now?" I inquired.

"Yes: we have René de Saldes, Monsieur Kiowski, and Monsieur Berthier. The first is my cousin, the last two are painter friends of mine. They will amuse you, they make such a contrast to each other. The one is so rapid in everything he does, and the other so slow. When they come together their differences not only appear more pronounced, but actually become so. They act unconsciously upon each other, and Monsieur Kiowski rushes on like a small mill-stream, while Monsieur Berthier takes an hour to say the slightest thing. I am also expecting some time to-day Lady Blankeney and her daughter, and Miss Hamilton."

"My dear Madame Olympe," said I, "I should never have had the courage to come if I had thought to find so many people here."

"Oh," she answered, "you needn't feel at all alarmed: there is only one person to be frightened at in the whole lot, and that is Miss Hamilton. Lady Blankeney is only a harmless, silly sort of little old fly: if you will but let her flutter and buzz, she will be quite content; she does all the talking herself. I rather like it and never think of answering her; and Maria is the quietest of the quiet, and properest of the proper—pure English growth—a bashful, blushing, infantile old maid of nine-and-thirty—the thing don't exist with us. They are both great bores, and I am sorry they should happen to be coming just at this particular time, because I should have liked you to become acquainted with René de Saldes, and he is already gone; knowing they were to be here to-day, he fled early in the morning. I am rather curious to see how they will make it out with Ursula Hamilton; she must startle Lady Blankeney occasionally, I should think."

"What is the tie between them? Is she any relation of theirs?" I inquired.

"There is a sort of distant cousinship," answered Madame Olympe. "Miss Hamilton's father had once a good fortune, which he squandered in every conceivable discreditable way, and then went to live for economy, with his little girl, at Florence. He died some time ago, and Ursula was left all but destitute. She then, to the horror of all her friends, announced her intention of going on the stage, for which, it appears, she has an immense natural talent—when suddenly, by the greatest piece of unlooked-for good luck in the world, a rich old aunt of hers died, and bequeathed her a very large sum of money. So, thank goodness, she gave up (though I do believe it was rather *à contre-cœur*) the notion of singing in public, and Lady Blankeney, who had been in Italy during all her troubles, and carefully ignored both her and them, flew to her the instant she became an heiress, and is now convoying her to England, where she means to

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have the honour and glory of producing the new lioness in fashionable society. I own I'm rather curious to see them together, for ages ago I used to hear about Ursula Hamilton from my cousin, Monsieur de Saldes, who knew her abroad, and she appeared to be anything but an amenable subject, although at that time she was only fifteen or sixteen. But I shall leave you to dress now—you needn't hurry, for we don't breakfast till half-past eleven."

With that she nodded her head in a friendly way, and strode majestically out of the room.

I had been so thoroughly roused by Madame Olympe's visit, that I got up as soon as she had left me. I unfastened those delicious French windows that open from top to bottom, and seem to let all heaven and earth at once into the room, threw back the outer jalousies, and feasted my eyes upon the landscape. Before me lay the park (a bit of land redeemed from the heart of the forest, and cleared for the dwelling of my hostess) dotted all over with clumps of trees: here and there little screens of delicate young poplars, already turned by the season, quivered their golden leaves in the clear splendours of the autumn blue. At the bottom of the hill lay the river, of which my room commanded three different views as it turned and wound about, all glittering and rippling, and covered, as it were, with an ever-vibrating network of light; and beyond, stretching up and on for miles and miles around us, was the great ocean of the forest, drenched in deep dews, steeped in warm sunshine, swaying in the sweet morning freshness, and chanting its solemn hymn of gladness to the Lord of all the beauties of the earth.

When I was dressed, I went into the drawing-room, where I found Madame Olympe, still in the same picturesque costume, assiduously dusting the books upon the table with a feather brush. "This is not much like England after all," thought I.

"We have a new servant," she said in a plaintive tone of voice, "who never touches a thing in the morning, and so I am obliged to go round myself and see to it."

"Why, what does she do?" I inquired; "lie in bed till this hour?"

"The she is a he, whose name is Hyacinthe, and that is what he does!" she answered, pointing with her brush to the chandelier.

I looked up; it was a quaint edifice, built entirely of stags' heads and antlers carved in wood, and it was filled from top to bottom with flowers and leaves grouped together in the loveliest way.

"Look there—and there," she said.

I glanced round the room; in every corner there were heaps and heaps of flowers arranged, with every variety of sword-like rush and feathery plume of grass.

"Would you like to see the artist himself? There he is!" she continued, opening the door which led out into the hall. Beyond the hall was a large portico, fitted up with sofas and chairs, and here, at a table covered with flowers, sat a short fat man with a turn-up nose, pasty face,

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and sentimental aspect, dressing a couple of huge vases. These he afterwards brought in and placed triumphantly upon the chimney-piece; they were entirely filled with the most delicate ferns, intermingled with dark ivy-leaves, which fell over and round the jars in garlands of exquisite grace.

At breakfast I was introduced to Monsieur Berthier, a gentleman who looked about fifty-five years old. He was fair, rather bald, and had the gentlest voice and manner in the world. He very kindly endeavoured to put me at my ease by speaking to me in English, but his pronunciation was so peculiar that I could hardly understand what he said—which made me much more nervous than I was before. However, they all soon found out that I spoke French without difficulty, and then we got on swimmingly.

Monsieur Charles appeared in full hunting costume. He did not wear the green, which is the colour of the Imperial hunt, but a white coat with maroon velvet facings: it was extremely picturesque, and very becoming to pretty little Jeanne, who was charmingly got up in the same colours.

They called this morning meal their breakfast, but it was to all intents and purposes a regular dinner. There were two large dishes of hot meat, two or three others of cold, hot dressed vegetables, salad, eggs, and all served upon the bare oak table without any table-cloth. At the end where Madame Olympe sat, were the urn and breakfast-service; but I observed that everybody drank wine-and-water to begin with, and then gradually arrived at tea as a sort of climax, when a most delicious hot heavy pastrycake was handed round, which they ate with an addition of butter and honey that made me expect to see them die on their chairs by my side. It is but fair to add that this breakfast and their dinner are the only meals partaken of in the day. The servants have their breakfast and dinner immediately after their masters have done, upon what is left; the whole domestic machinery seems to me much simpler than our English arrangements. French servants do not eat or drink half so much as ours do, and make much fewer difficulties. What complicates matters in England a good deal is the separate life led by the children: this does not exist in France, where the children keep for the most part the same hours with their parents, instead of dining apart and early, as ours do.

While we were in the middle of breakfast a figure darted past the window, gesticulating violently—this I found was Monsieur Kiowski, who had been out painting and had not heard the breakfast-bell. Presently he rushed in with his sketch-book in his hand: he was quite young, and very pleasant-looking.

"Mille pardons!" he said, hurrying up to Madame Olympe and kissing her hand. "I hadn't any idea it was so late, but I found the most adorable little bit to paint from the boat-house! When first I got there it was all cool grays and silver tones—a perfect Corot—with just that little bit of dead tree coming in there you see" (showing her the book) "to give it a red accent; but when the sun came out the whole aspect altered from minute to minute, so that I was obliged to give it up at last. I must try and get up early again to-morrow to finish it if possible. Good-

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morning, Jeanne. Good-morning, Marquis. Good-morning, Berthier. Why didn't you come out and have a go at the river too? You have no idea how lovely it looked from the inside of the boat-house; but perfectly adorable!" (and he sent a kiss into the air rapturously from the tip of his fingers). "Yes, some *pommes de terre sautées*, Hyacinthe, if you please."

All this came pelting out in a torrent of French, and in a single breath, and I was perfectly dumfoundered when Madame Olympe presented him to me, and he asked me in equally faultless English if I had had a good night and was rested after my journey?

"Mademoiselle does not look as if she had crossed the sea yesterday: were you ill?" asked Monsieur Berthier in his slow gentle way. "I think the English character never comes out more strongly than on board a steamboat," he continued. "The feeling of *decency—le convenable*—is what English people never lose sight of—English women more especially: even the tortures of sea-sickness they manage to control, and retire to some secluded corner with their basin, hoping to shroud from observation an attitude which no amount of will can render graceful or dignified. I saw a vulgar Spaniard once, when I was crossing over to England: he had been making game of a poor Meess, who, with English forethought, had provided herself with a basin before the vessel started. He straddled about on deck with a great chain and a gaudy cane, and said in a swaggering way, 'Look at all these poor wretches who are determined to be ill! Their precautions are exactly what makes them so; they are afraid, and give in, and of course are sick immediately; but if one walks up and down as I do, and smokes as I do, and sings as I do, one is never ill.' He began executing some roulades as the boat steamed out of harbour; the sea was terrible, and before ten minutes were over, my Spaniard, who had suddenly lapsed into ominous silence and gradually become of a hue the like of which I never beheld before or since on any human countenance, uttered a discordant shriek, and made a violent plunge at a basin he saw upon a bench near him—the ship lurched, the basin rolled off, and he rolled after it and lay wallowing there on the ground where he fell, an utterly demoralized and disgusting object; but so miserable and so regardless of all appearances that I assure you he became almost grand through excess of suffering, and the entire absence of self-consciousness. Meess, with her basin in her corner, and all her British dignity, was *little* by the side of that Spaniard in the agony of his utter self-abandonment."

We all laughed, but Madame Olympe took the English side of the question and stood up for it very vigorously. Monsieur Berthier turned to me.

"Confess that you went downstairs and tried to hide yourself from every one; you would not be English if you had not done this. I remember at one time of my life having to pass every day the English pastrycook's at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli. I used to see the English Misses there eating cakes, and when I looked in at the window at them (for they were almost always pretty) they took a crumb at a time, but

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when I passed on, and they thought they were not seen any more, they put enormous pieces into their mouths, and ate with as much voracity as other people. I used to amuse myself with pretending to go by, and then coming back stealthily to watch them from the corner of the window, and they always did the same."

"Well," said Monsieur Kiowski, "and very right too: you seem to think it ridiculous and unpoetical, but after all, it shows a regard for the feelings of others, and a certain sense of beauty too, which in my humble opinion are qualities rather than defects."

André now came to say that the horses were at the door, and we all went out upon the perron to see them start. Jeanne embraced her mother, and the Marquis kissed his sister's hand before they mounted. The horses were English, and very handsome beasts, and the Marquis's tall slight figure in his gay uniform, and with his great hunting-horn slung over his shoulder, looked uncommonly well as they passed in and out through the trees, with the sun shining full upon them. How I envied them their ride,—I, who could not even walk!

"I am sorry I cannot drive you to the meet to-day," said Madame Olympe to me, "because these people are coming. However, you must see it one day before you go; it is very different from the English hunting, but it is very pretty in the forest, and we can follow it perfectly in a carriage and see all the sport."

While we were still standing on the perron watching the receding figures as they went down the hill, we saw a little black object with a white head-dress flitting swiftly towards the house. As she came nearer to us, I saw that it was a Sister of Charity.

"It is the Sœur Marie," said Madame Olympe, going forward to meet her. "The school-children are under her direction and she is the good angel of the neighbouring village. Good-morning, my sister. Are you come to see me about the school-feast, or to tell me of some of your poor people who want help? Will you not come in and have some breakfast?"

"Oh, no, Madame la Comtesse," said the little sister. "I breakfasted long ago; besides, I must not eat such dainty things as you would give me in your goodness: my wicked body must be mortified, and I must keep a tight rein over the sinful appetites of the flesh."

We could hardly help laughing at this speech proceeding from the mouth of the poor sister. She was a spare, small old creature, mere skin and bone, with a pale childish toothless face, small brown watery eyes, and a feeble beseeching voice. Her whole figure had something eager, anxious, and imploring, in its expression, and her quick gait and restless activity, combined with the flutter of her draperies, and a way she had of leaning slightly forward, always somehow gave her the appearance of flying.

"Well, but a glass of wine and a little bit of cake, my sister—at least that after your long walk? Surely that comes under the head of necessary sustenance?"

"No, no, my dear lady," answered the little sister, with childish

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earnestness; "I must wrestle with temptation, and overthrow my rebellious passions."

"And why are you not more warmly clad, Sœur Marie?" continued Madame Olympe. "The day is treacherous—warm in the sun and cold in the shade. What have you done with the woollen handkerchief I gave you to keep those little bones of yours warm?"

"Oh, Madame la Comtesse must not be angry," said the little creature, looking imploringly up in her face, "but old Nanon has had her rheumatism so badly of late, that I gave it to her. Madame knows how I value her kindness, but the poor Nanon was so suffering, and, for the moment, I really had no use for it."

"That is always the way," said Madame Olympe, turning to me; "she never keeps anything for herself. However, I do hope that the india-rubber bottle which you brought over for me will be of some comfort to her during the winter; perhaps, as that is neither food nor clothing, I may be able to persuade her to keep it."

She then sent for one of those india-rubber bags which she had begged me to bring from England for her, and when the servant had fetched it she gave it to the old sister, saying, "Here, my sister, is something to make you comfortable in the winter."

Sœur Marie took it with overflowing gratitude, but evidently without having the slightest idea what was to be done with it, or how it was to be made use of. Madame Olympe watched her for a minute or two, and then, finding that she was too timid and humble to make any inquiry, she proceeded to explain to her the method of unscrewing it, putting in the hot water, and screwing it up again. Sœur Marie was in an ecstasy of delight.

"There!" said Madame Olympe. "On cold winter nights, when it is full of nice hot water, and you are in bed, my sister, you see you can clap it here—or here—or here—or just wherever you please!" and she whisked it about all over her own body as she spoke, with a droll unconsciousness, and a dear, benevolent beaming face, quite unlike any expression I had thought her countenance capable of. It was charming to see her unbend so completely, and become so sweet and tender to the poor flittering little nun.

Presently they went in together, to talk over a feast that Madame de Caradec was going to give the school-children, and Monsieur Berthier and I went strolling slowly round the house.

It was quite the most enjoyable dwelling I ever was in: I believe, from the fact that it was entirely devoid of any pretension to architectural importance. Wherever a pretty view or sunny aspect invited one to sit, and look or bask, as the case might be, great wide balconies had been thrown out, with awnings moveable at pleasure; in other places, there were cool verandahs, with seats, for those who preferred the shade. I expressed my approbation of the exterior of the house to Monsieur Berthier. Just then a jalousie was thrown vehemently open, and Monsieur Kiowski's head appeared at the window above us.

"You have delicious weather for your little walk," he remarked to me,

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with great urbanity; then in French to Monsieur Berthier,—"I envy you, mon cher; you, who are able to enjoy your holiday in peace."

"I think I have some little right to enjoy it," returned the other; "I have earned it by working hard enough, I am sure. I was grinding away at the wheel until the very last moment before I came here."

"But at all events," said Monsieur Kiowski, "when you have done, you have done. Monsieur has given his lessons, Monsieur walks, Monsieur talks, Monsieur takes his leisure; while I, after working like a galley-slave in order to get the underpainting of my picture done before coming over, have brought with me two drawings, which I am absolutely obliged to finish by the end of this week, besides any quantity of letters which I have always delayed answering, from a futile idea that I should find time at Marny-les-Monts for everything I wanted to do. What a lovely day it is!" He then again said to me in English,—"How I should like to come down and bask in the sun!"

"Why don't you come? what is it that you are doing at the present moment?" I asked rather satirically.

"Writing my letters," he answered with perfect naïveté, leaning his arms upon the window-sill and looking out at us.

"Well," said Monsieur Berthier, as we walked on, "and the interior of the house? You do not say what impression that makes upon you?"

"I have been here such an instant of time," I answered, "that I hardly dare trust my own impressions. How striking little Jeanne is! She seems to me like a clasped book: if ever I get the clasps open I'm sure that I shall like what I shall read; but she is not easy to know, and I should think did not readily attach herself to strangers. However, she is exactly what I expected to find her, from all her mother had written about her to my mother."

"And Madame de Caradec," he continued, "is she also what you expected to find her?"

"No," said I, laughing, "for I was told that she was rather imposing, and I find her positively alarming, and I was told that she had been handsome and I think her perfectly beautiful still—don't you?"

"I see that you are very impressionable," he said, smiling at my enthusiasm, "but of course I see her differently who have known her from her childhood. Ah! that first youth! how beautiful it is! It has a charm—a mystery—so soon lost, and that nothing afterwards, however fine, can compensate for!—at least such is my opinion. You think her beautiful now: then just imagine what she must have been at sixteen, when I first knew her. She was a famous beauty then, I assure you! You know I was her drawing-master, and I shall never forget the day that I gave her her first lesson. I went there never yet having seen her, and I was perfectly bewildered (I too was young then) when I beheld this vision of heavenly beauty before me! Madame your mother was sitting working in the room at the time. I knew her very well—Madame Hope and I were great friends."

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"I have constantly heard mother say so," said I, "and it has been a real delight to me to come among the people I have so often heard her speak of with affection. But did Madame de Caradec always look as proud and sad as she does now?" I inquired.

"No," answered Monsieur Berthier. "That expression came with trouble and with time: it dates back to an old story of disappointed attachment. Did Madame Hope never mention Monsieur Hamilton to you?" he asked, after a slight pause. "He used to come to the house a great deal during the time that she was in France. Well, it was for him that Madame de Caradec once had a very profound sentiment. He made no sign, however, of any corresponding feeling, beyond seeming to admire her very much; so much, indeed, that everybody was quite surprised that he did not come forward and offer to marry her, but he did not, and it was then that she first began to look proud and hard. She remained single—courted, followed, and adored as she was, until she was seven-and-twenty; and then, to the amazement of every one, as you may conceive, she suddenly chose from among all her suitors the old Comte de Caradec, who was at least sixty when she accepted him. He was a charming old man, and very fond and proud of her, and I think she might have been happy, or at all events tolerably contented with her life, if unluckily at her father's death (which took place seven or eight years after she was married) she had not found amongst his papers a letter from her old love, declaring his feeling for her, and containing a proposal of marriage. They had kept it from her—never consulted her—never even given her the little comfort of knowing that he had really cared for her. After this discovery, she had a long dangerous illness, through which her poor old husband nursed her with the tenderest devotion; but though through his care she eventually recovered, everything like happiness was at an end, and she became at once and for ever the stern melancholy woman that you see her now."

"And what became of Colonel Hamilton?" I inquired, eagerly.

"Oh, the brilliant colonel went abroad and ran away with an Italian prima donna, who died soon after, leaving him an only daughter: that is the Miss Hamilton who is coming to-day. I shall be very glad to see her again—I used to see a great deal of her at Florence."

"What sort of man was Colonel Hamilton?" said I. "Were you acquainted with him?"

"Yes," answered Monsieur Berthier. "He passed a considerable portion of his time in Paris; but I own he always appeared to me *to be* perfectly uninteresting."

"Was he handsome?" said I.

"He was thought so in the fashionable world," he replied; "and I have observed that that is a thing which always goes a very long way with your sex; they seldom have the courage to admire what is not generally admired by the women of their acquaintance. I confess I thought him rather insignificant-looking myself; he used to dress in the most exaggerated height

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of the fashion, and always looked as if he had just walked out of the *Journal des Modes.*

"But," said I, "surely there must have been something remarkable about him to make a woman of that character care for him so much. Was he clever in any way, or amusing?"

"No," answered Monsieur Berthier; "he was dull, unoriginal, and commonplace; and I own I never myself could understand the attraction he had for her." Here he paused and looked at the landscape, and then added with a gentle sigh,—"Perhaps she had seen him in his uniform."

We were passing once more under Monsieur Kiowski's window, and he popped out his head again.

"Have you been as far as the stables, Miss Hope?" he inquired.

I told him that I had not yet, whereupon he addressed Monsieur Berthier.

"Monsieur Berthier, have you seen the stables since you have been here this time? There is a Virginia creeper already turned crimson, growing up the wall, and all over the roof, which is too wonderfully beautiful! That crimson against the stone-colour, and the red of the leaf upon the red of the tiles, makes the most divine harmony I ever beheld!"

"Will you go and see it?" said Monsieur Berthier to me.

I was beginning to feel rather tired, so I declined.

"I advise you to go and see that, mon cher," continued Monsieur Kiowski; "it is marvellously fine. There!" he said, craning his neck out of the window, until I was afraid he would fall. "When I stretch out like that, I just get a corner of the foliage gleaming like rubies against the blue sky." He then held up his hand to try the value of the flesh-coloured tone against the light, and added to me—"What a delicious air, to be sure! *un venticello che consola!* I really think I must come down."

"Why don't you?" said I, once more. "Are you working very hard at the present moment?"

Hélas!" said he, with a sigh.

"What at?" asked I.

"At one of my drawings," he answered quite seriously.

"Do tell me," I inquired of Monsieur Berthier, "of what nation Monsieur Kiowski is?"

"English," he replied; "of Polish origin, I fancy, but his family is English, and so is he.

"Is not his French quite wonderful?" said I.

"Yes," he answered, "but not more so, I believe, than his Italian and German. I have heard Germans say they should have taken him for a German."

"Ah! imagine what happens to me!" screamed Madame Olympe from the house; "such a telegram from Lady Blankeney!"

She hurried out in fits of laughter, with the paper in her hand. It was as follows:—

"Lady Blankeney, Hôtel Bristol, Paris, to Madame la Comtesse de

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Caradec, à Marny-les-Monts, près Champenay, Oise. Dearest Countess —in despair—we bring a fiddler—too dreadful—so shocked—pardon."

"One of Ursula's queer artist friends evidently," said Madame Olympe, "or Lady Blankeney would not have thought it necessary to apologize: some ill-combed genius that she has picked up abroad and brought along with her, no doubt. The question is, where on earth I am to lodge him? I haven't a corner to spare; I have been obliged to put Madame Simon, the housekeeper, who is ill, into Jeanne's room, in order to give her more air; and Jeanne already sleeps with me. There would be René's room, but then he is so uncertain that I never dare make use of it—he might get bored in Paris, you know," turning to Monsieur Berthier, "and come back at any moment. There's no use in telegraphing back to say I can't take the fiddler in, for they must already have started. Monsieur Kiowski only goes away on Wednesday; what on earth am I to do?"

"Dear Madame Olympe," said I, "do pray make some use of my room. I see that there is a sofa-bed in it; why shouldn't you put Miss Blankeney or Miss Hamilton into my bed and let me sleep on that? You know the *cabinet de toilette* affords every sort of convenience for double dressing."

This was an obvious arrangement to propose. My room was large and cheery, with only the bed in it to prevent it from looking like a pretty sitting-room, and beyond, opening into it, there was another smaller room, with all the washing and dressing appurtenances kept completely to themselves.

"You save my life!" said Madame Olympe. "Miss Blankeney is frightened to death if she is not quite close to her mother; but Ursula was to have had the little room next to yours. We will stick the fiddler in there, and put Ursula up with you, since you are good enough to have her. She shall sleep on the sofa, though—I won't have you turned out of your comfortable bed for any one. And now come in, for you are looking quite exhausted, and you must put your feet up upon the sofa."

She took me in, and established me, in spite of the feeble remonstrance I ventured to make, upon a wonderful sort of gigantic double sofa that stood in the drawing-room, midway between the fire-place and an oriel window, which commanded a lovely view of the river and the forest. She arranged the pillows for me, and then went out into the hall and brought back a soft shawl, with which she wrapped my feet round as tenderly as mother would, looking all the while so grand, and stately, and abstracted, that I was quite confused, and felt as though I were being waited upon by some great queen.

She went to the piano, opened it, and began one of Beethoven's sonatas. She played with a good deal of power and feeling, and with an evident love of her subject. I listened in enchantment. Monsieur Berthier took a book and sat down in a corner, but I saw that he was looking from underneath his eyebrows much oftener at her than at his book.

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While she was still playing, a carriage drove up to the door, and Lady Blankeney was announced. I was going to get up from the sofa, when Madame Olympe, who had left the piano, put me down again with a strong arm, and saying in an imperative voice, "Don't move! don't move!" held me there steadily till the whole party had entered the room. First came a short thin old lady, fashionably dressed in a brown gown and pink bonnet; then a tall woman in a complete travelling suit of grays, with fair hair and projecting teeth, and then a young lady with a sallow face and large black eyes: she was dressed in black, and was closely followed by a little pale miserable-looking mortal, muffled from head to foot in a long great-coat, and with a huge comforter rolled two or three times round his throat.

"How d'ye *do*, dear Madame de Caradec! How d'ye *do!* Here we all are at last! Is that the princess?" she said, in a low voice, looking at me; "so delightful to find her still here! Pray present me. I shall be so charmed to make her acquaintance!"

"It isn't the princess," said Madame Olympe, rather drily; "it's only Miss Hope, my old governess's daughter." At which piece of information all the smiles vanished in an instant from Lady Blankeney's countenance, and she looked carefully in another direction.

"Miss Hamilton," said Madame Olympe, going up to the young lady in black, "I am glad to see you at Marny."

"And I to be here," answered a full contralto voice, with a remarkably distinct utterance. "This is Monsieur Dessaix," she continued, introducing her friend. "He has come all the way from Germany to see me, and if I had not brought him along with me, I must have stayed behind myself, so I hope you will forgive the liberty I have taken."

Madame Olympe bowed slightly, and so did the little man. He and Miss Hamilton were standing close together at the head of the sofa, and presently I heard him say to her in a low querulous voice,—

"My angel, I am suffocating!"

"Take off your comforter then, you stupid old owl," she answered, in a whisper.

"It will have a much better air if I wait till I go upstairs——but I am suffocating!"

"Then suffocate," she said, and went off into a giggle.

"Do not laugh, I entreat of thee," he continued; "thou wilt make me ridiculous before all these people; thy young friend with the teeth detests me already; if she could kill me she would. Well! what is going to be done now?" he continued, looking round with a discontented air; "is everybody going away? Ah, pour l'amour de Dieu, ne me laisse pas seul avec la morte!" This last was said in a sudden agonized whisper, as he saw Miss Hamilton preparing to follow the other ladies out of the room, but his terror made it quite audible, and "the morte" could not help laughing too. They then all went out together to take a turn in the grounds, and I remained lying on my sofa, rather tired, a little puzzled, and very much diverted.

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I lay there and thought my thoughts, and looked out at the forest, and the river, and the sky, and as the time drew on I saw the water grow blood-red with the reflection of sunset clouds, and the trees grow darker and darker in the clear heavens, until at last they stood cut out in a thousand delicate and fantastic shapes in perfect black against the golden evening air. Then all the various hues melted and deepened together into one strange passionate amber twilight; a magical sound of horns playing in concert came dimly up out of lost distances, then a pleasant noise of voices and of horses' hoofs coming slowly up the hill, and presently Jeanne made her appearance followed by Hyacinthe and the lamp, and all the dreams vanished away with the bright light.

They had had famous sport and she was in high spirits. "You mustn't let me dawdle and chatter too long," she said, as she came and sat on a footstool by the side of the sofa, "or I shall be late for dinner again. The Marquis wanted badly to take a walk in the garden, but Maman has sent him to his room to get ready, and I must be in time too, as we have no René to-day to fall back upon."

"Are you sorry he is gone?" said I.

"I believe so!" was the emphatic answer.

"Tell me about him," said I. "What is he like? At all like your uncle Charles?"

She laughed. "Oh, no! nothing was ever more different. Why, Charles is not at all handsome—at least I suppose people wouldn't think him so, though I like his looks. His features are not particularly good I daresay; but he has a distinguished air for all that, which I care for a great deal more. Now about René there cannot be two opinions; he is simply magnificent."

Her funny little decided manner made me smile. "And what is he besides—amiable and kind?"

"No," said Jeanne; "he is certainly not amiable, and I am not quite sure that he is very kind. It is my poor Marquis that is all this. He does himself so little justice, and is so simple and unpretending, that one has to live with him before one finds out all the goodness that he keeps hidden away under a bushel. His kindness to the poor is inconceivable, and his courtesy of manner to them—I never saw any one with such delicate consideration as he has for all those who are in an inferior position to himself. Then no one is so sincere as he, or of such scrupulous niceness in all matters of honour; and as for his tact, it is unequalled, and would alone render him easy and agreeable to live with. René, at bottom, rather looks down upon him. René is travelled, and learned, and artistic, and interesting—above all, interesting; that is the very word for him. But he never thinks much about anybody, that I can see, except himself: and yet somehow, I don't know why, one can't help having a feeling of immense respect for him; I suppose, because he has always the air of despising one so—it gives one immediately a morbid desire after his approbation and notice. It is a great thing for us to have him come here

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in the winters; we should fall back into the benighted state of the middle ages, and do nothing but kill our hogs and eat them, if it were not for him! He keeps us all up to the mark. I always read up to him when he is coming, and we never dare shut an eye of an evening; and Maman dresses herself properly, and puts on no more gowns that were made in the year one; and Charles does not make any dirty jokes; and even the cook sends up superhuman dinners when he is at Marny! Do you understand him at all from my description?"

"I am afraid," I answered, "that what I do understand I should not very much like."

"Oh, you couldn't help liking him!" she interrupted. "One must feel drawn to him when he smiles his little tired smile, and looks sadly at one with those charming eyes of his."

"Why does he look unhappy?" I inquired; "has he had troubles?"

"O dear, no!" said Jeanne; "he has always been very prosperous. Maman says he is sad because he has always his own way; but yet she, like every one else, gives it to him. The Marquis fights, and struggles, and contends, and always goes to the wall, repulsed with loss; while with René it is just the reverse—he never discusses, and never submits."

The clock struck half-past seven, and we hurried upstairs. I went into my *cabinet de toilette*, which possessed a door giving into the corridor, as well as the one opening into the bedroom, and dressed for dinner, leaving the larger room for Miss Hamilton. I made haste, and got down before she did, and was sitting in the drawing-room with the others when she came in.

I was perfectly amazed at the transformation that dress and lamplight made in her. I had thought her all but plain on her arrival; now she appeared to me one of the most striking-looking persons I had ever seen. All the positive beauty of the face lay in the upper part. Large dark powerful eyes with heavy lids, almost always half-closed, gave her a most peculiar expression. Her eyelashes were the longest and thickest I ever beheld. They curled up at the ends, and stood out beyond her nose, as one looked at her in profile. Her eyebrows were coal-black and perfectly straight, and lay like a bar across her broad pale forehead, on which great masses of crisp black hair grew very low. She had a small, delicately shaped nose, with sensitive nostrils; her upper lip was too long, and her mouth, which was thin, had a perpetual sarcastic motion, which was strange, and not agreeable, in one so young. Her complexion was bad, and she had little or no colour; but the skin, which looked yellow and dingy in the morning, became a sort of wonderful cream-colour by candle-light. Her figure was perfectly magnificent, and there was a picturesqueness in all her movements which made it a delight to be in the room with her. I suppose I should have thought her tall in any other house, for she told me that she was five foot seven; but Madame Olympe was five foot ten, and anyhow no one had a chance of looking tall where she was.

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The dinner went off well, and was extremely amusing. There had been a slight difficulty about the order of our going in. Of course Monsieur Charles had to take in Lady Blankeney; Madame Olympe then said, "Where is Monsieur Dessaix? He was here not a minute ago."

Monsieur Dessaix looked about forty; he was at all events considerably older than Monsieur Kiowski. He therefore was to have been Miss Blankeney's partner; but just at the moment that he was called for by Madame Olympe, I saw him stoop down and hide behind a large arm-chair, from which place of refuge, as soon as he saw Monsieur Kiowski invested with his honours and conveying the fair Maria safely in to dinner, he emerged, and quietly offered his arm to Ursula. Jeanne and I went in together, leaving Monsieur Berthier for Madame Olympe. Fortunately her head had been turned the other way, and I don't think any one but Miss Hamilton and I were the wiser for the manœuvre which had just been performed.

"Dost thou find me changed since thou sawest me last?" said Monsieur Dessaix to Miss Hamilton, with a melancholy air.

The table was round and the party small, so that every one was more or less within earshot of all that passed. I saw the sharp look of amazed disapprobation which came over Madame Olympe's face as, for the first time, the *thee and thou* which had surprised me, attracted her attention. I saw that she was riveted—evidently for a moment thinking that she must have heard amiss; but the answer did not keep us long waiting—it came ringing out distinctly in Miss Hamilton's grave tones:—

"What change dost thou expect me to find in thee, Jacques? Thy hair has not turned white in five weeks' time."

"No," said he; "but it has fallen off dreadfully during those five weeks. Dost thou see how bald I am becoming?"

"I have observed," said Monsieur Berthier to me, "that men become bald much more frequently than women. One can hardly enter a room where there are a few persons assembled, without seeing some man with a bald head. If you look round the table here, you will see that out of the four male heads present there are three already bald: Monsieur Charles, Monsieur Dessaix, and myself. Of course there must be some reason for a fact which there is no disputing, and I have always attributed it to the work of thought which goes continually on in the brain of man."

"Ah, my old enemy!" cried Ursula, from the other side of the table. "We don't think, don't we?"

"No, I do not quite say that," he answered, laughing gently; "but you will allow that women's thoughts are generally occupied with less weighty considerations: much of the child's nature enters into the composition of woman. And note well that this is no accusation; on the contrary, it is one of your greatest charms, in my opinion, and it is that quality which gives you the power of relaxing and reposing the mind of man when it is weary with solving the serious problems of life."

"Belle vocation!" said she, and down went the corners of her mouth.

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"As for the problems of life, not to me, nor to you either, will it be given to solve them, my dear Berthier."

"Monsieur Dessaix, what will you eat?" asked Madame Olympe, seeing that his plate was empty.

"Some of that little corpse if you please, Madame la Comtesse," he answered feebly, pointing to a fowl that looked very white in the middle of brown gravy.

Jeanne gave one wild compressed look at Monsieur Charles, hastily seized some water, and exploded in her glass with a tremendous noise.

"I am not laughing—I am not laughing—I am not laughing," said Madame Olympe, with menacing sternness.

"I perceive," said I, turning to Monsieur Berthier, "that you think us greatly inferior to men."

"Don't talk to him, Miss Hope," said Ursula; "he has the worst opinion of us. Oh, I know him of old!"

"I assure you this is not so," he replied, with gentle slowness. "I think very highly of certain qualities which you possess, and I even find great charm in your society; but I must own that in the matter of the intellect, I cannot help observing that heaven has gifted men in a manner which has been denied to your sex. What woman has ever brought to perfection any serious work? Come, let us see—let us compare. It is only by comparing that one can arrive at the truth. Let us see: what woman has ever written a great poem—a *Faust*, for instance?"

The only woman's poem important in form that I had ever read was *Aurora Leigh*; but I was sure that if any one at table knew it, it would be only Monsieur Berthier, and that he would of course immediately launch either Milton or Shakspeare at my head, so I held my tongue.

"At all events there is one great woman writer at the present moment in France," said Monsieur Dessaix; "what do you say to Georges Sand? She may not be a writer of poems, but a great poet she undoubtedly is, although her works are in prose."

As he spoke, I saw—did I see?—yes—with my own eyes—I saw him stick his fork into a little piece of fried bread which was upon Miss Hamilton's plate, and transfer it to his own; there were several bits, and one by one he took them all. She only laughed, and abused him playfully. I looked anxiously towards Madame Olympe—she coloured deeply and appeared greatly shocked and displeased.

"Nevertheless I hold by my position," said Monsieur Berthier, with insistive mildness. "What woman has written, or ever will write, a *Faust*—a *Hamlet*? What woman has ever painted a fine picture? What woman has ever composed a great opera? Even as executants they are surpassed by men."

"I deny it," said Ursula, vehemently. "If you have had your Talma and your Rubini, we have had our Siddons, and our Pasta, and our Malibran, and we still have our Pauline Viardot!"

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"Even in pianoforte playing," continued Monsieur Berthier, smiling, "what woman ever played like Liszt, for instance?"

"Oh!" cried Miss Hamilton, "if it is to be a question of physical strength, of course I give in!"

"Not at all—not at all," persisted Monsieur Berthier; "but what woman ever approached on the piano, the delicacy and the sentiment of Chopin's playing?"

"Ah, who indeed!" said Monsieur Dessaix, who had known and loved him. "What was it like? When one seeks a similitude for it, one thinks involuntarily of things delicious and evanescent in nature—the shadow of the flight of a bird—the tremulous flicker of leaves over a bit of sunny ground—and so human too! it was the very embodiment of rêverie: nothing was ever in the least like it!"

"You see," said Monsieur Berthier, laughing gently, "that even in things which only require tenderness and delicacy, in which one would naturally imagine that the superiority would lie with your sex——"

"And so it does!" cried Ursula. "You are below your subject,—or you would be aware that the two functions which most nearly affect the happiness of the human race, are confided solely to the sensitive epiderme and the unequalled delicacy of touch of women—the rolling of your tobacco and your tea-leaves!"

The dinner wound up with an ugly ceremony enough: they all rinsed their mouths, and gargled their throats, and spat into their finger-glasses, with as much energy as if they had been cleaning their teeth in their own bedrooms. Lady Blankeney and her daughter alone, like women of principle, only just wet the tips of their fingers, after the English fashion. Miss Hamilton was much more like a foreigner than an Englishwoman in all her ways; as for me, I have no strength of mind, and so, though I thought it rather nasty, I did as Rome did; after which we returned to the drawing-room, in the same order in which we had left it.

"Well, my dear Countess," said Lady Blankeney, blandly smiling, "and what do you think of our two geniuses?"

"Geniuses!" said Madame Olympe, looking like thunder. "I don't know what their morals may be, but I never saw such bad manners in all my days!"

I glanced round in great anxiety, for Madame Olympe's indignation had hardly confined itself to a whisper: most fortunately both Ursula and Monsieur Dessaix had left the room.

"O dear! no, really! I *am* so grieved!" said Lady Blankeney in a nervous flutter. "I know our dear Ursula *is* rather peculiar. I always think geniuses *are* a little peculiar; but, dear me, I *am* so sorry! But was there anything very—very—eh?"

"I never beheld such ill-bred familiarity in all my life!" said Madame Olympe.

"He calls her thou—— four, five, six," said Miss Maria, who had taken some tapestry-work out of a bag and was counting her stitches.

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"He ate out of her plate!" cried Madame Olympe. "It is disgusting!"

"Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen—she took his bread," said Miss Maria, with a spiteful smile.

"Pray has this sort of thing been going on all the time?" asked Madame Olympe, turning severely upon Lady Blankeney.

"O dear, no!" stuttered Lady Blankeney, scared to death. "No—I rather think not—I should not exactly say so."

"He kissed her when he came—twenty-four," said Maria.

"Kissed her!" shouted Madame Olympe.

"Oh, good gracious me, Maria!" exclaimed poor Lady Blankeney. "Why, never! I *really* think there *must* be some little mistake here!"

"Twenty-eight—I saw him do it," said Maria, with a quiet giggle.

While I was lying on the sofa, listening with regret to the storm of opinion that was setting in against Miss Hamilton—for whom, in spite of her strange ways, I could not help feeling the strongest attraction—I heard her and Monsieur Dessaix tranquilly pacing up and down together before the house. Suddenly Jeanne, who was at the window, shut it down very quickly and softly, and coming up to me said, in a low voice:—"My heavens, she is smoking! We must prevent Maman from looking out."

"Dearest Madame Olympe," I said—arresting her progress just as by some odd instinct she was crossing the room and making straight for the window—"would it be too much to ask you for the little cushion which is lying in the chair close by you?" She brought it, and arranged it tenderly under my head. I then took her hand, holding it fast while I spoke to her, until in a fit of absence she quite forgot her original purpose, and subsided gradually into a seat beside me, where I kept her talking about mother, until at last the danger was over and I saw Ursula and her friend reappear.

The beginning of the evening did not go off comfortably. None of the component parts of our little society seemed to amalgamate; they all fell asunder in a helpless, hopeless sort of way. Monsieur Charles went fast asleep in one of the large arm-chairs. Miss Maria worked on, never opening her lips except to count her stitches. Monsieur Kiowski and Monsieur Berthier were at the other end of the room, looking over some valuable prints. Monsieur Jacques made an attempt to speak to Lady Blankeney, but she withdrew from him with an extremely offended air, and went and sat by the chimney, where she dribbled away in never-ending inanity about Lady This, and Sir Somebody Something, to Madame Olympe, who was standing before the fire with her gown well tucked up in front, rocking herself backwards and forwards in displeased abstraction. Both Ursula and Monsieur Jacques seemed rather isolated and neglected. I do not know whether she perceived it, but he certainly did. Presently she came and placed herself at the table which stood before my sofa.

"Are you obliged always to lie down?" said she. "Can you occupy

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yourself in that position? Do you ever play at games? Will you play a game of chess with me?"

The chess-board was on the table before us, so we opened it, and began a game. After we had been playing some time, Monsieur Dessait, having no one to speak to, came and sat down by us.

"Ursula," said he, in a low voice, "dost thou think I have made an agreeable impression upon thy friends?"

"I daresay you have. Why shouldn't you?" she answered. "It is your move, Miss Hope."

"Thou art mistaken, my darling. They detest me—thy new friends I mean: thy great countess who warms herself so majestically at the fire there; Lady Blankeney, too, has begun to hate me."

"Check!" said I.

"Thou art brimful of fancies," said Miss Hamilton. "Why on earth should she hate thee?"

"Didst thou not see how she moved to the other side of the room just now?" he replied. "That was to avoid me."

I, who had seen her do it, and heard the conversation which had preceded this performance of hers, knew very well that it was no fancy of his, but that she had simply gone over to the enemy and made up her mind to repudiate him from the moment that she discovered that he was not a success.

"Dost thou mean to sing to-night?" he continued, in his usual little level tone of discontent. "Do not do it; it always has a much better air to refuse the first evening."

"Check!" said I again. "No, you can't move there—that is in check to the knight."

"Dost thou believe that they will ask me to play? It would be indecent of them to do it after my journey—wouldn't it? I shall refuse; they are so insolent, these aristocrats! Thou dost not know them as I know them," said Monsieur Jacques.

"There, Jacques! you have made me lose my castle!" cried Miss Hamilton.

"I will be silent, since I bore thee," he said, and he took up a book and pretended to read. Presently, however, he looked at her over the top of it very mournfully, and began again:—

"My Ursula! Is it possible that I bore thee!"

"Check," said I. "No, you cannot go there on account of the white bishop."

"That I bore thee!" he ejaculated, with his melancholy little dark eyes fixed upon her.

"Oh, Jacques, *do* hold your tongue!"

"I'm afraid it's checkmate," said I.

"And that's your fault!" she cried, laughing, and gave him a box on the ear.

I looked round in an agony. Luckily no one was turned our way, and

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nobody saw it, except little Jeanne, who was sitting by my side; she screwed up her mouth very tight, and opened her eyes very wide, but I knew she was safe, and would tell no tales.

"Mademoiselle Ursula, are you too tired to sing at all this evening?" said Monsieur Berthier. "It is some years since I have had the pleasure of hearing you, but I have not forgotten those beautiful chest notes; you have, no doubt, made great progress since that time. You were only just beginning to learn then, you know."

"Do not sing, I entreat of thee," murmured Monsieur Jacques in her ear; "it is better *genre* not to sing the night that one arrives."

"Oh, do not prevent her from doing what would make us all so happy," said I; "that is," turning to her, "if you really are not too tired."

"No, indeed," she replied. "I should like to sing to you, if Madame de Caradec does not object to our using the piano."

Madame Olympe rose from her seat sullenly, without a word, and went and opened the instrument; after which she proceeded to light two small lamps. Monsieur Kiowski was anxious to be of use to her, and fidgeted round her with a lucifer-match, which he had rushed to get from the hall; but she ignored him completely; steadily, in the face of his match, lit her lamps at a private bit of paper of her own, which was an hour taking fire, and nearly walked over him as she stalked up to the piano and placed them upon the desk.

Ursula then sat down and sang the famous air of "Lascia ch'io pianga" with such breadth and pathos, and such a glorious contralto voice, that we were all thrown into a state of the greatest commotion—all except Miss Blankeney. I looked at her, and I could see her lips forming Four, five, six to herself. "Brava! brava! e mille volte brava! mi consolo tanto!" shouted Monsieur Kiowski, who had drawn an arm-chair exactly opposite to her when she began, into which he had thrown himself rather protectingly and with the air of a connoisseur, and who now jumped up from it with all the real enthusiasm of an artist. As for me, my nerves were in a very shaky condition, and I had never heard anything half so beautiful, and I began to cry. She was going to get up, when Madame Olympe, who was standing behind her, put her hands upon her shoulders, and saying with emotion, "Oh! how *grand* it is! Some more, some more!" pressed her down into her seat. She sang for us until she was quite tired—whatever she knew by heart, for her music had not yet been unpacked, and as soon as she had done one thing there was a cry for another. At last Madame Olympe took her hands, and saying in a penetrated voice, "Oh! *how* you sing! how happy you are to be able to give such *deep* happiness to others!" embraced her. "And your friend Monsieur Dessaix," she continued, turning to him courteously—for the music had melted away all her wrath—"he plays the violin I believe? Will he not play us something?"

"Madame la Comtesse," he said, getting upon his feet, and assuming

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an air of sickly solemnity, which was nearly the death of Jeanne, "I trust that you will deign to dispense with my compliance this evening. My health is delicate—I suffer incredibly from my nerves—genius must wear its crown of thorns." Here he smiled with idiotic fatuity, and danced about upon his legs. "To-morrow—yes, to-morrow, I shall be most happy!" and then he clicked his heels together and bowed, quite convinced that he had done the thing in the most perfect manner imaginable. Madame Olympe returned to Miss Hamilton, and putting her arm kindly round her said,—

"But some one else must do something. She must have some rest, or we shall kill her!"

"Oh, I will play," said I; and I went and played some of Heller and Schumann's smaller pieces. We then made Monsieur Kiowski sing. This was not easy of achievement. First of all he said that he really never sang at all; then, that he was shockingly out of practice; then, that he knew nothing by heart; then, that he had a bad cold, and had completely lost his voice; after which he was made to confess that he had brought his music with him, and was despatched upstairs to fetch it. I undertook to try and accompany him, and he sang several of Gordigiani's songs quite charmingly, with a sweet little impertinent tenor voice, great sentiment, and the most perfect Italian accent. These Florentine airs led to a comparison between the Tuscan and Neapolitan melodies, and then Ursula sat down again to the piano, and gave a number of examples of the latter with infinite fun and spirit. Our evening had become brilliant under the influence of her brilliant gift; and all the clouds were swept clean away from Madame Olympe's noble face, which was radiant with pleasure.

At last Miss Hamilton got up, and we went together to the table where Monsieur Jacques was sitting building card-houses in solitary grandeur.

"Thou hast sung like an angel," he said, "but thou singest too much. One day thou wilt die with thy mouth open. Why did nobody ask me to play? I suppose they did not wish to hear me; but it would have been more civil at any rate, I think, to ask me."

"But, my dear Jacques, you *were* asked," answered Miss Hamilton, "and you refused. I heard you with my own ears refuse. Why, before there was any question at all of music, you declared your positive intention of not playing."

"Certainly I did," he said; "nothing should have induced me to play; but still if they had wished very much to hear me, they could have asked me a second time. It might have been very bad, but it might have been very good,—how could they tell? Thou thinkest that I am vain, and feeble, and peevish? Ah, how well thou knowest me! Thou, who art so strong, must often despise me at the bottom of thy heart! Confess that thou dost! Thou needest say nothing; I see it in thy nose. What a nose thou hast, my Ursula! It is always going, going, going; it is like a rabbit's. Why didst thou sing nothing of mine this evening? Dost thou not like my music? Dost thou not believe in my talent any more?"

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"The accompaniments of thy songs are too difficult," said Ursula, "and I do not know them by heart."

"*I* know them by heart," said Monsieur Jacques, "and I could have played them if I had been asked."

Luckily, Lady Blankeney and Madame Olympe rose at this moment, and an end was put to his complaints.

Nothing could be more amiable and pretty than Miss Hamilton's manner when she found that we were to share the same room. "And I will call you Bessie and you must call me Ursula for ever afterwards," she said, as she kissed me and wished me good-night.

We had been in bed about an hour when I was awakened by the noise of a knocking at the wall against which Miss Hamilton's bed was placed; and, presently, Monsieur Dessaix's voice came through the thin partition quite distinctly.

"Ursula, art thou asleep?" it said, in a low tone.

"Yes, I am," she answered, sitting bolt upright in her bed. "What dost thou want?"

"Oh, Ursula!" moaned the voice from the next room, "thou sleepest, but I cannot close my eyes!"

"Why, what's the matter? what's amiss?"

"Dearest Ursula," it went wailing on, "there is a dreadful smell in my room. Oh, it is such a smell! That is why I cannot sleep. Good-night, my angel!"

"Good-night, my good Jacques," she answered gently.

I heard her lie down, and we were both nearly asleep again—at least I certainly was,—when the tapping recommenced at the head of Ursula's bed, and woke me once more.

"Oh, my Ursula! Dost thou sleep?"

She started up in bed. "Oh, what is it, Jacques? Do for heaven's sake try to rest!"

"My darling," said the mournful creature from the other side, "I can't think what it can be. . . . Oh, Ursula, it is such a smell! I do so wish thou couldst smell it! . . . . Good-night, my angel!"

"Good-night—good-night," she answered. "Be quiet and try to forget it."

We once more closed our eyes, but we might have spared ourselves the trouble, for in about ten minutes a series of hurried and exultant thumps were executed upon the partition.

"Dearest!" his little cracked voice uttered in jubilant accents, "I have found them! . . . . They are apples! . . . . They are in a little cupboard under my bed! . . . . Good-night, my Ursula! good-night!"

The stable clock struck one as he spoke, and after that he allowed us to repose in peace.

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Orpheus.

Orpheus. Vanished for evermore
From sunshine and green earth, from life and me;
I have not won her back to roam along the lea,
To weave new garlands by the river shore:
She is twice lost and I am desolate.
Before I tuned a lamentable song
To melt the spirit of Persephone,
And sorrow soothed me ere false hope grew strong;
Now all my foolish tears are desecrate.
One said to soothe his misery,
"Surely a man is wise,
If God vouchsafe to blind his eyes,
To feed upon the fattening husk of lies,
Drenching the clear-eyed spirit in vanity."
She wooed me fair and graciously to stay,
The queen with smooth and dusky hair,
And visage cut so shadowy clear,
You could not tell if she were dark or fair,
And ashen ghostly eyes:
She said that I should come again a rougher way:
What did she mean? I am too tired to care;
Why was I then more wise?

Vanished for evermore
From sunshine and green earth, but not from me:
Beyond the unfruitful shore,
Where the nine rivers blend
Stormy complaints and moans and wranglings without end,
In one hoarse hopeless roar.
Surely she waits for me, while I must flee,
Rushing no whither, wandering to and fro,
From the sharp lash of woe,
While madness hunts me and death beckons me.

The mænads roam more happily than I,
For drunken with one kiss,
Resting not by night or day,
Heeding not the weary way,
They hurry on the track till they espy
The face of him who only is their bliss——
——They wander hope-besotted till they die

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Before they feel despair:
Or drop down overwearied, one by one,
On lonely mountain heights,
To live through all they have enjoyed or done
In dreams of many nights,
Till friendly hands shall bear
Tame bodies to the prison of still homes,
Whence no one after roams
To find the kiss of any god at all
Though the red vintage call,
Though luscious Autumn or green golden Spring
Flush other veins with blood of revelry;
They sit at home and sing
A silly lullaby:
And call their bondage purity,
Each arching her sleek neck beneath the yoke
For her dull lord to stroke,
Fate's fool more patient and more wise than I.

Mænades. Come and be at one with us,
Kiss and sing and run with us;
By hill and dale, by meadow and brake,
Come, for we have a thirst to slake,
For we are athirst for blood,
Of man or beast, it is one to us,
For our thirst is very ravenous,
Who have drunken deep of the blood of the god,
Who hath swept through our veins with a fiery flood,
And hath blinded our eyes with his ivy rod.

Orpheus. I kiss no maids that walk on earthly sod.

It were not hard to find that rougher way:
It wearies her to wait while I delay;
Although she rests and feels the ruler's hand
Smooth her blown hair, while she
Is nestling at her ease,
On the broad footstool of Persephone,
Whose mighty purple knees
Are very motherly outspread
To prop her little golden head,
Who has no need to stand.
And all the flowers of earth that grow by night,
And wear a ghostly livery of white,
White and pale green with fading purple stains,
Flourish for ever there and through the gloom look bright.
Only I think smooth chains

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Link if they do not load her clinging hands,
And soft unsandalled feet;
While close behind her stands,
Casting unloving looks upon my sweet,
Lest she a second time should go away,
One of the inexorable three,
Who suffer not the sun to stray,
And they look upward hungrily for me,
Through the black vault of hell.
What would they have I cannot tell,
But only this I know,
If I were bound with her below,
She might be loosed, she would not wish to go.

Mænades. Musing and mourning still?
Come, make ready the ivy spear,
Drive along the lumpish steer,
Quicken his pace with a touch of fear,
Ah! that was blood which started on the goad.
Come, for we must not loiter on the road,
Come, dance with blither cheer,
Lest we turn to look for a victim here,
Because sunset and sacrifice are near.

Orpheus. Maidens, I do not fear the ivy rod.

Yes, they will lead me by a ready way,
And I shall reach the goal before my guides;
For now Time's troublous tides
Shall cast me high upon a quiet shore,
Whence I shall hear the billows roar,
Whose bloody spray shall never wet me more.
Yes, we shall rest together quietly,
Quietly, and not wearily;
One thing which does not change
Amid all other change makes weariness;
There are no changes there.
It will be very strange
To have no hope, and not to feel despair;
To have so little joy and yet to feel no pain.
One thought's sweet slumberous stress
Shall bind us closelier than a chain,
While everlastingly we think
By gentle Lethe's reedy brink,
For Lethe still flows nearest to the throne,
We have been parted twice, we shall not part again.

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But all her smiles shall not be mentioned then,
Nor all the worship which I had of men,
But we shall sit beside the ruler's knee,
And kiss among the crowd to feel we are alone,
Although the still queen see
Myriads of myriads in her vassalage,
We shall not care,
We two shall be alone with her,
Two tame doves with clipped wings in one grey cage.
Thy last thought was of me, mine is of thee;
And the last thought of earth is everlasting there.

Mænades. We have bidden thee once, we have bidden thee twice,
We have bidden thee twice, and thou wouldst not hear,
Hearken now as we bid thee thrice,
Lest if Bacchus be nothing in thine eyes,
Thy quivering flesh mend the Bacchanals' cheer,
So join in our revel and be thou wise.

Orpheus. Both now and heretofore I praise your God.

Mænades. Oh, what a glorious sacrifice!

A Mænas. What sweet and delicate blood!

Orpheus. Eurydice!

G. A. SIMCOX.

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Our Old Pictures.

The process of "cleaning" the National Gallery pictures, so much and justly animadverted upon some years ago, has been carried on more or less ever since. I cannot help remarking upon the practice, in the hope it may lead to a discontinuance of the very positive injuries caused by it to works of such intrinsic merit.

In order to do this, and induce all those who have the love of excellence at heart to express themselves emphatically, I will refer them to the present condition of those pictures cleaned years back, and to those recently done, during the last recess, and now exposed to view. I take upon myself this very unwelcome duty for one reason only—to aid in the better conservation of works that cannot possibly be replaced. And publicly, because it is a national matter, and thus may more readily gain the immediate attention of the trustees of the National Gallery, who, I take for granted, have the power of stopping it. It will be well to show, as can be shown, the causes from which such sad results ensue.

The idea of restoring pictures some centuries old to their original key-note, or scale of brightness, arises in a misconception of what brightness really is. It is confounded with the *whiteness* characteristic of modern oil-paintings, which, in structural or intrinsic qualities, have nothing whatever in common with those of the old masters. If the cleaners really appreciated this distinction, they would not make the attempt to raise the scale of these old works to the whiteness of the modern. A ruby, although of so dark a tint, is bright in the sense that a diamond is, though not in the same degree. The delicate complexion of a little infant is many degrees removed from the whiteness of its linen. Failing to observe these facts in Nature, they do not see how truly the workmen of past time represented them. The relative value of every local colour is as truly given in their pictures as in nature. This oversight furnishes a sort of excuse, or, at least, explanation, for their proceedings, mistaking *lowness of tone* for dirt, and *whiteness* for brightness. It does not explain the logic which argues that "time will mellow and perfect modern paintings," or explain the motive for taking from the old paintings what they allege time to have accomplished. This misconception is their only excuse. Many honest men do conscientiously follow false conclusions. I will endeavour to help towards getting rid of such conclusions, and, I trust, in such a way as will be acceptable and intelligible to students and lovers of art. Of course I

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must incur censure from those painters who are content to work by routine and not by rule ;—who

> Indiscreetly stray
> Where *purblind practice only* leads the way ;
> Who every theoretic truth disdain,
> And blunder on, mechanically vain ;—

who do such work as they do without reference to Nature, only to the conventional usage by which such workmen supersede Nature, and at last desert her altogether. The practice of true art, even in process, is like Nature, *i.e.* the beginning must be the commencement of the end—the end being completeness or unity obtained by and through variety of parts ; both of which conditions constitute our never-ending delight in the study of nature. Art also, in a limited degree, does the same thing. For this reason we do not tire of excellent art, because, like Nature, we cannot exhaust it, and in proportion as we understand it are made the better by its study. It is indeed a form of religion—a reminder of the Great Artist ; an aid to the reverence of Him, an educator of mankind of the most potent sort, because it is only attainable through a love of truth—a most scrupulous seeking for it in realities.

As to the effect of cleaning on the pictures done in 1852, I am confident that each one is worse for the operation. It is true, as was replied to the objectors to this process at the time, "that the rawness of the colours would soon be toned down." The pictures are many tones lower, but, instead of having the glow and warmth they once exhibited, even through the alleged dirt (dirt there undoubtedly was), they now look dull, and would be leaden but for the latent quality of luminousness. Disjointed and patchy they certainly are, and I, with others, think, from being deprived of those transparent colours their authors employed to reveal the luminous quality, latent in these, but not in modern pictures, and which, when there, made each work into a perfect unity. I know that many painters of this day believe that transparent or glazing colours were not used. They naturally believe this from the fact that they cannot use them, or if they do, do so very partially, and *never* to the advantage of their work ; because the commencement of their work is not of the kind that could gain anything by such a proceeding. But a proper use of opaque colours as a foundation involves the employment of transparent ones over them. The improper use forfeits the characteristic qualities of each.

The peculiar properties of opacity and transparency which pigments ground in oil offer to the painter does really constitute the distinction which is perceived, but by few appreciated, between these and water-colours. The belief that the distinction lies in the vehicles only is ungrounded. That it is generally believed, I conclude by the talk common among artists, and from instances of water-colour painters taking to oils : for example, the late Copley Fielding and Mr. Thorburn. The latter's miniatures upon ivory have a fulness and a force of colour seldom attained in water-colours ; while

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the landscapes of the former are of the tenderest delicacy. Both fail in the same degree of excellence in oil through not perceiving that success depends on something else than the mere fact that the colours are mixed in the one case in oil and the other in water. Yet practice founded on this conclusion is the prevailing one, and will so continue until patrons and artists learn that patches of coloured pigment laid in juxtaposition upon a canvas do *not* constitute a practice; but that the art of using colour lies first in the imitation of the luminous quality of Nature's light and shade, and next, in the unbroken gradation of her colour from the one to the other, so as to make the beholder forget that pigments are employed at all. In these particulars there is no deficiency in the works of the old masters. At present, both these qualities are wanting, and the "mellowing effect of time" is expected to do what the artist could not! Sir Joshua Reynolds said, "There is not a man on earth who has the least notion of colouring: we all of us have it equally to seek for, and find out —as at present it is totally lost to the art." * He tried his whole life through, and tried (as his own notes show) some very unlikely modes of attaining to the knowledge he so coveted. His aspirations were of the highest, his taste was excellent, his sense of the arrangement of light and shade very uncommon. Hence his pictures engrave well, but his colour is too like a tinted surface, and, as we see, the local colours of the parts nearly faded altogether. In his case they never could have been part and parcel of the form, as it is in the work of the Venetians and that of all good colourists, who drew the shapes of things with colours, and with such perfect mastery of the means as we now see in pictures by them that have escaped injury from external causes. Yet the method they employed to paint a face we are no more reminded of than the processes in a living one; and so their pictures bear confronting with Nature now. Good art, like Nature still, does not obtrude the means employed to produce the end. The details of her works are never obtruded upon the beholder; the entireness or unity of the object is what attracts attention. Its unity remains in the memory apart from and independent of its details. Details have to be examined alone, one by one, and afford a separate source of pleasure. We look at them with the wonder of children, to learn how the real marvel—the unity—is arrived at; we do not need, neither have the majority of people the skill to dissect. It is only the student who has to do this,—and he only does it to advantage by remembering that details refer to a whole. This is the "art of seeing Nature." The details of Nature's works are beyond the reach of man's imitation, as infinity is beyond his conception. Detail in works of art must never interfere with the general effect of the work, be it in sculpture, painting, poetry, music, architecture, or any form of art. The total presentment of the subject chosen is the main point; the degree of detail must be such that no doubt may arise in the mind of the spectator as to what the actual form of the object represented really is. The details of

* Allan Cunningham's *Lives of the British Painters* (art. Northcote).

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the most highly wrought painting our National Gallery contains well exemplify the utmost degree of it at which the student need aim; but in mere detail, photography beats this hollow. In no other respect, however, is photography so true. I dwell on these points in order to lead attention to the fact, that Art and Nature are entirely distinct. Art is founded on Nature—vies with her, indeed,—and, although of more limited capacity, is mistress of her domain. Ages back the limit of her means of expression was attained, as Greek art witnesses; the boundaries then ascertained cannot be passed or neglected, but to cause confusion. This confusion prevails now, because the true knowledge of the law of expression by means of colour is lost, and each painter, not having this knowledge, but trusting only to "feeling," is led by it, ever wide of the mark.

Have the cleaners ever noticed that Sir Joshua Reynolds commends the brief account Pliny gives of the mode of operation used by Apelles—"that over his so far finished picture he spread a transparent liquid like ink, of which the effect was to give brilliancy, and at the same time to lower the too great glare of the colour?—(*quod absoluta opera atramento illinebat ita tenui, ut id ipsum repercussu claritates colorum excitaret; et cum ratione magna, ne colorum claritas oculorum aciem offenderet.*)" This passage, though it may possibly perplex the critics, is a true and artist-like description of the effect of glazing, such as was practised by Titian and the rest of the Venetian masters. This custom or mode of operation implies at least a true taste of that in which the excellence of colouring consists: which does not proceed from fine colours, but true colours; from breaking down those fine colours which would appear too raw to a deep-toned brightness. Perhaps the manner in which Correggio practised the art of glazing was still more like that of Apelles, which was only perceptible to those who looked close to the picture (*ad manum intuenti demum appareret*); whereas in Titian, and still more in Bassan, and others his imitators, it was apparent on the slightest inspection. Artists who may not approve of glazing must still acknowledge that this practice is not that of ignorance. Unfortunately for the world it is that Reynolds did not himself know perfectly how to conduct the first stages of his work, so that it could be completed by this last, the value of which he so thoroughly appreciated. The reason his colours have fled is a simple one. The transparent colours were laid upon his preparation of opaque colour before it was fully dry, and were absorbed by it in a very short time. His contemporary, Peter Pindar, through witnessing their early failure, was enabled to say, "If he did not succeed entirely, at least he came off with flying colours." Another fundamental error—a main one—was the assumption that all the force and value of the local colour of an object could be attained by washes of transparent tints over a preparation done in solid black and white without colour. This is the plan pursued in colouring an engraving. The proof that he felt this plan to be incomplete is seen in his own notes. These show that he, like other inquirers, now and then believed that he had found what he sought.

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"Jan. 22, 1770. Sono stabilito in maniere di dipingere." Other entries show how little it was established, and explain away, I think, the accusation that he withheld information from his pupils. The works of his pupil Northcote do not exhibit any excellence of colour, because of the indefinite teaching of the master, whose merits are from the genius Nature gave him; his best works are done by "a kind of felicity," and this is incommunicable. The rule he lays down, and by which his own practice was governed, for ascertaining the proportion or composition of light and shade in the old pictures, got from his study of the best masters, is one of the few useful to students. The scholars of Titian *are* great colourists, not such great designers as their master; so are Rubens's, so Vandyke's, because the law or science of colour was taught by them. The intuition, or genius, was and always will be the gift of Nature: she gives intuition to the poet, but does not give him the rules of grammar; yet, without this science of language, how could he utter his inspirations, or we readers entertain them? Can colours then be employed without order or rule? The imperfection of modern painting points to a negative; the perfection of ancient paintings also does the same. Reynolds only felt the uncertainty of his own knowledge as to the real method "that was totally lost to the art." He had a suspicion that his contemporary Gainsborough knew it; for although he took exception to the "slight feathery execution of this admirable painter," he yet remarked "how truly he gets the place of his tint" (in other words, the gradation of it).

No doubt there was a floating tradition amongst the painters of the day—"for knowledge grows from man to man"—to which he got the clue from Hayman, his master, to whom it came, though greatly impaired, through Kneller direct from Vandyke, and that he had the discrimination to detect the principle and apply it in the way we see with that dainty lightness of hand which some object to, but for no sufficient reason, because the essence of the thing is in his works; that is, luminousness, true gradation, the planes of his objects occupying their true places, and the whole done with the most felicitous ease and grace, "as though breathed upon the canvas." For what is finish but completeness and unity? Elaboration is not necessarily finish. It is constantly talked of as such. The present pre-Raphaelites all exhibit most painfully the former, but the latter, never. To them, elaboration and finish seem the same. There is no written account, that I am aware of, of "this method that is lost" (but very many contradictory details—Mrs. Merrifield's books contain much valuable information, some *vivâ voce* statements of professors, that amuse from the confusion in which they leave the subject-matter); but I believe the method was of tardy growth, and so perfected at last that its principle of practice served for all schools whatsoever that are distinguished for excellence of colouring. All the accounts that I have seen remark upon the extraordinary care the old painters bestowed upon the preparation of their grounds; but the true reason for this painstaking is only partially hinted at. The late Sir Charles Eastlake describes at some

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length, in his materials for a *History of Oil-Painting*, the different grounds made in old times, but does not indicate their true and important office, which is that of a reflector of light to the colours overlying the surface. The most brilliant pictures of all schools are found to have a base of pure white. But as a gradation of white cannot be got upon white, their grounds are also found to be covered with a wash of transparent colour. A light yellow always is the key of the brightest, frequently a red, or orange. This wash reduced the white ground to a half tint, which not only enabled the artist to get his half tones by the simple process of drawing over it with transparent and opaque colours, from the greatest dark in the one case, and from the greatest light in the other, to the lesser in both; but also served the important office of a key-note to the finished work, governing all the colours overlying it, which, being pitched or chosen at the beginning, might not be departed from. Those pictures by the old painters upon copper, and grounds made of solid red pigments, are invariably heavier or darker than the aforesaid. This mode of using colours simplified the practice of painting so that it became drawing in fact, simple in each of its stages, simple as the act of drawing with black and white chalk upon a half-tint paper. The greater complexity of painting over drawing arises from the fact that the three primitive colours—red, yellow, and blue—have to be present in every part of the work, so introduced that they shall not mix together, but modify one the other to the tint required, and obtained by showing one through the other, *entirely* lost by mixing them together. Hogarth,—who acquired the practice, but not the theory of painting from Hayman, coloured well unconsciously, as some of his works especially show—in his *Analysis of Beauty* says: "The difficulty lies in bringing blue, the third original colour, into flesh, on account of the vast variety introduced thereby, and this omitted, all the difficulty ceases," &c.

His suggestion about colouring a bust shows thought upon the matter, as well as that he had not mastered the true theory of the application of colours. Marble can be tinted, as we all saw in the instance of Gibson's Venus; but the colour of nature was not imitated, neither can it be by only tinting a surface. The external surface of natural objects is the finishing one; colours from several surfaces below are exhibited through and modified by this. It is especially so in flesh. If the goddess herself had appeared to men of the leprous tint Gibson gave to her statue, she would have affrighted instead of alluring them by the living beauty of her colour; and this is what I mean by Hogarth's unconsciousness: for some of his pictures are excellent in colour. "The gray," or retreating tint, which is to all moderns a sort of painter's puzzle, was by the old painters got first by washing, also in transparent form, the *opposite* colour of the ground over the whole. Then, with a colour mixed with white lead to the desired tint of the part, the light parts were *modelled* by drawing the form of the part into this wash of cold colour, simply from the thickly impasted focal light, gradating thinner and thinner from where it impinges,

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till it retires, or fades away, as a ray of natural light does in exhibiting the forms of realities to us, into a negativeness of colour or shade. If the half lights get charged with more than the proper quantity of opaque colour, the rounding of the form is defective. By this method it is possible to imitate the subtle gradations of Nature; by the one commonly employed, impossible; because the degrees of gradation cannot be mixed in separate tints, for they cannot be detected, and so cannot be mixed, and then laid on in their places. The strongly-marked opposition of warm and cold colours that is to be seen in the "cleaned pictures" was obtained in this way. These cold or "gray" tints sometimes appear positive blue, from the absence of the final glazing which made them of the true degree of neutrality. This last process in the use of colours is then as important as the first and second; it serves the same purpose for pictures that Nature's external surfaces do for her works,—is intended from the beginning of the work (by those who understand how to do it) to be the end and completion —is the skin, through which the stronger colours below are seen, and by it modified to that gentle harmonious opposition resulting in unity, through and by the variety of constituents. Painting in oil-colours is really modelling in exquisitely low relief upon the ground, never losing it, and the value its quality communicates to the colours laid upon it affecting equally the thickly impasted opaque light, the semi-opaque half-light, and the transparent shadow. It is reported that Rubens said,—"If white lead were costly, like silver, then my pupils would colour better." The prodigal use, or misuse of it, leads invariably to flatness and many bad qualities. I have said enough, I hope, to indicate that the delicate form of *modelling* in well-coloured pictures, since it is so delicate, is the more easily damaged by the use of spirits of wine and the stronger solvents at times resorted to in the process of "cleaning."

I will now briefly mention a few of those operated upon in 1852. Let any one stand in the doorway of the room from which can be seen two Claudes. The one *has* both dirt and dirty varnish still over its surface; from the other it was "cleaned" off thirteen years ago. I believe that a healthy eye will unhesitatingly prefer the first-named, not indeed for the dirty varnish, which *is* a defect, but that it is in harmony with itself, and so distinct that all its parts (visible enough) subserve its general effect. Not so the last. This is separated into parts, and the separate colours employed made visible; the sun itself is no longer the source of colour, and is now cheerless, cold, and chalky, looking as though it were done in fresco. The St. Bavon, by Rubens, has still the same patchy appearance that was objected to at the time it was spoilt. The action of the piece is now confused by reason of the patchwork aspect of its surface, its motley assemblage of colours which once were in harmonious and brilliant relation. Another fine Rubens, the brightest I ever saw at the time the nation bought it, is now dull, far darker, and as near to monotony in colour as can well be. A small Rembrandt, "The Adoration of the Shepherds," has grown so dark that it can now scarcely be seen, because of the employ-

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ment of the "gallery varnish" on it, from the foolish notion that it needed lubricating, like a piece of machinery. I do not stay to notice the rest cleaned at that time—they are many—but a few others done since. A "Holy Family" by Titian, parts of which are in very good condition, except the figure of the Virgin, her blue dress, the blue of the sky, the yellow dress of the St. Catherine, are entirely stript of their glazings, which remain on some places in the picture, and may be taken for dirt, but a form of dirt that makes these places of far greater richness than the rest. The face of the St. Catherine looks as though the blood circulated in her veins still, but that of the Virgin is bloodless and inanimate, so far as colour goes. A woman's portrait hanging near, with her arm akimbo, —a fine specimen of Venetian work once,—is most pitifully scoured. Her face and neck look as though she had got out of her frame, being then alive, as the Painter left her, and with hot water and soap given herself so hard a scrub as to leave blotches of red on her over-"cleaned" skin; while the richness and glory of her hair, dress, and background are all taken away. A portrait of a lawyer, by Moroni, has the glazing taken entirely from every part, showing the state this work was in before it was glazed at all. The cleaner ought to be perfectly satisfied, having done his work so completely in this instance. In worse plight is the picture by Correggio, "Christ Praying in the Garden." I scarcely know what term to employ that will express its state. It is as though the cleaner got frightened and stopped, though too late, in his destruction of its rich harmoniousness. All its dignity of expression is gone, and the hanger of it, as if conscious of the damage done, has put it into a corner. The Rubens landscape, also put through this terrible process, with others by Poussin and Salvator Rosa, is quite skinned, and shocks the eye almost in the same degree that the flayed body of a dead animal does. There is the sun, with the lightest parts of the picture, now only so much yellow pigment: the glorifying power its previously undisturbed rays cast over the whole, is now taken away by the cleaner along with the dirty varnish, the half tints in some places robbed entirely, and now offer false, coarse, sudden contrasts to the shadows; and this sun

> No longer stays in his course and plays the alchymist,
> Turning, by splendour of his precious eye,
> The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold.

It is pitiful that such errors can be committed, and by men who profess, and after a fashion have, a regard for art. This glazing, then, is, I maintain, removed in parts entirely, along with the dirt and discoloured varnish; hence the patchy appearance of all the cleaned pictures, and, so far, their resemblance to modern paintings, which invariably want that unity or completeness these very pictures had prior to "cleaning." Let any visitor to the Royal Academy Exhibition recall the observations he overheard last made upon the paintings (excepting only those by partisan admirers of certain *artists*, who, through being partisans, cannot see *any merit* in the works of others). All such observations go to one point,

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and truly, that of incompleteness. In a portrait, either "It is too red!" "Too white!" "Too dirty!" These defects are the positive and obvious ones; in addition to them, defects beyond the definition of the unskilled commentators are summed up always in one way:—"I don't know what it is, but I do not like it at all." It is incomplete—this is the simple fact—and incomplete, I maintain, because executed without any fixed principle to guide the several processes which the employment of oil-colours necessitates. Every pigment is in modern works, without exception, as distinctly shown as on the palette of the painter, and any objector to this fact is always answered "that time will mellow and also harmonize these raw pigments into the pleasant unity" that even the uneducated eye unconsciously demands. Now, I simply ask, are the painters who so excuse the deficiency of their own works likely to be proper judges of the old masters' performances? If they really believe that time will do for theirs that which they admit (by the form of excuse they offer) they *cannot* do themselves, does it not seem absurd, on their own argument, to take away all that time is supposed by them to have done to the old pictures? Ought they to be allowed to exercise their will in this wholesale way, to the manifest detriment of such noble works? The nation bought them for what they were at the time of purchase, and did not contemplate further charges for reducing them by this baneful process, called "cleaning," to what they now are, disorganized remains. I should desire above all things that *dirt* should be removed, and dirty varnish too; but as the transparent colours are mixed with varnish more or less, and are laid on the last thing previous to subsequent varnishings, the solvent which takes off the one also takes off the other, and ignorant practitioners cannot distinguish between the value of glazing colours (which, I grant, are deepened by time, but nevertheless serve the intention for which they were originally put,) and the dirt on the outside surface of them. Evidently, then, they do not know the art of using colours; equally shown by their own works, "which need the help of time to *mellow*," &c., and by their treatment of those which cannot for any sum of money be replaced. I feel so strongly that I am not exaggerating the evils of this proceeding, and also so confident that I can demonstrate, if I have not adequately described, the cause of it, that I very gladly offer to do so to the trustees, if they will attend at my studio for the purpose. Meantime, I hope, for the true interest of art, and the honour of their trust, they will not sanction further injury to national property, but will order that none but the simplest form of cleaning shall be used,—I would suggest such as can be accomplished by most carefully rubbing the surface with bread one day old at certain intervals. Those who have not seen the efficacy of this simple agent in removing dirt will be greatly surprised at its sufficiency.

SAMUEL LAURENCE

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Spain and the Spaniards.

It is curious to take note of the ebb and flow of interest in Spain, and all that concerns it, which has of late influenced English opinion, and to contrast in some detail the ups and downs of its past and present hold on the public mind. Fifty years ago Spain was cast up, as it were, on our shores, as a subject of the keenest personal interest to every family in the kingdom by the resistless wave of war. After its subsidence, and the slow dropping off of individual lives, the silence of the very lowest ebb-tide seemed to have closed over her; for the interest we took in Spanish politics during the George the Fourth period was altogether abstract, impersonal, and lifeless. In the days of the Carlist wars and Evans' legion, we certainly came under another, but a far feebler wave, of personal, leading to ultimate political, interest in Spain; but this soon passed away. Then came Ford and his Handbook, by which the nature and character of our interest was completely changed, and since which, we may say, that we have been half-drowned in the new wave of touristic travel. Perhaps it is not altogether unpleasant; but still we are floating chin-deep in a regular sea of things about Spain: Spanish tours, Spanish books, Spanish photographs, Spanish everything—except Spanish cash payments,—and perhaps Spanish wines, which the present generation, confidently presumptuous, and not knowing what is before it, seems to be abandoning for Greek. Half one's acquaintance are planning a tour in Spain, or have just returned from a few weeks in that newly-favoured country. The pity is that, after all, so few of these same tourists ever stay more than a few weeks, and a very few weeks too. One would think that some among the now daily increasing list might find leisure for something better than the mere hasty "vacation tour." A quartette of Members of Parliament were in Spain within six months of each other; Peers, Scotch Baronets, Alpine Clubmen, and even solitary Peeresses have added the graces of their names within the last three or four years. Some studious burrowers in old MSS. and some high-stepping "own correspondents" fill up the goodly list. From these we have derived some half-dozen works, of various degrees of value, and we may reasonably expect two or three more in process of time.

The most recent of these, Lady Herbert of Lea's heavy octavo, perhaps claims precedence, from its having rather better illustrations than usual; though for ourselves we should have preferred to have fewer in number and better in kind.* Her ladyship's work is more an itinerary of devout

* How infinitely preferable would have been a few good photographs of the glorious buildings she gives in rather poor woodcuts, with ridiculous figures, apparently taken from opera choruses, stuck in the foreground.

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pilgrimage than anything else, and will, after a few weeks' run, be only interesting to her co-religionists, and those who wish to feed a certain Christianized Arabian Nights' view of Spain, derived from a jumble of Washington Irving's stories and the biographies of Spanish saints. Mr. O'Shea's laboriously produced volume will be of unquestionable value to the tourist, although very unlikely to supersede that crabbed, cross-grained, dogmatic, and most valuable old Ford. Of course, as an example of excellent things packed in small parcels, Mr. Grant Duff's "Study," in his recently published volume, is the very best of all; but then he deals with the political history almost only. It is an essay of unsurpassed trustworthiness, and very interesting besides. In fact, it is not a little curious to observe the remarkable accuracy with which the Spanish character and the present condition of the country have been gathered together, without, we imagine, any very lengthened personal experience of Spain; but then it is not every "vacation tourist" that can do this. From our own point of view—a very different one from his, chiefly confined to one province, and from joining only in the society of one class, viz. the financial or middle-class—we confess to a certain surprise at Mr. Grant Duff's accuracy; and we even believe that we could impart to him a few facts which would make him feel that he had come nearer the truth than he knew at the time; or, at least, that some things on which he has touched but lightly might have been very seriously emphasized. For instance, Mr. Grant Duff remarks that "Spain retains less of the real spirit of Christianity than any other country." Taking morality to be of the essence of Christianity, he might have said that the immorality of the Spaniard, more especially one particular form of immorality, among the upper and lower classes of society, and of the priests, is far beyond that of any other European country. As one slight testimony of this, we may bring the sorrowful but solemn acknowledgment of the archbishop of one of the largest provinces in Spain, that he only knew of two priests in his whole diocese, besides himself, who led decently chaste lives! While it is also worthy of note, that no country in Europe, we believe, can show so enormous a proportion of foundlings and foundling hospitals.

For ourselves, we should say that the very chief and foremost characteristic of the Spaniard, only slightly touched upon by Mr. Grant Duff, is the utter want of mutual *good faith* in the country. From the Queen and Cabinet downwards to the very lowest individual, there is the same perfect indifference to any engagement, however solemnly made (matrimony included). Whether among Ministerial promises of direct assistance in encouraging the improvements of the country—roads, bridges, canals, schools, colleges, hospitals, &c.—or the more indirect connivance at the slave-trade; whether as regards the promulgation of a new constitution, or the payment of national debts—promises are alike as pie-crust. Even in such smaller circumstances as the taking a place in a conveyance, hiring a servant, a house, even a bed in an inn (and in these matters of course we mean among themselves, for a foreigner is fair game all the

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world over)—in each and all the weakest goes to the wall. This, we venture to say, is the national characteristic. "El crédito Español" is one of the "cosas de España" promised on the eternal "mañana"—the to-morrow which never arrives.

Another characteristic, overlooked naturally by a rapid, rushing tourist, is their remarkable inhospitality. In saying this, we do not allude to the stand-off coldness, such as an Englishman shows to the foreigner in Great Britain, but the mutual inhospitality among themselves. They meet but seldom in each other's houses, in comparison with other nations; never take their abominable *puchero* and *garbanzos* together; no friends, but only the near relations, who live in or about one house, ever surround the Spanish board. Invitations are given for *tertulias* or evening parties only, and at these the heaviest refreshment is *agua fresca* and a few lumps of sugar; if ices are added, the *soirée* may be fairly termed sumptuous. After an hour or two, the company go home to munch their lettuce and tomato salad before bed. We hope our readers will understand that we are not contrasting Spanish inhospitality with our deadly ceremony of London dinner-parties, which we fondly deem to be the type of hospitality, but rather with the boundlessly open and easy hospitality of the East, after its own fashion, or of the transitional countries of Eastern Europe, where everybody is always dropping in upon everybody else at the sunset dinner-time, and is always welcome. Of course there are exceptions. An old-fashioned country gentleman or farmer will occasionally open the gate of his golden orange-groves, and say, "Your grace must lighten my heart by choosing all the sweetest and best oranges to be found; and what he cannot eat must be carried home, to remind him of the humble friend and entertainer whose whole property is at his service." But such complaisance is rare, and is chiefly characteristic of Andalucia, where courtesy is the rule. This want of hospitality is important, because it tends to prevent a healthy exchange of ideas, and does much to diminish the good effect we may hope for from the railways. It is also, we submit, one indication of their want of good faith and confidence in each other.

With the Spanish peasant it is different. He is a sober, frugal, industrious, and intelligent man, working well when he does work, but not too careful for the wants of the morrow. For his furious temper, his passionate loves and hatreds, his degrading, brutal vices, the pages of Ford may be consulted as a not over-painted picture; but we must add our opinion that the same brutality of soul abounds in more than one of the classes above the peasant, partly concealed by a meanness and pettiness of spirit that is very unlike the popular English story-book portrait of the *Hidalgo*.* When the wretched camarilla that now governs the country

* We have used a strong word, but we mean it. If ever there was a brutal nation it is the Spanish. They are by nature capable of every kind of refinement; but in the meanwhile there is an undercurrent of brutality in them that is far less well covered over than the Tartar beneath the Russian skin. However the taint may have been originally shed into the blood, it is unquestionably kept up and fostered by the beloved

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have passed away, and a Ministry can be formed of anything better than a succession of generals, we may hope that education may do something for the gentry of Spain. At present, while more than one Englishman bears testimony to the excellence of the peasant schools, the teaching afforded to the upper classes is simply deplorable: even the seminarists can scarcely understand their Latin breviary, and among the medical men there is, we believe, almost total ignorance of Latin—we might also add of medicine; while the tourist will very rarely meet with any official in the great libraries who has more than a faint idea of the books under his care. Our picture is dark, but it is true; and it is not to be made lighter by adducing single exceptions.

There is plenty of money in the country, but it is hoarded, as in the East, not spent, for want of encouragement and of faith in each other. Besides, it is necessary for a prudent man always to keep a large stock in hand in case of a law-suit, however trifling, or an arrest, however temporary, when the judge's hands must be well lined if any "justice" is to be done. The laws are good, but what is the use of them if none but the purse-receiver is to decide the case? To be sure, even then money is of little use should a military man be in the way; and rash indeed would be the man who went into court to prove that black was black or white was white, when a colonel or a captain said the contrary. We ourselves once consulted a Spanish friend about a very simple affair which we proposed to have decided by the alcalde. "Are you mad?" asked our friend. "Not at all; here is the simple proof." "Of course, I know that," he returned, with a shrug of impatient pity; "but don't you know that your antagonist is an officer?"

Every traveller that ever sets foot in the Spain of our day bears witness to the extreme rudeness of the public functionaries—the post-office men, the railway officials, the bankers' clerks, the small innkeepers, &c. The traveller in old days led a wilder and freer life, and came more into contact with the genuine people, when living on horseback or muleback, as in the East. There were few Jacks-in-office then, in comparison to these days of railroads and diligences. Now, however, a man may pass through

bull-fights, to which the aged or worn-out favourites of the gentry are consigned by their tender and affectionate masters, who make parties to go and see them tortured by the bull. We shall never forget the deep impression made upon ourselves at the only bull-fight we have witnessed, of how deeply an absolute love of cruelty is inbred in them. There were some three or four ladies in the box with us, and two boys, one of five, the other of six years old: they were gaily-dressed, bright little fellows, full of joy at attending the *funcion*. It happened after a time that one of the wretched horses was half-killed by the bull exactly beneath our box, and was left to lie there; whereupon these little petticoated boys nearly fell out of the box in the ecstatic clapping of their hands and screams of delight, as they minutely watched the still quivering bowels of the poor beast that lay spread on the ground; and, actually *encouraged by their mother and her friends*, mimicked the convulsive shivers that passed through his mangled carcase! Some of the younger women and girls certainly did screen their eyes from the horrid sight; but all the men, high and low, roared with delight over the fallen and dying creatures.

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Spain, and see scarcely any of the people but these officials; and they are certainly much worse in Spain than anywhere else. Our own experience is perhaps the bitterest, since our chief travels date from the unhappy moment when England filled up the measure of the Spaniard's disgust by requesting him to pay his debts, then standing for ever so many years; whereat the noble Don rose in indignant wrath from the Pyrenees to the Mediterranean. The great "art of travel" in that year certainly consisted in keeping one's mouth closed; but alas! one was occasionally obliged to speak and betray one's British accent,—a betrayal that was invariably and inevitably followed by intentional rudeness, more or less gross; or, if the bodily strength of the Briton appeared very patent, by muttered imprecations, allusions to "Gibraltar," accompanied by much gnashing of teeth. In fact, if there was one point on which our minds became perfectly clear during our residence in Spain, it was that the subject of Gibraltar was a very sore spot in the Spanish heart. Even among the more educated and courteous of the Spaniards, the conversation, after any mention of England, invariably reaches the rocky peninsula within a very few minutes, and when the speakers became animated it was not pleasant to have the word deliberately hissed in our faces with the very harshest gutturals possible. We always answered these scowls with affectionate smiles and invitations to come and take possession of the Isle of Wight (unfortunately, they never knew where that island was); but the only *safe* thing to do in Spain is, when you hear that ominous name, to turn the conversation as quickly as possible. An Englishman in travelling is always supposed to have come for one of two objects, viz. something to do with the *ferro-carril*, or with Gibraltar. And here we may as well mention that to travel *comfortably* in Spain you should look very athletic or very rich: one or the other will command the at least external respect of the Spaniard; while without either, the unhappy English traveller is simply *nowhere*. The idea of a stranger is not a pleasant one to the Spaniard. He is far too strong in his own conceit to wish for the good opinion of the foreigner, and there are not yet travellers enough for him to realize how much he would gain by them.* We venture, also, to whisper a word of advice to any of our female friends who may be wishing to wander in the "dear, dear abroad," to choose any other country than Spain for their rambles. Travelling for pleasure is not a thing understood by the Spanish mind in any case, and for ladies to leave home, except as appendages to husbands or fathers, is simply a thing not to be realized. We happen to have gathered a tolerably wide experience of what Spanish men think and say on this subject; and we beg to register our deliberate conviction that English ladies who have "*so* enjoyed" Spain, have only

* "This romantic, generous, and high-minded Hidalgo . . . has not emancipated himself from that signal mark of inferiority of culture, the violent prejudice against strangers, and he views a request for the payment of its debts as one of the grossest insults that can be offered to a high-minded and honourable nation."—*Times*. July 27, 1865

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tried it with their husbands or brothers, or in a large party. No one knows better than a Spaniard on whom and when it is *safe* to make an attack. Moreover, no one can possibly travel in Spain in any comfort unless he, she, or some one of the party, speaks Spanish well, and is *au fait* with the proper compliments of well-bred society. They may be hyperbolic—absurd—what you will, but they are necessary for comfort, and *imperative* if you wish to be considered a gentleman; and people should not go to the country unless they can conform in some measure to its rules and requisitions. From one end of Spain to the other, and in all classes but the very best, a Spaniard will pity you with the most perfect simplicity if you do not speak his language, and inquire, in all good faith, how you can travel anywhere in the world without it, or enjoy civilized life in any country. To a suggestion that French was considered the language of the world, we have invariably received the same answer, "Oh, no; *you* may think so, but in reality it is Spanish."

Every one knows the difference of the conduct of the French and the English in the Peninsular war; how the French destroyed their buildings, ravaged their country, and stole their pictures; while the English fought their battles, and got nothing for their blood. Yet of the two, the French traveller is, in comparison, welcomed, and the English one abhorred. During 1861 it was our fortune to travel much, by diligence and railway, over several provinces of Spain, and to share many a dinner in *fondas* and *posadas*, mingling with many classes of men; and we will venture to affirm that there seldom passed a day during that time that some one or more of our fellow-travellers did not emphatically inquire of us if we understood their conversation, and, having made sure of the fact, immediately remarked, in loud distinct notes, to his neighbour, "I do hate the English! such a mean, bullying nation," and so on, through all the abusive terms they could make the clearest. We remember one day in Seville rashly inquiring our way to some place from a well-dressed man: he told us, with much detail, which way to go; but it chanced that a few steps further on we met an American gentleman of our acquaintance, a resident in Seville, and shook hands with him: upon seeing which, our well-dressed friend rushed after us, and exclaimed, with the utmost politeness, "Excuse me, your grace. I took you for English, and you won't think so badly of me as to believe I should help *them*. I see now you are Americans, so I have run after you to say it is quite the other way you should go; it will be my pleasure to accompany you now, to make up for my little mistake." And so he did—for could we tell him after that we were English?

This sort of petty spite made one's daily life in travelling uncommonly disagreeable. For instance, one day arriving at the post-office at Madrid, on inquiring for letters, only a small number was presented to us. "Surely there are more addressed to the same name?" we said. The official showed another fat bundle, neatly tied up, but refused to give them to us. We showed our passport, but alas! our companion was designated therein as our "sister," and the Christian name on the letters was wanting

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ı the passport. We grovelled before that old functionary: we praised ıe post-office, and everything else in Spain; we invited him to our house ı England as our honoured guest for a year and a day; we assured him e believed his "doña" could not be as handsome as himself: but nothing ould do; the opportunity of annoying an *Inglesa* was too tempting, and ır unhappy "sister" left the post-office vanquished and letterless.

In fact, letters are rather a sore subject to English residents in Spain. Ve learned, after a few months, that a large seal was almost sure at least) delay them some days *en route*, if they ever reached at all; whether ıey were considered likely to be of more importance, or what, we could ot learn, but letters so marked were invariably and freely cut open and e-sealed with lumps of green (the official coloured) wax, impressed by ıe official thumb. Even without this temptation, we frequently found okens of their having been read: either they had been hastily refolded in Spanish shape, or blots of ink had been thrown over their pages, or ends ıf cigarettes and their ashes were kindly enclosed; and we calculated, ıfter our return to England, that only about two-thirds of our letters had ever reached ourselves or our correspondents in England.

However, without letters we could live; without money we could not; and variously disagreeable were our adventures in obtaining the latter. Once, when we had, for the second time, patiently and silently waited exactly two hours and a half in the room of one of the partners of the largest bank at Valencia, we remarked, with mild dignity, that such detentions were scarcely pleasant or business-like. "Qué gente son estas!"* from the amiable partner was the exclamation, commencing a loud tirade upon the impatience and general unpleasantness of the English, and double or treble, we need not say, was the "commission" mulcted in consequence from our circular note beyond that which any change of currency could possibly warrant. We indulged ourselves in an innocent revenge; for one of the carnival masquerade balls happening only three or four days after, we took advantage of a tolerably numerous acquaintance in Valencia to victimize our enemy. The joke was taken up willingly, for the gentleman was a very unpopular person; and long before the evening was over his own exclamation had been so dinned into his ears by every person he came near, and made the subject of so many practical jokes, that he was fain to slink out of the room in self-defence.

But this want of amiability belongs chiefly to the middle-classes—the least agreeable in any country. The peasant or artisan is very different, and they themselves differ as much from each other in the different provinces of Spain. In the north he is rough; in the east he is brutal; in the south he is gracious. The Valenciano will swear at you as he passes on the road, and take care to splash you as he goes; the Andalucian will beg you to stop while he gathers a fresh flower from the

* "What people these are!" literally; but, used in this way, *gente* may be more properly translated by "pigs."

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hedge to replace the one he sees fading in your companion's hair. The Andalucian will offer you his *manta* in the diligence, which, if you are not fond of fleas and worse, you will decline with a whole cascade of compliments and thanks; the Valenciano will insist on occupying the bedroom you have just engaged, and will take it by force if you are unwise enough to demur at the change.

To those who know Spain, there is nothing more amusing than the nonsense talked and written by the English and French about "going to Spain to see the East." Doubtless much of what is good in Spain and the Spaniard has been left there by the Moors of glorious memory; doubtless the industry, the sense of beauty, what honesty he has, and we had almost said what piety he has, have come to him chiefly from his Moorish fathers; but there the affinity ceases. It is by no means easy to point out characteristics common to both which are not equally found in the Italian, the Greek, or any other dwellers in tolerably *al fresco* climates. Chiefest of all is the difference of feeling with regard to women. Woman is at quite as low a level in the Western country as in the Eastern, in proportion; but the only real difference is that the Mussulman preserves his respect for his women by jealous safe-keeping, while the Spaniard has long ago flung all his to the winds, and has now altogether forgotten its meaning. It is not his chivalry, but his want of chivalry, towards women which is so remarkable. If a foreigner and alone, his instinct is to bully her, not in the least as a predatory London gent might do, but from real disapprobation and aversion.

And yet in spite of all this and many other disagreeables, beyond the limits of this paper, we shall always turn away from Spain with the most hearty regret. Of the glorious beauties of the country, this is not the place to speak; nor of the delights of a climate in many respects, we believe, unrivalled in the universe, nor of the incalculable wealth yet wholly undeveloped in the country. For what the Spanish artisan *can* do, let the admirable roads (where there are any), the beautiful public buildings and well-constructed private houses, the enamelled tiles, the brass and iron work, the ornamental furniture and stuffs, the *mantas*, the velvets, the boots and shoes and all leather-work, the blankets and flannels (certainly superior to ours at the same price), the cigars, the *cerillos*, the gloves, the confectionery,—let all these testify. Who can tell what the lower classes would become, if the upper classes would set them an example of honesty and morality, after a generation or two of wholesome education? Who can say what place, with common honesty and good faith, Spain would have reached by this time on the list of nations? Where would the richness of her almost virgin soil, her mineral treasures, added to the intelligence and sobriety of her people, have placed her? Who can say emphatically enough, how absolutely hopeless any real improvement can be, while one cabinet tricks out another, and all are but the playthings of an ignorant, fanatical, superstitious, and profligate Queen?

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Let us, however, leave these dispiriting topics, and devote a few brief pages to more practical subjects, such as our own experience of Spain and Spanish things may render useful or interesting to others.

There are certain articles in Spain that we even believe would be well worth importing into England. We cannot ourselves undertake to give in the present article perfectly accurate prices, and we will therefore mention but a few of the many good manufactures of Spain. Of course no English traveller could possibly flatter himself that he could arrive at any near approximation of price by his own inquiry; an *estranjero* would have to add a *peseta* at least to every *duro*, and the hated Englishman would be in many places charged double. But Valencian flannels, blankets and velvets are certainly worth a trial; the latter are quite as good, if not better, at thirteen shillings a yard, as French velvets sold in London at twenty shillings or more. Enamelled tiles, we are confident, would prove a very profitable investment, especially if the worthy custom became a fashion instead of a rarity, of lining the walls of kitchens, stables, and all such offices with tiles. Cheap Valencian tiles will not bear frost, they are therefore best adapted for indoor purposes. Those for the walls can be had with the pattern in one colour on a bright white ground for one penny the tile; those thick enough to bear the foot cost a fraction more. Both colours and patterns are beautiful, and far more cheerful than the English kinds. The more expensive tiles are very handsome, and these of course will bear frost or anything. Since the cholera and the inundations in the east of Spain these prices may have risen slightly.

Perhaps our best advice would be that of encouraging people to go and judge for themselves. Probably the more the Spaniards become by habit accustomed to the sight of the traveller, the better for the travellers themselves. Only, we must say one word of emphatic advice: *take Spain as you find it*, and if you must grumble, wait till you get home. Above all, keep a civil tongue in your head; compliments are cheap, and you may as well hope to stay in London hotels without money as to be comfortable in Spain without manners and compliments. Don't go, if you do not choose to speak in Spain as the Spaniards do. The discomforts of Spanish travel are quite sufficient in themselves without adding that of making enemies of all you come near. Even the discomforts you can by a little forethought very greatly mitigate; for one thing lay down as an invariable rule, that from one end of Spain to the other you must never count on finding food anywhere short of a great city. If you are going to travel for one day or for three days by rail, diligence, or anyhow, take all the food you will require for that time with you. On the great high-roads, where the diligences stop regularly, you may be pretty sure of good bread, and in the daytime you will usually find dishes of frizzled ham and lukewarm chocolate; in the night there is nothing to be had; and we can assure the reader that a few days of the above fare is very thirsty work. Off the high-roads you can never be *sure* of anything, not even of eatable bread or clean water. In the fruit season the traveller is better off; and it is worth

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a journey from England to taste a Carcagente orange gathered on the spot. Figs are not first-rate in Spain, but very eatable; fig-cheese, however, is excellent, and one of the best portable foods for travelling. It is so cheap and good that it is a wonder it has not made its appearance here save as an expensive rarity. Dates may be eaten fresh by the curious in Murcia; but they are as much like African dates as acorns are like apples. Sometimes, however, with a little trouble, the traveller may get a really good meal even at a *posada*, and the hotels in the large cities are always good. Both *posadas* and hotels are clean; indeed it may be remarked that Spain, in comparison with other European countries, is essentially clean; the cottages are always cleanly whitewashed within and without, and the *posadas*, although empty of furniture, have nothing worse than fleas in them. Of course we need not say that to those who are accustomed to the well-bathed eastern, the Spaniard, himself and herself, is decidedly dirty. But we must decline to enter into further detail on this subject.

In no country is a temporary residence more easily managed. For example, at Valencia the newly-arrived traveller sees pieces of notepaper fluttering in the balconies: he learns that one bit in the centre of the balcony signifies unfurnished lodgings; a bit at each end announces them to be furnished. If he engages them unfurnished, he has but to go to certain warehouses, and say that he requires so many sitting-rooms and so many bedrooms furnished, in first, second, or third class. The first consists of furniture covered with velvet; the second in leather or moreen; the third is in plaited straw. He will make his bargain, and haggle as much as he likes for an extra straw carpet or two or an additional *brasero*; but when the bargain is completed the whole of the furniture will be sent in in two or three hours. Good servants are rare birds anywhere, but they are to be had. We always found ours faithful and taking a sort of unsophisticated interest in those they served. Our cookery was by no means elegant or elaborate, but we can truly say it was excellent. Our very first step was to buy a monthly "indulgence" for ourselves and for all our servants to eat meat, butter, &c. on all days and at all seasons; without this our servants would have been miserable, but at the expense of three or four shillings each we made them more than happy. We had, summer and winter, good beef, and sometimes good mutton—poultry and fish in abundance, and vegetables to admiration. The common wines, of Valencia at least, we found utterly detestable; but in Andalucia the inn wines were more drinkable.

But we must not stop to enter into many more details. We recommend travellers to inspect all they can see of the rural schools and the schools belonging to the convents: he will find them, in many cases, above the average of other countries. The hospitals are mostly well managed, and in some places are perfect models. Foundling hospitals abound to a marvellous degree, but we cannot give them as much praise as most other institutions: they appeared to us to be managed with an

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ingenious cruelty that can only result in putting most of the unhappy little wretches out of their misery. We confess to having uttered a hearty thanksgiving when we heard that an inundation in Andalucia had carried away some sixty of these miserable little creatures into, it is to be hoped, a pleasanter place. The infants are put into cots in the hospital nurseries, and after being fed by the wet nurses, are locked in for four or five hours, when the nurses re-enter to feed them again, and so on through the twenty-four hours. Meantime the babies scream on untended, and, as may be supposed, but a very few per cent. ever grow up beyond infancy.

Time fails us to speak of the lotteries—a great feature in city life; or of the theatres; or of the street singers, especially those of Passiontide; of the *serenos*, the watchmen of the night; of the *alamedas*, or fashionable promenades in each city; of provincial fairs and of gipsy gatherings; or even of the splendid church *funciones*; or of the noisy delights of carnivals and religious plays and miracles—of all which we shall ever retain the most vivid and pleasant recollections. Descriptions of picture-galleries and cathedrals we leave to other pens than ours. All we can hope for is to have tempted some few to wander in that beautiful land, which we can assure them they can do with safety and pleasure, by dint of good-temper, courage, and, above all, civility.

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The Village on the Cliff.

CHAPTER XX.

Never, Never.

Petitpère looked up and smiled, and shook his head a moment after, as he began the recital of all that had befallen them since Reine had been away. It was too true that sad and terrible things had happened, and yet tobacco and gossip were not the less sweet because storms had raged and misfortunes thickened; and the old fellow puffed his pipe, and leisurely recounted his story. "Hé! poor boy, who would have thought it?" said old Chrétien, as he finished the little tragedy. "He ought to be alive at this moment, and there he was in the cimetière, while two old fellows were still in their sabots." Strangely enough, poor Fontaine had signed his will that very morning, in the presence of M. le Curé and his gardener, so Barbeau reported. It was not known for certain, but it was said that he had left everything to his widow for her life, and appointed her sole guardian to his boy. Poor little woman! it was a rude shock for her. People talked of her return to England. Then Père Chrétien went on to other things. The white cow was ill—it had been hurt in the nostril; Barbeau had examined the wound, he thought badly of it; and, by the way, what was the matter with Madame la Comtesse? She had been up at the farm, asking all manner of questions, ferreting here and everywhere. "She didn't discover much," said old Chrétien, with a chuckle; "but take care, my girl: she looked malicious; I could see it plain enough. Barbeau, too, had commented upon the circumstance. They don't like the Englishman to come too often, that is not hard to divine. Only this morning I had to send him off very short," said Petitpère complaçently. "That sort of person it comes, and goes, and amuses itself, and thinks itself of consequence. As for that he might have broken his head in the sea in the place of poor Fontaine for all anybody cared. "Voilà," the old fellow concluded philosophically, "Barbeau says there is no depending"——

"Oh, don't, don't, Petitpère," cried poor Reine, flinging herself down upon the oak bench against the wall, and beginning to cry. "Poor Fontaine, poor friend, poor, poor Catherine! Oh, what a sad world! Oh, how bitter was life!" she cried, in her pathetic voice, hiding her face in her hands, while the sobs came faster and faster. "Fontaine dead! that kind creature, so alive, so full of gentleness and goodness."

Poor soul, was it only for Fontaine that she was mourning, or did her tears flow for all sad hearts, all future troubles, all possible separation?

She was sitting there still; the old man had put down his pipe, and

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was patting her on the shoulder with his horny old fingers, and doing his best to console her.

"Now then, now then," said he, "you are not his widow to give way to desolation like this. Hush! there is some one coming. It is perhaps Barbeau . . ."

But even the hated name of Barbeau did not rouse poor Reine as did the step upon the tiled floor of the kitchen and the voice which gladly exclaimed and called her by her name, and then the sweet tear-stained face looked up, and the pathetic eyes met Dick's proud glad glance. For a minute Reine forgot all her doubts, jealousy, hard resolves—forgot everything but Dick for a minute, as he stood before her, holding both her hands in his, and then he spoke.

"You have been badly wanted, dear Reine. I have come for you. I promised that poor little woman to bring you back to her. I knew I should find you this time . . ."

Why did he speak? Ah, why, if this was all he had to say? The tender heart seemed suddenly to grow hard and rough, the light died out of the wistful eyes. Why did he speak, if his first words were to be of Catherine? It was in vain that the girl tried to hush the devilish voice, to put the hateful thought away. Reine stood, with dry eyes and a pale face, glancing from Dick to Petitpère, who was once again sitting doubled up over the fire, shaking his head doubtfully to himself every now and then.

"Could you come now?" Dick persisted.

"Not to-night, sir," interrupted old Chrétien, without looking round. "Reine is tired, and has come from far. To-morrow she will visit the poor lady."

"Where is she?" Reine asked, in an odd indifferent voice, beginning to tie on her cloak. Petitpère shrugged his shoulders. Did he not know by this time that it was useless to attempt to control her? In a minute more Reine and Butler were crossing the dark courtyard together.

"I shall send Dominique after you with the cart," cried Petitpère, coming to the door. "Reine, you would have done better to stay."

They came out into the wide open plain. There were rolling mists, clouds, sudden winds; darkness was descending like a veil. The two went side by side through wreathing vapours; they scarcely broke the silence. For a minute Petitpère watched their dusky figures, which were hardly perceptible as they crossed the road, and struck across the fields. Reine, walking along beside her lover, tried to put away all thought that was not of the present. Of a present that to others might seem dark and doubtful and chill, and yet which to them both was vibrating with an unconscious and unspeakable delight, for were they not walking together through the darkness? And yet at the same time they were both doubting whether it was a reality that made them happy, or only a semblance of what might have been true once.

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Alas, Reine was not strong enough to forbid sad thoughts of the future to come between them. She was so strange, so reserved, at once so agitated and so unmoved, that Butler, who had been looking forward all through his long sick watch to this happy meeting, was disappointed, wounded, and pained. When Catherine had sent for him, and begged him to bring her friend, it was not of this Reine he had been thinking, but of another, tender and full of sympathy. This one was so sad and so cold that she seemed to freeze him over and sadden him, and all the while she, poor soul, was aching and sickening for the loving words, the tender reassurances she had longed and hoped to hear. It was in vain Dick tried to extort the sympathy from her he wanted. She would not, could not respond. Reine was for the moment wondering who might be most to be pitied if—if—— She interrupted him once when he was speaking of Catherine.

"Do you know that Madame de Tracy was up at the farm yesterday? She asked my grandfather a great many questions. Can she suspect the truth? Can Madame Fontaine have told her? . . ."

"I am sure she guesses the real state of the case," Dick said; "but Catherine Fontaine has not told her! Poor little woman! she has other things to think of just now."

"Is she very unhappy?"

"How can you ask? Should not you be unhappy if I had been drowned instead of Fontaine?"

The girl shivered, and then suddenly, with a passionate movement, drew her hand from his arm, and almost pushed him away.

"I am not married to you," she said, bitterly and furiously; "perhaps if I were only your widow, I could bear to part from you. Widows recover and marry again . . ."

"Hush, Reine," said Dick, angrily.

"Why do you mind my saying this?" persisted the girl, in her rough grating voice.

"Because it is not like you to show no sympathy for some one in great sorrow. I think you must be already sorry for what you have said," the young man answered gravely.

The girl did not speak, except, indeed, by a strange and wistful look, and walked on by his side in silence.

I have no excuse to make for Reine Chrétien, nor do I want to make one for her. With all her faults, her pride, her waywardness, there was a noble truth and devotion in her nature that spoke for itself, and forced you to forgive, even while you were vexed still and angry. The two walked on for a long way. For once evil and good were urging her in the same direction. Her jealousy was helping her to fulfil what she had grown to look upon as a duty.

Ah me, how often it happens in life that the generous self, the passionate great heart, unconscious, or perhaps ashamed of its own tenderness and nobility, takes, in self-defence, small means to accomplish

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great ends. Reine was one of those who would swallow a camel and strain at a gnat. We have all of us been blinded and ungrateful in our life, at one time or another, unconsciously accepting together the great sacrifice and the small one, grudgingly granted; we have all complained, perhaps, of the vexing word, the passing caprice of a moment, unconscious—ah! for ever unconscious of the whole world of love, of sacrifice, of utter devotion, which was ours just then to forget, to ignore, to accept without thanks, to abandon, if we would, scarcely heeded.

They had reached the gate of the châlet by this time; the moonlight seemed to be streaming everywhere.

"Oh, Richard, Richard, do you mean to tell me you do not know that she has always loved you?" cried Reine, with a sudden burst, as she left him, and went in.

The poor little châlet, with all its absurd ornamentations and whirling flags and weathercocks, looked so sad and forlorn, so black and hearse-like in the darkness. The blinds of some of the windows were down; a pale light shone in Catherine's window. Dick, pacing up and down outside in the moonlight, looked up at it more than once, and laughed a little bitterly to himself over the perversity of women. He did not like Reine the better for her jealousy. It was not worthy of her, he thought. The house was very dark and silent within and without. Monsieur and Madame Mérard had gonè away for a few days; Madame Binaud had come for them, and Catherine had piteously begged them to go, to leave her with Toto. She was only longing for silence and rest.

Poor old Mérard's little piping voice quavered when he came to say good-by, and his jolly face seemed circled with dark round wrinkles which had not been there before. "Pauvre petite," said he, kissing the two little cold clinging hands which he held in his. Madame Mérard, too, seemed changed and greatly shaken. She said little, but trotted about, overturning drawers, and keeping vigilant watch over the goings-on in the house. Just before starting, she carried up a cup of strong broth to Catherine, which she had made with her own hands. "Drink it down hot," said she. "There is a good pound of meat in it, for I arranged it myself."

Dick would not have thought Reine hard or perverse could he have seen into the room from where the faint ray of light was streaming, and where poor little Catherine was sitting on a low chair by the smouldering fire, while Reine knelt beside her, holding her hand in a tender clasp. Reine had that strange gift of healing and comfort which some people possess; there was strength and peace in the touch of her strong gentle hands, and in the wise wistful look of her eyes. Catherine spoke a few broken words telling her how it had happened, speaking of Dick's courage and devotion. Reine listened, gazing into the fire, keeping time with her heart to Richard's footsteps outside—it was long long before she listened to them again—the clock ticked monotonously, and time went on.

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And then they heard a voice speaking down below. "Justine, do not let Mademoiselle Chrétien go without seeing me," said somebody.

"It is Madame de Tracy," said Catherine, languidly. "She has been here all day."

It was Madame de Tracy's voice, it was Madame de Tracy herself who stood waiting in ambush in the kitchen, waiting in agitation, palpitation, and excitement, expecting her prey, not without some alarm, poor lady: for her own claws were not very fierce, nor her bites very fatal, and, dragon though she was, she would have liked to run away. Justine the cynical saw that something was going on. It did not concern her; she only shrugged her shoulders as she plodded about the house from one creaking wooden room to another. She was putting away the linen in the maire's little office, which was now at last disponible. It was convenient and near the kitchen—she had always wanted the place for her tablecloths. Coming downstairs with an armful of linen, she met Reine leaving Catherine's room. "You are wanted in the kitchen," said she. "Madame de Tracy certainly will not let you go without seeing her." And as she spoke Madame de Tracy, with her bonnet all on one side, came out at the sound of the voices, and held open the door with much difficulty.

"I have to speak to you. Come in here, if you please. My nephew is outside, but it is to you, mademoiselle, I address myself. He is waiting for you—do not deny it; I know all, everything." And the countess blazed round upon the peasant-girl, who, however, seemed but little discomposed by the attack. "Ah, mademoiselle," continued Madame de Tracy, suddenly changing from ferocity to supplication. "If you do really care for that foolish, impetuous boy, you will forgive me and sympathize with me when I implore you to reflect upon the sacrifice he is making—a sacrifice that will disgrace him, and drag him down in the eyes of the world. It is so hard in its judgments. Is that door securely closed? I would not for the world that Justine should overhear, that Dick should suspect me of influencing you. He was furious once not long ago, when I foolishly dreaded another attraction, but this would be still less . . . . still more—Catherine at least was. . . ." The poor lady stopped short, embarrassed, unable to finish her sentence. Well she might be, for she caught sight of Reine's indignant cheeks burning, and of the much-dreaded Dick himself coming in through the glass-door. A chill night-wind surged in as he opened the door, of which the shutters had not yet been closed. He had been quietly walking outside up and down, biding his time. It had come now; and now Dick guessed in an instant what had happened. He went straight up to Reine, and put his arm round her, as if to defend her, and yet Reine was strong enough to defy the poor trembling, agitated lady, without his assistance.

"You mustn't say anything to Reine, aunt Matilda, that you wouldn't say to me," said Dick, haughtily.

"Dear boy," cried Madame de Tracy, more and more fluttered and anxious, "indeed and indeed I only speak for your good and hers. Of

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course you have passed your word; but you do not know the world as I do, nor to what you are exposing . . . . you —you . . . ."

"Hush!" said Dick, speaking savagely, almost for the first time in his life. "Reine and I understand one another very well, and are quite willing to put up with any inconvenience;" and his voice softened: he looked at the girl with a smile. But she did not answer; she was quite pale, and her eyes were on fire. She drew herself up to her full length, and stood there in the moonlight in her country-dress, looking like a wraith. Even her words sounded faint and toneless.

"Heaven knows," she said quietly, "that I am ready to die for you, Richard, but I will never marry you—never, never. It is not for the first time that I hear these things, that I reflect upon the sacrifice you make, upon the danger of marriage ill-assorted and unhappy. Nothing will ever change my affection; you are part of my life, of my prayers, ever since I first knew you." . . . The passionate cadence of her voice broke into a sob. Reine spoke with emotion, feeling that she was safe in Madame de Tracy's agitated presence; she imagined Richard would say nothing, do nothing, but somehow she was mistaken, and she found herself folded in the young man's arms.

"My Reine," he said, "I want no words—I understand." But the girl put herself quickly away out of his embrace. What strange love-parting was this in the sad house of mourning!

"You do not understand me," cried Reine; "and you, madame, need not be so much afraid of the harm I shall do him," she said passionately, turning to Madame de Tracy. "I shall not drag him down; I shall not force him to keep his word; I shall not disgrace him!"

The girl's anger and sorrow had gradually reached a hysterical and almost uncontrollable point. The things Madame de Tracy had glibly explained, meaning no harm, poor lady, had nearly maddened her. Her allusion to Catherine was the last drop in the brimming cup. In vain Dick tried to calm and to soothe her. She did not listen; she would not look at him even; for a minute she stared through the glass-door into the moonlight without, and then at Madame de Tracy, agitated and fleckered by the blaze of the fire.

"Catherine, of whom you spoke just now," cried the girl, "would have been a thousand thousand times more suited than I should ever be. Ah! do not interfere again, madame. You do not know what you are doing!" And with a scared sort of look Reine broke away from Dick, and pushed at the glass-door, and ran out into the night. She had forgotten all about it, but she found Dominique with the cart waiting at the garden-gate. Dick, following an instant after, only came in time to see her drive away.

I think if he had caught her then—if he had scolded and then forgiven her—all would have been right between them then; but the horse set off at a trot down the hill. The cart rolled away with a dull jolt of wheels over the sodden earth; mists came between them and distance greater and greater. Butler was too angry and hurt to follow her at the time,—more

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angry, I think, because she went off in the cart than for all she had said to vex him.

"Never, never." Did some one whisper it in his ear? What a strange creature—lovely, womanly, tender, and pathetic, and furious; how hard to satisfy, how difficult to love, how impossible not to love.

Dick spent a sulky evening at the château, smoking by himself in the smoking-room, while Madame de Tracy retired with fluttering dignity to her own apartment. Jean thought it a bad business; but it was his maxim not to interfere. It was no affair of his. Dick was old enough to attend to his own concerns; and though Mrs. Beamish and Ernestine went down upon their knees to him, they could not undo the part or prevent him from thinking that there was but one woman in the world, and her name was Reine Chrétien.

Dick made up his mind very quietly, without asking any one's leave. He was a little touched, and very much provoked, by the allusions to poor Madame Fontaine; but he hoped there was some mistake, and rather avoided dwelling upon that part of the subject. Reine had been jealous, as women are sometimes. He walked up to the farm before breakfast. The fine weather had come at last; fields and furrows were twinkling with early dew; a thousand lights and crystals and refractions were shining out of the earth; a cheerful sound of labour echoed under the dazzling morning vault. Old Chrétien was sitting on the bench sunning himself outside the great archway in his blue smock; the queer old pinnacles, and chimney-stacks, and pigeon-cotes were all distinct against the clear heaven, and the two tall poplar-trees on the roadside showed every twig and spray full with the coming leaves. Paris came to meet Dick, shaking his lazy long body and wagging his tail. Petitpère sat staring at the field where his men were busy digging up vegetables and loading a cart.

"Good-morning," cried Dick, cheerfully. "Monsieur Chrétien, where shall I find your granddaughter?"

"That is more than I can tell you," said the old fellow, looking utterly vacant and stupid. "Reine is gone, and I am busy enough in her absence. As monsieur sees, I am getting in my turnips." And he pointed to the field where they were growing, and where the labourers were busy digging up the earth. It was the field which the lovers had crossed in the darkness the night before.

"Gone?" said Dick, looking at the turnips, without seeing anything before him.

"She is gone back to the convent," the old man said. "I should not like it for myself; but she finds her pleasure there."

"Did she leave no letter, no message for me?" Richard asked, trying to light a cigar, though his fingers were trembling as he did so. Petitpère gazed stupidly at the young man.

"I was to let her know as soon as you were gone, that she might come back and see to the fatting of the pigs," said he; "that was what she said."

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With a sudden movement, Dick threw the unlighted cigar away over the hedge.

"She need not delay her return on my account," said Butler, flushing up, and turning his back to Petitpère. "I shall leave the place to-day for good. Pray tell her so when she comes back to—to her pigs."

Old Petitpère shrugged his shoulders for the last time in this little history, and rubbed his old knees, pleased with the effect of that parting shaft: and yet he was a little sorry, too, for the young fellow as he went swinging angrily along the road, and disappeared at the turn by the willow-trees.

Dick was far away safe among the green pastures and cool waters of Lambswold, and Reine might have come back from her convent without fear of meeting him; but many and many a day went by before the girl returned to the farm-kitchen, to her accustomed ways and works, and, when she came, it was a wan and weak and weary woman recovering from an illness through which the good nuns had nursed her. Poor Reine! she came back to Petitpère and the pigs and the cows for companionship and sympathy. She could not think of the past—it filled her with such doubt and remorse; she did not dare to contemplate the future, it seemed so endless, so grey, so unbearable; she would not have been sorry to die in the convent in the sunny ward among the tranquil nuns, and so to solve the difficulty and riddle of her life. But it was only a low nervous fever from which she had suffered, and she knew that there was no chance of any end to it, but that prosaic end of getting well and going home to her dull and neglected duties. If Catherine had been at Petitport she would have found comfort and happiness with the tender little woman. But a chance had happened, which would have been stranger if it had happened sooner, and Catherine was away in England with her sisters, looking after some property which had come to her and to them. What did she want with it now? Fontaine had provided for her, and she liked better to owe ease and comfort to him, to his care and his tender thought for her, than to a chance by which Lady Farebrother had died before she could sign her name to a will. Mr. Bland would have been a good many thousand pounds the richer if the poor lady had lived a few hours longer. He never had even the satisfaction of knowing it; for, though both the doctor and lawyer were sent for, they both came too late. As it was, Catherine's two little sisters came in for no inconsiderable portion of their aunt's possession, and a certain sum was left to Catherine, their guardian, by their mother's will.

It was in autumn this year, after poor Fontaine's death, that I stayed at Petitport, and first made Reine Chrétien's acquaintance on the sea-shore, as I described in the beginning of my little history. These were not prosperous times. There was a great deal of sickness in the village, the harvest had failed; and wherever I went I heard complaints and witnessed pain and suffering. Reine seemed to be everywhere, helping and

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tending her poorer neighbours. It is impossible not to believe that some people have an unexplained power, which must be magnetic of its kind, for healing and soothing pain. Reine possessed this odd influence over the sick, and was conscious of it although she could not account for it; she unfortunately had full opportunity for exercising her gift. Fever and famine were common enough in the poor little village; these two grim visitors were almost as certain to come in their season as the bathers and holiday-makers with the summer and sunshine. This year fell unusually heavy upon the little population; there was hardly a family that had not some member stricken with the fever. Reine herself lost her grandfather soon before I came to the village. For some time she was living by herself in a great empty farmhouse on a hill. When I knew her first she seemed to take to me, perhaps because I was English, perhaps because I happened to know something of the people she most cared for, partly because I was fascinated by her. After that day on the sands I went up to see her once or twice at the farm. A widow woman was living with her, a certain Madame Marteau, to whose little daughter she was greatly attached.

Poor Reine! these were hard times for her. On the very day I first made her acquaintance she had heard a report from Justine at the châlet concerning Catherine, which had stirred up many a feeling still fresh and vivid, though she scarcely believed the report. Sometimes she spoke of the past, but with evident pain and shrinking and doubt and remorse. Had she done right? Had she done wrong? She seemed to be sure of nothing but of the love which was in her.

Once, only once, she sat down to write to him. She never meant to send the letter, but it was a relief to her to put down upon paper all that was in her heart,—all her loving remembrance,—to write the words of benediction, although he might never need her blessing now. When she had written the tender little scrawl, she burnt it; but the words were somewhere, everywhere she thought, as she saw the cinders float away. She said to herself that no fire could burn them out, nothing could destroy them; in some distant world, if not in this one, they would find him.

CHAPTER LAST.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy Wheel."

One day Reine, walking down the village street, met Madame Mérard coming from the châlet, where she had been superintending some packing and reordering. The old lady was trotting heavily along, with a large packet on her arm. She was panting fiercely, in a state of fume and of excitement. No wonder. "She had heard an announcement," she said, "which she had always predicted—always. What else was to be expected of a young woman so entirely engrossed by society and amusement as

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Madame Fontaine had always shown herself." Madame Mérard declined to give her authority for the news she had heard. "Non! time would prove the truth of her assertions. Well-informed and dispassionate persons had assured her that Catherine Fontaine was on the eve of contracting a second and highly advantageous alliance with Mr. Butler. In that event the châlet and all the elegant fittings would return to Toto. Most providentially a clause to that effect had been inserted in the will, at the curé's suggestion; for the poor infatuated Charles would never have shown this necessary provision. Poor man, already forgotten! Ah, how differently she, Madame Mérard, had acted under similar circumstances. Although assiduously pressed, within six months of her widowhood, to make up her mind, by no less than three different gentlemen, in nowise connected with one another, she had refused to give any answer whatever for a space of two whole years, during which their attentions had been unremitting. At the end of that time, having made Monsieur Mérard's acquaintance, she had dismissed the other aspirants with every mark of esteem and consideration. Now-a-days things were different. Do not seek for disinterested affection. Oh, no," said Madame Mérard, "for it would be no use." And the old lady stumped away at her quickest pace up the road, and across the field; she had business at the château, she vaguely intimated, snorting and shaking her head. In truth, her authority was only that of Justine at the châlet, who had heard the news from Baptiste at the château, who had it in a letter from Barbe, now in England with her mistress; and Madame Mérard was anxious to gather every particular.

Poor Reine did not take so much pains to verify the news. She had heard some such report before, that seemed corroborated now. It was natural, and only what she had expected all along. The blow had fallen at last. Amen. She knotted her two hands together and walked along erect and abstracted, with eyes that seemed looking at a far-off distance, silent, with a passionate cry in her heart. She walked on to the little village graveyard on the road-side, behind the iron railing where her mother was lying and Petitpère resting under the poplar-tree, and where, in a sunny corner, Fontaine's name was carved upon the stone-cross which Catherine had put up to his memory, and over which the ivy was creeping.

The struggle which came to Reine then was that sore one which comes to each one of us, at one time or another, when passionate hopes die away, and longings—how eager none can know, except each one for himself; when the last hope fails, and when the aching void and emptiness of the future seem bearing down like the inevitable dusk at the end of a busy day. Darkness and oblivion and death would seem welcome at such times; rather than the dim shadow and grey silence of these sad twilight hours,—dark grey, though the sun is shining perhaps, and the summer lights flooding the land. Then the fight begins, a lonely one with no witness, for who can see or understand another's mood? And

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the fight is this. "I wanted that, I tried for this, I would have been the person that I am not. I would have liked the happiness which is denied me. Give, give, O Lord, unto thy servant. Is not happiness my right? Is not content my right, and success and love and prosperity?" And even amid the fierce pangs of pain and disappointment the mad question is answered. "Why should not sorrow and disappointment be thy right? Why should not the experience of grief be thine? the knowledge of evil as well as of good? Submit, oh, submit, poor heart!" And the spirit seems to speak to the weary body, and one last desperate effort comes for resignation, for obedience to the terrible teaching, for acquiescence. "We bow to Heaven that willed it so."

In this frame of mind everything all round about seems to have an answering voice to urge, to help, to comfort. When all seems lost there comes a new courage, a new peace dawning overhead, life bursting from the dry branches, light from the clouds, the very stones cry out and testify in the world all roundabout. Reine, walking homeward along the cliff, read a thousand meanings in the sights along her way—peace, resignation, regret, remembrances more or less aching; but singing a song all the while, which echoed with hitherto undreamt-of meaning: there was comfort in the sound of the sea, in its flowing music, its minor notes, in the cries for help, in the rush of wind blowing here and there, in the very moods of her heart changing from one emotion to another. Even the trembling shadow of the poplar-tree upon the turf seemed to whisper peace to her and tranquillity; and so by degrees her sad excitement abated. She did not reproach herself; she did not know now whether she had been most to blame for that which she should regret all her life; but when she reached home, she felt somehow that the worst was over. Little Josette ran up to her, and pulled her by the hand into the everyday world again, telling her to come and see the galette she and her mother had cooked for dinner; Paris rubbed his head against his mistress's black gown; Madame Marteau came smiling to the door to greet her.

Reine, coming and going about her business with a pale face and a sad heart, all that day kept telling herself that it was too late to regret, but not too late to love still, and then she determined to write to Dick once again; and this time the letter was sent. It was addressed to Catherine, though it was intended for Dick. Only a few words, in the Frenchwoman's quaint stiff handwriting:—"I have heard news of you," she wrote. "With my whole heart I pray heaven for your happiness—that heart which is full of love for you, of hope for the future, and of faith in your tender friendship. You will come here some day—will you not?—both of you, and give me the greatest happiness which I can hope for on earth—the happiness of seeing you happy?"

And then Reine, holding Josette by the hand, went and slipped the letter herself into the box in the village-wall, where it lay until old Pierre, the postman, with his clumsy key and his old worn pouch, carried it away to Bayeux, across the plain.

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Dick was sitting with Catherine when this letter was put into her hand. She flushed up, poor little widow, and began to tremble when she read it, and with a sudden movement half held it out to Butler, and then changed her mind and took it back once more; and so sat, without speaking for a minute, with her dark eyes fixed gravely upon his face. She looked like a child trying to remember some half-forgotten lesson, and Dick wondered what words she was trying to fashion. It was a long, low, old-fashioned room in which they were sitting—the drawing-room of a house on the terrace at Richmond, with three deep windows looking out upon the loveliest haze and distance upon the river—wandering at its own sweet will—upon the showers of autumnal gold sparkling beneath the mists that were spreading to the silver hills. Toto and Totty were in one of the windows, whispering and exploding into sudden shrieks of laughter at one another's witticisms. Rosy was curled up over a novel on the floor; and Catherine, sitting in her little bowery corner, with some work and some flowers on her table, was looking prettier and more gentle than ever in her black dress, with her plaintive childish face crowned with the sad dignity of a widow's cap. So she sat talking to the melancholy and ill-humoured young man in the arm-chair beside her. "You must find me a great bore," Dick was saying; "I come and grumble, and abuse everybody and everything. I tried to go back to my painting this morning—confound it, I can do nothing with it; I can do nothing but grumble." Dick often rode over to see the little widow; he would come in the worst of spirits, and go away cheered and touched by Madame Fontaine's constant kindness and sympathy. The little woman had learnt out of the depths of her own morbid experiences to be tender and gentle and forbearing with others wandering in the same dreary labyrinth in which she had been utterly lost only a very little while ago; so it seemed to her, looking back. Things were different now, and Catherine could not help wondering why, sometimes, and feeling that to the dearest friend, the tenderest, the most loyal simple heart that ever beat, she owed more than she could ever pay with a lifetime of love and fidelity. She did not feel any particular gratitude to Lady Farebrother, whose money had contributed to the pleasant home and its various luxuries, and was doing more good now than it had ever done in the old lady's lifetime; but the helping hand, the kindness, the protecting love, which first rescued her was Fontaine's, and Catherine did not forget it: one was a chance, the other a blessing. Catherine, sitting there with Reine's letter in her hand, wondered over the many changes and chances of this mortal life. She knew well enough by this time that poor Madame de Tracy was only eager to repair the breach between her and her nephew; that Mrs. Butler and Catherine Beamish were longing to prevent the possible and horrible mis-alliance that was always hanging over the family; and that they would all have gladly and eagerly consented to a marriage between Madame Fontaine and this terrible Richard. She sadly wonders why she, a widow woman, is deemed a fitter wife for Dick now, than two years ago, when all her

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heart's best devotion was his. Catherine felt she loved him still, as some women must love the ideal of their youth—loved him with a gentle, true-hearted friendship and faithful sympathy that would be always his; but not as Reine loved him. Ah! that love was alive, and did not die at its birth. As for Dick himself, he made no profession of affection—he was sincerely fond of Catherine. He was touched—how could he help it?—by the knowledge of her old affection for him. He came, with a longing for sympathy, for a kind soul to talk to, from his empty, lonely house to Catherine's tranquil bright home. He came with a sad scorn for himself in his heart; but there he was sitting beside her day after day. She suited him better than his own relations. Reine, who he thought was true as steel, had deceived him and jilted him. Catherine had but to put out her hand, he was not unwilling; and Catherine, still looking him full in the face, put out her hand, but Reine's little letter was in it.

"Oh, Richard," Madame Fontaine said, unconsciously calling him by his Christian name, "I want you to read this, to forgive me for what I am going to say——"

Her eyes were brimming, her voice was failing, but she made a great effort and spoke. Just now everything seemed of very little consequence to her in comparison with the great sadness which had long filled her heart. There was a pathos in her tones of which she was unconscious, as she tried, by talking as straight and direct to the point as Reine herself might have done, to put away at once, for ever, all misconception. At another time, perhaps, she could not have spoken as she did just then. But her sorrow still encompassed her like a shield; she was invulnerable; a new strength had come to her from her very weakness and remorse for the past.

"I did not love my husband as I ought to have loved him when I married him," she said. "I deserve anything—everything. Even this explanation is a punishment for my folly. But if I had to live my life again now, and if I might choose, with open eyes, between the man who loved me and—and—I would not have things otherwise. Oh, Richard, you do not think me ungrateful for speaking? I know all that passed. Poor Reine, dear Reine," said the true-hearted little woman; "there is no one so noble, so faithful. She left you because she loved you. Do you know how ill she has been? Miss Williamson (it was of the present writer that Catherine was speaking then) has written to me about her. She thinks she will die some day, if you leave her much longer alone. Oh, Richard, dear friend, won't you forgive her and me, and go back to her again? No one has ever loved you as she does."

Those of my good friends who already despise Dick Butler, and who think him a poor creature at best, and no better than his paintings, will, I fear, despise him still more, for his eyes were full of tears when he looked up at last from the paper on which Reine's few words of sad congratulation were standing in black and white before him.

"God bless you, dear lady," he said, taking Madame Fontaine's out-

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stretched hand, and starting up. "You have saved me from committing a great wrong. I will write to you to-morrow when I have seen her."

And then he went away quickly, without noticing the children, and a minute afterwards they heard his horse's feet clattering down the road. Then the three children, who had been listening with all their ears, and perfectly understanding everything, and thrilling with sympathy as children do, came and flung themselves upon the little widow, almost crushing her down upon the sofa.

"No, no, no," said Toto, in his broken English, "I shall not 'ave you mary. I want you, and when I'm a man." . . . "Oh, Cathy, you won't leave us again, will you? Promise, please promise," cried Totty, and Rosa said nothing, but threw away her novel, griped one of Cathy's poor little hands tight in hers, crushing it with all her might, until her sister, half laughing, half crying, had to call out for mercy. And so, with one last bright appealing look, Catherine happily disappears, in the children's adoring but somewhat tyrannical embrace.

Good-by, little Catherine. Yours is no hard fate, after all. Toto is your defender; Rosy and Totty your faithful companions; friends and plenty and peaceful leisure are yours now.

Courseulles, where the oysters are preserved, and where the establishment is situated of which poor Fontaine spoke with so much enthusiasm, is a dreary little tumble-down village of odds and ends; of broken barrels, torn garments, oyster-heaps, and swinging shutters, standing upon the border of a great mud marsh, which at low water reaches out for a mile or more to meet a grey and turbid sea. The oysters are sorted out in long tanks, according to size, and fatten undisturbed, and in their places, round a little counting-house which stands in the middle of these calm and melancholy waters. The shutters swing, in the village a child or two turns over the oyster-heaps, the ragged garments flutter in the wind. It is not a place likely to attract mere pleasure-seekers, and yet as Dominique, the day after that little conversation at Richmond, comes leading the horse out of the stable of the inn at Courseulles, he meets a gentleman who has ridden over from Petitport upon M. de Tracy's bay mare, and who quietly asks him to see to the horse, and to tell him where Mademoiselle Chrétien is to be found.

"Mademoiselle is in the counting-house," says Dominique, staring and grinning, and showing his great red gums; and Richard, for it is Richard of course, makes his way across the desolate waste between the inn and the oyster-tanks, and opens a gate for himself and walks along a narrow raised pathway leading to the little counting-house.

Before Butler could reach the door it opened, and Reine came out and stood for an instant looking at the great waste where the dredgers were at work, and where a dirty red gleam of sunset was glaring upon the mud. She sighed, and then she turned suddenly, feeling, as people do, that some one was watching her. Some one! She turned and looked with a

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quick sudden motion, and then, although she stood quite still, all her heart seemed to go out to welcome the one person in the whole world she most wearied for, and least thought she should see ever again. She did not speak, but, somehow, she was in his arms, and her wondering, tender, passionate eyes were recounting silently all the story of the long sad months through which she had wasted; and as Dick looked at her, when he saw her sweet face once more, the dreary marshes, the falling houses, seemed to be touched with some brightest and most sudden brilliance. Everything was plain to them both. I don't think they either of them ever knew how or in what words the story was told—the best and most perfect story which belongs to this complaining world; to the world in which there are sad histories and wicked ones, in which some stories are well forgotten, and others, alas! never uttered; but in which the sacred inspiration of love comes now and again to kindle cold hearts, to brighten sad lives, to bless and to cheer the failing and doubtful, and to tell them that a living and sacred power is moving upon the troubled waters of life.

We most of us have seen at one time or another great rocks piled up, rocks, landslips, and devastations, blasted trunks of trees sliding down the fierce sides of the mountains, the overflow of angry waters, vapour floating mid air in the solitude. And Nature working by some great law unknown and only vaguely apprehended by us insects crawling a little way up the sides of her vast chasms, heaps and orders in some mighty fashion, and brings about noblest harmonies out of chaos. And so, too, out of the dismays and confusions of the secret world come results both mighty and gentle: great rocks stand shading daisies from the midday heat; trees uptorn by some avalanche, lie soft upon lichen and little clinging mosses; there are fissures where the snow lies dazzling; and huge stones sliding down the sides of the mountain seem arrested by the soft sprays of gentle little creeping plants, whose green leaves sparkle against the granite.

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

THE CLAVERINGS. (With an Illustration.) 257

CHAPTER XL.—*Shewing how Mrs. Burton fought her Battle.*

" XLI.—*The Sheep returns to the Fold.*

" XLII.—*Restitution.*

EDWARD I. AS A MILITARY LEADER 281

A WEEK IN A FRENCH COUNTRY-HOUSE. PART II. 304

REMINISCENCES OF AN ENGLISH CADET IN THE AUSTRIAN SERVICE. PART III. 326

THE SATRAP. BY W. FRANK SMITH. (With an Illustration.) 343

RAVENNA AND THE PINE-FOREST 346

FEMALE EDUCATION IN GERMANY 354

A DARK CHAPTER OF AUSTRIAN HISTORY 366

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THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1867.

The Claverings.

CHAPTER XL.

Shewing how Mrs. Burton fought her Battle.

"FLORENCE, I have been to Bolton Street and I have seen Lady Ongar." Those were the first words which Cecilia Burton spoke to her sister-in-law, when she found Florence in the drawing-room on her return from the visit which she had made to the countess. Florence had still before her the desk on which she had been writing; and the letter in its envelope addressed to Mrs. Clavering, but as yet unclosed, was lying beneath her blotting-paper. Florence, who had never dreamed of such an undertaking on Cecilia's part, was astounded at the tidings which she heard. Of course her first effort was made to learn from her sister's tone and countenance what had been the result of this interview;—but she could learn nothing from either. There was no radiance as of joy in Mrs. Burton's face, nor was there written there anything of despair. Her voice was serious and

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almost solemn, and her manner was very grave;—but that was all. "You have seen her?" said Florence, rising up from her chair.

"Yes, dear. I may have done wrong. Theodore, I know, will say so. But I thought it best to try to learn the truth before you wrote to Mrs. Clavering."

"And what is the truth? But perhaps you have not learned it?"

"I think I have learned all that she could tell me. She has been very frank."

"Well;—what is the truth? Do not suppose, dearest, that I cannot bear it. I hope for nothing now. I only want to have this settled, that I may be at rest."

Upon this Mrs. Burton took the suffering girl in her arms and caressed her tenderly. "My love," said she, "it is not easy for us to be at rest. You cannot be at rest as yet."

"I can. I will be so, when I know that this is settled. I do not wish to interfere with his fortune. There is my letter to his mother, and now I will go back to Stratton."

"Not yet, dearest; not yet," said Mrs. Burton, taking the letter in her hand, but refraining from withdrawing it at once from the envelope. "You must hear what I have heard to-day."

"Does she say that she loves him?"

"Ah, yes;—she loves him. We must not doubt that."

"And he;—what does she say of him?"

"She says what you also must say, Florence;—though it is hard that it should be so. It must be as he shall decide."

"No," said Florence, withdrawing herself from the arm that was still around her. "No; it shall not be as he may choose to decide. I will not so submit myself to him. It is enough as it is. I will never see him more;—never. To say that I do not love him would be untrue, but I will never see him again."

"Stop, dear; stop. What if it be no fault of his?"

"No fault of his that he went to her when we—we—we—he and I—were, as we were, together!"

"Of course there has been some fault; but, Flo dearest, listen to me. You know that I would ask you to do nothing from which a woman should shrink."

"I know that you would give your heart's blood for me;—but nothing will be of avail now. Do not look at me with melancholy eyes like that. Cissy, it will not kill me. It is only the doubt that kills one."

"I will not look at you with melancholy eyes, but you must listen to me. She does not herself know what his intention is."

"But I know it,—and I know my own. Read my letter, Cissy. There is not one word of anger in it, nor will I ever utter a reproach. He knew her first. If he loved her through it all, it was a pity he could not be constant to his love, even though she was false to him."

"But you won't hear me, Flo. As far as I can learn the truth,—

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as I myself most firmly believe,—when he went to her on her return to England, he had no other intention than that of visiting an old friend."

"But what sort of friend, Cissy?"

"He had no idea then of being untrue to you. But when he saw her the old intimacy came back. That was natural. Then he was dazzled by her beauty."

"Is she then so beautiful?"

"She is very beautiful."

"Let him go to her," said Florence, tearing herself away from her sister's arm, and walking across the room with a quick and almost angry step. "Let her have him. Cissy, there shall be an end of it. I will not condescend to solicit his love. If she is such as you say, and if beauty with him goes for everything,—what chance could there be for such as me?"

"I did not say that beauty with him went for everything."

"Of course it does. I ought to have known that it would be so with such a one as him. And then she is rich also,—wonderfully rich! What right can I have to think of him?"

"Florence, you are unjust. You do not even suspect that it is her money."

"To me it is the same thing. I suppose that a woman who is so beautiful has a right to everything. I know that I am plain, and I will be—content—in future—to think no more——" Poor Florence, when she had got as far as that, broke down, and could go on no further with the declaration which she had been about to make as to her future prospects. Mrs. Burton, taking advantage of this, went on with her story, struggling, not altogether unsuccessfully, to assume a calm tone of unimpassioned reason.

"As I said before, he was dazzled——"

"Dazzled!—oh!"

"But even then he had no idea of being untrue to you."

"No; he was untrue without an idea. That is worse."

"Florence, you are perverse, and are determined to be unfair. I must beg that you will hear me to the end, so that then you may be able to judge what course you ought to follow." This Mrs. Burton said with the air of a great authority; after which she continued in a voice something less stern—"He thought of doing no injury to you when he went to see her; but something of the feeling of his old love grew upon him when he was in her company, and he became embarrassed by his position before he was aware of his own danger. He might, of course, have been stronger." Here Florence exhibited a gesture of strong impatience, though she did not speak. "I am not going to defend him altogether, but I think you must admit that he was hardly tried. Of course I cannot say what passed between them, but I can understand how easily they might recur to the old scenes;—how naturally she would wish for a renewal of the love

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which she had been base enough to betray! She does not, however, consider herself as at present engaged to him. That you may know for certain. It may be that she has asked him for such a promise, and that he has hesitated. If so, his staying away from us, and his not writing to you, can be easily understood."

"And what is it you would have me do?"

"He is ill now. Wait till he is well. He would have been here before this, had not illness prevented him. Wait till he comes."

"I cannot do that, Cissy. Wait I must, but I cannot wait without offering him, through his mother, the freedom which I have so much reason to know that he desires."

"We do not know that he desires it. We do not know that his mother even suspects him of any fault towards you. Now that he is there,—at home,—away from Bolton Street——"

"I do not care to trust to such influences as that, Cissy. If he could not spend this morning with her in her own house, and then as he left her feel that he preferred me to her, and to all the world, I would rather be as I am than take his hand. He shall not marry me from pity, nor yet from a sense of duty. We know the old story,—how the devil would be a monk when he was sick. I will not accept his sick-bed allegiance, or have to think that I owe my husband to a mother's influence over him while he is ill."

"You will make me think, Flo, that you are less true to him than she is."

"Perhaps it is so. Let him have what good such truth as hers can do him. For me, I feel that it is my duty to be true to myself. I will not condescend to indulge my heart at the cost of my pride as a woman."

"Oh, Florence, I hate that word pride."

"You would not hate it for yourself, in my place."

"You need take no shame to love him."

'Have I taken shame to love him?" said Florence, rising again from her chair. "Have I been missish or coy about my love? From the moment in which I knew that it was a pleasure to myself to regard him as my future husband, I have spoken of my love as being always proud of it. I have acknowledged it as openly as you can do yours for Theodore. I acknowledge it still, and will never deny it. Take shame that I have loved him! No. But I should take to myself great shame should I ever be brought so low as to ask him for his love, when once I had learned to think that he had transferred it from myself to another woman." Then she walked the length of the room, backwards and forwards, with hasty steps, not looking at her sister-in-law, whose eyes were now filled with tears. "Come, Cissy," she then said, "we will make an end of this. Read my letter if you choose to read it,—though indeed it is not worth the reading, and then let me send it to the post."

Mrs. Burton now opened the letter and read it very slowly. It was stern and almost unfeeling in the calmness of the words chosen: but in

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those words her proposed marriage with Harry Clavering was absolutely abandoned. "I know," she said, "that your son is more warmly attached to another lady than he is to me, and under those circumstances, for his sake as well as for mine, it is necessary that we should part. Dear Mrs. Clavering, may I ask you to make him understand that he and I are never to recur to the past? If he will send me back any letters of mine,—should any have been kept,—and the little present which I once gave him, all will have been done which need be done, and all have been said which need be said. He will receive in a small parcel his own letters and the gifts which he has made me." There was in this a tone of completeness,—as of a business absolutely finished,—of a judgment admitting no appeal, which did not at all suit Mrs. Burton's views. A letter, quite as becoming on the part of Florence, might, she thought, be written, which would still leave open a door for reconciliation. But Florence was resolved, and the letter was sent.

The part which Mrs. Burton had taken in this conversation had surprised even herself. She had been full of anger with Harry Clavering,—as wrathful with him as her nature permitted her to be; and yet she had pleaded his cause with all her eloquence, going almost so far in her defence of him as to declare that he was blameless. And in truth she was prepared to acquit him of blame,—to give him full absolution without penance,—if only he could be brought back again into the fold. Her wrath against him would be very hot should he not so return;—but all should be more than forgiven if he would only come back, and do his duty with affectionate and patient fidelity. Her desire was, not so much that justice should be done, as that Florence should have the thing coveted, and that Florence's rival should not have it. According to the arguments, as arranged by her feminine logic, Harry Clavering would be all right or all wrong according as he might at last bear himself. She desired success, and, if she could only be successful, was prepared to forgive everything. And even yet she would not give up the battle, though she admitted to herself that Florence's letter to Mrs. Clavering made the contest more difficult than ever. It might, however, be that Mrs. Clavering would be good enough, just enough, true enough, clever enough, to know that such a letter as this, coming from such a girl and written under such circumstances, should be taken as meaning nothing. Most mothers would wish to see their sons married to wealth, should wealth throw itself in their way;—but Mrs. Clavering, possibly, might not be such a mother as that.

In the meantime there was before her the terrible necessity of explaining to her husband the step which she had taken without his knowledge, and of which she knew that she must tell him the history before she could sit down to dinner with him in comfort. "Theodore," she said, creeping in out of her own chamber to his dressing-room, while he was washing his hands, "you mustn't be angry with me, but I have done something to-day."

"And why must I not be angry with you?"

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"You know what I mean. You mustn't be angry—especially about this,—because I don't want you to be."

"That's conclusive," said he. It was manifest to her that he was in a good humour, which was a great blessing. He had not been tried with his work as he was often wont to be, and was therefore willing to be playful.

"What do you think I've done?" said she. "I have been to Bolton Street and have seen Lady Ongar."

"No!"

"I have, Theodore, indeed."

Mr. Burton had been rubbing his face vehemently with a rough towel at the moment in which the communication had been made to him, and so strongly was he affected by it that he was stopped in his operation and brought to a stand in his movement, looking at his wife over the towel as he held it in both his hands. "What on earth has made you do such a thing as that?" he said.

"I thought it best. I thought that I might hear the truth,—and so I have. I could not bear that Florence should be sacrificed whilst anything remained undone that was possible."

"Why didn't you tell me that you were going?"

"Well, my dear; I thought it better not. Of course I ought to have told you, but in this instance I thought it best just to go without the fuss of mentioning it."

"What you really mean is, that if you had told me I should have asked you not to go."

"Exactly."

"And you were determined to have your own way?"

"I don't think, Theodore, I care so much about my own way as some women do. I am sure I always think your opinion is better than my own;—that is, in most things."

"And what did Lady Ongar say to you?" He had now put down the towel, and was seated in his arm-chair, looking up into his wife's face.

"It would be a long story to tell you all that she said."

"Was she civil to you?"

"She was not uncivil. She is a handsome, proud woman, prone to speak out what she thinks and determined to have her own way when it is possible; but I think that she intended to be civil to me personally."

"What is her purpose now?"

"Her purpose is clear enough. She means to marry Harry Clavering if she can get him. She said so. She made no secret of what her wishes are."

"Then, Cissy, let her marry him, and do not let us trouble ourselves further in the matter."

"But Florence, Theodore! Think of Florence!"

"I am thinking of her, and I think that Harry Clavering is not worth her acceptance. She is as the traveller that fell among thieves. She is

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hurt and wounded, but not dead. It is for you to be the Good Samaritan, but the oil which you should pour into her wounds is not a renewed hope as to that worthless man. Let Lady Ongar have him. As far as I can see, they are fit for each other."

Then she went through with him, diligently, all the arguments which she had used with Florence, palliating Harry's conduct, and explaining the circumstances of his disloyalty, almost as those circumstances had in truth occurred. "I think you are too hard on him," she said. "You can't be too hard on falsehood," he replied. "No, not while it exists. But you would not be angry with a man for ever, because he should once have been false? But we do not know that he is false." "Do we not?" said he. "But never mind; we must go to dinner now. Does Florence know of your visit?" Then, before she would allow him to leave his room, she explained to him what had taken place between herself and Florence, and told him of the letter that had been written to Mrs. Clavering. "She is right," said he. "That way out of her difficulty is the best that is left to her." But, nevertheless, Mrs. Burton was resolved that she would not as yet surrender.

Theodore Burton, when he reached the drawing-room, went up to his sister and kissed her. Such a sign of the tenderness of love was not common with him, for he was one of those who are not usually demonstrative in their affection. At the present moment he said nothing of what was passing in his mind, nor did she. She simply raised her face to meet his lips, and pressed his hand as she held it. What need was there of any further sign between them than this? Then they went to dinner, and their meal was eaten almost in silence. Almost every moment Cecilia's eye was on her sister-in-law. A careful observer, had there been one there, might have seen this; but, while they remained together downstairs, there occurred among them nothing else to mark that all was not well with them.

Nor would the brother have spoken a word during the evening on the subject that was so near to all their hearts had not Florence led the way. When they were at tea, and when Cecilia had already made up her mind that there was to be no further discussion that night, Florence suddenly broke forth.

"Theodore," she said, "I have been thinking much about it, and I believe I had better go home, to Stratton, to-morrow."

"Oh, no," said Cecilia, eagerly.

"I believe it will be better that I should," continued Florence. "I suppose it is very weak in me to own it; but I am unhappy, and, like the wounded bird, I feel that it will be well that I should hide myself."

Cecilia was at her feet in a moment. "Dearest Flo," she said. "Is not this your home as well as Stratton?"

"When I am able to be happy it is. Those who have light hearts may have more homes than one; but it is not so with those whose hearts are heavy. I think it will be best for me to go."

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"You shall do exactly as you please," said her brother. "In such a matter I will not try to persuade you. I only wish that we could tend to comfort you."

"You do comfort me. If I know that you think I am doing right, that will comfort me more than anything. Absolute and immediate comfort is not to be had when one is sorrowful."

"No, indeed," said her brother. "Sorrow should not be killed too quickly. I always think that those who are impervious to grief must be impervious also to happiness. If you have feelings capable of the one, you must have them capable also of the other!"

"You should wait at any rate, till you get an answer from Mrs. Clavering," said Cecilia.

"I do not know that she has any answer to send to me."

"Oh, yes; she must answer you, if you will think of it. If she accepts what you have said——"

"She cannot but accept it."

"Then she must reply to you. There is something which you have asked her to send to you; and I think you should wait, at any rate, till it reaches you here. Mind I do not think her answer will be of that nature; but it is clear that you should wait for it whatever it may be." Then Florence, with the concurrence of her brother's opinion, consented to remain in London for a few days, expecting the answer which would be sent by Mrs. Clavering;—and after that no further discussion took place as to her trouble.

CHAPTER XLI.

The Sheep returns to the Fold.

Harry Clavering had spoken solemn words to his mother, during his illness, which both he and she regarded as a promise that Florence should not be deserted by him. After that promise nothing more was said between them on the subject for a few days. Mrs. Clavering was contented that the promise had been made, and Harry himself, in the weakness consequent upon his illness, was willing enough to accept the excuse which his illness gave him for postponing any action in the matter. But the fever had left him, and he was sitting up in his mother's room, when Florence's letter reached the parsonage,—and, with the letter, the little parcel which she herself had packed up so carefully. On the day before that a few words had passed between the rector and his wife, which will explain the feelings of both of them in the matter.

"Have you heard," said he,—speaking in a voice hardly above a whisper, although no third person was in the room—"that Harry is again thinking of making Julia his wife?"

"He is not thinking of doing so," said Mrs. Clavering. "They who say so, do him wrong."

"It would be a great thing for him as regards money."

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"But he is engaged,—and Florence Burton has been received here as his future wife. I could not endure to think that it should be so. At any rate, it is not true."

"I only tell you what I heard," said the rector, gently sighing, partly in obedience to his wife's implied rebuke, and partly at the thought that so grand a marriage should not be within his son's reach. The rector was beginning to be aware that Harry would hardly make a fortune at the profession which he had chosen, and that a rich marriage would be an easy way out of all the difficulties which such a failure promised. The rector was a man who dearly loved easy ways out of difficulties. But in such matters as these his wife he knew was imperative and powerful, and he lacked the courage to plead for a cause that was prudent, but ungenerous.

When Mrs. Clavering received the letter and parcel on the next morning, Harry Clavering was still in bed. With the delightful privilege of a convalescent invalid, he was allowed in these days to get up just when getting up became more comfortable than lying in bed, and that time did not usually come till eleven o'clock was past;—but the postman reached the Clavering parsonage by nine. The letter, as we know, was addressed to Mrs. Clavering herself, as was also the outer envelope which contained the packet; but the packet itself was addressed in Florence's clear handwriting to Harry Clavering, Esq. "That is a large parcel to come by post, mamma," said Fanny.

"Yes, my dear; but it is something particular."

"It's from some tradesman, I suppose?" said the rector.

"No; it's not from a tradesman," said Mrs. Clavering. But she said nothing further, and both husband and daughter perceived that it was not intended that they should ask further questions.

Fanny, as usual, had taken her brother his breakfast, and Mrs. Clavering did not go up to him till that ceremony had been completed and removed. Indeed it was necessary that she should study Florence's letter in her own room before she could speak to him about it. What the parcel contained she well knew, even before the letter had been thoroughly read; and I need hardly say that the treasure was sacred in her hands. When she had finished the perusal of the letter there was a tear,—a gentle tear, in each eye. She understood it all, and could fathom the strength and weakness of every word which Florence had written. But she was such a woman,—exactly such a woman,—as Cecilia Burton had pictured to herself. Mrs. Clavering was good enough, great enough, true enough, clever enough to know that Harry's love for Florence should be sustained, and his fancy for Lady Ongar overcome. At no time would she have been proud to see her son prosperous only in the prosperity of a wife's fortune; but she would have been thoroughly ashamed of him, had he resolved to pursue such prosperity under his present circumstances.

But her tears,—though they were there in the corners of her eyes,—were not painful tears. Dear Florence! She was suffering bitterly now.

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This very day would be a day of agony to her. There had been for her, doubtless, many days of agony during the past month. That the letter was true in all its words Mrs. Clavering did not doubt. That Florence believed that all was over between her and Harry, Mrs. Clavering was as sure as Florence had intended that she should be. But all should not be over, and the days of agony should soon be at an end. Her boy had promised her, and to her he had always been true. And she understood, too, the way in which these dangers had come upon him, and her judgment was not heavy upon her son;—her gracious boy, who had ever been so good to her! It might be that he had been less diligent at his work than he should have been,—that on that account further delay would still be necessary; but Florence would forgive that, and he had promised that Florence should not be deserted.

Then she took the parcel in her hands, and considered all its circumstances,—how precious had once been its contents, and how precious doubtless they still were, though they had been thus repudiated! And she thought of the moments,—nay, rather of the hours,—which had been passed in the packing of that little packet. She well understood how a girl would linger over such dear pain, touching the things over and over again, allowing herself to read morsels of the letters at which she had already forbidden herself even to look,—till every word had been again seen and weighed, again caressed and again abjured. She knew how those little trinkets would have been fondled! How salt had been the tears that had fallen on them, and how carefully the drops would have been removed. Every fold in the paper of the two envelopes, with the little morsels of wax just adequate for their purpose, told of the lingering painful care with which the work had been done. Ah! the parcel should go back at once with words of love that should put an end to all that pain! She, who had sent these loved things away, should have her letters again, and should touch her little treasures with fingers that should take pleasure in the touching. She should again read her lover's words with an enduring delight. Mrs. Clavering understood it all, as though she also were still a girl with a lover of her own.

Harry was beginning to think that the time had come in which getting up would be more comfortable than lying in bed, when his mother knocked at his door and entered his room. "I was just going to make a move, mother," he said, having reached that stage of convalescence in which some shame comes upon the idler.

"But I want to speak to you first, my dear," said Mrs. Clavering. "I have got a letter for you, or rather a parcel." Harry held out his hand, and taking the packet, at once recognized the writing of the address.

"You know from whom it comes, Harry?"

"Oh, yes, mother."

"And do you know what it contains?" Harry, still holding the packet, looked at it, but said nothing. "I know," said his mother; "for she has written and told me. Will you see her letter to me?" Again Harry

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held out his hand, but his mother did not at once give him the letter. "First of all, my dear, let us know that we understand each other. This dear girl,—to me she is inexpressibly dear,—is to be your wife?"

"Yes, mother;—it shall be so."

"That is my own boy! Harry, I have never doubted you;—have never doubted that you would be right at last. Now you shall see her letter. But you must remember that she has had cause to make her unhappy."

"I will remember."

"Had you not been ill, everything would of course have been all right before now." As to the correctness of this assertion the reader probably will have doubts of his own. Then she handed him the letter, and sat on his bed-side while he read it. At first he was startled, and made almost indignant at the firmness of the girl's words. She gave him up as though it were a thing quite decided, and uttered no expression of her own regret in doing so. There was no soft woman's wail in her words. But there was in them something which made him unconsciously long to get back the thing which he had so nearly thrown away from him. They inspired him with a doubt whether he might yet succeed, which very doubt greatly increased his desire. As he read the letter for the second time, Julia became less beautiful in his imagination, and the charm of Florence's character became stronger.

"Well, dear?" said his mother, when she saw that he had finished the second reading of the epistle.

He hardly knew how to express, even to his mother, all his feelings,—the shame that he felt, and with the shame something of indignation that he should have been so repulsed. And of his love, too, he was afraid to speak. He was willing enough to give the required assurance, but after that he would have preferred to have been left alone. But his mother could not leave him without some further word of agreement between them as to the course which they would pursue.

"Will you write to her, mother, or shall I?"

"I shall write, certainly,—by to-day's post. I would not leave her an hour if I could help it, without an assurance of your unaltered affection."

"I could go to town to-morrow, mother;—could I not?"

"Not to-morrow, Harry. It would be foolish. Say on Monday."

"And you will write to-day?"

"Certainly."

"I will send a line also,—just a line."

"And the parcel?"

"I have not opened it yet.

"You know what it contains. Send it back at once, Harry;—at once. If I understand her feelings, she will not be happy till she gets it into her hands again. We will send Jem over to the post-office, and have it registered."

When so much was settled, Mrs. Clavering went away about the affairs

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of her house, thinking as she did so of the loving words with which she would strive to give back happiness to Florence Burton.

Harry, when he was alone, slowly opened the parcel. He could not resist the temptation of doing this, and of looking again at the things which she had sent back to him. And he was not without an idea,—perhaps a hope—that there might be with them some short note,—some scrap containing a few words for himself. If he had any such hope he was disappointed. There were his own letters, all scented with lavender from the casket in which they had been preserved; there was the rich bracelet which had been given with some little ceremony, and the cheap brooch which he had thrown to her as a joke, and which she had sworn that she would value the most of all because she could wear it every day; and there was the pencil-case which he had fixed on to her watch-chain, while her fingers were touching his fingers, caressing him for his love while her words were rebuking him for his awkwardness. He remembered it all as the things lay strewed upon his bed. And he re-read every word of his own words. "What a fool a man makes of himself," he said to himself at last, with something of the cheeriness of laughter about his heart. But as he said so he was quite ready to make himself a fool after the same fashion again,—if only there were not in his way that difficulty of recommencing. Had it been possible for him to write again at once in the old strain,—without any reference to his own conduct during the last month, he would have begun his fooling without waiting to finish his dressing.

"Did you open the parcel?" his mother asked him, some hour or so before it was necessary that Jem should be started on his mission.

"Yes; I thought it best to open it."

"And have you made it up again?"

"Not yet, mother."

"Put this with it, dear." And his mother gave him a little jewel, a cupid in mosaic surrounded by tiny diamonds, which he remembered her to wear ever since he had first noticed the things she had worn. "Not from me, mind. I give it to you. Come;—will you trust me to pack them?" Then Mrs. Clavering again made up the parcel, and added the trinket which she had brought with her.

Harry at last brought himself to write a few words. "Dearest, dearest Florence,—They will not let me out, or I would go to you at once. My mother has written, and though I have not seen her letter, I know what it contains. Indeed, indeed you may believe it all. May I not venture to return the parcel? I do send it back and implore you to keep it. I shall be in town, I think, on Monday, and will go to Onslow Crescent,—instantly. Your own, H. C." Then there was scrawled a postscript which was worth all the rest put together,—was better than his own note, better than his mother's letter, better than the returned packet. "I love no one better than you;—no one half so well,—neither now, nor ever did." These words, whether wholly true or only partially so, were

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at least to the point; and were taken by Cecilia Burton, when she heard of them, as a confession of faith that demanded instant and plenary absolution.

The trouble which had called Harry down to Clavering remained, I regret to say, almost in full force now that his prolonged visit had been brought so near its close. Mr. Saul, indeed, had agreed to resign his curacy, and was already on the look-out for similar employment in some other parish. And since his interview with Fanny's father he had never entered the rectory, or spoken to Fanny. Fanny had promised that there should be no such speaking, and indeed no danger of that kind was feared. Whatever Mr. Saul might do he would do openly,—nay, audaciously. But though there existed this security, nevertheless things as regarded Fanny were very unpleasant. When Mr. Saul had commenced his courtship, she had agreed with her family in almost ridiculing the idea of such a lover. There had been a feeling with her as with the others that poor Mr. Saul was to be pitied. Then she had come to regard his overtures as matters of grave import,—not indeed avowing to her mother anything so strong as a return of his affection, but speaking of his proposal as one to which there was no other objection than that of a want of money. Now, however, she went moping about the house as though she were a victim of true love, condemned to run unsmoothly for ever; as though her passion for Mr. Saul were too much for her, and she were waiting in patience till death should relieve her from the cruelty of her parents. She never complained. Such victims never do complain. But she moped and was wretched, and when her mother questioned her, struggling to find out how strong this feeling might in truth be, Fanny would simply make her dutiful promises,—promises which were wickedly dutiful,—that she would never mention the name of Mr. Saul any more. Mr. Saul in the meantime went about his parish duties with grim energy, supplying the rector's shortcomings without a word. He would have been glad to preach all the sermons and read all the services during these six months, had he been allowed to do so. He was constant in the schools,—more constant than ever in his visitings. He was very courteous to Mr. Clavering when the necessities of their position brought them together. For all this Mr. Clavering hated him,—unjustly. For a man placed as Mr. Saul was placed a line of conduct exactly level with that previously followed is impossible, and it was better that he should become more energetic in his duties than less so. It will be easily understood that all these things interfered much with the general happiness of the family at the rectory at this time.

The Monday came, and Harry Clavering, now convalescent and simply interesting from the remaining effects of his illness, started on his journey from London. There had come no further letters from Onslow Terrace to the parsonage, and, indeed, owing to the intervention of Sunday, none could have come unless Florence had written by return of post. Harry made his journey, beginning it with some promise of happiness to himself, —but becoming somewhat uneasy as his train drew near to London. He

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had behaved badly, and he knew that in the first place he must own that he had done so. To men such a necessity is always grievous. Women not unfrequently like the task. To confess, submit, and be accepted as confessing and submitting, comes naturally to the feminine mind. The cry of peccavi sounds soft and pretty when made by sweet lips in a loving voice. But a man who can own that he has done amiss without a pang, —who can so own it to another man, or even to a woman,—is usually but a poor creature. Harry must now make such confession, and therefore he became uneasy. And then, for him, there was another task behind the one which he would be called upon to perform this evening,—a task which would have nothing of pleasantness in it to redeem its pain. He must confess not only to Florence,—where his confession might probably have its reward,—but he must confess also to Julia. This second confession would, indeed, be a hard task to him. That, however, was to be postponed till the morrow. On this evening he had pledged himself that he would go direct to Onslow Terrace; and this he did as soon after he had reached his lodgings as was possible. It was past six when he reached London, and it was not yet eight when, with palpitating heart, he knocked at Mr. Burton's door.

I must take the reader back with me for a few minutes, in order that we may see after what fashion the letters from Clavering were received by the ladies in Onslow Terrace. On that day Mr. Burton had been required to go out of London by one of the early trains, and had not been in the house when the postman came. Nothing had been said between Cecilia and Florence as to their hopes or fears in regard to an answer from Clavering;—nothing at least since that conversation in which Florence had agreed to remain in London for yet a few days; but each of them was very nervous on the matter. Any answer, if sent at once from Clavering, would arrive on this morning; and therefore, when the well-known knock was heard, neither of them was able to maintain her calmness perfectly. But yet nothing was said, nor did either of them rise from her seat at the breakfast-table. Presently the girl came in with apparently a bundle of letters, which she was still sorting when she entered the room. There were two or three for Mr. Burton, two for Cecilia, and then two besides the registered packet for Florence. For that a receipt was needed, and as Florence had seen the address and recognized the writing, she was hardly able to give her signature. As soon as the maid was gone, Cecilia could keep her seat no longer. "I know those are from Clavering," she said, rising from her chair, and coming round to the side of the table. Florence instinctively swept the packet into her lap, and, leaning forward, covered the letters with her hands. "Oh, Florence, let us see them; let us see them at once. If we are to be happy let us know it." But Florence paused, still leaning over her treasures, and hardly daring to show her burning face. Even yet it might be that she was rejected. Then Cecilia went back to her seat, and simply looked at her sister with beseeching eyes. "I think I'll go upstairs," said Florence. "Are you afraid of me,

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o?" Cecilia answered reproachfully. "Let me see the outside of em." Then Florence brought them round the table, and put them to her sister's hands. "May I open this one from Mrs. Clavering?" lorence nodded her head. Then the seal was broken, and in one minute ie two women were crying in each other's arms. "I was quite sure of ." said Cecilia, through her tears,—"perfectly sure. I never doubted for a moment. How could you have talked of going to Stratton?" At last Florence got herself away up to the window, and gradually mustered ourage to break the envelope of her lover's letter. It was not at once hat she showed the postscript to Cecilia, nor at once that the packet was opened. That last ceremony she did perform in the solitude of her own room. But before the day was over the postscript had been shown, and the added trinket had been exhibited. "I remember it well," said Florence. "Mrs. Clavering wore it on her forehead when we dined at Lady Clavering's." Mrs. Burton in all this saw something of the gentle persuasion which the mother had used, but of that she said nothing. That he should be back again, and should have repented, was enough for her.

Mr. Burton was again absent, when Harry Clavering knocked in person at the door; but on this occasion his absence had been specially arranged by him with a view to Harry's comfort. "He won't want to see me this evening," he had said. "Indeed you'll all get on a great deal better without me." He therefore had remained away from home, and not being a club man, had dined most uncomfortably at an eating-house. "Are the ladies at home?" Harry asked, when the door was opened. Oh, yes; they were at home. There was no danger that they should be found out on such an occasion as this. The girl looked at him pleasantly, calling him by his name as she answered him, as though she too desired to show him that he had again been taken into favour,—into her favour as well as that of her mistress.

He hardly knew what he was doing as he ran up the steps to the drawing-room. He was afraid of what was to come; but nevertheless he rushed at his fate as some young soldier rushes at the trench in which he feels that he may probably fall. So Harry Clavering hurried on, and before he had looked round upon the room which he had entered, found his fate with Florence on his bosom.

Alas, alas! I fear that justice was outraged in the welcome that Harry received on that evening. I have said that he would be called upon to own his sins, and so much, at least, should have been required of him. But he owned no sin! I have said that a certain degradation must attend him in that first interview after his reconciliation. Instead of this the hours that he spent that evening in Onslow Terrace were hours of one long ovation. He was, as it were, put upon a throne as a king who had returned from his conquest, and those two women did him honour, almost kneeling at his feet. Cecilia was almost as tender with him as Florence, pleading to her own false heart the fact of his illness as his excuse. There was

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something of the pallor of the sick-room left with him,—a slight tenuity in his hands and brightness in his eye which did him yeoman's service. Had he been quite robust, Cecilia might have felt that she could not justify to herself the peculiar softness of her words. After the first quarter of an hour he was supremely happy. His awkwardness had gone, and as he sat with his arm round Florence's waist, he found that the little pencil-case had again been attached to her chain, and as he looked down upon her he saw that the cheap brooch was again on her breast. It would have been pretty, could an observer have been there, to see the skill with which they both steered clear of any word or phrase which could be disagreeable to him. One might have thought that it would have been impossible to avoid all touch of a rebuke. The very fact that he was forgiven would seem to imply some fault that required pardon. But there was no hint at any fault. The tact of women excels the skill of men; and so perfect was the tact of these women that not a word was said which wounded Harry's ear. He had come again into their fold, and they were rejoiced and showed their joy. He who had gone astray had repented, and they were beautifully tender to the repentant sheep.

CHAPTER XLII.

RESTITUTION.

HARRY stayed a little too long with his love;—a little longer at least than had been computed, and in consequence met Theodore Burton in the Crescent as he was leaving it. This meeting could hardly be made without something of pain, and perhaps it was well for Harry that he should have such an opportunity as this for getting over it quickly. But when he saw Mr. Burton under the bright gas-lamp he would very willingly have avoided him, had it been possible.

"Well, Harry?" said Burton, giving his hand to the repentant sheep.

"How are you, Burton?" said Harry, trying to speak with an unconcerned voice. Then in answer to an inquiry as to his health, he told of his own illness, speaking of that confounded fever having made him very low. He intended no deceit, but he made more of the fever than was necessary.

"When will you come back to the shop?" Burton asked. It must be remembered that though the brother could not refuse to welcome back to his home his sister's lover, still he thought that the engagement was a misfortune. He did not believe in Harry as a man of business, and had almost rejoiced when Florence had been so nearly quit of him. And now there was a taint of sarcasm in his voice as he asked as to Harry's return to the chambers in the Adelphi.

"I can hardly quite say as yet," said Harry, still pleading his illness. "They were very much against my coming up to London so soon. Indeed I should not have done it had I not felt so very—very anxious to see

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Florence. I don't know, Burton, whether I ought to say anything to you about that."

"I suppose you have said what you had to say to the women?"

"Oh, yes. I think they understand me completely, and I hope that I understand them."

"In that case I don't know that you need say anything to me. Come to the Adelphi as soon as you can; that's all. I never think myself that a man becomes a bit stronger after an illness by remaining idle." Then Harry passed on, and felt that he had escaped easily in that interview.

But as he walked home he was compelled to think of the step which he must next take. When he had last seen Lady Ongar he had left her with a promise that Florence was to be deserted for her sake. As yet that promise would by her be supposed to be binding. Indeed he had thought it to be binding on himself till he had found himself under his mother's influence at the parsonage. During his last few weeks in London he had endured an agony of doubt; but in his vacillations the pendulum had always veered more strongly towards Bolton Street than to Onslow Crescent. Now the swinging of the pendulum had ceased altogether. From henceforth Bolton Street must be forbidden ground to him, and the sheepfold in Onslow Crescent must be his home till he should have established a small peculiar fold for himself. But, as yet, he had still before him the task of communicating his final decision to the lady in Bolton Street. As he walked home he determined that he had better do so in the first place by letter, and so eager was he as to the propriety of doing this at once, that on his return to his lodgings he sat down, and wrote the letter before he went to his bed. It was not very easily written. Here, at any rate, he had to make those confessions of which I have before spoken;—confessions which it may be less difficult to make with pen and ink than with spoken words, but which when so made are more degrading. The word that is written is a thing capable of permanent life, and lives frequently to the confusion of its parent. A man should make his confessions always by word of mouth if it be possible. Whether such a course would have been possible to Harry Clavering may be doubtful. It might have been that in a personal meeting the necessary confession would not have got itself adequately spoken. Thinking, perhaps, of this he wrote his letter as follows on that night.

Bloomsbury Square, July, 186—.

The date was easily written, but how was he to go on after that? In what form of affection or indifference was he to address her whom he had at that last meeting called his own, his dearest Julia? He got out of his difficulty in the way common to ladies and gentlemen under such stress, and did not address her by any name or any epithet. The date he allowed to remain, and then he went away at once to the matter of his subject.

I feel that I owe it you at once to tell you what has been my history during the last few weeks. I came up from Clavering to-day, and have since that been with Mrs. and Miss Burton. Immediately on my return from them I sit down to write you.

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After having said so much, Harry probably felt that the rest of his letter would be surplusage. Those few words would tell her all that it was required that she should know. But courtesy demanded that he should say more, and he went on with his confession.

You know that I became engaged to Miss Burton soon after your own marriage. I feel now that I should have told you this when we first met; but yet, had I done so, it would have seemed as though I told it with a special object. I don't know whether I make myself understood in this. I can only hope that I do so.

Understood! Of course she understood it all. She required no blundering explanation from him to assist her intelligence.

I wish now that I had mentioned it. It would have been better for both of us. I should have been saved much pain; and you, perhaps, some uneasiness.

I was called down to Clavering a few weeks ago, about some business in the family, and then became ill,—so that I was confined to my bed instead of returning to town. Had it not been for this I should not have left you so long in suspense,—that is if there has been suspense. For myself, I have to own that I have been very weak,—worse than weak, I fear you will think. I do not know whether your old regard for me will prompt you to make any excuse for me, but I am well sure that I can make none for myself which will not have suggested itself to you without my urging it. If you choose to think that I have been heartless,—or rather, if you are able so to think of me, no words of mine, written or spoken now, will remove that impression from your mind.

I believe that I need write nothing further. You will understand from what I have said all that I should have to say were I to refer at length to that which has passed between us. All that is over now, and it only remains for me to express a hope that you may be happy. Whether we shall ever see each other again who shall say?—but if we do I trust that we may not meet as enemies. May God bless you here and hereafter.

HARRY CLAVERING.

When the letter was finished Harry sat for a while by his open window looking at the moon, over the chimney-pots of his square, and thinking of his career in life as it had hitherto been fulfilled. The great promise of his earlier days had not been kept. His plight in the world was now poor enough, though his hopes had been so high! He was engaged to be married, but had no income on which to marry. He had narrowly escaped great wealth. Ah!—It was hard for him to think of that without a regret; but he did strive so to think of it. Though he told himself that it would have been evil for him to have depended on money which had been procured by the very act which had been to him an injury,—to have dressed himself in the feathers which had been plucked from Lord Ongar's wings,—it was hard for him to think of all that he had missed, and rejoice thoroughly that he had missed it. But he told himself that he so rejoiced, and endeavoured to be glad that he had not soiled his hands with riches which never would have belonged to the woman he had loved had she not earned them by being false to him. Early on the following morning he sent off his letter, and then, putting himself into a cab, bowled down to Onslow Crescent. The sheepfold now was very pleasant to him when the head

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shepherd was away, and so much gratification it was natural that he should allow himself.

That evening, when he came from his club, he found a note from Lady Ongar. It was very short, and the blood rushed to his face as he felt ashamed at seeing with how much apparent ease she had answered him. He had written with difficulty, and had written awkwardly. But there was nothing awkward in her words.

DEAR HARRY,—We are quits now. I do not know why we should ever meet as enemies. I shall never feel myself to be an enemy of yours. I think it would be well that we should see each other, and if you have no objection to seeing me, I will be at home any evening that you may call. Indeed I am at home always in the evening. Surely, Harry, there can be no reason why we should not meet. You need not fear that there will be danger in it.

Will you give my compliments to Miss Florence Burton, with my best wishes for her happiness. Your Mrs. Burton I have seen,—as you may have heard, and I congratulate you on your friend.

Yours always, J. O.

The writing of this letter seemed to have been easy enough, and certainly there was nothing in it that was awkward; but I think that the writer had suffered more in the writing than Harry had done in producing his longer epistle. But she had known how to hide her suffering, and had used a tone which told no tale of her wounds. We are quits now, she had said, and she had repeated the words over and over again to herself as she walked up and down her room. Yes! they were quits now,—if the reflection of that fact could do her any good. She had ill-treated him in her early days; but, as she had told herself so often, she had served him rather than injured him by that ill-treatment. She had been false to him; but her falsehood had preserved him from a lot which could not have been fortunate. With such a clog as she would have been round his neck,—with such a wife, without a shilling of fortune, how could he have risen in the world? No! Though she had deceived him, she had served him. Then,—after that,—had come the tragedy of her life, the terrible days in thinking of which she still shuddered, the days of her husband and Sophie Gordeloup,—that terrible deathbed, those attacks upon her honour, misery upon misery, as to which she never now spoke a word to any one, and as to which she was resolved that she never would speak again. She had sold herself for money, and had got the price; but the punishment of her offence had been very heavy. And now, in these latter days, she had thought to compensate the man she had loved for the treachery with which she had used him. That treachery had been serviceable to him, but not the less should the compensation be very rich. And she would love him too. Ah, yes; she had always loved him! He should have it all now,—everything, if only he would consent to forget that terrible episode in her life, as she would strive to forget it. All that should remain to remind them of Lord Ongar would be the wealth that should henceforth belong to Harry Clavering. Such had been her dream, and

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Harry had come to her with words of love which made it seem to be a reality. He had spoken to her words of love which he was now forced to withdraw, and the dream was dissipated. It was not to be allowed to her to escape her penalty so easily as that! As for him, they were now quits. That being the case, there could be no reason why they should quarrel.

But what now should she do with her wealth, and especially how should she act in respect to that place down in the country? Though she had learned to hate Ongar Park during her solitary visit there, she had still looked forward to the pleasure the property might give her, when she should be able to bestow it upon Harry Clavering. But that had been part of her dream, and the dream was now over. Through it all she had been conscious that she might hardly dare to hope that the end of her punishment should come so soon,—and now she knew that it was not to come. As far as she could see, there was no end to her punishment in prospect for her. From her first meeting with Harry Clavering on the platform of the railway station his presence, or her thoughts of him, had sufficed to give some brightness to her life,—had enabled her to support the friendship of Sophie Gordeloup, and also to support her solitude when poor Sophie had been banished. But now she was left without any resource. As she sat alone, meditating on all this, she endeavoured to console herself with the reflection that, after all, she was the one whom Harry loved,—whom Harry would have chosen, had he been free to choose. But the comfort to be derived from that was very poor. Yes; he had loved her once,—nay, perhaps he loved her still. But when that love was her own she had rejected it. She had rejected it, simply declaring to him, to her friends, and to the world at large, that she preferred to be rich. She had her reward, and, bowing her head upon her hands, she acknowledged that the punishment was deserved.

Her first step after writing her note to Harry was to send for Mr. Turnbull, her lawyer. She had expected to see Harry on the evening of the day on which she had written, but instead of that she received a note from him in which he said that he would come to her before long. Mr. Turnbull was more instant in obeying her commands, and was with her on the morning after he received her injunction. He was almost a perfect stranger to her, having only seen her once and that for a few moments after her return to England. Her marriage settlements had been prepared for her by Sir Hugh's attorney; but during her sojourn in Florence it had become necessary that she should have some one in London to look after her own affairs, and Mr. Turnbull had been recommended to her by lawyers employed by her husband. He was a prudent, sensible man, who recognized it to be his imperative interest to look after his client's interest. And he had done his duty by Lady Ongar in that trying time immediately after her return. An offer had then been made by the Courton family to give Julia her income without opposition if she would surrender Ongar Park. To this she had made objections with indignation, and Mr. Turn-

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ull, though he had at first thought that she would be wise to comply with he terms proposed, had done her work for her with satisfactory expedition. Since those days she had not seen him, but now she had summoned him, and he was with her in Bolton Street.

"I want to speak to you, Mr. Turnbull," she said, "about that place down in Surrey. I don't like it."

"Not like Ongar Park?" he said. "I have always heard that it is so charming."

"It is not charming to me. It is a sort of property that I don't want, and I mean to give it up."

"Lord Ongar's uncles would buy your interest in it, I have no doubt."

"Exactly. They have sent to me, offering to do so. My brother-in-law, Sir Hugh Clavering, called on me with a message from them saying so. I thought that he was very foolish to come, and so I told him. Such things should be done by one's lawyers. Don't you think so, Mr. Turnbull?" Mr. Turnbull smiled as he declared that, of course, he, being a lawyer, was of that opinion. "I am afraid they will have thought me uncivil," continued Julia, "as I spoke rather brusquely to Sir Hugh Clavering. I am not inclined to take any steps through Sir Hugh Clavering; but I do not know that I have any reason to be angry with the little lord's family."

"Really, Lady Ongar, I think not. When your ladyship returned there was some opposition thought of for a while, but I really do not think it was their fault."

"No; it was not their fault."

"That was my feeling at the time; it was indeed."

"It was the fault of Lord Ongar,—of my husband. As regards all the Courtons I have no word of complaint to make. It is not to be expected,—it is not desirable that they and I should be friends. It is impossible, after what has passed, that there should be such friendship. But they have never injured me, and I wish to oblige them. Had Ongar Park suited me I should, doubtless, have kept it; but it does not suit me, and they are welcome to have it back again."

"Has a price been named, Lady Ongar?"

"No price need be named. There is to be no question of a price. Lord Ongar's mother is welcome to the place,—or rather to such interest as I have in it."

"And to pay a rent?" suggested Mr. Turnbull.

"To pay no rent! Nothing would induce me to let the place, or to sell my right in it. I will have no bargain about it. But as nothing also will induce me to live there, I am not such a dog in the manger as to wish to keep it. If you will have the kindness to see Mr. Courton's lawyer and to make arrangements about it."

"But, Lady Ongar; what you call your right in the estate is worth over twenty thousand pounds. It is indeed. You could borrow twenty thousand pounds on the security of it to-morrow."

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"But I don't want to borrow twenty thousand pounds."

"No, no; exactly. Of course you don't. But I point out that fact to show the value. You would be making a present of that sum of money to people who do not want it,—who have no claim upon you. I really don't see how they could take it."

"Mrs. Courton wishes to have the place very much."

"But, my lady, she has never thought of getting it without paying for it. Lady Ongar, I really cannot advise you to take any such step as that. Indeed, I cannot. I should be wrong, as your lawyer, if I did not point out to you that such a proceeding would be quite romantic,—quite so; what the world would call Quixotic. People don't expect such things as that. They don't, indeed."

"People don't often have such reasons as I have," said Lady Ongar. Mr. Turnbull sat silent for a while, looking as though he were unhappy. The proposition made to him was one which, as a lawyer, he felt to be very distasteful to him. He knew that his client had no male friends in whom she confided, and he felt that the world would blame him if he allowed this lady to part with her property in the way she had suggested. "You will find that I am in earnest," she continued, smiling. "And you may as well give way to my vagaries with a good grace."

"They would not take it, Lady Ongar."

"At any rate we can try them. If you will make them understand that I don't at all want the place, and that it will go to rack and ruin because there is no one to live there, I am sure they will take it."

Then Mr. Turnbull again sat silent and unhappy, thinking with what words he might best bring forward his last and strongest argument against this rash proceeding.

"Lady Ongar," he said, "in your peculiar position there are double reasons why you should not act in this way."

"What do you mean, Mr. Turnbull? What is my peculiar position?"

"The world will say that you have restored Ongar Park, because you were afraid to keep it. Indeed, Lady Ongar, you had better let it remain as it is."

"I care nothing for what the world says," she exclaimed, rising quickly from her chair;—"nothing; nothing!"

"You should really hold by your rights; you should, indeed. Who can possibly say what other interests may be concerned? You may marry, and live for the next fifty years, and have a family. It is my duty, Lady Ongar, to point out these things to you."

"I am sure you are quite right, Mr. Turnbull," she said, struggling to maintain a quiet demeanour. "You, of course, are only doing your duty. But whether I marry or whether I remain as I am, I shall give up this place. And as for what the world, as you call it, may say, I will not deny that I cared much for that on my immediate return. What people said then made me very unhappy. But I care nothing for it now. I have established my rights, and that has been sufficient. To me it seems that

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the world, as you call it, has been civil enough in its usage of me lately. It is only of those who should have been my friends that I have a right to complain. If you will please to do this thing for me, I will be obliged to you."

"If you are quite determined about it——"

"I am quite determined. What is the use of the place to me? I never shall go there. What is the use even of the money that comes to me? I have no purpose for it. I have nothing to do with it."

There was something in her tone as she said this which well filled him with pity.

"You should remember," he said, "how short a time it is since you became a widow. Things will be different with you soon."

"My clothes will be different, if you mean that," she answered; "but I do not know that there will be any other change in me. But I am wrong to trouble you with all this. If you will let Mr. Courton's lawyer know, with my compliments to Mrs. Courton, that I have heard that she would like to have the place, and that I do not want it, I will be obliged to you." Mr. Turnbull having by this time perceived that she was quite in earnest, took his leave, having promised to do her bidding.

In this interview, she had told her lawyer only a part of the plan which was now running in her head. As for giving up Ongar Park, she took to herself no merit for that. The place had been odious to her ever since she had endeavoured to establish herself there and had found that the clergyman's wife would not speak to her,—that even her own housekeeper would hardly condescend to hold converse with her. She felt that she would be a dog in the manger to keep the place in her own possession. But she had thoughts beyond this,—resolutions only as yet half-formed as to a wider surrender. She had disgraced herself, ruined herself, robbed herself of all happiness by the marriage she had made. Her misery had not been simply the misery of that lord's lifetime. As might have been expected, that was soon over. But an enduring wretchedness had come after that from which she saw no prospect of escape. What was to be her future life, left as she was and would be, in desolation? If she were to give it all up,—all the wealth that had been so ill-gotten,—might there not then be some hope of comfort for her?

She had been willing enough to keep Lord Ongar's money, and use it for the purposes of her own comfort, while she had still hoped that comfort might come from it. The remembrance of all that she had to give had been very pleasant to her, as long as she had hoped that Harry Clavering would receive it at her hands. She had not at once felt that the fruit had all turned to ashes. But now,—now that Harry was gone from her,—now that she had no friend left to her whom she could hope to make happy by her munificence,—the very knowledge of her wealth was a burden to her. And as she thought of her riches in these first days of her desertion, as she had indeed been thinking since Cecilia Burton had been with her, she came to understand that she was degraded by their acquisition. She had done that

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which had been unpardonably bad, and she felt like Judas when he stood with the price of his treachery in his hand. He had given up his money, and would not she do as much? There had been a moment in which she had nearly declared all her purpose to the lawyer, but she was held back by the feeling that she ought to make her plans certain before she communicated them to him.

She must live. She could not go out and hang herself as Judas had done. And then there was her title and rank, of which she did not know whether it was within her power to divest herself. She sorely felt the want of some one from whom in her present need she might ask counsel; of some friend to whom she could trust to tell her in what way she might now best atone for the evil she had done. Plans ran through her head which were thrown aside almost as soon as made, because she saw that they were impracticable. She even longed in these days for her sister's aid, though of old she had thought but little of Hermy as a counsellor. She had no friend whom she might ask;—unless she might still ask Harry Clavering.

If she did not keep it all might she still keep something,—enough for decent life,—and yet comfort herself with the feeling that she had expiated her sin? And what would be said of her when she had made this great surrender? Would not the world laugh at her instead of praising her,—that world as to which she had assured Mr. Turnbull that she did not care what its verdict about her might be? She had many doubts. Ah! why had not Harry Clavering remained true to her? But her punishment had come upon her with all its severity, and she acknowledged to herself now that it was not to be avoided.

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Edward I. as a Military Leader.

THE period between the death of Richard Cœur de Lion and the birth of Edward, son of Henry III., though marked by political advancement on a striking scale, was a period of loss and disaster in all other respects. John was a poor soldier, and Henry was less than none. In the reign of the former a foreign prince actually landed in England to fight in a domestic quarrel, and in the reign of the latter another foreign prince was made the arbiter between the sovereign and the barons, who, in striving for themselves, were indirectly forwarding public liberty. Neither father nor son was able to uphold the reputation which Richard had won for the crown of England. But the first-born of the weak Henry was destined to revive the greatness of the English name in arms, and at the same time to give willing aid in laying the foundations of political liberty. Henry's chief title to respect is that he was the father of Edward Longshanks. And so it was felt to be at the time, for, says Fazio degli Uberti, an Italian poet who lived in the middle of the fourteenth century, and part of whose poem entitled *Dittamondo* has been translated by Mr. Dante Rossetti,—

> Handsome in body and most poor in heart,
> Henry his son and heir succeeded him,
> Of whom to speak I count it wretchedness.
> Yet there's some good to say of him I grant,
> Because of him was the good Edward born,
> Whose valour still is famous in the world.
> * * * * * *
> He was a giant of his body, and great
> And proud to view, and of such strength of soul
> As never saddens in adversity.

This Edward, our first king of that name since the Conquest, was also our first really great soldier as well as statesman; equal in prowess to Richard, and his superior in the higher walks both of war and polity. His many campaigns, fought chiefly to secure the unity of Britain, afford further proofs that the mediæval warriors were not so ignorant of sound principles as we moderns have been taught to believe.

Edward, like so many of our early kings, was educated in a school of trial and adversity. Born in 1239, he had Simon de Montfort for a teacher, and St. Louis for an example. The first, Henry's brother-in-law, had been taught the warfare of those days by his father, and from the son Edward must have learned much that helped him to develop his faculties, both as a soldier and a statesman. St. Louis presented an example of a prudent and conscientious ruler, having the habits of a patriarch and the

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air of an enthusiast. In the court of his own father Edward must have seen much to admire, but much also that was distasteful to him; and although he loved his father, yet the visible disorder and want of purpose in the conduct of affairs must have made a painful impression on one who was himself orderly and capable of framing and following out a plan of action. Betrothed at the age of fifteen to Eleanor of Castile, Edward accompanied his mother and brother Edmund to Burgos, where her brother Alphonso held his court, to claim his bride, and this journey in the summer of 1254, followed by a subsequent visit to Paris, where Edward must have seen some of the survivors of St. Louis' great but fatal expedition to Egypt, gave him still further opportunities for improvement which his after-career shows he did not neglect. At eighteen, after his return to England, in his quality as Earl of Chester, and nominally Lord of Gascony, Wales, and Ireland, he came abruptly into contact with the roughness of life, and found himself obliged, with a poorly furnished exchequer and few followers, to exercise his wit as well as his courage in checking the incursions of the Welsh. Here, while riding through the border, unable to strike, both because he wanted men and experience, he must have meditated deeply on the best means of dealing with the Welsh difficulty, and what was destined to prove of great importance to him, he acquired a knowledge of the topography of Gloucester, Hereford, Worcester, and the border generally, which in a few years he was able to apply. Now and subsequently Edward was made to feel how his weakness on the borders was a double fetter on the King of England, and hence his devotion in after-life, with rare exceptions, of the bulk of his resources to the great end of securing unity of power in Great Britain. His sojourn on the frontier must have served to complete that physical training which was begun in the tilt-yard of Windsor. With a frame more powerful than that of other men, he derived great advantages, whether in the chase, or the tournament, or in actual combat, from the length of his limbs; and the firmness of his seat on horseback is specially recorded in the chronicles; but his chief strength lay in a soul which never saddened with adversity, and a brain which could foresee, and devise, and execute. Much of his military knowledge he acquired, no doubt, from Simon de Montfort, especially in those branches of the practice of war which include the attack and defence of strong places; but he could not fail to learn also from Anthony Beck, scholar, statesman, soldier, who went with him to the Holy Land, and who afterwards became famous as the warrior-bishop of Durham; and from Robert Burnell, who was his private secretary for many years, and finally his chief minister, and who is described by Dr. Hook as one of the greatest statesmen our country has produced.

Although Edward took an active part in public life, and entered with a healthy zest into the lighter pastimes and serious sports of youth, he was not called upon to display any military ability until the outburst of the Barons' War in 1264, preparations for which had long been made by both sides. The campaign of that year was not fought out in an aimless

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fashion, but on a plan dimly discernible to the patient student. London, and next to London the ports, were the objects contended for; and hence Kent and Sussex and the country round the metropolis became the theatre of war. Early in March Henry issued a summons to his lieges to meet him at Oxford, then one of the most important towns in the kingdom. The summons was only a pretext for form's sake, the king's real purpose being to collect an army composed of the forces of his adherents; and of this army Prince Edward was the chief. While the king's men were assembling at Oxford, De Montfort was collecting an army in and around London; De Clare, Earl of Gloucester, was performing a similar duty in East Kent; and the younger Simon, at Northampton, the chosen rendezvous, gathered a host, including the students whom Henry had driven from Oxford. In order to keep De Clare in check, the king detached Earl de Warrenne to hold Rochester and Reigate as a counterpoise to Tunbridge. Dover was in the hands of the barons, and the other Cinque Ports were on their side. Thus it will be seen that the armies of both parties were in detachments, but that the king was in a more central position than his adversary. This determined the first move in the game. Before the baronial forces could assemble in strength at Northampton the king resolved to strike, and he quitted Oxford in April, and marched direct upon Northampton. His reasons for this step were twofold, first to beat his foes in detail, next to effect a junction with Comyn, Bruce, Baliol, and other Scottish lords who owed him service, and were on the road to join him. This vigorous movement surprised Earl Simon. Northampton was taken after some fighting, in which the Oxford boys and their servants did good service with long and cross bows; the castle surrendered, the town was sacked, and the baronial troops which had arrived in the place were killed or taken. It was a great blow. Pursuing their march northward to meet the Scots, the royal troops took Leicester and Nottingham, where the Scots fell in. In the meantime Earl Simon, when he learned that the royalists had taken the Northern road, moved out of London to succour Northampton, but his course was arrested at St. Albans by news of the disaster which had befallen his son. His resolution was quickly taken. He marched forthwith back through London, taking with him a number of citizen volunteers, and moved upon Rochester, to besiege that place in concert with De Clare, who advanced from Canterbury. It was here that De Montfort is said to have made use of military engines, previously unknown in England, though well known to Cœur de Lion. Knowing the value of time, De Montfort pushed on the siege with vigour and adroitness, and rapidly got possession of the town; and he pressed the defenders of the castle so sharply that they were on the point of yielding, when a messenger brought word that Prince Edward was advancing on London from the North. Learning that De Montfort was on the Medway, Edward had started for the Thames at his utmost speed. But the leader of the baronial troops was not so to be caught. He broke up the siege, left a blockading force in Rochester, and doubled back to London. Finding that he had been anticipated by his

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wary rival, Edward did not hesitate, but, crossing the Thames at Kingston, he marched into Rochester five days after he had quitted Nottingham—that is, he marched on an average of more than thirty miles a day. This was a very successful stroke, but it must have been dealt at a great sacrifice of horseflesh. The king's army being now united, it was determined to march towards the south coast, in order probably to be within reach of any aid Queen Eleanor might send, as well as to overawe the Cinque Ports, and turn to the best account the resources of De Warrenne in Sussex. The king, therefore, capturing Tunbridge on the way, and placing a garrison there to hold De Clare in check, moved by Winchelsea and Battle upon Lewes. He was, however, foiled in an attempt to obtain the aid of the barons of the Cinque Ports for an attack on London from the Thames, and unable to get the aid of ships, he took hostages from the towns. This march through Kent and Sussex must have been a hard one for the royal army, so thinly peopled and partially cultivated were those counties at that period.

When De Montfort learned that the king was on his road from the Medway towards the coast, he probably guessed the goal of the march, and on the 6th of May, four days before Henry reached Lewes, De Montfort, strongly reinforced by Londoners, and taking with him as prisoners certain suspected citizens, headed for Lewes. What route he took is not recorded. But as the army he commanded was concentrated at Fleching, nine miles north of Lewes, it is probable that the troops moved on that point in two or more bodies by the roads which go through Bromley and Westerham, and Croydon and Godstone. If so, the left column would have to keep a sharp eye upon the garrison of Tunbridge. There is no proof that these routes were taken, and had the garrison of Tunbridge been active, some notice of it would have been preserved. Arrived at Fleching, De Montfort and De Clare sent two separate offers of accommodation to the king. Both were refused; both were answered with a defiance. The answer to the last was received on the 13th, and De Montfort at once resolved to force a battle next day. While his army spent the night in religious exercises, and in the making of knights, the royal forces were indulging in revelry and debauchery, profaning even the churches. A very lax watch was kept, and it was probably a knowledge of the condition of the royal forces which made De Montfort decide on a prompt and sudden attack. Accordingly he quitted his camp before sunrise, and put his different columns in motion. It was an arduous piece of work to guide them through the Weald to a position of vantage on the hills over Lewes; but, says Mr. Blaauw, in his excellent History of the Barons' War, "such exact orders had been issued by De Montfort to each banneret, how to direct his own forces and to meet at the appointed spot, that all parts of this military movement were combined with a regularity quite novel in England." The solitary sentinel on the hills was seized in his sleep, and the army was able to get clear of the Weald without interruption and to form line of battle on the Downs. Arranged

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in four divisions, Henry de Montfort led the right, and next in succession were De Clare, then the Londoners, and finally Earl Simon, who held the reserve. In this order they moved down upon Lewes, following the sloping ridges of the Downs, here separated by ravines, a defect and a weakness in the line, but one which had a great share in determining the remarkable issue of the conflict. De Montfort had brought with him a car or litter of some kind, which he had used for his own conveyance, having been ill. In this car he now confined several London citizens, enemies of his cause, and he left them with the baggage, in charge of a baggage guard, on the hill-side, visible to all. It is supposed that he thereby wished to make his enemies believe that he was in the car, and still unable to take part in the battle; and it certainly had the effect of drawing their attention away from the decisive point of the field.

The van of De Montfort's army had come upon a party of foragers, sent out from Lewes, and had driven them into the royal lines. This was the first warning of the nearness of De Montfort, and he thus had the advantage of surprising his foes. But they were quickly afoot. Edward, being in the castle, hastily formed a division for fight, and thus he, being on the right, was opposed to the London division, led by Nicholas de Segrave. The King of the Romans, brother to Henry, mustered on the left, that is towards the Priory, while Henry headed a central and reserve body. The flower of the army gathered round Edward. It seems likely that these divisions came into action one after the other; and that the Prince and De Warrenne and William de Valence, all eager to close with the Londoners, charged them as soon as they could get themselves into order. No body of troops ever withstood the impetuous onset of Edward, and on this occasion, though they charged up hill, the iron-clad warriors split up the ill-armed citizen volunteers as a wedge splits up a tree-trunk. The prince spurred into the throng to avenge a mother they had insulted; while his knights gloried in slaying the London citizens. This charge and pursuit carried Edward and his horsemen and foot clear off the field of battle over the ridge of the Downs. It was an attack separated by the nature of the ground from the rest of the line; and the two wings having disappeared, the remainder on both sides was left intact. Had Edward turned the ravine, and by wheeling to the left, swept in upon De Montfort's rear, he must have been victorious. Even when he had exhausted his wrath, in returning towards the field he delayed in order to capture the car and baggage of De Montfort. In the meantime the centre and right of the baronial army had fallen impetuously on the King of the Romans and King Henry, and at the right moment De Montfort, taking advantage of Edward's fault, threw upon the royalists the whole weight of his reserve. The charge was decisive. There was a mighty tumult of men and clangour of arms; the King of the Romans was cut off from his command and driven for refuge into a windmill; Henry's division was broken, and he himself, fighting in the press, was wounded, and lost two horses. The shattered royal bands, cut off from the castle, fell back

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sullenly on the priory, carrying with them the king. When Edward returned at eventide, he was astonished to see the barons triumphantly blockading the castle, assailing the windmill which sheltered the King of the Romans, and threatening the Priory, whose walled enclosures were manned by the beaten army. His horsemen were too weary to renew the fight, but their appearance made De Montfort form up to meet any attack. Edward, however, rode round the town and reached the castle, whence he repaired to the Priory. Although the garrison of the castle, when attacked, retorted by shooting fiery darts into the town, and Edward still threatened a renewal of the battle, it was practically at an end. The King of the Romans, and nearly all the Scotch, and many other lords were prisoners; a host of fugitive knights had rushed towards the Ouse, and crossing the bridge, made for Pevensey, while numbers were drowned in the river or suffocated in the swamps. Edward agreed to treat, and the upshot was, that the barons in effect dictated terms, for the fulfilment of which Edward became a hostage, and the king himself a virtual prisoner. It is worth noting that as the garrison of Tunbridge, which had not done any mischief to De Montfort's army in its march south, fell upon the fugitive Londoners near Croydon, it is clear they must have been all along watching the rear; and we may infer that they found the exposed flank of the baronial column too strong to be meddled with on the march. Such was the conclusion of the campaign of 1264. It must be admitted that Edward showed some skill in his marches, but that he committed a fatal error in action, and one he never repeated. The lesson he received at Lewes was not forgotten, and thenceforward he displayed discretion, without abatement of valour.

No victory could, in appearance, be more decisive than that of Lewes. A king, his son, his brother, and his brother's son were prisoners, together with many others, and the royal army completely broken. But although the army was broken, the cause survived. Abroad, Queen Eleanor was raising troops. At home, the king's supporters held several strong places, —Pevensey, Bristol, for instance,—while the lords of the Western marches were all adherents of the king. Queen Eleanor's army, unable to get across the sea, dispersed, but William de Valence, Earl de Warrenne, and others, landed at Pembroke, and found friends and security. The campaign of 1264 had been fought out in the home counties; that of 1265 was fought out on the banks of the Severn. The border lands became the theatre of war, because there lay the strength of the lords who were the sworn enemies of De Montfort. His quarrel with De Clare weakened him further in that quarter; and although he was strong enough to bring Roger Mortimer and others to terms, and to obtain from Edward the cession of the earldom of Chester, yet De Montfort had no friend in the West except the troops he could carry there, and the Welsh. A fruitless attempt had been made during the winter to rescue Edward when he lay in Wallingford. What force could not effect, skill accomplished; and by an adroit stratagem he escaped from Hereford at the end of May, and rode into

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Wigmore Castle, the stronghold of Mortimer. As soon as Edward was at liberty, De Clare openly joined him, and the campaign began. It was brief, being over in little more than two months, and it was extremely well fought by Edward.

Quitting Wigmore for Ludlow, Edward speedily rallied to his standard the fighting men of Chester and Shropshire and Stafford. Gilbert de Clare brought up his followers, and all who could be spared from the faithful band which had stood out so long at Bristol, went north, though how they passed De Montfort is not clear. On his side, using the power of the crown, De Montfort, two days after the flight of Edward, caused a formal summons to the chief tenants of the king to be issued from Hereford, naming Worcester as the rendezvous. Next he collected together all the soldiers he could obtain, and on the 9th of June he summoned Bristol; but the garrison laughed at a missive which was not backed even by a handful of men. In order to command the passage of the Severn, which cut him off from the rest of the kingdom, he put a garrison in Gloucester under De Ros. Worcester, however—the place of rendezvous—having fallen to his enemy, who broke down the bridges, De Montfort issued a fresh summons, naming Gloucester as the point of concentration. So far both sides had acted with energy and skill, but now De Montfort made two mistakes. Fearing that De Warrenne would come up from Pembroke, and desiring to have the aid of his old friend Llewellyn, Simon, leaving a garrison in Hereford, marched upon Monmouth. His objects could only have been first to destroy the castle which Gilbert de Clare had built there, and thus prevent De Warrenne from moving by that road, and next to obtain troops from Llewellyn. In order, however, to join him, and further to ravage the estates of his enemy, De Clare, he marched into Glamorganshire. This was only plunging deeper into error, for the key of the situation was not the mouth of the Wye and South Wales, but on the banks of the Severn, since it was only by the Severn that help could come. Prince Edward plainly saw the blunder, and hastened to throw himself on the communications of his adversary. The prince's forces must have increased every day, while De Montfort could hope for no reinforcements except those supplied by Llewellyn. Edward, therefore, moved by Worcester down the left bank of the Severn, and while De Montfort was wasting his time and his means in South Wales, took Gloucester, and De Ros surrendered the castle on the 29th of June. Thus Edward won the whole line of the Severn. Putting a garrison in Gloucester, he returned towards Worcester. In the meantime, Simon, before he set out on his useless march into Glamorgan, sent a swift messenger on the 28th of June to summon young Simon to his aid, bidding him raise the siege of Pevensey, and march upon Kenilworth. The earl's letter must have reached his son early in July, for on the 14th, moving northwards, young Simon captured Winchester. We have no further trace of his route, but he had arrived at Kenilworth, then one of the strongest fortresses in England, before the 26th of July; and some intimation of his arrival must have reached his father, who had now

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returned to Hereford, where he was apparently waiting for an opportunity to effect a junction with the strong force young Simon had with him. The military position is now clear. Edward was at Worcester with all his disposable soldiers, including a band of foreigners under Warrenne and De Valence, whose junction with the prince De Montfort had, after all his trouble, failed to prevent. The elder Simon was at Hereford, the younger at Kenilworth, and between them an active enemy and a considerable river. Gloucester, the reader will remember, was in the hands of the royalists. The question was which side would offer the first opportunity to the other; or rather, would Edward seize the opportunity fortune offered to him? He quickly and decisively answered the question. Learning from a spy, Margouth, a woman in male attire, who had been to Kenilworth, that young Simon and his comrades, instead of living in the castle, had taken up their quarters loosely in the villages around, Edward made a rapid night march from Worcester. He broke into their quarters early in the morning of the 2nd of August, and surprised them in their beds. Few surprises could be more complete, for these barons kept no watch. Some were captured where they lay, twenty bannerets, bearing the proudest names in England, among them; some fled with their clothes under their arms, and some half-clad, young Simon being among the latter. Having achieved this great success, having destroyed one army, Edward returned instantly to Worcester to watch for the other.

It must have been known to him that Simon expected his son, for he had a spy in the earl's camp, one Ralph de Arden; and, indeed, De Montfort, marching from Hereford at the very time his son was caught unawares at Kenilworth, had reached and crossed the Severn at Kempsey, four miles below Worcester. Halting there for the night, De Montfort spent the next day in marching to Evesham—a movement which makes it doubtful whether he knew that his son had reached Kenilworth, and whether he did not think he should intercept him at some point on the road south of Kenilworth. Edward, well informed of the earl's movements, rode out of Worcester on the night of the 23rd, and turning northward up the right bank of the Severn—a ruse adopted with the object of deceiving the spies—recrossed the river at Clains, and then, wheeling to the right, descended the left bank and went as fast as he could towards Evesham. These movements show that he had profited by his experience as a soldier, and no general could have done better than he did in this campaign. The fate of De Montfort was now decided. Edward directed his army upon Evesham in three divisions, his own on the Kenilworth road, and that of De Clare between him and the river, and the third, under Roger Mortimer, on the road which, crossing the Avon at Pershore, enters Evesham from the south. Thus De Montfort was surrounded. Walter Hemingford tells us how Nicholas, Simon's barber, first discerned the coming foe, and told his master that the ensigns displayed seemed to be his. "It is my son, fear not," said the earl; "but look again." The barber ascended the tower of the abbey where Simon lodged, and thence

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saw clearly that the ensigns on the Kenilworth road were those of Edward —he had displayed De Montfort's banners the better to deceive him— and, moreover, that a host under the ensigns of De Clare was moving on the inner flank of the prince, while the banners of Mortimer appeared to the westward over the Avon. Simon needed no more information. "May God have mercy on our souls!" he exclaimed, "for our bodies are theirs. . . . . I shall die for God and justice." Caught in a trap and outnumbered, the barons and their brave leader fought only for honour. Edward's attack was so well ordered that it drew praises from his old master in war. The battle was a furious *mêlée*, and ended in the death of De Montfort and the utter destruction of his host. With a barbarity condemned even then, De Montfort's enemies hewed his body to pieces. In the quaint language of Capgrave, "thei smet of first his hed, and then his armes, and then his leggis, and so lay the body lich a stok." The head so smitten off was intended as a dainty present for a lady, and rejoiced the heart of Mortimer's wife when it was laid at her feet in Wigmore Castle. Yet it is recorded, by no friendly hand, that Edward himself sorrowed for the slain, and wept over the grave of De Montfort, with whom he had played as a child and striven as a man. This battle gave the king liberty, and such power of ruling over men as he possessed, poor man! and it overthrew the cause of representative government, but only for a brief time.

In this campaign Edward appears to have made no mistake, and to have acted with a decision that soldiers will always prize. His capture of Gloucester, marking his perception of the real value of the line of the Severn; his two night marches, and the speed at which they were performed, each undertaken to enable him to deal a blow once for all at the two fragments of the baronial army, entitle him to a higher rank in military history than that which some military writers seem disposed to accord to the soldiers of the mediæval wars. The reader will see that Edward in this campaign acted on the principle of operating on the enemy's communications without exposing his own, and of being strongest at the decisive point. And he did this, not with an uninstructed warrior for his adversary, but one of the most accomplished soldiers of his day. He could not have done more or better had he lived in the age of Marlborough or Wellington.

Two years of irregular warfare followed this campaign, during which period Edward had abundant scope for the exercise of his abilities as a statesman and a soldier. These were two years of incessant riding up and down the land. At one moment we find him speeding along the southern coast and reducing the Cinque Ports; at another beleaguering the "disinherited"—nobles whose estates had been confiscated—in the famous Isle of Ely; then he is suddenly summoned to succour his father, assailed in London by the citizens and Gilbert de Clare; at another period we find him besieging Kenilworth, so stoutly held by De Hastings; and then he is heard of as far north as Alnwick, where a De Vesci held the castle,

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but had to yield it up. No clear story of the incidents of those two years remains; but the glimpses we have through the confused records of the time reveal the activity, enterprise, invention, endurance, and decision of Edward. The gallant barons could not, however, be reduced by mere force alone. Except the heirs of De Montfort and of Ferrers, Earl of Derby, all got back their estates, subject to fines; the garrisons capitulated on honourable terms, saving life, arms, baggage; and no one was executed for high treason. This period of civil strife and shifty warfare made Edward see how needful were contented subjects, a well-ordered army, and a sufficient fleet. And when he became king he found means of securing all three. Between the restoration of peace in England and death of Henry III. Edward went to the Holy Land in fulfilment of a vow. His conduct on this occasion was eminently characteristic. With a body of chosen English followers he embarked at Bordeaux, and joining St. Louis, took some part in the siege of Tunis; but when, on the death of the tender-hearted French king, the French army set sail for their own country, Edward determined to proceed to Acre, then hard beset, saying that he would go if only one groom followed him. Some of his knights, his cousin Henry among them, returned to Europe; but Edward, speeding to Acre, arrived just in time to prevent its surrender. We have no detailed account of his military career there; but it is clear that he had not force enough to keep the field. It was at Acre that he was wounded by the dagger of an assassin, whom he killed on the spot with the first weapon that came to hand—a stool. His hurt was healed by ordinary means, and there is no foundation for the pretty story which describes Eleanor as sucking the poison from the wound. King Henry died during his absence, and Edward was immediately proclaimed king; but though he returned to Europe, he did not land in England until 1274.

The reign of Edward is marked by the restoration of order, the regular administration of justice, the establishment of constitutional government, and the passing of many great laws. His foreign policy was nearly limited to this island. Determined to bring about unity therein, he would have been content to see the Prince of Wales and King of Scotland placed in the relation to him of vassals to their feudal lord. But as that would not content them, as neither the Welsh prince nor subsequently the Scotch king would accept that settlement, and as no security could be got for peace on the border, war became inevitable. The Welsh difficulty had to be settled first. Four times Llewellyn was summoned, and four times he refused, or clogged his consent with unacceptable conditions. Edward, therefore, in 1277, took decisive measures to reduce his rebellious vassal. He prepared a fleet in the Cinque Ports, and sending it round to the Welsh coast, moved with an army to Shrewsbury, whence he marched into Wales, occupying the passes leading into the mountains by land, while the fleet blockaded the coast, and landed a force in the island of Anglesea. South Wales submitted without a blow. Llewellyn's brothers joined the king, and finally Llewellyn threw himself on the mercy of

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Edward. Peace was restored on terms advantageous to Llewellyn, but in 1282 he had made up his quarrel with David his brother, and again he broke out into open war. In order to commit his brother, David suddenly descended on Hawarden and captured the castle, carrying with him back to the mountains Roger de Clifford, the governor. Influenced by this success Llewellyn put forth all his strength, and laid siege to Rhuddlan and Flint, hoping to destroy these castles, which kept open for the king the road into Wales. Edward, as soon as he heard of the capture of Hawarden, sent forward succours, and moved himself with an army into Chester. His approach was sufficient to raise the siege of the castles, and force the Welsh into their fastnesses. Once more the king tried negotiation, sending Archbishop Peckham into the Welsh camp. This step having been fruitless, Edward essayed to force his way along the coast of North Wales, but seems to have met with a severe repulse and to have suffered considerable loss. He then reverted to the surer plan followed in 1277, and embarked some troops at Rhuddlan, landed them in Anglesea, and proceeded to bridge the strait by means of barks and barges lashed together, and covered with beams and planks. He desired to provide a broad and solid structure, over which sixty armed horsemen could march abreast. At the same time the Earl of Gloucester, aided by the native chieftains of South Wales, moved into Cardiganshire. Edward Mortimer and John Giffard watched the upper valley of the Wye; and thus Llewellyn was shut up in and around Snowdon. Ere the bridge over the Menai was complete, some of Edward's knights, during his absence, and "withouten avisement," crossed to the mainland, and being taken unawares by the Welsh, who were lying in ambush, they were forced back into the sea. Many knights,

> And alle ther squierie, and other that with them nam,
> Alle drenkled thorgh folie, and faut of wisdam.

The folly was not repeated, and for some time Edward had to content himself with the possession of Anglesea. Llewellyn, however, was not able to remain in the hills, probably from want of provisions, and leaving David on the mountain, he tried to break through the blockading force by descending the valley of the Wye. But here he fell in with Mortimer and Giffard, and was slain. Hemingford's account of his death is plain enough. Llewellyn had advanced to Orewyn or Builth on that river. His main body was posted on the hills, and he held the bridge as an outpost with a force sufficient to defend it, facing the royal army on the other bank. Giffard and Mortimer, consulting together touching the best mode of reaching the enemy, were informed by one Wallayn of a ford, difficult, yet passable, by means of which they could turn the bridge, strike the defenders in the rear, and open a narrow passage whereby the army could pass. The plan was adopted and executed. The body which crossed by the ford surprised the guard at the bridge, and the army immediately began to file over. Llewellyn, who had been sleeping on a farm near his

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advanced post, ran out at the sound of the tumult, and while seeking to reach his main body was slain by one of the flanking party. Giffard and Mortimer then assaulted the Welsh army. The front attacking column was formed of horsemen and archers intermingled, and while these kept the Welsh engaged, a body of horsemen ascended the hill, and getting above the defenders, charged and routed them. After the fight a soldier recognized Llewellyn, and, cutting off his head, sent it to Edward. This action was fought on the 11th December, 1282. In the following year, Edward, who had reinforced his army by some thousands of Basque and Gascon mountaineers, crossed the Straits of Menai at their head, and stormed his way through the heart of Wales into the Marches. By the summer of this year he was virtually master of the whole country. David was still at large, a hunted wanderer, but in June he was taken, and justly executed in the following autumn by sentence of Parliament after a fair trial. Edward now established his dominion firmly over Wales, by legislative and administrative, as well as military measures. He built new and he rebuilt old castles, and having, like Richard, original ideas on the subject of engineering, he constructed them after plans of his own. The bridge over the Menai near Bangor was a truly great work, requiring considerable skill in its execution. The Menai Strait is a tidal stream above a thousand feet wide, and often convulsed by the turbulent waters of the Irish Sea. Taking full account of the difficulties he had to encounter and the time in which he lived, Edward's engineering is only relatively inferior to that of Telford and Robert Stephenson. In the following year Edward, his son, was born at Carnarvon, and the king went a progress from that place through the country into Glamorganshire, and kept his Christmas at Bristol. Thus another solid piece of work was done, characterized by soundness of method and remarkable perseverance, and equal valour on both sides. The reader will mark the great use made of the fleet, now rapidly becoming a well-organized engine of warfare. Bearing in mind the geographical and topographical conditions governing this enterprise, it will be difficult to imagine how it could have been accomplished in a more workmanlike way. The commissariat and transport service, both by land and sea, must have been extensive and well managed. Nearly all the supplies required for the campaign, except fuel and fish, must have been brought from considerable distances, and no doubt the navy was largely employed for this purpose.

Eleven years elapsed before any fresh demands were made upon the military capacity of the king. The Scotch, unable to decide between a host of nobles who claimed the crown, referred the question to Edward, and after a protracted investigation of their claims he gave judgment in favour of John Baliol, and Baliol did homage to him for his kingdom. This relation led to a sore dispute, and Edward, having a quarrel with France, arising out of sharp and irregular warfare between the French and English at sea, soon came to blows with that power, and thus gave both the Welsh and Scotch an opportunity, which they were quick to seize.

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The rebellion in Wales, which was severe but only partial, is ascribed to the severity and novelty of the new method of levying taxes for the French war. Yet it is difficult to believe that the Welsh leaders were not influenced by a consideration of the embarrassments which beset the king both on the side of France and on the side of Scotland. The Scotch, indeed, were not in open hostility, but they too were beginning to think that they could cast off the domination of the lord paramount. Instead of responding to the summons of Edward, who called for an armed contingent, they excused themselves, and entered into secret negotiations with France.

Thus, towards the end of 1294, Edward found himself at war with France, who had stolen a province by a breach of faith, obliged to divert a part of the army he had collected from Gascony to the Welsh mountains, and forced to keep a watchful eye on his Northern border. Against France he sought the aid of the Germans, whom he subsidized—so ancient is this line of policy; against the Welsh he thought it expedient to march in person. He had fully intended to head the army warring in Gascony, but throughout his reign he preferred his insular to his continental dominions, and the winter of 1294 found him on the Welsh border. Yet he was obliged to divide his forces, and a contemporary writer vainly mourns over the fact that with the whole army he might soon have recovered either Gascony or Wales, while, with his army divided between the two, it was an arduous piece of work to secure one.

But he did recover Wales. One of his nobles, De Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, preceding him, managed to get defeated near Denbigh—a defeat which appears to have been occasioned by a rash advance. For the earl was eager to save his property from further injury, and although there are no details of his action, yet it is clear that he committed the fault of entering a dangerous country with too weak a force. News of this defeat met Edward as he was hastening from Westminster to the Marches. At his approach the Welsh betook themselves to the mountains, for they were not able to interrupt the well-protected road from Chester to Conway Castle. Here Edward kept his Christmas, "with fele of his baronage." But he was not a man to waste time in festivities. Early in 1295 he crossed the Conway,—too soon, as it proved; for the waters rose, and cut him off from the bulk of his army. The Welsh fell on his baggage-trains, slew the guards, and captured both the smaller and greater waggons, loaded with tents and rations. The king was thus in a manner besieged. But he did not falter. Under a leader like Edward the men knew that the worst they would have to endure would be hunger and thirst. One chronicler, Hemingford, says they drank a mixture of water and honey, and soaked their bread in it; another, Trivet, says they had got some salt meat. Edward now showed himself to be a true soldier; for when a small measure of wine, all they had saved, was brought him, he refused it, saying that in a time of necessity all things should be in common, all should have the same fare, until it pleased God to help them, nor would

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he, who was the cause of their peril, take more than his share. The river soon fell, and the army joining the king, the Welsh retreated.

This campaign furnishes a remarkable specimen of the tactics of those days. After Edward had collected his army west of the Conway, the Earl Warwick learned that a number of Welshman had descended from the hills, and were posted in the plain between two woods. Thereupon, with a force of horse and foot, he made a night march, and succeeded in cutting them off. The Welsh were surprised but not unprepared, for they formed lances outwards and so defied the cavalry. The earl, seeing that horsemen alone would not be able to break them, adopted a very effective mode of attack, by placing a crossbowman between each couple of horsemen. The horsemen protected the foot, while they with bolts and arrows slew the Welsh spearmen. When the latter were shaken the cavalry charged home, and the poor Welsh were slain without mercy. Thus tactics adopted on a grand scale by Gustavus nearly four centuries later, were anticipated by the knights of Edward, just as the Prussian method of fighting in échelon from the centre was practised by the Moslem host at the battle of Mansourah, so graphically described by Joinville. In this campaign the king followed the old lines, occupied Anglesea, built a castle at Beaumaris, and reduced the Welsh leaders to surrender. Although short, it was a sharp campaign, as Langtoft testifies :—

> Fro Yule unto Pask werred Sir Edward,
> Grete travaile it askes, colde and grevance hard.

Edward returned from Anglesea by way of Cardigan and the south-western border, and arrived at Westminster early in August. The Welsh had been completely subdued for the time, and the king probably hoped that he was now free to send a considerable portion of his soldiers into Gascony, and to prepare for dealing decisively with the Scots. It was a reasonable hope, but not one that could be soon fulfilled. For the French king brought his Mediterranean squadron into the Channel, and Edward had to defend the Cinque Ports from its enterprises. That was done; the treacherous design of one Thomas de Turberville to betray the ports to the French was discovered and punished, and the maritime assault was retorted on the coast of Normandy, as soon as the Portsmouth division of the English fleet had returned from the western seas.

This attempt of the French king to bring the war home to the English, must have helped to delay the despatch to Gascony of the reinforcements set free by the close of the Welsh war. The autumn and early winter months were probably occupied in collecting troops and transports at Portsmouth. But it was not until January, 1296, that Prince Edmund was able to sail for the Garonne, with upwards of three hundred ships. We will not follow him in the desultory, indecisive, and unfortunate war which ensued. Edmund, indeed, soon fell sick and died, and in him Edward lost a most faithful, laborious, and gallant brother. The war with France was only an episode at this stage; yet it was a great embarrass-

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ment, for it not only drew away men from the principal business in hand; it helped to drain the king's treasury. The large subsidies he paid to the Flemings and Germans compelled him to resort to those illegal and high-handed fiscal measures which laid the foundation of his subsequent serious disputes with his own people. The main business was clearly the Scottish business, now come to a head.

For the preceding two years the Scotch had grown ever more and more restive. The prelates and nobles had found in John Baliol a weak and yielding prince: a man of good intentions, but without skill or resolution. In 1296, at a Parliament held in Scone, they virtually assumed the government by appointing a committee of twelve to control the king in all public affairs. They induced him to dismiss all Englishmen from his service, and one historian says they set a guard over him. The next step in the following year was decisive of war. The Scotch committee opened communication with Philip by sending three plenipotentiaries to negotiate a marriage between young Edward Baliol and the daughter of Charles of Anjou, niece of the French king, and to contract a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance with Philip; and they accomplished both objects. These treaties were signed at Paris on the 23rd of October, 1295. John Baliol was bound to invade England when she was at war with France, and Philip was bound to assail England in what he might deem to be her weakest point, if Scotland were invaded by Edward.

It is not likely that these proceedings escaped the notice of so alert and sagacious a monarch as Edward. Baliol had refused to send contingents for the Gascon war; he had implied doubts of Edward's authority as lord paramount; his nobles had expelled the friends of the English monarch, even ejecting Bruce from his possessions in Annandale; he had become only the nominal head of the kingdom; and now in his name, the committee chosen at Scone had entered into treaties with France hostile to England. It is probable that the evidence against Turberville furnished some insight into the intentions of the Scotch leaders, and also that Edward's adherents in Scotland gave him information. However this may have been, we have proof that his suspicions were aroused immediately after his return from Wales; for he thought fit to demand from Baliol what in these days would be called a "material guarantee" of his loyalty. He required that the castles of Berwick, Roxburgh, and Jedburgh should be temporarily surrendered as gages, and he was willing that they should be held by the Bishop of Carlisle. The English contemporary writers say the Scotch king refused to comply with this demand, but Lord Hailes says Baliol assented. It has been asserted on the authority of a document in Rymer, dated Westminster, October 16th, that the castles "had been delivered up" to the bishop. A reference to the document, however, shows that it is merely a conditional engagement, declaring that "when" John Baliol should have delivered up these castles to the bishop, the surrender should be without prejudice to Baliol or his heirs; Edward promising to cause them to be restored as soon as the war between himself

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and the King of France had come to an end. This document shows what thoughts were running in the mind of the king, and the danger against which he desired to guard—a diversion in the North on behalf of Philip; and we may infer from it that Edward was to some extent informed of the dealings of the Scotch in Paris. Indeed, Rishanger and Trivet say that Edward, at first ignorant of the "treachery" of the Scotch, became certain of it after their refusal to deliver up the castles; the demand for which, Hemingford affirms, they treated with contempt. Edward had ordered them to exclude French and Flemings from Scotland. The Scotch answered that theirs was a free country, and whosoever pleased, Frenchman, Fleming, or any other, might freely come and go. But the slaughter of English traders at Berwick, subsequent to this declaration, shows how heated the feelings of the Scotch had become, and what limits they put on freedom. Hemingford represents the king as much moved by the massacre at Berwick, and as saying—"Certè completa est jam eorum malitia, nec est à nobis ulterius expectandum."

Edward's Scotch campaigns were the most considerable military operations in which he engaged, and they show his genius for war in all its brilliancy. In the midst of winter, in 1295-6, he collected an army at Newcastle, and a fleet, his North Sea squadron, at Yarmouth; and he joined the army in February. Baliol was summoned to appear, for form's sake: a summons he could not obey, as he was a prisoner in the hands of his barons. Their answer to his threatening preparations was an advance in force towards Carlisle. But before they reached the frontier a border chief, Robert de Ros, deserting to the Scotch, formed a plan for surprising his own castle of Werk, where, in his absence at Roxburgh, his brother William had taken command. Communicating with Edward, William de Ros obtained the aid of 1,000 men, and when Robert, with part of the garrison of Roxburgh Castle, made a stealthy movement upon Werk, he was himself surprised and defeated with considerable loss. Edward then moved up to Werk, and after Easter, crossing the Tweed, he pitched his camp at Coldstream. Anthony Beck, who led the vanguard, 1,700 horse and foot raised by himself, crossed at Norham, and moving down to Berwick, invested and summoned it. The king rapidly followed, and brought his army up in support. His fleet had arrived off the mouth of the Tweed, and the admiral, trying to capture the town by a *coup de main*, ran his ships ashore. In this position many fell an easy prey to the garrison. Without permitting the Scotch, now before Carlisle, to divert him from his purpose, Edward pressed the siege of Berwick, and by a bold assault took the town. In revenge, as we suppose, for the massacre of the English merchants, he permitted a frightful slaughter of the inhabitants. The castle garrison immediately surrendered on fair terms. In the meantime, that is, at the end of March, the Scotch barons had suffered an ignominious repulse before the walls of Carlisle, and had fallen back over the border. Edward had determined to follow the plan he had found to answer in Wales; that is, he resolved to obtain firm possession of the great

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highway to the Forth, by occupying the fortresses which commanded it. He therefore set about fortifying Berwick.

Now dos Edward dike Berwik brode and long.

Hemingford says that the ditches of the new works were seventy feet wide and forty deep. While this was in progress the Scotch made a fresh attempt to draw Edward from the border. A considerable force moved from Jedburgh, by Carter Fell, and the Roman road over the Cheviots, into Redesdale and Coquetdale; but although they pushed their raiding parties as far as Hexham and Corbridge on the Tyne, and did immense mischief over a broad tract of country, Edward, with a fleet and a well-guarded line to Newcastle, could well afford to disregard them, and they retreated as they had come. A far more serious incident had occurred in front. The castle of Dunbar, on the line of march of the invaders, had been surrendered to the Scots by the wife of Patrick, Earl of March, then in the king's camp. Edward, as soon as he heard of the loss of Dunbar, although Roxburgh had not been secured, sent forward De Warrenne with a force of about 10,000 foot and 1,100 horsemen to recover the castle. This was done at the very time when the Scottish raiders were harassing Northumberland. De Warrenne blockaded the castle, and the garrison agreed to surrender if they were not succoured by Baliol. The condition was accepted. The Scotch army, however, arrived in time, and showed itself on the Lammermuir hills above Dunbar; and the garrison, inspired by fresh courage, saluted the English with the taunt that they were tailed dogs, and threatened to kill them and cut off the said tails—an old mediæval joke against the Southrons. The old writers say there were 1,500 horse and 40,000 foot in the Scottish array on the hill-side. Warrenne then took a notable resolution. He left the followers of his men-at-arms, and a few of the latter, to blockade the castle, and moved out himself to attack the enemy. He had to fight over the ground rendered famous by Cromwell three centuries and a half later, but he fought his battle in a manner different from Mr. Carlyle's hero. For De Warrenne, meaning to assault the host on the hill, pushed his horse and foot across the Brocksburn, "a steep grassy glen, dug out by the little brook itself, and carpeted with greensward in the course of long thousands of years." As he descended into this hollow, he appeared to the Scotch above to be moving off towards Berwick, for the road from Dunbar to Berwick, then as now, ran across the glen. Thereupon the Scotch, fearing he would escape, poured down from the Doon hill in haste and disorder, intent on nothing except cutting him off. They came on with great uproar, shouting and blowing horns. But ere they could reach the southern edge of the glen, De Warrenne, with well-formed divisions, had reached the summit, and the Scottish host, instead of being the assailants, were promptly and resolutely charged by their foes. As was inevitable, the disorderly crowd gave way at the first shock from the trained soldiers of De Warrenne, and fled; one knight only, Patrick de Graham, died rather

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than yield or fly. The army was utterly routed in this first battle. It is remarkable that two Scottish armies should at the same place have abandoned the advantage of position which they had secured. It is not remarkable that both paid a heavy penalty for the blunder. The next day Edward arrived, and the castle surrendered at discretion. These strokes decided the campaign. James the Stewart surrendered Roxburgh at the king's summons. Edinburgh fell after a siege of a week, and at the approach of Edward the garrison of Stirling fled away. Large reinforcements of Welsh foot, and Irish horse and infantry, reached the royal camp; and on the 2nd of July, Baliol personally submitted to the conqueror at Kincardine. Elgin was the limit of Edward's northern march. On the 25th of August he was back at Berwick, where, on the 28th, he received the fealty of his new subjects, including that of Bruce, and he did not reach Westminster until 1297.

He left Scotland, as he thought, secure, and so far as military precautions could make it so, it was secure. He held the castles, and especially the line from Berwick to Stirling, the passes over the Cheviots being barred by his garrisons at Jedburgh and Roxburgh. But while he was engaged in his great dispute with his barons and his clergy, and while, tempted once more to mix in the affairs of the Continent, and raise a league against the French king, he went into Flanders, William Wallace raised a revolt. At first the barons gathered round him, but there was no unity in the camp: the Percy assembled an army and marched into the west; the Scottish army fell to pieces and the barons submitted again. Wallace, however, kept the field at the head of a popular force, and the king directed De Warrenne, Governor of Scotland, to move an army to the Forth. Thereupon Wallace, quitting the siege of Dundee, took post opposite Stirling. Unfortunately for Edward, De Warrenne had little military skill, except in actual combat, and De Cressingham, the Treasurer, had neither skill nor a sense of its absence. Instead of acting on the advice of Richard Lundin, who offered to lead a detachment over the river by a ford, so that they might take Wallace in the rear, De Cressingham induced the Governor to order an advance over the high, narrow wooden bridge which spanned the Forth. Here horse and foot alike could only pass two by two, and they had therefore to go slowly and form up slowly on the other side. Wallace watched his opportunity, and, at the right moment, carried his end of the bridge by a rude charge. Thus was De Cressingham cut off, and De Warrenne rendered helpless. Nearly all those who had crossed the bridge were slain, but one gallant knight, Marmaduke de Twenge, cut his way back with part of his band. Warrenne now ordered the bridge to be broken and burnt, but this did not save him; for the Stewart and the Earl of Lennox were hard by, waiting the turn of fortune, and seeing that she went against De Warrenne, they issued from the woods, and falling upon him, put him to flight and captured all his train. The old warrior rode all the way to Berwick, so fast, says Hemingford, that the horse he rode, when "in stabulo minorum positus,

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nusquam pabulum gustavit." Thirty-three years before De Warrenne had ridden away from the field of Lewes, but not until he had taken a part in the Prince's charge upon the Londoners.

The effect of this one battle was very striking. Edward's successes were reversed, as if by magic. Castle after castle was abandoned; Warrenne's departure from Berwick was the signal for the flight of the garrison, and the panic increasing, the Northumbrians betook themselves to Newcastle and drove their stock as far as the Tyne. Wallace followed, and crossing the Tweed, scattered his host over the whole country, from the North Sea to the Solway, to ravage, burn, plunder and slay. There was nothing to resist him. Alnwick, Durham, Newcastle and Carlisle, alone held out. The cry of "The Scotch are coming!" sent everybody flying. But this was a raid, and not a military operation. Wallace had little military skill of the higher sort, and want of discipline, quite as much as the severity of the weather, compelled this horde of invaders to return to Scotland with all the booty they could carry away. Carlisle had again resisted, and Robert Clifford, just before Christmas, retorted by an invasion and plunder of Annandale.

Notwithstanding this heavy blow, Edward did not return to England from Flanders until he had negotiated a truce with the French king. But his absence did not prevent him from directing preparations for a second Scotch campaign. He landed at Sandwich on the 14th of March, 1298, met his Parliament at York in May, and in June found a large army assembled at Roxburgh—which castle apparently had not been abandoned after the flight of Warrenne. The ravage of Northumberland roused the spirit of the North. Including Welsh and Irish, the king is said to have mustered 80,000 foot and 7,000 horse, three thousand of whom were fully armed, upon the banks of the Tweed. Anthony Beck was again most active in these matters, and Warrenne still held command. It is worthy of remark that this was not in any sense a feudal array, for Edward declined all services which were not voluntarily rendered. To these were added a select band from Gascony, who were placed in Berwick, which stronghold Wallace had not been able to retain. Nor did Edward neglect to employ his fleet. He had projected a series of sweeping operations, and he ordered the North Sea squadron to sail for the Forth with abundant supplies, and the western squadron to make for the Frith of Clyde. His project was to recover the line of the Forth as far as Stirling, and then to make his way across country by Glasgow to the Solway. Accordingly he marched northward by Dunbar and Edinburgh to Temple Liston, now Kirkliston, where he halted without having met an enemy. He had, however, neglected to take Dirleton Castle, and two neighbouring forts. They lay off his line of march on the north-east promontory of Haddington, and the garrisons made forays upon his line of communications. He therefore sent the Bishop of Durham with a competent force to capture them. Anthony Beck directed an assault which failed with loss, and as he could not undertake a siege for want of artillery, and

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as he was so badly off for provisions that his men were obliged to subsist on beans and peas gathered in the fields, he sent a knight to the king for fresh instructions. Edward's order was peremptory,—"Don't look me in the face until those castles are burnt." The knight returned. But in the meantime three transports arrived off the coast, and refreshed by this timely help, and knowing the orders of the king, the bishop assaulted with such fury that Dirleton surrendered. The other castles were abandoned at once, all were burnt, and Beck rejoined the main body.

He found the king reduced to such straits for want of provisions, contrary winds having detained his fleet, that he was meditating a retreat to Edinburgh. The wine-ships unhappily came in first: the Welsh foot drank too freely, and, revolting, had to be ridden down by the heavy-armed horsemen. The Welsh then threatened to join the Scotch—a threat Edward treated with contempt, and one they did not think fit to execute. For a whole month the fleet were kept out of the Forth, and Wallace, trusting that famine would compel the king to retire, brought his followers up to Falkirk. Fortune, however, favoured Edward, for, three days before he learnt from his scouts that the Scotch were within reach, the transports anchored off the coast, and the army was amply supplied and reinvigorated. It was on the 21st of July that the welcome news of the proximity of Wallace reached the king. With characteristic decision he that same afternoon broke up his camp, spoke some stirring words to his soldiers, and mounting his horse, led the army forward. But he only made a short march, halting on a moor east of Linlithgow, where the king and his soldiers passed the summer night on the heath. Before dawn the army was again in motion, and although during the night by some mischance Edward's war-horse had broken two of his master's ribs, the king rode forth with his soldiers. Marching through Linlithgow, in three divisions, one under the Earl Marshal, the second under Anthony Beck, the third, as a reserve, under Edward, they came upon the Scotch in position near Falkirk. Wallace had drawn up his men in four bodies behind a morass. He had further strengthened his front and flank by a continuous and strong rail-fence tied fast with ropes. His infantry were formed in a remarkable manner. Being mostly spearmen—and the Scotch of this period seem to have been very formidable with that weapon—Wallace caused them to form in circles, several ranks deep, to interlace their spears and point them outwards. In every circle or "schiltron" there were some archers, and the four bodies were connected together by ranks of archers, who lined the fence of stakes. In the rear were about a thousand horsemen, under the younger John Comyn, of Badenoch. This order of battle was good against a front attack and against any attack had the flanks been protected. The weakness of the flanks and of the horsemen proved fatal to the defenders. Coming up impatient to engage, Edward's first division, under Bigod, drove straight at the front in a headlong fashion, and being checked by the morass, their leader had the sense to wheel them to the left and bring them round on the Scottish

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right. Anthony Beck, seeing this, and knowing the reason, directed his columns to the right, and wheeled them on to the other flank. Thus advantageously posted, probably on the hill standing on that side, he wished to wait for the reserve, which he foresaw would be required to make an impression on the strong formation of the foe. But Sir Ralph Basset, telling the bishop to go to mass, and not pretend to teach soldiers their duty, hurried the division on to the attack. The result was such as Beck probably looked for—Basset's horse could not break the schiltrons. But part of them charged Comyn, and drove him from the field. The Scotch now fought a desperate battle. They could not retreat, without certain destruction; but they could fight where they stood, and die, if needs must. Wonderful infantry soldiers, these followers of Wallace. The armed horsemen could not break them, though they speedily drove in or slew the ranks of archers lining the fence; and their foot attendants bore them down on the flanks. Charge after charge failed to shake their gallant infantry, and the wisdom of Beck's advice to Basset was manifest. But Edward came up with the reserve, and, as we conjecture, his military eye saw that the English archers and slingers must come into play in aid of the horse. Accordingly he threw them to the front, where the morass would protect them, and on the flanks where the horse could give them succour. It was the sharp shower of arrows and stones from the English foot that destroyed the Scottish schiltrons, and opened a path for the horsemen. Then followed the massacre of a broken and fugitive army. Such was the battle of Falkirk, one of the most gallant infantry fights on record. The victory gave Scotland south of the Forth to the king once more. He put a fresh garrison in Stirling, and marched his army through the forest of Selkirk, as far as the castle of Ayr, whence, after suffering from short supplies, he moved down Annandale to Carlisle. These were great exploits.

Nevertheless, the very next year the Scots, not under Wallace, but under certain guardians, laid siege to Stirling, the key of all this central country, and Edward, unable to induce his barons to find soldiers, was obliged to permit the governor of Stirling to capitulate. In 1300 the king made a weak effort on the side of Carlisle, ending in nothing but the capture of Caerlaveroch, the chief value of which action to the world is that it inspired a chivalric poet to write a descriptive poem, very valuable to the antiquarian. This was Edward's most feeble campaign; but the explanation is, that no army could act in that western country for want of supplies. The whole time of the troops was taken up in foraging. Moreover, the French king intervened, and procured a truce for the Scotch until Whit-Sunday, 1301. Edward was again in Scotland in that year, but there were no movements or actions, and a fresh truce was the result. In the following year John de Segrave was surprised and defeated at Roslyn; but the action was of no effect, except in so far as it showed the indomitable temper of the Scotch. In 1303 they were deserted by their ally the King of France, who made his peace with Edward, and did not stipulate any-

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thing for his Northern friends, and the king now turned his whole force upon them. He marched his army by the old road from Roxburgh, the place of assembly, to Edinburgh, and thence he ascended the Forth. As Stirling was held for the Scottish guardians, and the bridge had been destroyed, and as it was his intention to sweep through the North-eastern counties, he knew he must cross the Forth. To be certain of effecting this at any point, he had caused bridge materials to be put on board the fleet which accompanied him. They were not needed, for he crossed the river by a ford, and having thus turned Stirling Castle, he proceeded, by Clackmannan and Perth, on the road to Aberdeen. The castle of Brechin alone resisted him, and this he soon reduced. From Brechin he marched to Aberdeen, and as far further as Kinloss in Moray. He is said to have gone to Caithness, and as he stayed three weeks at Kinloss, he may have made an expedition across the Moray Firth; but Lord Hailes is of opinion that it is not likely the king marched an army thither. Returning southward by way of Dundee and Kinross, Edward wintered in Dunfermline.

The next great object was to capture Stirling, so stoutly and loyally held by Sir William Oliphant. To invest the place Edward was obliged to recross the Forth, and Comyn, who commanded the only Scotch force in the field, thinking Edward would try to cross opposite Stirling, posted his soldiery on the right bank near the castle. But his opponent, to his surprise, moved up the river until he came to a ford, probably the ford near Clackmannan, where he had crossed the preceding year, and by that route reached the other shore. Comyn, whose forces must have been few, did not await him, but fled. Thereupon Edward invested and laid siege to Stirling Castle, a very arduous enterprise. During the winter he had made vast preparations, as his wont was. He constructed thirteen great engines wherewith to batter the castle and distress the garrison—engines, some of which threw stones of two hundred and three hundred pounds' weight. To help in the building of these, all the lead was stripped off the monastery of St. Andrews. The siege began on the 22nd of April. As he made little progress and found he should require larger stores than he possessed in Scotland, he wrote to London for an instant supply from the Tower. There is but one possible approach to Stirling, and thus the works of the besiegers were on a narrow front. We are told that the battering-pieces shook the walls and struck off the battlements, laying bare the defenders; that the great stones flung over broke down the interior buildings and storehouses, compelling the garrison to seek shelter in what we should call the bombproofs; that, nevertheless, the latter fought with skill and audacity, damaging the English by shot from the castle batteries; that they made frequent sallies and slew many; that the king, who was often in the front without armour, was twice slightly wounded; that when the besiegers filled up the ditch with fascines, the garrison burnt them; and that at length the king was obliged to use earth and stones to fill up the ditch, and to erect towers that overtopped the wall. It was not until he was reduced to the last extremity that Oliphant gave

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any sign of surrendering, nor until the 20th of July, three months after the opening of the siege, that he surrendered at discretion. Edward ordered all the survivors of the garrison to be imprisoned, adding, however, "Do not bind them." Although he was severe, yet probably no man of his age was more capable of a generous appreciation of valour and constancy.

The siege of Stirling was the last military exploit of Edward. His long and active life was drawing to a close, and although he lived to see a regular scheme for the Government of Scotland, in subjection to him, framed and acted on, he also lived long enough to see it overthrown. Robert Bruce, the grandson of the competitor, killed Comyn and struck for the throne in 1306; but Edward was not destined to share in the efforts made to defeat his enterprise. His iron constitution was almost worn out, and on his journey from Winchester to the North in order to be near the scene of his hardest task, he had to give up the use of his favourite, the horse, and submit to be carried in a litter. After lingering on the border for several months, in July, 1307, he prepared to set out on his last journey. Solemnly depositing his horse-litter in Carlisle cathedral, he mounted his horse, to prosecute the war against Robert Bruce, then in arms in the west; but he who had ridden so far by day and night, was now obliged to dismount at the end of a few hours, and could only ride six miles in three or four days. His campaigns were onded. He died on the 7th of July, 1307, at Burg on the Sands; and on his tomb in Westminster Abbey they wrote *Pactum Serva.*

The reader who has followed out this brief sketch of a striking military career to its touching close, may, perhaps, admit that this king was the first among us, of whom we have any records, deserving the character of a great captain. Whether in council framing plans, or in the field carrying them into execution; whether, with patient labour, devising and constructing some solid piece of engineering, like the bridge over the Menai, or charging in battle itself where the spears where thickest, or directing the onsets of others; in all these things he takes rank as a man foremost in his class; and he is a comparatively rare example of real genius in a soldier-king.

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A Week in a French Country-House

PART II.

The next morning Ursula and I had a long talk together about Monsieur Jacques. She told me that she had known him ever since she was sixteen years old, and that he was established in Florence when she and her father were living there; and then she said, in a sort of natural way which went to my heart,—

"He had nobody, and I had nobody, and so we drew together."

"But Colonel Hamilton was with you then, wasn't he?" said I.

"Oh, yes," she answered; "but papa never cared at all about the things I cared for, and then I usedn't to see much of him—I never was much with him—but I loved him dearly for all that,"—and her eyes filled with tears. "At first I was too young to go into the world, and then Jacques used often to come and spend the evening with me because it was so lonely when papa was away dining out or at the theatre."

"And used you to be left quite entirely alone?" said I. "Had you no woman in the house to look after you?"

"Oh, I had the Meneghina, our old Italian maid," she replied. "She generally used to bring in her work and sit with us. When I was eighteen, I thought that, perhaps, papa would then take me out with him, but I think he liked best going out by himself; it left him so much more free and independent. I suppose that was the reason why he never introduced me to any of his friends, or took me to the houses of the people that he knew."

"Then did you never go out at all?" said I.

"Oh, yes, I went out a little, but into quite a different set from papa's. I went to Giambattista's parties—Giambattista Giacomelli was my singing-master. Such a dear old fellow! and he had delightful musical parties every Sunday, to which papa allowed me to go."

"Well," said I, "but did you go to these parties alone?"

"No," she answered. "Our landlady, the Del Nero, went to them, and I went with her. She lived in the floor above us, and I used often to go up there of an evening when papa went out and they were at home. It was there that I first met Jacques. The Del Nero used to play splendidly on the piano, and he used to accompany her on the violin. She, too, had musical evenings which were charming; the society was entirely Italian, composed of doctors, lawyers, artists and literary men—all clever and well educated. This is the only really well-educated society in Florence; the fashionable people are of an unbelievable ignorance. The Del Nero's

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husband was an avvocato. I don't think I saw any English faces, except those of papa and one or two of his men friends, in all the years that I lived in Florence. I was fourteen when I went there, and I am twenty-four now; that makes ten whole years, doesn't it?"

Her account of her life sounded very strange and desolate. Her father seemed to have taken such little care of her, that I felt really shy of asking her many questions. Later, the outline was filled up for me by Monsieur Jacques, who told me that Colonel Hamilton was a perfect monster of selfishness—altogether the most heartless man that he had ever met with. Instead of taking the least pleasure or interest in his child, he was, on the contrary, in despair at having a daughter of that age, and kept her entirely in the background. He used to go about in all the bad fashionable society of Florence, got up in the most youthful style and lavishing every luxury upon himself, while poor Ursula had hardly decent clothes to her back. More than once, the good Del Nero had given her a gown, without which she would have been unable to accompany her even into the modest Italian circle to which they belonged; and in spite of all this, Monsieur Jacques told me that she had perfectly doted upon her father while he lived, and had nearly died of his death. It seems that he had retained his handsome looks and charm of manner to the last, and although he was as hard as a stone, always contrived to be good-tempered and pleasant at home.

Certainly nothing could be much more strange than the state of things between Ursula and her friend. At first I supposed it must be foreign;—it was, however, evidently not so much foreign as individual, for it excited far greater indignation in Madame Olympe's mind than it did in mine. I had certainly never seen any manners in the slightest degree resembling theirs; but after the movement of surprise which they created in me at first, I soon got accustomed to them, and the whole relation had a side so touching and pretty, that, notwithstanding its somewhat unusual manifestations, I began by accepting, and ended by sympathizing with it. Ursula's strength and decision were like health to the little morbid mortal who looked up to her as morally far superior to himself, and his devotion and knowledge of the world were everything to so young a woman, whose impulsiveness, combined with her extreme simplicity of character, tended to put her greatly in the power of designing people. In spite of the weakness of his nature, the singleness of his desire after her welfare invested him in some sort with the authority of a father or a brother.

The change of air and of surroundings had already done me so much good, that on the Wednesday morning I was actually able to take a little walk with Margery before breakfast. The park is not very large, but there are charming walks all round it: not shrubbery, but regular woodland paths; it being, in point of fact, simply a bit of the forest enclosed. The weather was quite heavenly, and the purity and elasticity of the air something enchanting; one felt all the time as if one were drinking vivifying draughts of some electric water. The soil is sandy, drying directly after

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the heaviest rain, and the air is of the light, exhilarating quality which always goes with that particular kind of soil. Poor Margery asked me anxiously when I meant to go home, and was greatly relieved when she found that I did not mean to exceed the limit I had originally fixed to my visit. She was comfortable enough, she said, but they were an unsociable set, and did not live in the least like English servants. At about eight in the morning every one went down, took a little bowl from a shelf on the wall, got it filled with *café au lait*, and drank it with a little bit of bread-and-butter, standing. There was nothing like a breakfast-table, and nobody thought of sitting down. They then all dispersed, and did not meet again until after our *déjeûner à la fourchette* at about twelve, when they had their second breakfast. This was devoured in all haste, after which they again separated. There was nothing like a servants'-hall, as in our great houses, and no assembling in the kitchen as in our small ones. The men-servants remained by themselves, and the women sat entirely in their own rooms. Excellent rooms they were, Margery told me; large, airy, with every comfort, and a look of prettiness and elegance that was quite unknown with us. Supper, which took place after our late dinner, brought them together again, but only for the purpose of eating—which ceremony, like the previous one, was got over as speedily as possible.

At breakfast we had Monsieur le Curé, from Marny—a stalwart, weather-beaten-looking man, with a demure, rather sly, but not bad countenance. He sat between Madame Olympe and myself, and was putting her *au courant* of the affairs of the village. They did not appear to be in a very flourishing condition, as far as morality was concerned, for he continually began accounts of proceedings which, after the three first suggestive words, had to be imparted in a whisper, to the great annoyance of poor Madame Olympe, who nevertheless could not help laughing at the absurdity of the thing. The curé would begin:—"Madame la Comtesse has doubtless heard about Thérèse Pichon? Is she aware that only three nights ago . . . . ?" and then a long whisper. I endeavoured immediately to begin a little subject with Monsieur Kiowski; but I saw, by his absence of all rejoinder, and the frightful vacancy of the eye he riveted upon me, that he was straining every nerve to catch the luckless Thérèse's little adventure. A minute afterwards it would be, with great gravity, "Has Madame la Comtesse been told that Auguste Leroy is going to leave the village? It appears that on Wednesday last, one of the keepers going his rounds in the forest at midnight, found him. . . ." Then another whisper, and at the end, "His brother says that after that he will keep him no more. *Dame*! It is the third time that it happens!" At last there came a story, in which "la Malheureuse" played a great part, and was repeated with strong reprobatory emphasis. This story was a very long one, and presently reached such an appalling crisis that even poor Madame Olympe, who was, as one may say, "to the manner born," could stand it no longer, but calling out, "The boat! the boat!" hastily jumped up from table, and ran to the window.

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"The boat! where's the boat! let me see the boat!" cried Monsieur Kiowski, throwing himself impetuously into the spirit of the thing, and nearly overturning the table in the wild excitement with which he tore to the window. It was only the boat which comes down the river every morning regularly. To-day it appeared in the very nick of time, and deserved extra notice: but I observed that whenever it appeared it always created a slight agitation. I suppose that the general monotony of their lives ended with making little events become important in their eyes. When it had passed out of sight they returned to the table.

I do not think that in the whole course of my life I ever beheld any human creature devour as Monsieur le Curé did: he ate largely of soup, of both the hot dishes and of the three cold ones, besides the salad and other vegetables—which, although always handed round separately (and not, as we do in England, taken as an accompaniment to the meat), appeared to be thrown in as it were, and quite to go for nothing. He then, in addition to his wine-and-water, had a tremendous jorum of *café au lait*, and topped it all up with two gigantic tumblers of ale, and the fatal pastry-cake and honey that I have before alluded to. His face, always scarlet, had become gradually purple under this trying process, and I expected every minute that he would have some dreadful seizure or other. Madame Olympe told me that it was almost as if he laid in his week's provision of good substantial food, when he came up to breakfast at the château; that he was miserably poor, and a most excellent creature, half-starving himself in order to be able to give, out of his wretched pittance, some assistance to his still needier neighbours. The curé is an entirely different being from our country clergyman: very hard-working and exemplary, but in quite a different way, and altogether simpler and more homely. It is not at all an uncommon thing abroad to see the curé thinking nothing whatever of assisting in manual labour, but working in the field with his neighbours, and helping them to get in their hay. In one respect, a good sense is shown in Catholic countries, which might be imitated in the Church of England with infinite advantage: their clergymen are by no means necessarily preachers. The functions are divided: he who has the gift of an eloquent tongue, speaks to the souls of his parishioners through their ears, and he who has it not, labours in the vineyard of the Lord silently.

Madame Olympe was much troubled this morning about her poor housekeeper, who during the night had become a great deal worse. The illness had assumed a very grave character, and before breakfast she had been removed to the village, and put under the care of the good Sœur Marie and of a regular nurse. Monsieur le Curé had brought satisfactory news of her safe arrival at Marny, and told us that on the whole she had borne her little journey fairly well.

After breakfast Monsieur Kiowski brought down his portfolios, and we passed a delightful two hours looking over his drawings, and some beautiful photographs which he had brought from Italy. Nothing ever was more kind and amiable than he was: bringing them all to the sofa for me, and

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improvising a sort of desk with the pillow, so that I could see them without tiring either my head or my hands. "That is St. Peter's," said he, a little unnecessarily; "the largest and most important church of Rome. It is in St. Peter's that all the ceremonies of the Holy Week take place, and from it that the world-famous benediction is given. That is the Colosseum; formerly it was the arena in which the combats of the gladiators were witnessed; now it serves the purpose of a church, where people come to hear preaching, and to pray at little stations which have been erected in it."

I was amazed at the delicacy and beauty of his drawings; Monsieur Berthier, too, was charmed with them. "The fineness of touch is quite incredible!" he said several times with enthusiasm, and indeed in some of the drawings it was really impossible to see where the strokes were by which the enchanting result was arrived at. Mothers and children seemed to be favourite subjects with him: his book was filled with children in every sort of position: his babies are perfect,—so unconscious, and all the little lovely melting bits—the round of the temple and cheek, the little soft way in which the head sits on the neck of a baby—felt with a maternal tenderness that seemed quite extraordinary in a young man. Presently I came, among the drawings, upon a lovely sketch of the river and forest, taken from the château. I exclaimed when I recognized it, and in the kindest and most charming way he immediately entreated me to accept it. I felt dreadfully ashamed at having so valuable a present made me, but it was so pretty and so delightful a souvenir of my visit, that I could not bring myself to refuse it; and all the less that I saw by his manner that it would be a real pleasure to him to give it to me. Ursula Hamilton was in ecstasies over all the drawings, but most especially about a coloured sketch of the picture Monsieur Kiowski was now engaged upon. The subject was the death of Titian: it was wonderfully harmonious and full of character. There was one head—that of a pupil of Titian's—a soft, young, dark Italian face, that was full of sentiment; and there were two women—one in pale crocus-coloured draperies, with a tiger-lily in her hand, and another in a sort of gold and brown brocade, with her back turned and her head thrown over her shoulder—that were quite magnificent.

"How I do wish I could paint!" said Ursula.

"Why don't you?" said Monsieur Kiowski. "If I were not going to-night I would teach you. With Miss Hamilton's feeling for art, she would soon learn—wouldn't she, Monsieur Berthier?"

"In water-colours," said Monsieur Berthier.

"Why not in oils?" asked Ursula impetuously. "Ah, I see!" she added: "*la femme—la femme—et toujours la femme!*" and she came and sat down impatiently by my sofa. "I do get so sick of the way he always goes maundering on about the inferiority of women! I am sure you don't agree with him—you don't believe him, do you?"

"I think we are different creatures," said I, "but I don't see that difference necessarily implies inferiority: as we are inferior to them in certain faculties of the mind which they possess."

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"Yes," she interrupted, "the heavy, slow, tiresome ones——"

"So," continued I, laughing, "I also think that they are inferior to us in other mental qualities which belong entirely, or, at all events, in a much higher degree of perfection, to us. Moreover, I believe that these very differences were beneficently bestowed upon us, 'not to doubtful disputations,' but that man might strengthen the spirit of woman in the bearing of her burdens, and that woman might lighten the heart of man in the carrying of his—that each might be, in their very unlikeness, a comfort, a joy, and a completion to the other."

"At all events you are fair," said Ursula. "You meet one half way, but I felt inclined to hurl things at him yesterday at dinner when he went pottering on with his *Faust* and his *Hamlet*, and his *Hamlet* and his *Faust*. Who ever said that metaphysics, abstract speculation (the least useful of all things, by the way,) were the forte of women? But it is a perfectly different matter with the passions—they belong to us every bit as much as to men, and I don't see why we shouldn't be able to delineate them quite as well. It's all very well to talk,—but what sort of intellectual nourishment do women get? What is called their education consists for the most part of nothing but a series of abridgments, filtered through miserable smatterers. Let a woman just for once have the mental training that almost every man gets, and then we shall see—"

"Whether she will write a *Hamlet?*" said I, smiling.

"Well, perhaps she may not be able to write a *Hamlet*, but I can't for the life of me see why she shouldn't write an *As You Like It*."

"*As You Like It!*" I echoed in utter amazement.

"Yes—*As You Like It*—why not? That is not powerful: it is not even passionate. Don't you see that I am taking up a modest position?"

I couldn't help it; I burst into a peal of laughter from which I was only roused by the tears of mortification which I saw standing in her eyes.

"My dear child," said I, "calmness is power, and the strongest spirits are not those who awaken tumult in our breasts, but those who bring us into peace. As for *As You Like It*, I love that play so dearly, that I believe on the whole I would rather have written it than any of the others. It seems to me to have a divine quality about it: it leaves one as a fine landscape does—with eyes dimmed by mists of tenderness, not of sorrow, and with a heart adoring God and gentler towards one's kind."

Meanwhile Lady Blankeney and Maria had got one of Monsieur Kiowski's sketch-books in their hands the wrong way upwards, and were, apparently with the greatest interest, inspecting the slight pencil landscapes upside down. At last, after having gone through it scrupulously from beginning to end, they put it upon the table.

"Did you like them?" asked Ursula, drily, when they had done.

"Quite charming!" said Lady Blankeney, smiling. "Such a treat. By-the-way, my dear Ursula," she continued, "I have heard from the Marquise de Verneuil this morning, a most civil kind note (nothing like

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the Faubourg St. Germain after all, is there ?), and she is quite in despair at your not coming ; but I hope you will revoke that cruel decision."

"I think your decision was the cruel one," answered Ursula. "I have a friend come from another country to see me; I beg you to get Madame de Verneuil's permission that he should accompany us, and you entirely decline doing so."

"Why, my dear Ursula," said Lady Blankeney, rather embarrassed, "you are such a dear ardent creature, and the moment an idea runs away with you there is no making you understand. You see it is a very small, select thing."

"If Jacques is not fit company for them," said Ursula, "neither am I."

"But, my dear child, the thing is so simple," said Lady Blankeney.

"Quite so," retorted Ursula; "he is not going, neither am I."

"But, my dear, she's *delighted*," said Lady Blankeney—"quite delighted, on the contrary—so very anxious to make his acquaintance, I've got the letter here," she said, tapping her pocket, "and she will only be too charmed——"

"Then you thought better of it and wrote after all?" said Ursula. "Was it after you heard Jacques play?"

"Well, I don't exactly remember what day it was," said Lady Blankeney, getting red and hesitating.

"But it was after you heard him play ——," said Ursula. "Pray, is there to be music at Madame de Verneuil's?"

"Yes," said Lady Blankeney; "she gives the best musical parties in Paris, and I happened in my note to mention your friend's great talent, and then of course in hers she said she would be only too enchanted."

"Oh, and I am to sing, I suppose?" said Ursula.

"Why, of course," said Lady Blankeney. "We quite reckon on you, my dear. The dear Marquise was in ecstasies when she heard how beautifully Monsieur Dessaix played, and I'm sure she's only too happy to have him. She says so in her note here,"—again tapping her pocket. "Would you like to see her note?"

"O dear, no. Pray don't trouble yourself, Lady Blankeney," said Ursula. "We shall neither of us go. I do not mean to sing anywhere but in my own home." (Poor Lady Blankeney looked terribly chapfallen.) "And as for Jacques, he is not professional a bit more than myself; he is in no need whatever of money, and therefore I don't exactly see why he should go and play for a woman whose house you considered too good for him until you thought of making use of him."

"Oh, my dear Ursula, you really have such a way of putting things; but I'm sure you couldn't—you wouldn't—it would be *such* a disappointment!" besought poor Lady Blankeney, in utter dismay. "It has all been my fault—I assure you it has all been my fault—my little nervous way, you know. If it hadn't been the Faubourg, it would have been quite, quite different, you know; but it is always so select there! But now that she

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has written to say how delighted she is to make your acquaintance—yours and Monsieur Dessaix's—(and so select as she always is!)—I really don't know what you would have. Isn't it quite true, Maria?" she said, appealing to her daughter in her despair.

"Oh, quite true—ten," calmly said Maria, who had got to her work again and had not the smallest idea what her mother was talking about.

"Very well, then," said Ursula. "In that case we will go——"

"Now that is so nice and sweet of you!" interrupted poor Lady Blankeney, with a ray of hope.

"But," continued Miss Hamilton, gravely, "I will not sing, and Jacques shall not play, and that will give your select Marquise all the more time to become acquainted with us."

Lady Blankeney's face fell so dismally that I was sadly afraid she was going to cry. Just then Madame Olympe came up, and proposed an expedition to the Géant—a high hill in the neighbourhood, from which there was a lovely view.

"But what shall I do?" said Lady Blankeney, dolorously. "I must send an answer to-day. She told me she meant to do without the Trebelli if Ursula went——"

"Then hadn't you better write and tell her to put the Trebelli on again?" said Ursula, coolly.

"Dear me!" said Lady Blankeney, still more dejected. "I don't see how we are to go at all. What is to become of you, Ursula, if Maria and I go?"

"Oh, don't be unhappy about me, my dear Lady Blankeney. Jacques and I shall have a very cosy little evening together at the hotel, I dare say."

"Speak to her, you, my dear Countess! She really doesn't know the things that people will say, and I really am almost beginning to be afraid that—that—she does not care."

"I do not know, and I do not care," said Miss Hamilton, looking at Lady Blankeney placidly.

"When is this party to be?" asked Madame Olympe.

"It's on Saturday next," said Lady Blankeney, "and I must write to-day, and I'm sure I don't know what I am to say after all her kindness about it!"

"I'll tell you what," said Madame Olympe. "Write and say that I keep Miss Hamilton here until Monday next—that is, if she will stay?" and she turned towards Ursula. An expression of pleasure lit up Ursula's face, which was followed by a slight shade of hesitation.

"Oh, you *and* Monsieur Dessaix I mean, of course," added Madame Olympe, laughing. "And now go and get your things on quickly, all of you; it soon gets cold of an evening now, and it is a longish way that we have to go. Bessy," she continued, addressing me, "go and fetch your hat too. The others will walk, but the pony-chair is ordered for you, and there is a way up, not quite so pretty, perhaps, as the road that they are going, but at least twice as short: I am sure we can manage it with the

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pony-chair and our steady old horse, and Monsieur Kiowski and I are coming with you."

We had a lovely view, certainly, when we got to the top of the hill; and I think that the intense delight it gave me must have repaid my dear hostess for all her kind thought and hard labour in my behalf; but oh, what that journey up was to my poor rickety nerves, no words can tell. We went up, and up, and up through an entirely perpendicular lane, where there existed no road at all. Madame Olympe walked the whole way, pulling the horse up after her by main force, while Monsieur Kiowski pushed behind with all his might. I never was so terrified or so miserable in all my life. Whenever we stopped for an instant in order to allow the poor animal to recover his breath, the carriage rolled back, and frightened me out of my wits. I made one or two feeble propositions about walking, which Madame Olympe peremptorily extinguished. At last, Monsieur Kiowski, seeing that I was on the point of crying, suggested that I was more likely to be made ill by sitting in the carriage and being frightened, than by the fatigue of walking. Upon this Madame Olympe suddenly turned round, and coming close up to me, in a determined way, said, "You are frightened; of what are you frightened? Of being run away with? How is it possible up this steep hill? Of the carriage rolling back? Where can you go to if it does roll back? into the hedge." And she suddenly backed the carriage right into the hedge, to illustrate her words. "There is only one thing that can happen to you, and that is to tumble out; but I do not see what is to make you do that; and if you did, you are but an inch from the ground in this little low chair, and you could not hurt yourself if you were to try."

"Well," said Monsieur Kiowski, who had gone a little way off to take a peep through a break in the trees, "is it decided? Does she get out?"

"Yes," answered Madame Olympe, unhesitatingly. "I have convinced her reason that there is no danger; so she is no longer frightened, and stays in."

After that there was nothing for it but to remain where I was and endure agonies until we reached the summit. That angelic creature Monsieur Kiowski ran ever so far back to possess himself of an enormous stone, very nearly as big as a milestone, with which he toiled up the hill after us, scotching the wheel with it every time that we stopped, and thereby doing away with what had been the most unpleasant of my sensations. At the top we were met by the rest of the party, with the exception of Monsieur Dessaix. He had started with them, it seems, but the moment they began to ascend the hill he had exclaimed to Miss Hamilton, "Ursula, there is danger; I leave thee!" and returned home. I was allowed by Madame Olympe to walk down by the road that I had come, accompanied by Ursula, Monsieur Kiowski, Monsieur Berthier and Jeanne. Lady Blankeney and Maria were driven home the long way by Madame Olympe.

As soon as we reached the château, Lady Blankeney made one final attempt to mollify Miss Hamilton about Madame de Verneuil, but she was

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entirely inexorable, and so poor Lady Blankeney, with Maria, retreated upstairs, much mortified, to write her letter. I went and established myself upon my sofa, and Madame Olympe made us some tea—after which Ursula began to sing, and then Monsieur Dessaix was prevailed upon to play. He played with Madame Olympe, first, sonatas of Mozart's, as long as the daylight lasted and that they could see; and then he went playing on, compositions of his own: a song of Gretchen, a song of Juliet, a song of Ophelia, a song of Mignon—tender, pathetic, exquisite! and we sat and listened, first into the twilight, then into the dusk, until the last fine passion and the last faint glimmer clung together in an undistinguishable embrace and died into the night. For some seconds after the sound had ceased, we all remained breathless and motionless, bound in a great silent emotion. At last a gentle voice said from out of the darkness, with a little sympathetic sigh, "Ah, how well I did to come back!"

Ursula's hand, which was lying in mine, gave a sudden jump, and Madame Olympe got up, crying, "Why, René, you don't mean that it's you? No—this is too laughable!"

The lamps were lit, and a slight fair man, with chestnut hair and a red beard divided into two points, was presented to me as Monsieur de Saldes. Jeanne was right—*interesting* was the word. Ursula had remained sitting rather behind me, and had not been perceived in the first moments of greeting. At last Monsieur de Saldes caught sight of her, and came forward with an exclamation of pleasure to meet her.

"My dear Ursula, how charmed I am to see you! Forgive my freedom," he added. "When I first knew you, you were no higher than that, you know,"—and he made the measure with his hand in the air.

"Yes, but I have grown since then. I am now as tall as that," she said, drawing herself up to her full height, and drawing her hand up with a lazy charming gesture to a level with her head, "and I am always called Miss Hamilton."

I was amazed at her self-possession; and so, I think, was Monsieur René, for he suddenly flushed and turned with rather an embarrassed manner to speak to Madame Olympe.

"I feel proud of myself," said Ursula to me in English. "I suppose I am the first person who has ever put that man down in his life."

"He does not seem to like it much," said I.

"Good for him!" she answered, with a wicked smile.

"Now tell me what on earth has brought you back to me so soon, René?" said Madame Olympe. "Your erratic proceedings become daily more wonderful."

"Suppose I have come back for the meet to-morrow? Would that be so very wonderful?" said he.

"Yes," said Madame Olympe, "for you knew of the meet before you went, and had no intention whatever of hunting."

"Perhaps I came back to see old friends—who knows?" he said, with a charming smile at Ursula.

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"That won't do either," said Madame Olympe. "You forget that I know what took you away in such a hurry. You had better tell the truth at once—it will have to come out at last—come, execute yourself with a good grace, and unfold the mystery."

"If I were to tell you, how you would laugh at me!" he said, laughing himself. "Well, you must know, then, that yesterday evening I thought I would just go for half-an-hour to Madame de Limour's. At this season I made sure of finding her alone, and having a little chat comfortably by her fireside. Not at all. There were at least twenty people—men of science with dowdy wives, literary lions, a German poetess with a goître—and in the midst of all these, such a fish out of water, and more undressed than anything you can conceive, Sophie de Malan! She was in the hands of a hideous man, who, I was told, had just written something about the decomposition of oils. She flew to me at once, held on like grim death, and would not let me go until I had sworn all my great gods that I would dine with her to-day. I really never saw anything so shocking as her appearance. I suppose, like myself, she had expected to find no one, and had put on an old gown—it was a very dirty one—and those naked little high shoulders! I assure you one could see the articulation of her anatomy all down her chest as far as her waist. You never saw such a hideous spectacle in your life!"

"Where was Monsieur de Malan?"

"Oh, she had left him somewhere or other by the seaside in Normandy, and was only herself in Paris for a day or two on business. If he had been there I might have borne it. I always rather liked Malan: but a tête-à-tête with Sophie was more than my poor shattered frame could stand. So I wrote a little note (to be sent at seven o'clock), stating how at the eleventh hour my wretched health obliged me to renounce the promised happiness, &c."

"So that, in point of fact, it is to Madame de Malan's invitation to dinner that we are indebted for the pleasure of seeing you?" said Miss Hamilton.

"Do you know her, Miss Hamilton?" said Monsieur de Saldes, turning to her. "Oh, though, of course you do! She was at Florence in the old days."

"Yes; she was at Florence in the old days," answered Miss Hamilton, smiling: "but my acquaintance with her was very slight."

"And you are going to England, Olympe tells me," he continued, "and with Lady Blankeney? Surely, after the *vita libera* of Italy, England, and under those auspices, will never suit you?"

"I am afraid the alliance does not seem likely to last very long," said Ursula. "Our points of view upon all subjects are so very different. I don't feel certain how I may like England under my new circumstances. I have come into a fortune, you know; and among other pleasant things, have inherited an estate in Devonshire, which I am told is quite lovely. I can fancy liking country-life in England—there is something useful, delightful,

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and altogether noble about it. Whenever I read or hear about it, it seems to me the ideal life. Each of the two times I have been in England, it has only been to make a hurried visit of a few days to London upon business matters. Oh, how ugly I thought it, and how I hated it! It was almost worth while going there, though, for the joy of returning afterwards to the beloved land. How one's spirits rise the moment one crosses the frontier, and hears people speaking with sweet terminating vowels once more!"

"Yes," said Monsieur Kiowski. "I know nothing like the emotion that the first Italian town gives one after an absence—the well-remembered yet always new aspect of men and things! The faded frescos on the old palaces—the balconies teeming with crowded flowers; the shops, half in, half out of doors—the barber with the striped curtain drawn back, that the patient may flâner with his eyes while his chin is in jeopardy—the tailor who is always mending a waistcoat on a sort of hob at the entrance of the shop——"

"The limonaro and the water-melon man," interrupted Ursula.

"The ill-shaven priests and slippered women," continued Monsieur Kiowski.

"The groom who has a tenor and the milkman who plays the mandoline!" cried Ursula.

"How noisy—how sunny—how fascinating it all is!" said Monsieur Kiowski.

"And, sommi Dei! what a stench!" added Monsieur de Saldes.

"I don't mind it!" said Ursula, indignantly.

"You needn't be angry with me for my unromantic climax to your ecstasies," said Monsieur de Saldes. "No one knows better than I do the emotion of a return to Italy. The second time I went to Rome, it was at the end of October, I recollect. I threw open the window of the carriage as we drove from Cività Vecchia: a dense vapour covered all the country, and one could see nothing; but the whole land smelt of the aromatic herbs which the cattle were chewing, and that well-remembered Campagna odour of thyme borne in upon the damp air affected me unspeakably. I lay back in the carriage, and cried like a child: happy tears! why cannot one shed such oftener!"

I felt quite touched. "Humbug!" said Ursula to me in a low voice. It was the first time that she jarred upon me.

"Well," said Madame Olympe. "No one enjoys a trip to Italy more than I do, but I don't think I could live there. I do get so furious with the dishonesty and unreliability of the people—they do cheat and lie so!"

"You must remember," said Ursula, "that going to Italy as you do, and living the hotel life on the great beaten track, you see the very worst specimens of the people. They do not, perhaps, feel the great shame of lying as the English do; but I have known many perfectly dependable Italians, and I think that when they are so at all, they are generally more so than any other people. Quite the most truthful nature I ever met with

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was an Italian, and that was the Meneghina, our Venetian maid: she was absolutely transparent."

"Yes," said I, "nothing can be more charming than that sort of impulsive candour that you speak of; but at the same time I must say that I like the English notion of the *shame* of a lie. There is something very noble about it, and it belongs altogether to a higher tone of feeling than the involuntary truth-telling which you praise in Italians."

"I have remarked," said Monsieur Berthier, mildly, "that the conception of truth among Englishwomen is quite peculiar to themselves; and I must own that it appears to me very often to answer the exact purpose that falsehood does with other people. For example, suppose that an Englishwoman has happened to go to some place or other, and that she has her own reasons for not wishing it known that she has been there—(such a thing might occur, might it not?)—she comes back, and some one asks her where she has been? She immediately answers, To this place—to that place—to the other place, and thinks that so long as she does not positively deny the having been to the one important spot she is scrupulously truthful. For has she, after all, not indeed been to all these places? More than this, she is even capable of deliberately planning to go to all these places, expressly in order that she may be able with what she regards as perfect truth to enumerate them, and behind them to conceal what she wishes concealed. When I have said what I thought upon the subject—which was that this mode of action appeared to me to be very much like pressing truth into the service of falsehood—I have been received with indignant surprise. The Englishwoman thought she had, on the contrary, evinced a conscientious adherence to truth. Now a Frenchwoman is, for the most part, quite incapable of that sort of thing; if she is in a difficulty she will lie like a trooper, but it will be a direct lie born out of an immediate danger—not that elaborate perversion of the truth in which the Englishwoman permits herself to indulge with so much astuteness and self-complacency."

"The entirely motiveless lies which Roman people often tell, are the most curious of all," said Monsieur Kiowski. "When I was in Rome, I had a most valuable man-servant: he was a man of an education considerably above his station, had been highly recommended to me, and was trustworthy in every way. One day when I came home he announced to me that a gentleman whom he had never seen before had been to call upon me; he had left no name, and he had forgotten in the hall a very curious cane. There was no end to the trouble my poor Giovannino gave himself about this stick. He made inquiries in every direction, and finally had handbills printed and stuck about in the principal shops describing it, and informing the owner where he might recover it. No one claimed it, however, and at last, after many months, considering the matter now quite hopeless, he grew to regard the stick as in a manner his own, and to take it with him when he went out walking. One day more than a year after this circumstance had occurred, he was suddenly stopped in the street

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by the owner of the cane, who recognized and claimed his property. Giovannino surrendered it joyfully and unhesitatingly, at the same time affirming positively that he had bought it not half an hour ago, and given ten scudi for it. He told me all this himself when he came home—and I, who knew to what trouble and expense the poor fellow's honesty had put him, in vain endeavoured to elicit from him some reason or other for his extraordinary gratuitous falsehood. 'But why, *why* did you say that you had bought it?' I in vain inquired. 'Eh, non saprei!' he only answered with a smile; 'mi è saltato così fuori dalla bocca!—it jumped out of my mouth!'"

"After all," said Monsieur de Saldes, "the difference is not merely national, it is also individual in the highest degree. No two English or French people look at truth in the same way: it is a relative thing, and every one sees it from his own point of view. I have a friend whose respect for truth induces him to go about the world hurting everybody's feelings, and making himself perfectly odious; he thinks he is performing a great duty, and is delighted with himself. As for me, I hope I am not more undependable than any one else in serious matters; but I would tell any amount of little insignificant social lies to give a pleasant emotion, and, above all, to spare a moment's pain to any one. *I* think *that* is a duty; he despises me, and I hate him—who is to decide between us? Truth, like everything else, is an entirely relative thing. Did you ever read Rénan's *Vie de Jésus*, Miss Hamilton?" he continued. "If you recollect, without wishing in any way to impugn the divine veracity of our Lord, he bids us remember that he was an Oriental, and all but insinuates that his assertions may therefore be taken with a grain of salt. I quite agree with him as far as the question of nationality is concerned; don't you?"

"I hate the blasphemous twaddle of that book," said Miss Hamilton, "and agree with nothing it contains. I think it has been made, in every way, of a great deal more importance than it deserves."

"But it is very prettily written!—have you read it, Miss Hope?" he said, turning to me. "Every one must own that it is prettily written."

"I think," said I, "that the very expression you make use of, condemns the book. In treating of such subjects, prettinesses are so out of place as to become absolutely shocking to people like myself, of strong prejudices and weak minds."

"Ah, but there are charming pages!" he continued. "And then there is such a perfume of naïveté and of the primitive life in his descriptions of the places! that, too, is original; no one ever did it before."

"Yes," said Ursula, "he has sprinkled the Holy Land with rosewater. It is perfectly of a piece with the idea of presenting the Saviour of the world under the aspect of a garçon d'esprit—'qui a inventé ce genre délicieux des paraboles.' This also, no doubt, has the merit of originality. As you say, nobody ever did it before, and I sincerely hope nobody ever will do it again. Saint Peter denied our Lord, but it was reserved to Monsieur Rénan to patronize him."

"Ursula!" called Madame Olympe from the other end of the room,

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where she was looking out some music, "do tell me what programme I can arrange for the village church on Sunday next? There is going to be a grand confirmation-function, and we want, if possible, to get up something a little more important than usual in the way of music. There is a little woman in the village—the wife of one of our huntsmen—who has a very pretty voice: she and Jeanne can sing a duet together, and we can manage a simple chorus or two; but that will hardly be enough, I am afraid."

"May I sing?" said Ursula. "I should like to sing in a church of all things,—that is, if you don't mind my being a heretic?"

"No, really?" exclaimed Madame Olympe. "Heretic or no heretic, you deserve to go to heaven for such an offer! May you sing? Indeed you shall, since you give me the chance."

"But what shall it be?" said Ursula. "I have only one sacred song in the world—a psalm of Marcello's. It will be the very thing, but it is the only one I possess."

"Well," said Madame Olympe, "that will do for the first song; but you must have two solos—what shall we do for the second? What was that grand air of Stradella's you sang just now?—that was very solemn."

"My dear Madame Olympe," said Ursula, "it is a passionate love-song, and begins with the words, 'Oh del mio dolce ardor, bramato oggetto.'"

"Never mind!" said Madame Olympe. "It is quite magnificent, and you sing it superbly. We must have it. I will look out some Latin words which we will clap upon it, somehow or other. We must have it at any price."

Just then the carriage which was to carry Monsieur Kiowski to the station was announced, and Monsieur Kiowski—who had gone upstairs to get his things together—hurried into the room to bid us good-by.

"Ah," said Madame Olympe, "how splendid this Tantum ergo of Bach's is! We could sing it if we only had a tenor! Jeanne would take the first, Miss Hamilton the second, Charles could sing the bass. It's not at all difficult. Ah, Monsieur Kiowski, why are you going away?"

"I wish I were not," he answered, "and I would sing it for you with pleasure."

"Come back and sing it!" said Jeanne, laughing.

"Very well, so I will!" he said.

"No! will you?" she cried, jumping up, vehemently.

"My dear child," said her mother, "don't you see that he is joking?"

"Not at all," said Monsieur Kiowski; "we will have the Tantum ergo. Your function is for Sunday; I shall be back here on Saturday morning for breakfast and rehearsal."

"It is unheard of," exclaimed Madame Olympe; "but it is too much! Oh, why *do* you go? why *must* you go?"

"It is a pity," answered he, "but I have an engagement that it is important I should keep."

"Well, then, at all events," said Madame Olympe, "you will give us some more days when you come back?"

"Alas, I fear that, too, will be impossible! On Monday afternoon I

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have a model coming at two o'clock, and I shall be obliged to leave you on Sunday as soon as I have sung my Tantum ergo. I have been at play so long that I must set to work without delay, or I shall not have my pictures ready for the Academy, and so à revoir, and not adieu! At least that is something," he added, as he kissed her hand. "A revoir, Jeanne! Monsieur Berthier, adieu; you will not be here, I believe, when I return. Miss Hope, we shall meet again on Saturday,—I shall have the pleasure of singing with you on Sunday, Miss Hamilton." He then turned to Monsieur de Saldes, and with a hasty bow and a "Monsieur, j'ai l'honneur de vous saluer!" rushed off. We looked out and saw him drive past the window. We were a little afraid he might be late—suddenly the carriage stops—what can have happened? Monsieur Kiowski leaps out—he tears up the hill by a short path across to the house. Good gracious, he has forgotten something!—he will certainly be too late! An instant more—voluble talking in a high key on the steps—in the passage—and he is in the room. "The poor dear Marquis . . . . I never bade him good-by . . . . Pray say a thousand things for me, I entreat . . . . I wouldn't for all the world that he should think himself forgotten!" panting he articulates, and breathless departs. There he goes spinning down the hill again—long grey coat-tails flying in the wind—he's in—off they gallop. Will he catch the train?

"Good gracious, what a whirlwind!" said Monsieur René.

"But what an angel!" said Madame Olympe. "Think of his coming back all that way, and across the sea too, for a single day, to help us with our music!"

"It isn't you, René, who would do that," said Jeanne.

"No," said René, "I should be sorry to do anything so ridiculous. It can be nothing but an intense gratification of the demon of restlessness within him to make a man do such a thing. Of course he could have remained if he had chosen,—but some people like living in a fuss."

"He said he had an engagement," I observed.

"And not with Madame de Malan, or he might have broken it," suggested Ursula.

"Oh, if there is a lady in the case, I say no more," said Monsieur de Saldes. "Only then, of course, the great magnanimity of keeping the engagement rather goes to the ground."

"I know with whom his engagement is," began Monsieur Berthier.

"Oh, who is it?—do tell us!" we all exclaimed in a breath.

"See," said he, looking round at us complacently, "the curiosity of women! Monsieur René is the only person who expresses no desire to become acquainted with Monsieur Kiowski's little secret. You must know, then," he continued, "that Monsieur Kiowski is much interested about a poor sculptor of great merit in Genoa, who has, in spite of his talent, been quite unable to make any sort of way with the public. Last spring, Monsieur Kiowski made him send over one of his best works—a charming little figure of Egeria—with the hope of being able to sell it for him in

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England. An American gentleman,—a Mr. Crittenden Pike—saw the statue at Monsieur Kiowski's studio, and was much struck by it, but came to no decision. Since Monsieur Kiowski has been here, however, he has received a letter from Mr. Pike, stating that he sails for America on Friday, and would like to see the statue again before he goes; and it is for this—for the chance of effecting this sale, that he curtails his holiday, and goes back. I am sure you are all a little disappointed that there is no lady in the matter—are you not? It would have been more romantic? Well, I think it is even prettier so."

"It isn't you, René, who would have done that either," said Madame Olympe, laughing.

"I flatter myself I should not," he answered, warming his feet, and stroking his red beard with a lovely white rose.

Madame Olympe and I then sat down to the piano, and I tried the bass of some duets with her. Suddenly, Monsieur Charles rushed in nearly as impetuously as Monsieur Kiowski. "Olympe!"

No answer but a series of brilliant scales complacently executed with the right hand.

"Olympe! Have you seen Monsieur Kiowski? Did he come back again, Olympe? He will certainly miss his train!"

She went on steadily playing with a darkening visage.

"Olympe! they tell me he came back again? Did you see him? Do you hear me, Olympe? He had then forgotten something? Olympe! had he then forgotten something? He will lose the train!"

When I heard him labouring in vain to be heard, and addressing himself to her with about as much success as if she had been the wall, I unconsciously made a little indication of stopping; but without looking at me she went on pressing my right arm heavily down with her left, with which she at the same time kept on vigorously executing a rummaging bass, and, dashing the forefinger of her right hand into the centre of my page, to show me my place, gave vent to an ominous "Un, deux, trois!" that sent me floundering back to my duty in a state of abject submission. Jeanne saw the impending storm, and came to the rescue. "What!" she cried, with the greatest apparent surprise and interest. "Come back, Marquis? No!—did he really? He will certainly be too late! What could it be? Hyacinthe will know—let us go and inquire." And she carried him cleverly out of the room.

"You are surprised that I did not answer him?" said Madame Olympe. "Of what use would it have been? Sometimes he goes on calling my name for ten minutes together from the next room, for no other reason than to establish the fact that I am there!"

How shall I describe the brusque oddity of my dear strange hostess's manner without giving a wrong impression of that warm generous heart? One of the days that I was there, Monsieur Charles had a slight attack of feverish cold. With what anxious tenderness, with what affectionate devotion, she waited on and served him! I never saw in any one such

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strong feelings of compassion. In most people that virtue does not appear to exceed the limits of a sentiment; in her, pity became a passion. Her great beauty and the quiet appreciation which she had of it, without the slightest admixture of coquetry or affectation, was one of the most striking characteristics of this regal and most original of women. I have seen her go across the room and look steadily at her handsome face for minutes together in the glass with a singleness of purpose that nearly made me laugh; but I never saw her squint at herself as she went by, or pretend to arrange something in her head-dress, or adopt any of the little mean expedients that uneasy vanity, male and female alike, resorts to whenever a looking-glass is in question. I have never known but one other handsome woman equally unoccupied with her own beauty. If you had told her to put on her grandmother's nightcap, she would have been quite content to do so, and to look like her grandmother in it. Madame Olympe would have put on the cap, too, in a minute; but somehow her rue would have been worn with a difference, and she would, through an involuntary artistic instinct, have arranged it at once so as to look in it a thousand times handsomer and younger than she did before. Her extraordinary unconsciousness is, I think, perhaps what attracts and attaches one to her more than anything else. She has no more respect-humain than a baby: the sunlight and the shadows flit over her face according to her humours, just as they brighten and darken the face of uncontrolled childhood; and in her and about her there is all the time a sort of grand innocence which makes one laugh, and for which one adores her. She was evidently gradually growing very fond of Ursula and of Monsieur Jacques. The former had got quite to understand her feeling upon the score of manners; and whenever any little passage occurred to bring a gloom over Madame Olympe's countenance, she would break out into a sudden appeal of glorious recitative that ended everything with an embrace. Monsieur Jacques liked Madame de Caradec very much, and had the greatest opinion of her artistic organization; but he was still frightened to death at her size and her abruptness, and whenever she came into the room used to strike up the air of "See the conquering hero comes," to the great edification of myself and Ursula. Luckily Madame Olympe's acquaintance with Handel was limited. As for me, Monsieur Jacques and I had become sworn friends; he would come to me for a hundred little services, such as numbering the leaves of his music, stitching them together, sewing buttons on his gloves—and he used to call me his providence.

Delightful as they all seemed to consider Monsieur de Saldes, I did not think our party gained from having him—it became less genial at once. One couldn't help a certain feeling of anxiety and responsibility caused by his presence in some sort of undefined way; he was referred to in one's own mind about everything that did, could, or might occur, in a mute unacknowledged manner, and it threw a coldness over the whole. On the day of his arrival he contrived to escape the natural fate that awaited him in Miss

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Blankeney, and to take Ursula in to dinner, to Monsieur Jacques' great annoyance, who sat next to me.

"Do not let her marry him," he said to me. "You have obtained such a good influence over her already—exercise it for her profit, I implore you. Do not let her marry him; I am sure he would not make her happy."

"Do you think there is any chance of such a thing?" I asked in some surprise.

"Things much more improbable have happened," he answered. "He is not good-looking, is he? it is such a worn-out face."

"The eyes are fine," I remarked.

"Mine are fine too," he said, plaintively. "Have you ever looked at them?" and he fixed them on me. "They are like velvet!" he added with a melancholy air.

I then noticed for the first time how handsome they were. What gave a great peculiarity to his face was that to these very black eyes there was hardly any eyebrow whatever.

"Is it possible that you are jealous?" said I.

"No," he answered, "not precisely. I never desired to marry her myself; and if I were to desire it and that she were to consent, I should certainly cease to desire it immediately; but I have an uncomfortable presentiment about that man—he will love her, or she will love him, and that would make me perfectly miserable."

Lady Blankeney continued very low, poor woman, at her failure about Madame de Verneuil's party, and could not flutter her little frivolous wings at all. Ursula, too, snubbed her upon every possible occasion—rather unnecessarily I thought. "What shall you do about the Johnsons, Ursula?" said she. "I hear they have arrived in London with letters from Mrs. Egerton for various people, and for you and myself among the number. What shall you do?"

"Do, Lady Blankeney?" said Ursula, "What can you possibly mean?"

"I mean," said Lady Blankeney, "shall you call, or what?"

"If you mean by '*what*,' neglect them, Lady Blankeney, I shall certainly not do that," replied Ursula. "Indeed I don't see what option I have in the matter. These people come to me recommended by a friend who was extremely kind to me in Italy, so that whoever or whatever they may be I shall do honour to the recommendation, and call upon them as soon as I arrive in London myself, and show them every civility in my power. Don't you intend to go and see them, that you inquire?"

"Well," she said, "I don't quite know yet how that may be. I shall wait a little and see."

"See what?" asked Ursula. "Whether society in general takes any notice of them?"

"Yes," said Lady Blankeney, quite simply. "I think it will be better just to wait a little and see."

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"Who are these people?" asked Madame Olympe. "Is there any reason why they should not be received or visited?"

"O dear, no," replied Lady Blankeney, with the greatest naïveté. "They are very good sort of people indeed; quite so, I believe."

"It's more than a belief, isn't it, Lady Blankeney?" said Ursula. "You know them quite well, don't you?"

"You are personally acquainted with them, then, already, are you?" said Madame Olympe.

"Yes," said Lady Blankeney. "I know them—that is, I did know them once. They were very rich once, and used to give very nice parties indeed, and I used always to go there—always. And now they are very poor, and I never go there now—never."

Lady Blankeney's worldliness was such a good-tempered, impervious, simple-minded sort of thing, that it became really an amusement to me to listen to her, and I could not bring myself to feel indignant and disgusted as Ursula did, whom it never made to smile for a single instant.

We had nearly finished dessert, when Ursula suddenly exclaimed,—

"What in the world are you doing, Jacques?"

He was carefully stroking down both sides of his nose with the first finger of each hand, and then rubbing the points of the fingers together at the end of his nose, as if to rub off some adhesive substance. I had seen him steadily doing this during the last ten minutes.

"That is the way the flies do," he said, looking up at her meditatively. "Hast thou never seen how they clean their bodies, first with their legs going carefully under their wings, and then how they clean their legs by scraping them against each other?" and he did it again. "*Ceci c'est l'éléphant*," he continued mournfully, and stretching his arm out with a sudden impetuous sort of circular sweep across to Ursula's plate, he picked up from off it a peach which she was just going to eat, and dropped it with a curve from above into his own mouth. The dexterity and the likeness to the creature he was imitating were perfectly marvellous, and perfectly irresistible—even Maria blinked her short-sighted eyes and chuckled faintly. Monsieur René alone maintained a well-bred gravity, and gave the signal for leaving the table by rising at once.

"He detests me," said Jacques, with a sickly smile. "Don't marry him, my Ursula! If thou dost, I shall give thee my benediction" (and he extended two fingers on the top of her head), "and thou wilt never hear of me again."

Ursula laughed and said:—"I should not suit Monsieur de Saldes at all, my good Jacques, and he is far too wise not to be aware of that fact; and as for me, I would a great deal rather marry the man in the moon; so thou hast nothing to fear. *He* hates thee to-night, does he? Last night it was Miss Blankeney. Art thou reconciled to her?"

"No, my angel," he answered, "and never shall be. Thou laughest at all my instincts, but they are perfectly correct. It is an affair of magnetism, all that, and to a magnetic subject like myself first impressions

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are quite infallible. But besides the warnings of presentiment and instinct which thou treatest with contempt, there is a fatal something else at work between Meess and myself which causes a deadly and invincible enmity in her bosom. Thou dost not know the misfortune that befell me the day after I arrived in Paris. I lost my way in the hotel, and could not find my own door, and went into her room by mistake. Ah! she was abominable! She had a little rat's-tail of hair hanging down behind, and a huge false plait in her hand; and she had false things on before, and false things on behind, and false things on all round; everything was false except her great teeth and her miserable spindles. She screamed, and frisked wildly about the room, foaming at the mouth, and saying, 'Sortez! sortez!' in a state of fury. But I was glued to the ground, paralyzed with horror, and I couldn't move. At last she hurled her plait at me, and I fled. But these are things a woman never forgives. I know all her little secrets, and she knows that I know them; and ever since that day she has always wished that I was dead. I see it in her face very often; I know the expression quite well."

After we had been laughing a little while at this adventure, Ursula, who was extremely fond of chess, and who wished for her revenge after being beaten the night before, proposed that we should have a game; but a very decided stop was put to this suggestion by Madame Olympe, who said,—

"Ursula, you shall not play at chess; it is a horrid game; it withdraws people completely from the rest of the society, and swallows them up. I will not have you play. As for Bessie,"—and she stooped down and kissed me,—"she is ill, and may play if she pleases." After which grand but somewhat idle concession, she opened the piano, and the evening was spent in most delightful music. Monsieur René was the first Frenchman I had ever known who was really conversant with the works of Mendelssohn, and really appreciated them. Far from appearing taken with Ursula, he seemed to me to have rather an antagonistic feeling towards her than otherwise. He was singularly cold and niggardly in his praise of her singing, expressing admiration only when positively appealed to by Madame Olympe, in her enthusiasm. She had been singing some things of Rossini's, and after a sort of obliged compliment to her perfect execution of them, he inquired if she never indulged in more serious music than that. She then sang the great air from the *Orfeo* quite magnificently. He, however, merely remarked that it had been originally written for a high tenor, and lost immensely by being arranged for a woman's voice.

"I don't care," said Ursula. "Everybody is not so learned as you, Monsieur de Saldes, and there is so very little real contralto music existing, that I am willing to rob on all sides, wherever I can adapt my theft successfully to my means."

"I will write a new oratorio of Samson," said Monsieur Jacques. "And Samson shall be a contralto, and thou shalt sing it—thou who art strong."

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"But how wilt thou write it?" said Ursula—"thou who art not strong? One does but what one is. Thou dear old ninny," she went on caressingly, "thou hast a little soul: how wilt thou do great things with it? But thou hast a tender soul, and a fanciful brain, and of grace, tenderness, and fancy thou wilt always be master. Thou canst but what thou art. Write me a cantata of David before he went up to slay the Philistine, in the flower of his shepherd days, and I will sing that for thee."

Monsieur de Saldes then came to me and begged me to play something. I hesitated a little, for I thought it would sound very poor after the singing, but he insisted, adding, "I believe I am very peculiar, but I confess I like instrumental music (even the piano) better than singing."

I played one after the other of the *Lieder ohne Worte* for him. He knew them all, and it was quite delightful to play to so absorbed and enjoying a listener. His manner, too, was quite charming, so gentle, and with something of a pleasant deference about it—a sort of perfume of another day, and which is quite gone out of fashion. Madame Olympe and Jacques then played us some of Beethoven's sonatas for piano and violin, and I retired to my sofa and crochet, where I was followed by Monsieur de Saldes, who very good-naturedly helped me to wind my wool. Once, during the *Adagio* of the wonderful sonata in C minor, I happened to look up at him; he was holding his hands quite still and the worsted wouldn't run: I saw that his thoughts were far away and his eyes quite full of tears.

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Reminiscences of an English Cadet in the Austrian Service.

PART III.

The annual muster of our regiment was held that year on the plains of Villafranca; but on this occasion only our regiment was present, so that our manœuvres were, as it were, performed *en famille*. No other branch of the service was present, not even the general pilot-fish of a cavalry regiment, a rocket-battery. The quarters of our division were in Valeggio, on the Mincio, and General Schönberger commanded our brigade. He had formerly commanded a regiment of hussars, and though he was of course always in our camp, he only took an active part with us on grand days. He was an excellent officer, an admirable linguist and horseman, and a most genial and kind-hearted gentleman. He had not forgotten that "young blood will have its way;" and so far from making his rule oppressive to us, he entered heartily into our amusements and jokes, was deaf to things he was not intended to hear, and blind to little matters best left unseen, without ever loosening the strict discipline which was the rule of the service. It was at Valeggio that I first became acquainted with Field-Marshal Benedek, for whom I quickly learned, in common with the rest of my comrades, to entertain feelings of respect and affection which, up to this day, have remained unchanged. He was on very intimate terms with General Schönberger, and often came over to the camp to visit his friend. This is hardly the place to enter on the defence of Benedek: the indictment was long since drawn up against him; but I do not think one officer or one soldier of Austria felt that his love and confidence in him were affected a straw's breadth by the disastrous issue of the late war. When, at the time of his being despatched against Prussia, he observed to the Emperor, "Your Majesty, I am no strategist," he did himself less than justice: he was, and is, a most able, brave, and sagacious commander, and unwearied in his attention to the comforts and welfare of his men. A Protestant in religion and a Hungarian by birth, with troops under him drawn from every nation in the Empire, he yet possessed their confidence absolutely; and this in itself is a great merit. The numerous grave and never-ending difficulties against which he had to contend will never, in all probability, be made known, still less will the Prussians ever willingly admit how largely they were indebted to their vast and perfect system of *espionage* for their rapid success; but it is my own conviction that if the secret history of that war, especially in the beginning, were unfolded, Benedek would be considered as great a general as Todtleben was commonly supposed to be after the Crimea: the one had to bear the blame really due alike to those who commanded him and to those whom

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he endeavoured to command, whereas the other reaped the exclusive credit which ought in justice to have been shared by others. After the war with Prussia had commenced I had an opportunity of conversing with an Austrian officer, who had been an old comrade of mine in the Jägers, and he said,—"Whichever way matters go this time, we are convinced that we are in good hands, for Benedek is our commander-in-chief, and he is a man of action, and no boaster." The least intelligent and reliable portion of the Austrian army was committed to his care, and he was sent to fight on ground with which he was but little if at all acquainted; whereas the line of the Italian battle-fields was as well known to him as his playground is to a schoolboy. Moreover, the troops kept in Italy were chiefly Germans, and were the very flower of our army; they were intelligent, brave, steady soldiers, dogged fighters, hating bitterly the Prussians, and adoring Benedek. Yet these men were reserved, in order to win for the Archduke Albert an easy victory. It was a terrible mistake to send the best army against the least formidable foe; for, whatever the qualities of the Italians may be, they can bear no sort of comparison with the Prussians as soldiers. The self-indulgent, dilatory conduct of Count Clam-Gallas is a matter of notoriety. Others were equally to blame; and I have heard that some of these haughty aristocrats openly reproached Benedek with being an innkeeper's son, and on that ground declined to obey orders. "What could Benedek do," the people vaguely asked, "when those others would not go where they were told?" Yet even after defeat, his last action was that of a gentleman of chivalrous honour and noble heart, for he begged of the Emperor that others should not suffer, but that he alone should bear the burden of ruin and disaster, so that the prestige and credit of the Austrian army should be saved, if that might still be.

At the time when I first saw him he was comparatively a young man, not very tall, but well and compactly built. His features were handsome and regular, with that sharp, high, clear-cut outline so characteristic of Hungarian birth; but his eye was singularly piercing, so that when he looked at you you were bound to look at him, and felt an instantaneous trust and confidence in him. He was an infantry officer, and we paid him the best compliment which it was in our power to give when we exclaimed, as we often did, "What a sad thing that he is not a cavalry general." He was very good-natured, too. I remember an incident illustrative of this, which is not, I hope, too ludicrous to relate. While we were at Valeggio our amusement was chiefly riding, but often our work was so arduous that our horses were too tired for us to use them, consequently we often patronized donkeys, which happened to be plentiful in the neighbourhood. These we hired, and mounted in any absurd fashion which occurred to us; and then a number of us would meet at a given spot, and set forth to have an excursion or to visit the officers on distant outpost duty, where we were sure of a warm welcome and jovial entertainment. On one of these occasions we mustered about twenty, all mounted on donkeys, and we agreed that we would give our General the favour of a

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visit. We formed into a column four abreast, and a captain, who was skilful in performing calls on the bugle, was elected to command the squadron. Some of us wore hunting-caps, and our whips and sticks were adorned with flowers and greens, or with bunches of vegetables to be used in the fashion of a flail; one had a long pole with a cloth attached to it—he was our standard-bearer—and we carried our various weapons, as if they were our swords, in our right hands, while in the left we held our reins in military fashion. We first performed a few manœuvres and evolutions not to be found in the regulation book, and then proceeded gallantly on our road. We had not got very far before we descried amid a cloud of dust a body of horsemen, and the word was passed, "*Der Benedek kommt*,"—"Benedek is coming,"—and this he was certainly doing, at a swing gallop. There was a general sensation, but our captain ordered, "Attention, form in troop, right wheel, halt, fours about, front!"—and there we stood, in double lines, at the side of the road. He then got his noble beast into some kind of pace, and reported to the General and his staff that a detachment, consisting of twenty officers on donkeys, awaited his commands. Benedek entered into the joke, accepted the report, and requested the captain to order his detachment to defile before him in a gallop and in single file, which order was promptly given and obeyed. Luckily we most of us wore spurs, but we must have looked sufficiently ridiculous; and Benedek hailed us with roars of laughter as we defiled before him, especially when one very long-legged subaltern came on, who, in his zeal to obey his instructions, literally both carried his donkey and galloped for him. Meanwhile, our captain was on the left side of the General, sounding the bugle-call for attack with all the strength of his lungs, in order, as he said, to give spirit to the donkeys, and more effect to the whole performance. Having defiled, we drew up a little further on across the road, and awaited further commands. Benedek then rode up to us, and after expressing his admiration of the style in which we executed our evolution, and thanking us for the amusement we had afforded him, he maliciously requested us, as we were all going the same way, to gallop along by his side as a guard of honour. We set off with the best intentions, as hard as we could induce our long-eared steeds to go; but the pace was too severe, and we rapidly tailed off. Benedek turned in his saddle, waved his hand, and shouted out to us that he would announce our coming to the General, in order that he might not be too much surprised at the advancing procession, and so saying disappeared.

Shortly after this I was transferred to a squadron of the first division. My new captain was a dear good old fellow, and senior of the regiment. Though he was just then much depressed in spirits, owing to the recent loss of his wife, to whom he had been tenderly attached, he never threw cold water on any of our diversions. My brother officers were gay-hearted, excellent comrades, and we all pulled together, in every sense of the word. Our second captain, who had a marvellous imagination for inventing schemes for amusement, was always the ringleader in any

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adventure of the kind, and he watched over the safety and welfare of "his children," as he called us, with the care and indulgence of a father. We were to be quartered at Cremona, which was at that time considered as a frontier town to a foreign country. On the opposite side of the Po were the ducal states of Parma, which, notwithstanding their occupation by Austrian troops, still maintained their own little army, both civil and military.

One of the things we liked best while stationed at Cremona was to get a short leave of absence to go to Piacenza; and that fair city well deserved its name, for it was, in truth, a city of pleasures and delights. My first visit there really arose from my having nothing else to do. One evening the opera was, for some reason or other, closed at Cremona, and we found the *café* somewhat dull. The captain second in command, to whom I have alluded, lived in the same quarters as myself; I had given up my rooms to our servants, and we shared everything together. "Was thun wir? Komm mit, gehen wir zu Hause"—("What shall we do? Come, let us go home")—he said to me. I consented, for I saw he had something in his head, and as we walked together, he asked, "Bist Du im Piacenza gewesen, Engländer?"—("Wert thou ever in Piacenza, Englishman?") I replied in the negative. "So?" he answered, and then told me that there was an opera there, and that we could go to Piacenza, and be back in time for morning parade. It was then 7 P.M., and there were twenty-five good miles to ride and the same distance to return, but the idea of the adventure charmed me, and in less than ten minutes we were in our saddles, preparing for *une nuit blanche*. My friend knew the road well, and after a little more than two hours and a half of hard galloping we entered the city, stabled our horses, which, contrary to our fears, were not too much knocked up to take kindly to their food, and finding the principal *café* empty we turned our steps at once to the opera. At the door we discovered at the same instant that we had neither of us so much as a single kreutzer in our pockets, and could not, of course, obtain seats. We walked round the building, trusting to light on some of our comrades, and while doing so perceived a small door, which we pushed open. It led, apparently, to the lower regions, and we determined to explore a little. We groped our way cautiously along several damp, dark passages, always descending somewhat, until at length we became aware that we were under the stage, for at a distance we could see a light, and a pair of legs, which we felt sure belonged to the prompter, while above we heard the crash of music and the applause of the audience. They were performing the opera of *Robert Devereux*. Just then I stumbled, and came with a dreadful clanking of sword and spur to the ground. We stood silently for a little, but by the profound quiet around us, and the sound of the singers' voices, and the answering murmur of the spectators, we concluded that we were alone in this subterranean region. "Stay, Engländer," said my friend. "I know exactly where we are now, and there is a passage by which we could enter the pit easily if only the attention of every one could be diverted for the moment. An idea comes to me, which we will quickly

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execute. Draw thy sword, and follow me softly." We proceeded cautiously until we arrived at the aforesaid pair of legs, on each side of which we arranged ourselves. Then my friend pricked the leg nearest to him gently with his sword point, which produced from above a curious yell, not at all in harmony with the music. I caught a glimpse of an arm descending on the opposite side, and to counteract the movement, I also, with the utmost delicacy, pricked the leg next to me. This caused another screech, and a tremendous scuffling, as of many feet rushing to and fro over the boards. Now or never, we thought, and immediately applied our swords' points to both legs at the same instant. The prompter uttered an unearthly scream, greatly resembling that of a wild cat; the legs flew upwards, out of the reach of our persecution; the tumult above redoubled; and we hastily decamped, ran along one of the little passages which communicated with the boxes, with which my friend was acquainted, and having entered perfectly unnoticed, we walked with an innocent and unconcerned air to the place reserved for the officers. We could not help being diverted with the scene which presented itself. The whole theatre was in a state of excitement and uproar, such as only those who know the easily moved, impetuous, effervescent nature of the Italians, can understand. The orchestra was dumb; at least half of the people from the pit and lower boxes had leapt upon the stage; the actors, every *employé* about the place, and all the ladies of the *corps de ballet*, in full costume, had likewise rushed thither. In the middle of them the prompter was hopping about, with both his hands applied to the calves of his legs; every one was gesticulating, shouting, and asking what was the matter. Some imagined the man was attacked by a sudden fit of madness and would have laid violent hands on him, and to elude their kindly grasp he crouched, dived, and darted here and there in the oddest conceivable way, screaming out as he did so that *il diavolo* was below, and calling on all the saints to help and aid him. When comparative calm was restored a rigid search was made below, but, of course, nothing was discovered; his legs were stripped and carefully examined in the presence of the gendarmes, but as there were neither wounds nor blood, and only one little scratch, which, I beg to say, was not on the leg which fate had given into my care, the assault was generally supposed to have been made by some playful kitten which had endeavoured to ascend to the upper regions by using the prompter's legs for a ladder, and no further inquiry was made. That night we supped joyously with our brother officers, but mindful of the consequences which we had formerly sustained by babbling tongues, we kept our little adventure rigidly to ourselves, and long before break of dawn we were on our horses, riding hard to reach Cremona before morning parade. The General and his wife had been present at the performance in question. He was good enough frequently to invite me to dine at his house, and has more than once asked me if I ever saw anything more extraordinary than the prompter's début. "He shot on to the stage like an arrow from a bow, and made as much confusion among us as a bomb-shell," he said. To

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which I replied that I never had seen anything like it before, but I never told who strung the bow which sent that ponderous arrow.

It has been supposed that the position of the Austrian troops and officers in Italy never was, and, from the nature of it, never could have been, agreeable; but this was not the case. Any regiment that received its orders for Lombardy or Venetia accepted them with real pleasure, and those that had once served there longed to return. It is true there were drawbacks. We were well aware that being there we were in a conquered country, and ruled it against the wishes of the majority of the inhabitants, but we were also aware that our duty was to the Kaiser and to Austria, and the idea did not trouble us more than it would an English soldier in Ireland or India. The only result of any outward sign of ill-will or malevolence was to bind still more closely the bonds of brotherhood among us. An Italian soldier in the Austrian service clung to his comrades with all the greater fidelity, because he was otherwise never safe from assassination. Within the ranks the two races fraternized well, and if the Italians, with their hot quick tempers, sometimes tried and often astonished their German comrades, they were such droll gay-hearted fellows that they were none the less liked. Neither did we mistrust them in battle, whatever the Government might do. It was commonly thought that the reason why the regiments which contained the most of the Italian element were despatched to northern quarters in emergencies was because they could not be trusted to fight in the south; but I think it was rather to avoid an unnecessary cruelty, and also because, in street riots, the German phlegm will endure with stolid patient courage much more stone-throwing and mob ill-usage, without retaliation, than the southern temperament. I saw enough of shooting from windows, and hurling of bottles and all kinds of missiles from the roofs, in the rising at Milan, to make me quite sure on this head. But I never had the least mistrust or hesitation about leading our Italian soldiers on to battle, nor had any of my brother officers. They always fought exceedingly well under such circumstances, and with an additional desperation, because they had a conviction that no quarter would be given them if taken alive. As soldiers, I think they are more easily discouraged and demoralized than either English or Austrians, and in this respect resemble the French troops, who are, in my opinion, good for little after two defeats, although almost irresistible after two victories. As to the actual terms we were on with the inhabitants of the country, I believe no one who knows the Austrian officers as a body will doubt that they deserve to be called gentlemen, or will deny their kindly nature and systematic patience under very trying circumstances. The peasantry were everywhere extremely friendly with us, and the shopkeepers were as civil as they dared be, but they were in great dread of their countrymen. One point of contention, which would have hopelessly embittered our relations, fortunately did not exist. Austria, like Italy, was Catholic, and though there were a large number of Protestants in our service, German Protestantism is pacific and tolerant, not to say

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lax, to a degree that the Scotch or untravelled English comprehend with difficulty. I am myself a Protestant, but never experienced inconvenience or discourtesy on that account, either from Austrians or Italians. Many of the priests, especially the poorer ones, were terrible patriots, but they always believed and firmly maintained that in this the Pope was at heart entirely with them, and several traits of his Holiness give colour to the idea that he loves the Austrians better out of Italy than in it. But patriots or otherwise, they were uniformly kind and hospitable to us. We did not, as a rule, seek the society of the Italian men. Those of the higher ranks were always polite, and often better disposed towards us than they could venture to appear in public; but the middle and professional classes—the students, artists, lawyers, doctors, professors, and, above all, the professional patriots, of which there were not a few—hated us bitterly, and scowled at us whenever we chanced to meet, even in the streets. It was no doubt chiefly owing to the more compassionate and generous nature of the sex, and perhaps a little to the love of intrigue and adventure born in the race, that we met with very different treatment from the Italian women. With them we were on anything but hostile terms, and of love-affairs, and even marriages, between the Germans and Italians there were not a few. I have even heard that the women did not infrequently use their influence to obtain mercy for their male relatives, and it was possibly quite true, but of course mercy does not mean immunity. The absolute authority in the hands of the Austrians was very great, and it was easy to make a punishment less severe, but it was our bounden duty to regard a rebel as a criminal. The best proof of the truth of what I have advanced is the fact that our men invariably reported so favourably of their residence in Italy, that even the officers who were quartered in Vienna would gladly do almost anything, if they could only thereby get transferred to the Italian army. Now that the Austrians have finally abandoned the country, there are, I think, many reasons, apart from interested considerations, why the two races should in future be well inclined towards each other. I fear, nevertheless, that it will be long before Italy is really united except in name. Besides the multitude of "reds," or impracticables, the better class of the citizens who live within the boundaries of the ancient republics, as Venice or Rome, are imbued with the antique and genuine spirit of republicanism, in its most stern and elevated type, to a degree that can hardly be conceived by prosaic people. I remember throughout the war it was always our conviction that for one man capable of deserting his colours for the Piedmontese king, Carlo Alberto, there would have been fifty ready either to accept Garibaldi as a military dictator, or to proclaim a republic, and some who were devoted to their country were yet very hazy and fastidious in their notions as to the kind of authority they would really be prepared to obey.

About this period I was promoted a step, and shortly afterwards I was, for the first time, summoned to serve on a court-martial: in this instance a particularly painful piece of duty. In Austria, court-martials are diffe-

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rently constituted to our English ones; but they are exceedingly systematic and just in operation. Each regiment has its *Regimentsauditor*, or "regimental lawyer." This gentleman must pass his examination, and take his degree as doctor of law before entering. He then ranks with the captain, wears the uniform of an officer, and advances according to seniority in that particular branch of the service. His duties are to examine into all cases of prisoners sent to the regimental prison, to sift and prepare the evidence, exclude all irrelevant matter, and get everything into such form that when the court assembles he can thoroughly explain the nature of the case, the laws affecting it, and the particular points which have to be decided; and especially he is to see that all the circumstances which are in the prisoner's favour shall be kept prominently in view. He likewise keeps the historical records of the regiment, and transacts all business of a legal nature which may affect it. There are two kinds of court-martials—the first, or full court, the members of which must consist of two of every rank, from the private to the captain, with a field-officer as president. This is only assembled for very grave offences, when the punishment may be to pronounce sentence of death on the offender. The lesser court consists of only one of each rank upwards, beginning with the rank of the man about to be tried, so that a private would have one of his own comrades as judge, besides several non-commissioned officers. It is presided over by a captain. The members assemble wearing their cartouche-belt and shako, as if on ordinary duty; but for the first kind they meet in full uniform. We had to try one of the Hussars of the seventh squadron for shooting the sergeant of his troop. He was a Hungarian by birth, had served for two years, was a good horseman, a first-class soldier, and had never once been had up for any kind of punishment. One morning, on turning out to the riding-school, his sergeant observed that the man's curb-chain was not properly cleaned, and told him that such was not a fit state for a good soldier to appear in. Nothing further passed, and they both entered the school, and afterwards returned to barracks. The man happened to be likewise on duty as reserve, and consequently had his carbine loaded on the stand in the guard-room: this he took away on some pretence, and waiting till he saw the sergeant, immediately shot him dead, exclaiming, "I shall not be a first-class man much longer." He then threw down his gun, and went and surrendered himself prisoner. The sergeant was a most inoffensive and good-tempered man, an excellent officer, and universally liked; the prisoner was one of the most magnificent-looking young fellows and best men in the squadron. Like most Hungarians of pure blood, he was excessively proud; and it would seem that this *amour propre* had been wounded by his fault being noticed, and that this murder was in revenge. The witnesses were examined, but the prisoner pleaded "guilty" from the first; then the room was cleared, and the Regimentsauditor read over the evidence, explained the law for such offences, and urged all that was weak in the prosecutor's case, and all that could be said in favour of the

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prisoner, which indeed, except his former good character, was little enough, for he was taken red-handed and confessed his crime. At that moment, in the eye of the law, soldier and officer all held the same rank, the judgment and opinion of each was demanded and respected, and if any greater favour and courtesy were shown to one more than another it was to the two privates who had to condemn their own comrade. For we all felt alike in the matter; we would have given anything to save him, but not even a microscope could discover an extenuating feature in the case. Even by civil law his punishment would have been death; but here was, in addition, the grossest breach of discipline towards his superior officer. Having concluded our consultation as to our verdict, we resumed our places. The president asked each of us, commencing with those lowest in rank, whether we had decided; and receiving an answer in the affirmative, he said, "My opinion is that the prisoner is guilty, and must suffer as the law directs: those who are of the same opinion with myself, grasp side-arms." There was a heavy clash as each man grasped the hilt of his sword and let it ring on the ground: we were unanimous, and the fate of the young Hussar was sealed, bitterly as we regretted it. "Attention" was called, and the prisoner was brought in, and told what our verdict was. It was then 1 P.M., and he was sentenced to be shot next morning at daybreak, according to military law. We were all marched next day to witness the execution, which took place in the dry moat just outside of the walls of the town, and close to the barracks. The prisoner had not even changed colour, and was perfectly calm and composed. It was a bleak morning, and he wore his fur jacket: this he took off, but was told by the "propos" sergeant to keep it on. "No," he said, "it is a new one; why should we let the bullets tear it? My captain and comrades have always treated me well; let it go back into store." He then said to the men standing round, "Comrades, my sentence is just," and in a few more instants he had ceased to live; the three bullets had gone true and sure to their mark. No civilians were present, nor would they have been allowed to witness it. In our service men and officers had a great dislike to civilian interference of any kind, and next to that I think we held in horror the sight of a woman on the field of battle. I am aware some ladies have made a point of trying to be present at such scenes, and have consequently beheld very dreadful and revolting incidents, apparently for the object of putting their exploits into print; but according to our notions the proper place for women is not "under fire."

Death is of course the last punishment of martial law, but when this sentence is accompanied with a recommendation to mercy, or by the admission of extenuating circumstances, there were other punishments by which a man was given a chance of life, and the sentence would be commuted to, "Hundert Stockstreich, viermal wechseln die Unterofficiere"—("One hundred strokes, four times changing the non-commissioned officers"). The strokes were fairly delivered on the seat of

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the culprit, and after each twenty-five, fresh corporals and fresh sticks were at work. Another punishment is "Zehnmal auf und absgassen laufen durch drei hundert Man"—or, in fact, the ancient running the gauntlet—"Ten times through three hundred men divided into two ranks." This was only inflicted on very bad characters, and for crimes which were regarded as degrading to a soldier and held in general detestation. Theft from a comrade was one of these, and the men themselves always wished that the chastisement of a thief should be exemplary,—very naturally, because soldiers have nothing under lock and key, and no stronger fastenings than the straps of their knapsacks or the strings of their saddlebags, and if pilfering were common there would be no security for property in barracks. If a soldier was so often punished and for disreputable offences, that his comrades got to consider him a disgrace to the regiment, they would make application to the proper quarter, and have him transferred to the "Strafbataillon,"—punishment or reformatory corps,—of which there were several for this purpose. There was no instance during my time of service of an officer being brought to trial by court-martial, at least not to my knowledge. The Austrians have another way of settling such matters among themselves. If an officer commits any action unworthy of his uniform, all the officers of his corps are called together, and they hear the evidence and examine the question thoroughly. If their opinion is adverse to the accused, he has no choice but to resign his commission at once. If they consider that some leniency may justly be shown, a kind of *procès verbal* is drawn up, giving a concise statement of all the facts and granting one year of probation. This is read over to the delinquent and signed by him. If during that year he commits no fault of any kind, whether on or off duty, no more is said about the affair; but if one just complaint, even the smallest, be preferred against him, he is instantly compelled to quit the service. From this it will be seen that the result of the Austrian system is to make the military an exclusive and privileged order to an extent which would not be endured in England. With other Continental nations, as France and Prussia, the tendency is in the same direction, but then, unlike England, their very existence often depends on their armies, and the spirit by which the soldiers and officers are inspired. I remember once seeing an old Hussar up for punishment,—twenty-five strokes for being drunk on duty. He took them with an easy and audacious *sang-froid*, never moving so much as a rowel of his spurs, but pretending to be asleep on the bench. When he presented himself to the captain, to thank him according to custom for "the well-deserved punishment," he observed, "Herr Rittmeister, I beg of you to give me seven more, and then I shall have received exactly three hundred during my term of service." I need scarcely add that he got another twenty-five as a reward for his impertinence. But some of these old offenders seemed to be made of leather—indeed by constant riding they became so extremely hard that *Stockstreich* was by no means so severe a punishment as one would think. The sticks used were generally good hazel switches, and

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it was an article of faith implicitly believed by many that all the punishments inflicted in the imperial army had been expressly devised and commanded by her Majesty Maria Theresa, and that she had tried each kind on her own imperial person, but with this difference: the strokes were very gently applied; the implement used consisted of pieces of silk cord, not of too hard a texture; and it was thought that what her Majesty could endure her soldiers certainly ought to be able to bear, notwithstanding the little variation in the method of application.

Implicit obedience is rigorously exacted as the very first of duties. There was an old officer who formerly commanded a regiment of cavalry, an excellent and enthusiastic soldier, who had risen from the ranks, and understood the service thoroughly down to the most minute details. He was, however, very rough and outspoken, and having served most of his time in secluded districts of Hungary, there had been small opportunity for him to grow more civilized or refined by frequenting good society. One unlucky day the whole regiment was assembled for drill. Somehow everything went wrong; each man tried his utmost, but to no avail: first one mischance, and then another occurred, until the fiery old Colonel could stand it no longer; so sheathing his sword, he gave the staff officers orders to march their divisions home, and in a state of desperate indignation rode off the ground, saying to the officers as he did so,—"Go to h——, gentlemen and——." The rest of the sentence must be suppressed, as it cannot be given in English in its naked simplicity. Now his voice was loud and strong, and whenever he gave the word of command it was heard by each man far and near. The last order appeared to the officers to have been given with unusual distinctness. Such an insult could not be submitted to by officers of the imperial army without degradation, and it was instantly agreed to complain to the General *through the Colonel* and obtain full and ample redress. In fact the officers were unanimously of opinion that the Colonel must be made to resign. Accordingly two of each rank were selected to form a deputation, and, headed by the Lieutenant-Colonel, they appeared at the Colonel's quarters, and demanded to be conducted by him to the General of Division, there, as they freely informed him, to complain of the questionable order they had received from their commandant.

"Very good, gentlemen," the Colonel replied; "but, Adjutant, turn to page —, paragraph — of the Articles of War, and read it aloud for the benefit of my officers." The Adjutant obeyed, and read as follows:—"Should an inferior consider that an order issued by a superior is unjust, he must first obey the order, and then only will he have a right to complain: otherwise he will be guilty of a breach of discipline."

"First obey the order and then complain," repeated the Colonel. "Gentlemen, *have you obeyed my order?*" The officers understood their position at once, and saw that the Colonel, availing himself of his accurate knowledge of the military regulations, had what is vulgarly called "planted" them. Accordingly they immediately prepared to leave the room, but to the relief of all parties the Colonel at once made a very full apology. "He

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was," he said, "a rough old Hussar, whose tongue too often outran his discretion; that he regretted sincerely the expression which had escaped him, and trusted that his officers would not consider it derogatory to their dignity to accept his excuses." Of course, this frank appeal was not made in vain; the matter was at once arranged, but it was for long a standing joke against the —— Hussars.

I have mentioned before that we were not without friends among the Italians. There was one family in Piacenza to some of the members of which I was greatly attached, and their presence proved such an overpowering attraction to me that I nearly got into a sad scrape from my foolhardy conduct. At this time I visited them every other day regularly, which, including my military duties, gave me about 400 miles of riding a week, more than half of which was done by night in order to let me duly present myself for morning parade in Cremona. Permission for these trips was not absolutely required, nor was it demanded by me; the Major remarked on my frequent absence from my comrades at night, but they told him that I had become studious, and added jokingly that I was so intimate with some of the priests that it was probable I was about to become converted. Nothing, however, was farther from my thoughts. One Saturday an alarm was sounded, and an order arrived for one of the battalions of infantry in garrison to proceed immediately by forced marches to Parma, where a revolution had broken out. Only infantry was mentioned, but it was tolerably certain that a squadron of cavalry would have to follow. My regiment did not belong to the *corps d'occupation* in the Dukedom of Parma, but the Dragoons of that corps were quartered in Bologna and Florence, and we were much nearer than they were to Parma. My horse was standing saddled for me to gallop to Piacenza as I watched the infantry cross the river at 4 P.M., and I was horribly divided whether to go or stay. If any squadron of cavalry was ordered from Cremona I knew full well it would be mine; however, I had made an appointment and resolved to risk it. As I rode out of the town I met the surgeon of our division. "Where to?" he inquired. "Piacenza," I replied. "You are a harebrained fellow," he said; "you know we are every moment expecting orders to march, and if they come when you are absent you will lose your commission. Put up your horse and come back with me." "I must go. I have given my word and cannot break it, doctor." "Go then, mad *Engländer*," he shouted; "but if you are broken for your escapade, remember I warned you."

I set spurs to my horse and rode as hard as I could, but his words perpetually recurred to my mind, do what I would. I arrived at Piacenza at my usual time, and just like my ill-luck, actually saw there our General of Division, by whom I hoped and trusted I was not recognized. I found I was not expected, as news of the revolution had spread, and it was supposed that my regiment would have been already despatched to Parma. I did not dare to loiter, but only stayed long enough to rest and feed my horse, and started for Cremona an hour after midnight. By 3 A.M. I had

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gained the right bank of the river, and could distinctly see the white shakos of my men on the opposite side—in fact, the first detachment was crossing the river on the swing ferry. I knew I was too late, and made up my mind to the natural consequence—arrest. I left my horse in charge of the small innkeeper close by, procured a boat, crossed the river, and was making the best of my way by a short cut on foot, when to my relief and joy, I saw my own man coming up to me on my regimental charger. The good fellow had been in great trouble about me, but being on the look-out he had distinguished me afar off, and had brought everything requisite. "I was obliged to say you were not in your quarters," he added, "but I did not tell where you had gone." I lost not an instant in putting on my full uniform, mounted, and galloped off to report myself as "present" to the Major, who was superintending the embarkation. "Where were you, sir, when the alarm was sounded?" "Absent, sir," was my reply. "How far off?" was the next question, to which I made no answer, but stood in respectful silence expecting the worst. I was a favourite with the Major, and could see by his face that he was undecided whether to send me back under arrest, or to let me proceed with my men; for already another officer from the second squadron had been ordered to take my place. At length his good-nature prevailed, and he gave me permission to fall in, much to the disgust of my intended successor, who had been charmed at the idea of going on this expedition. Outwardly, I dared only offer the usual quiet salute to my Major, but how thankful and grateful to him I felt in my heart, or the intense relief I experienced, I can hardly describe. He saved me from almost professional ruin on that occasion by his kindness. I slept in my saddle nearly all the way, only waking up when we had to stop or dismount. As soon as we arrived before the gates of Parma, I was despatched to receive further orders from the commanding officer, and I stood face to face with the General of Division whom I had seen in Piacenza. He issued his directions, and after giving me a very searching and significant glance, he desired me to return as soon as I had transmitted his orders. I did so, and he inquired sharply, "Where are you from just now?" "From Cremona, General." "When did you last shew yourself in Piacenza?" "On Saturday night, General." "*After* I had sent orders to march?—exactly. I think I saw you, lieutenant. How have you managed all this without getting under arrest?" I told him the whole truth. "Well," he said, "you have assuredly had more luck than you deserve, but it appears you can ride, and I appoint you to act as my orderly officer; but mind, no more midnight rides except on duty."

The first few nights we were picketed in the open air on the Piazza Grande, but as soon as matters became somewhat settled we were sent into barracks. The quarters assigned to our squadron were in the Ducal Palace. The horses were in the late Duke's stables, and the officers had rooms in the palace. In about a fortnight, as there was no appearance of any immediate disturbance, the greater part of the cavalry squadron returned to Cremona; but I was left in command of my troop, to act as

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special guard to her Royal Highness the Duchess and the young princes, and on this service four months glided easily and pleasurably away. Whenever the Duchess drove out in her carriage, my duty was to accompany her with a sergeant and four Hussars. Two of my men preceded the carriage, two followed in the rear, while according to my orders I rode close to the carriage on the side occupied by the Duchess, and the sergeant on the opposite side. From my position and duties I was everywhere received in the private circles of the court, and had an opportunity of seeing many distinguished personages. Among others the Count de Chambord came to visit the Duchess. He was of course treated as though he were a king, and the members of his retinue addressed him as sire. I always found him most kind and gracious, and his deportment was full of gentle dignity. He was not so *spirituel* as his royal sister, but had the reputation of having a less capricious disposition and a more equable temper. I became acquainted with the aide-de-camp of the late Duke,—an exceedingly handsome and agreeable Bavarian. This gentleman was actually accompanying the Duke down the main street at the time when the fatal blow was struck. He said the people were all coming out from the church, and the assassin, who wore a large cloak thrown round his shoulders, so as partially to shield his features, mixed with the throng and pushed up against the Duke, striking him swiftly in the lower part of the body with a long knife, which he secreted under his cloak. The Duke fell back into the young officer's arms, exclaiming, "I am assassinated!" The murderer darted into the church, holding his cloak out over his back, and extending his two arms at full length, till he seemed like a gigantic bat flying from the daylight. He was nearly taken at the doors by a soldier, who caught him by the cloak, but the miscreant suddenly dropped his garment, which caused the soldier to fall, and in another moment the man had mixed with the crowd and effected his escape. It was affirmed that he was arrested twice afterwards, but was each time released by order of the Count Pallavicini, at that time Minister; though this was probably but an idle rumour.

If the cultivated classes in this part of Italy were pre-eminent for the distinction and refinement of their language and demeanour, the poorer people and the peasantry were equally remarkable for their mild temper, their natural grace of manner, and their gay and mirthful love of pleasure. I remember one night going to a masked ball given at the theatre during the carnival. During the evening a young and apparently elegant woman came towards me, attired in a domino and mask, and putting her arm within mine, accosted me thus:—"The signor has not found her whom his eyes seek?" Now I was seeking no one in particular, so inferred that I was not speaking to any one acquainted with me, and I replied, —"The signora can jest at my disappointment; does she wish it less?" "Disappointment belongs to most who trust women; to all who trust men." "The signora," I urged, "is too young and lovely to have discovered that herself." "I have not complained; the heart is silent on its

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own sorrows, signor capitano." I was only lieutenant, but the idea did not displease me. "Signora, if it were in my power you should never have reason to feel sad," I answered. And so this light badinage was continued for some little time. I besought her to tell me who she was, or to unmask, but this she declined to do, and in return told me so many little matters about myself and my daily habits that I could not imagine how she could possibly have learned them, and became thoroughly *intrigué*. As she was very obdurate, I wished her adieu, when she promised that if I would stay until the conclusion of the ball she would unmask. For want of something else to do, and also, perhaps, from curiosity, I stayed, and about three in the morning I posted myself at the door to watch the people as they left, and soon espied my *incognita*. She walked up to me with a most coquettish air, raised her mask, and disclosed the not uncomely visage of—my washerwoman. She was childishly diverted at her success in playing me off,—much more than I was myself. The following evening I received a note from another lady, begging me to go to the ball again; but as I was aware that my washerwoman had a dear friend, who was also a clear-starcher, I felt sure that the two had concerted another joke at my expense, and judged it advisable to disregard the invitation.

I have mentioned that I had many good friends among the Catholic priesthood. Some of these were secular priests, and what we should call excellent company; several were Jesuits, and were certainly as thoroughly finished and agreeable men of the world as are to be found anywhere. But there was one man, not a Jesuit, whose character inspired me with sentiments of real respect, and for whom I shall always feel a warm and cordial affection. He was a Trappist monk and an Englishman, and had been expelled from his convent, along with the rest of his countrymen in France, in 1848. He was sparely formed, and a good deal bent with advancing age; but his features were fine and expressive, and he had a remarkably bright, merry, and penetrating eye. His conversation was so distinguished for its habitual charitable and benignant tone, he was so gay and gentle with children, and there was in his manner towards every one such a gracious serenity, that he was loved wherever he was known. He had, however, a fund of subtle humour about him, and not a little innocent *malice*, in the French sense of the word, so that in controversy or retort it was not the Père E—— who usually came off the worst. As is well known there are nuns as well as monks of the Trappist order, and from the severe nature of their rule they neither can sound their deeds nor boast of their achievements, as the other fraternities are accustomed to do. I remember a young lady asking the Père E—— why the Trappists never seemed able to work miracles, as the Dominicans and others are said to do? "My daughter," he replied, "do you not know that we have effected perhaps the greatest modern miracle that has ever been performed?" "What is that, Père E——?" "We have caused women to guide their tongues and keep silence for twenty years and upwards," was the reply; and the young lady was satisfied with it. Another time, he related to me an amusing anecdote

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of the confessional. A lady went to visit her director, and avowed many unpardonable bursts of temper, which were, however, according to her account, entirely caused by the extreme and perpetual provocations offered by her husband; and though it is against rule to mention the name of a third party, every fresh fault produced a new accusation against this unfortunate gentleman. When the penitent had concluded, the priest said to her, "Your offences are comparatively trifling, since they do not appear to have originated with you, and are accompanied by so many extenuating circumstances. You need only therefore say three paternosters in respect of them. But as you have made your husband's confession as well as your own, you must also perform his penance; and for his sins you must fast for three days and say every morning thirty Ave Marias before you can receive absolution." From that time the poor lady confined herself strictly to her own faults in the confessional. Before I dismiss the Père E——, I may add, for the benefit of my readers, that it was through him that I first became acquainted with the merits of "Trappistine,"—a liquor not so generally known as it deserves to be, and which, in my opinion, from its admirable flavour, and its tonic and invigorating properties, surpasses even the far-famed "Chartreuse."

Besides our great opportunities for attaining to perfection in waltzing, many of our officers cultivated music assiduously in their leisure hours; and among others the small stringed instrument called the *Zitter* was very popular with us. Though small in size, it has both treble and bass strings, and is often played by the Tyrolese and the peasants of Upper Austria and Bavaria. It is curious to see how skilfully these great burly mountaineers, with their big heavy hands and fat fingers, manage this little instrument; but they certainly bring from it very sweet and thrilling notes. They often play three or four of them in concert, each Zitter taking a separate part; and it is also an excellent accompaniment to the human voice. The airs played are mostly Tyrolese, generally set in a minor key, and exceedingly plaintive. When the young Emperor married his lovely wife, the Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, the Zitter became more admired than ever, as her Majesty was herself an excellent performer on it, and introduced the fashion at court. Her royal father is said to be the best *Zitterschläger* ever known, and was formerly in the habit of amusing himself by roaming about the mountains in the peasant costume, Zitter in hand, and playing either in concert or with such company as he chanced to meet with. On one of these excursions, his Majesty encountered a bridal party, to which music was the only thing wanting to crown the day's enjoyment. The revellers therefore insisted on taking him back with them to the place of feasting, where he had to play waltzes, marches, polkas, and accompaniments to their songs for several long hours. They gave him a share in what simple cheer they had; and when they dismissed him the poor people expressed their complete satisfaction with his performance, and presented him with two silver groschen in token of the same. It is said that his Majesty greatly prizes these two small coins,

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and sometimes shows them to his friends as being the only money which he ever honestly earned by hard hand-labour in his life.

When we are young the last and most recent pleasures are ever the greatest and most vivid. I had enjoyed my hard work and my hard fare, my adventures, my hopes, and even my tribulations, the unceasing kindness of my comrades and my men, and the thoughts and recollections of Old England; but I am bound to own that those few months of delicious idleness were even more dear to me, and glided away fast as a golden dream. At last it was discovered that there was no longer any necessity for the presence in Parma of "the right arm of the service," and we were ordered to return to Cremona. The following winter I received another step, and was transferred to the eighth squadron, where I found myself again under the command of my old captain, Count S——, with whom I had first served as cadet, and our head-quarters were at Brescia. Shortly after the Austrians evacuated Lombardy in 1859 I revisited that part of the country, and was not so much surprised as gratified by the cordial and kindly way in which the Italians spoke of those Austrians whom they had known so well in what they were pleased to term "less happy days." Of course our intimacy had always been rather of a private than a public nature, on account of the vigilant suspicion and fierce denunciation of the members of the national revolutionary party—the last being prompt to publish the names and describe the persons of any Italians who ventured to appear on friendly terms with the Tedeschi; but many warm inquiries were made after both officers and men.

My actual stay in Brescia was not for long. The "little cloud no larger than a man's hand" had already risen into sight, and the complicated and interminable Eastern question loomed on the political horizon. War seemed inevitable: Europe was like a smouldering volcano, and Austria was undecided even whether she would "astonish the world by her ingratitude." Letters were received from home, which caused the Englishmen in the Austrian army to communicate with each other, and the result of it all was I sent in my papers to enable me to resign my commission, and left Austria to join the soldiers of my own country then engaged in the Crimea. Here my reminiscences come to an end. Had I been gifted with more imagination or a practised pen I might have entertained my readers better; but I have described as best I could, simply and truthfully, that which happened to me. And I have ill-told my tale if I have not left the impression that even a *poor* gentleman can find in the Austrian service an honourable career, with a certainty of plenty of work, plenty of enjoyment, and, in all respects, just and impartial treatment. Slow the Austrians may be, but none the less reliable, and generous to the backbone; and they are, in my opinion, next to the English, the bravest and most stubbornly-enduring soldiers in the world.

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The Satrap.

I.

Through all the streets of Sardes went a voice
Of lamentation and of death.
For seven months the famine had prevailed,
And now the evil breath
Of Pestilence. Men thronged the palace gates
With one deep cry
For bread or death, but from the gilded doors
Came no reply.

II.

On his high palace roof the Satrap lay,
Beneath a canopy
Of Tyrian silk; his slaves, with folded hands,
Like statues mute, stood by.
One fair-haired Persian favourite alone
Knelt by his side,
Toyed with her golden bracelet rings
In languid pride.

III.

From incense cups, on slender stems of bronze,
The thin grey smoke arose
Straight through the breathless air, and now the long
Long day was near its close.
Beneath him lay, for many a fruitful league,
The Cilbian plain,
Fair meadow lands, and, bathed in sunset light,
The ripening grain.

IV.

The mighty circle of the setting sun
Had reached the farther strand
Of Gentle Hermus, so the slow smooth stream
Lay shining like a band
Of molten brass. And when the Satrap saw
His kingdom wide
His heart rejoiced, and to himself he said
These words of pride:

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"Sweet is the flatterer's breath, ay, honey-sweet,
The dainty food of kings. What profits it
That I should hear the truth? I know it well;
That all these fawning courtier hounds would sell
My blood to-morrow for an ounce of gold,
An ounce of brass, nor think it cheaply sold.
This fair and gilded snake, so skilled to wreathe
White arms around me, whispering to breathe
Sweet-sounding words, 'My lord, I love you well,'
She loathes the ground I touch! It once befel
I heard her babbling, while asleep she lay,
Some lover's name in Persia far away.

"What said the Greek word-monger yesterday?
'The unseen gods are strong, and, soon or late,
Give each his due; and mightier than they
The dread unpitying force of law and fate.'
Who are these unseen gods? and am not I
A god? I give the word, and presently
These longed-for golden corn-fields, one by one,
Lie dust and ashes blackening in the sun.
Men know the gods through fear; what more can Zeus,
The arch-destroyer, save that he may use
The forked lightning, and the blasting hail?

This very night I'll make the stars grow pale
Against the thousand golden lamps that shine
Around my hall of banquet, and the wine,
Borne round by many a rose-crowned slave, shall flow
Among my silken guests, until their slow
Dull blood, with fire divine, shall warm and glow.
Meanwhile the sound of flutes shall sweeter grow
And still more loud, more passionately sweet;
And beating time with swiftly moving feet,
My red-lipped nymphs shall join the Lydian dance,
With twining arms, and many a wanton glance.
And am not I as great a god as he,
The drunken son of Theban Semele?

"True, Cyrus is a greater god than I,
And with a word can cast me from my throne:
And, year by year, the wretched people ply
His ear for judgment on my tyranny;
But great Persepolis is far, their moan
Sounds faintly in his ears; and kings are prone
To view the crimes of kings with lenient eye."

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V.

Thus spoke the Satrap in his pride; but while
The blood-red sunset glow
Still stained the West, a sound of whispering
Went through the courts below.
There came a messenger, all pale and faint
From riding hard,
With letters sealed with Cyrus' hand, and sought
The captain of the guard.

VI.

The captain of the guard broke seal, and read
Without a word:
But in the dead of night, when all was still,
The watchers heard
A sound of stealthy footsteps on the stair.
And when the morning sun arose they found
The Satrap dead,
Stabbed in his sleep; and so another prince
Reigned in his stead.

W. FRANK SMITH.

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Ravenna and the Pine-Forest.

The Emperor Augustus chose Ravenna for one of his two naval stations, and in course of time a new city arose by the sea-shore, which received the name of Portus Classis. Between this harbour and the mother city a third town sprang up and was called Cæsarea. Time and neglect, the ravages of war, and the encroaching powers of Nature, have destroyed these settlements, and nothing now remains of the three cities but Ravenna. It would seem that in classical times Ravenna stood like modern Venice in the centre of a huge lagune, the fresh waters of the Ronco and the Po mixing with the salt waves of the Adriatic round its very walls. The houses of the city were built on piles; canals instead of streets formed the means of communication, and these were always filled with water artificially conducted from the southern estuary of the Po. Round Ravenna extended a vast morass, for the most part under shallow water, but rising at intervals into low islands like the Lido or Murano or Torcello which surround Venice. These islands were celebrated for their fertility: the vines and fig-trees and pomegranates, springing from a fat and fruitful soil, watered with constant moisture, and fostered by a mild sea-wind and liberal sunshine, yielded crops that for luxuriance and quality surpassed the harvests of any orchards on the mainland. All the conditions of life in old Ravenna seem to have exactly resembled those of modern Venice: the people went about in gondolas, and in the early morning barges laden with fresh fruit or meat and vegetables flocked from all quarters to the city of the sea. Water also had to be procured from the neighbouring shore, for, as Martial says, a well at Ravenna was more valuable than a vineyard. Again between the city and the mainland ran a long low causeway all across the lagune, like that on which the trains now glide into Venice. Strange to say, the air of Ravenna was remarkably salubrious: this fact, and the ease of life that prevailed there, and the security afforded by the situation of the town, rendered it a most desirable retreat for the monarchs of Italy during those troublous times in which the empire nodded to its fall. Honorius retired to its lagunes for safety; Odoacer, who dethroned the last Cæsar of the West, succeeded him; and was in turn supplanted by Theodoric the Ostrogoth. Ravenna, as we see it now, recalls the peaceful and half Roman rule of the great Gothic king. His palace, his churches, and the mausoleum in which his daughter Amalasuntha laid the hero's bones, have survived the sieges of Belisarius and Astolphus, the conquest of Pepin, the bloody quarrels of Iconoclasts with the children of the Roman Church, the mediæval wars of Italy, the victory of Gaston de Foix, and still stand gorgeous with marbles and mosaics in spite of time and the decay of all around them.

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As early as the sixth century the sea had already retreated to such a distance from Ravenna that orchards and gardens were cultivated on the spot where once the galleys of the Cæsars rode at anchor. Groves of pines sprang up along the shore, and in their lofty tops the music of the wind moved like the ghost of waves and breakers plunging upon distant sands. This Pinetum stretches along the shore of the Adriatic for about forty miles, forming a belt of variable width between the great marsh and the tumbling sea. From a distance the bare stems and velvet crowns of the pine-trees stand up like palms that cover an oasis on Arabian sands; but at a nearer view the trunks detach themselves from an inferior forest-growth of juniper and thorn and ash and oak, the tall roofs of the stately firs shooting their breadth of sheltering greenery above the lower and less sturdy brushwood. It is hardly possible to imagine a more beautiful and impressive scene than that presented by these long alleys of imperial pines. They grow so thickly one behind another, that we might compare them to the pipes of a great organ, or the pillars of a Gothic church, or the basaltic columns of the Giant's Causeway. Their tops are evergreen and laden with the heavy cones, from which Ravenna draws considerable wealth. Scores of peasants are quartered on the outskirts of the forest, whose business it is to scale the pines and rob them of their fruit at certain seasons of the year. Afterwards they dry the fir-cones in the sun, until the nuts which they contain fall out. The empty husks are sold for firewood, and the kernels in their stony shells reserved for exportation. You may see the peasants, men, women, and boys, sorting them by millions, drying and sifting them upon the open spaces of the wood, and packing them in sacks to send abroad through Italy. The pinocchi or kernels of the stone-pine are largely used in cookery, and those of Ravenna are prized for their good quality and aromatic flavour. When roasted or pounded they taste like a softer and more mealy kind of almonds. The task of gathering this harvest is not a little dangerous. They have to cut notches in the straight shafts, and having climbed, often to the height of eighty feet, to lean upon the branches, and detach the fir-cones with a pole,—and this for every tree. Some lives, they say, are yearly lost in the business.

As may be imagined, the spaces of this great forest form the haunt of innumerable living creatures. Lizards run about by myriads in the grass. Doves coo among the branches of the pines, and nightingales pour their full-throated music all day and night from thickets of white-thorn and acacia. The air is sweet with aromatic scents: the resin of the pine and juniper, the may-flowers and acacia blossoms, the violets that spring by thousands in the moss, the wild roses and faint honeysuckles which throw fragrant arms from bough to bough of ash or maple, join to make one most delicious perfume. And, though the air upon the neighbouring marsh is poisonous, here it is dry, and spreads a genial health. The sea-wind, murmuring through these thickets at night-fall or misty sunrise, conveys no fever to the peasants stretched among their flowers. They watch the

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red rays of sunset flaming through the columns of the leafy hall and flaring on its fretted rafters of entangled boughs; they see the stars come out, and Hesper gleam, an eye of brightness, among dewy branches; the moon walks silver-footed on the velvet tree-tops, while they sleep beside the camp-fires; fresh morning wakes them to the sound of birds and scent of thyme and twinkling of dewdrops on the grass around. Meanwhile ague, fever, and death have been stalking all night long about the plain, within a few yards of their couch, and not one pestilential breath has reached the charmed precincts of the forest.

You may ride or drive for miles along green aisles between the pines in perfect solitude; and yet the creatures of the wood, the sunlight and the birds, the flowers and tall majestic columns at your side, prevent all sense of loneliness or fear. Huge oxen haunt the wilderness,—grey creatures, with mild eyes and branching horns and stealthy tread. Some are patriarchs of the forest, the fathers and the mothers of many generations who have been carried from their sides to serve in ploughs or waggons on the Lombard plain. Others are yearling calves, intractable and ignorant of labour. In order to subdue them to the yoke, it is requisite to take them very early from their native glades, or else they chafe and pine away with weariness. Then there is a sullen canal, which flows through the forest from the marshes to the sea; it is alive with frogs and newts and interminable snakes. You may see these serpents basking on the surface among thickets of the flowering rush, or coiled about the lily leaves and flowers,—huge monsters, slippery and speckled, the tyrants of the fen.

It is said that when Dante was living at Ravenna he would spend whole days alone among the forest glades, thinking of Florence and her civil wars, and meditating cantos of his poem. Nor have the influences of the pine-wood failed to leave their trace upon his verse. The charm of its summer solitude seems to have sunk into his soul; for when he describes the whispering of winds and singing birds among the boughs of his terrestrial paradise, he says:—

> Non però dal lor esser dritto sparte
> Tanto, chegli augelletti per le cime
> Lasciasser d'operare ogni lor arte:
> Ma con piena letizia l'aure prime,
> Cantando, ricevano intra le foglie,
> Che tenevan bordone alle sue rime.
> Tal, qual di ramo in ramo si raccoglie
> Per la pineta in sul lito di Chiassi,
> Quand' Eolo Scirocco fuor discioglie.

With these verses in our minds, while wandering down the grassy aisles, beside the waters of the solitary place, we seem to meet that lady singing as she went, and plucking flower by flower, "like Proserpine when Ceres lost a daughter, and she lost her spring." There, too, the vision of the griffin and the car, of singing maidens, and of Beatrice descending to the sound of Benedictus, and of falling flowers, her flaming robe and

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mantle green as grass, and veil of white, and olive crown, all flashed upon the poet's inner eye, and he remembered how he bowed before her when a boy. There is yet another passage in which it is difficult to believe that Dante had not the pine-forest in his mind. When Virgil and the poet were waiting in anxiety before the gates of Dis, when the Furies on the wall were tearing their breasts and crying, "Venga Medusa, e si 'l farem di smalto," suddenly across the hideous river came a sound like that which whirlwinds make among the shattered branches and bruised stems of forest-trees; and Dante, looking out with fear upon the foam and spray and vapour of the flood, saw thousands of the damned flying before the face of one who forded Styx with feet unwet. "Like frogs," he says, "they fled, who scurry through the water at the sight of their foe—the serpent, till each squats and hides himself close to the ground." The picture of the storm among the trees might well have occurred to Dante's mind beneath the roof of pine-boughs. Nor is there any place in which the simile of the frogs and water-snake attains such dignity and grandeur. I must confess that till I saw the ponds and marshes of Ravenna, I used to fancy that the comparison was somewhat below the greatness of the subject: but there so grave a note of solemnity and desolation is struck, the scale of Nature is so vast, and the serpents coiling in and out among the lily leaves and flowers are so enormous, that they suggest a scene by no means unworthy of Dante's great conception.

Nor is Dante the only singer who has invested this wood with poetical associations. It is well known that Boccaccio laid his story of *Honoria* in the pine-forest, and every student of English literature must be familiar with the noble tale in verse which Dryden has founded on this part of the *Decameron*. We all of us have followed Theodore, and watched with him the tempest swelling in the grove, and seen the hapless ghost pursued by demon hounds and hunter down the glades. This story should be read while storms are gathering upon the distant sea, or thunder-clouds descending from the Apennines, and when the pines begin to rock and surge beneath the stress of labouring winds. Then runs the sudden flash of lightning like a rapier through the boughs, the rain streams hissing down, and the thunder "breaks like a whole sea overhead."

With the Pinetum the name of Byron will be for ever associated. During his two years' residence in Ravenna he used to haunt its wilderness, riding alone or in the company of friends. The inscription placed above the entrance to the house he occupied alludes to it as one of the objects which principally attracted the poet to the neighbourhood of Ravenna:—"Impaziente di visitare l' antica Selva, che inspirò gia il Divino e Giovanni Boccaccio." We know, however, that a more powerful attraction, in the person of the Countess Guiccioli, maintained his fidelity to "that place of old renown, once in the Adrian Sea, Ravenna."

Between the Bosco, as the people of Ravenna call this pine-wood, and the city, the marsh stretches for a distance of about three miles. It is a plain intersected by dykes and ditches, and mapped out into innumerable

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rice-fields. For more than half a year it lies under water, and during the other months exhales a pestilential vapour, which renders it as uninhabitable as the Roman Campagna; yet in spring-time this dreary flat is even beautiful. The young blades of the rice shoot up above the water, delicately green and tender. The ditches are lined with flowering rush and golden flags, while white and yellow lilies sleep in myriads upon the silent pools. Tamarisks wave their pink and silver tresses by the road. and wherever a plot of mossy earth emerges from the marsh, it gleams with purple orchises and flaming marigolds; but the soil beneath is so treacherous and spongy, that these splendid blossoms grow like flowers in dreams or fairy stories. You try in vain to pick them; they elude your grasp, and flourish in security beyond the reach of arm or stick.

Such is the site of the old town of Classis. Not a vestige of the Roman city remains, not a dwelling or a ruined tower, nothing but the ancient church of St. Apollinare in Classe. Of all desolate buildings this is the most desolate. Not even the deserted grandeur of San Paolo beyond the walls of Rome can equal it. Its huge round campanile gazes at the sky, which here vaults only sea and plain,—a perfect dome, star-spangled, like the roof of Galla Placidia's tomb. Ravenna lies low to west, the pine-wood, immeasurably the same, to east. There is nothing else to be seen except the spreading marsh, bounded by dim snowy Alps and purple Apennines, so very far away that the level rack of summer clouds seem more attainable and real. What sunsets and sunrises that tower must see; what glaring lurid after-glows in August, when the red light scowls upon the pestilential fen; what sheets of sullen vapour rolling over it in autumn; what breathless heats, and rain-clouds big with thunder; what silences; what unimpeded blasts of winter winds! One old monk tends this deserted spot. He has the huge church, with its echoing aisles and marble columns and giddy bell-tower and cloistered corridors, all to himself. At rare intervals, priests from Ravenna come to sing some special mass at these cold altars; pious folks make vows to pray upon their mouldy steps and kiss the relics which are shown on great occasions. But no one stays; they hurry, after muttering their prayers, from the fever-stricken spot, reserving their domestic pieties and customary devotions for the brighter and newer chapels of the fashionable churches in Ravenna. So the old monk is left alone to sweep the marsh water from his church floor, and to keep the green moss from growing too thickly on its monuments. A clammy converva covers everything except the mosaics upon tribune, roof, and clerestory, which defy the course of age. Christ on his throne *sedet æternumque sedebit*, the saints around him glitter with their pitiless uncompromising eyes and wooden gestures, as if twelve centuries had not passed over them, and they were nightmares only dreamed last night, and rooted in a sick man's memory. For those gaunt and solemn forms there is no change of life or end of days. No fever touches them; no dampness of the wind and rain loosens their firm cement. They stare with senseless faces in bitter mockery of men who

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live and die and moulder away beneath. Their poor old guardian told us it was a weary life. He has had the fever three times, and does not hope to survive many more Septembers. The very water that he drinks is brought him from Ravenna, for the vast fen, though it pours its overflow upon the church floor, and spreads like a lake around, is death to drink. The monk had a gentle woman's voice and mild brown eyes. What terrible crime had consigned him to this living tomb? For what past sorrow is he weary of his life? What anguish of remorse has driven him to such a solitude? Yet he looked simple and placid; his melancholy was subdued and calm, as if life were over for him, and he were waiting for death to come with a friend's greeting upon noiseless wings some summer night across the fen-lands in a cloud of soft destructive fever-mist.

Another monument upon the plain is worthy of a visit. It is the so-called Colonna dei Francesi, a cinquecento pillar of Ionic design, erected on the spot where Gaston de Foix expired victorious after one of the bloodiest battles ever fought. The Ronco, a straight sluggish stream, flows by the lonely spot; mason bees have covered with laborious stucco-work the scrolls and leafage of its ornaments, confounding epitaphs and trophies under their mud houses. A few cypress-trees stand round it, and the dogs and chickens of a neighbouring farmyard make it their rendezvous. Those mason bees are like posterity, which settles down upon the ruins of a Baalbec or a Luxor, setting up its tents, and filling the fair spaces of Hellenic or Egyptian temples with clay hovels. Nothing differs but the scale; and while the bees content themselves with filling up and covering, man destroys the silent places of the past which he appropriates. Byron has written some spirited lines upon the neglect of this column, and the speech which Guicciardini supposes the young hero of French chivalry to have made his soldiers on the spot, is well known.

In Ravenna itself, perhaps what strikes us most is the abrupt transition everywhere discernible from monuments of vast antiquity to buildings of quite modern date. There seems to be no interval between the marbles and mosaics of Justinian or Theodoric and the insignificant frippery of the last century. The churches of Ravenna, San Vitale, St. Apollinare, and the rest, are too well known, and have been too often described by enthusiastic antiquaries, to need a detailed notice in this place. Every one is aware that the ecclesiastical customs and architecture of the early Church can be studied in greater perfection here than elsewhere. Not even the basilicas and mosáics of Rome are equal to those of Ravenna. Yet there is not one single church which remains entirely unaltered and unspoiled. The imagination has to supply the atrium or outer portico from one building, the vaulted baptistery with its marble font from another, the pulpits and ambones from a third, the tribune from a fourth, the round brick bell-tower from a fifth, and then to cover all the concave roofs and chapel walls with grave and glittering mosaics. There is nothing more beautiful in decorative art than the mosaics of such tiny buildings as the

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tomb of Galla Placidia or the chapel of the Bishop's Palace. They are like jewelled and enamelled cases; not an inch of wall can be seen which is not covered with elaborate patterns of the brightest colours. Huge date-palms spring from the floor with fruit and birds among their branches, and between them stand the pillars and apostles of the church. In the spandrels and lunettes above the arches and the windows angels fly with white extended wings. On every vacant place are scrolls and arabesques of foliage,—birds and beasts, doves drinking from the vase, and peacocks spreading gorgeous plumes—a maze of green and gold and blue. While overhead the vault is powdered with stars gleaming upon the deepest azure, and in the midst is set an aureole embracing the majestic head of Christ, or else the symbol of the sacred fish, or the hand of the Creator pointing from a cloud. In Galla Placidia's tomb these storied vaults spring above the sarcophagi of empresses and emperors, each lying in the place where he was laid more than twelve centuries ago. The light which struggles through the narrow windows serves to harmonize the brilliant hues and make a gorgeous gloom.

Besides these more general and decorative subjects, many of the churches are adorned with historical mosaics, setting forth the Bible narrative or incidents from the life of Christian emperors and kings. In St. Apollinare Nuovo there is a most interesting treble series of such mosaics extending over both walls of the nave. On the left hand, as we enter, we see the town of Classis; on the right the palace of Theodoric, its doors and loggie rich with curtains, and its friezes blazing with coloured ornaments. From the city gate of Classis, virgins issue, and proceed in a long line until they reach Madonna seated on a throne with Christ upon her knees, and the three kings in adoration at her feet. From Theodoric's palace door a similar procession of saints and martyrs carry us to Christ surrounded by archangels. Above this double row of saints and virgins stand the fathers and prophets of the Church, and highest underneath the roof are pictures from the life of our Lord. It will be remembered in connection with these subjects that the women sat upon the left and the men upon the right side of the church. Above the tribune at the east end of the church it was customary to represent the Creative Hand, or the monogram of the Saviour, or the head of Christ with the letters A and Ω. Moses and Elijah frequently stand on either side to symbolize the transfiguration, while the saints and bishops specially connected with the church appeared upon a lower row. Then on the side walls were depicted such subjects as Justinian and Theodora among their courtiers, or the grant of the privileges of the Church to its first founder from imperial patrons, with symbols of the old Hebraic ritual—Abel's lamb, the sacrifice of Isaac, Melchisedec's offering of bread and wine,—which were regarded as the types of Christian ceremonies. The baptistery was adorned with appropriate mosaics representing Christ's baptism in Jordan.

Generally speaking, one is struck with the dignity of these designs, and especially with the combined majesty and sweetness of the face of

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Christ. The sense for harmony of hue displayed in their composition is marvellous. It would be curious to trace in detail the remnants of classical treatment which may be discerned,—Jordan, for instance, pours his water from an urn like a river-god crowned with sedge—or to show what points of ecclesiastical tradition are established by these ancient monuments. We find Mariolatry already prevalent, the names of the three kings, Kaspar, Melchior and Balthazar, the four evangelists as we now recognize them, and many of the rites and vestments which our fastidious young Tractarians regard with so much superstitious reverence.

There are two sepulchral monuments in Ravenna which cannot be passed over unnoticed. The one is that of Theodoric the Goth, crowned by its semi-sphere of solid stone, a mighty tomb, well worthy of the conqueror and king. It stands in a green field, surrounded by acacias, where the nightingales sing ceaselessly in May. The mason bees have covered it, and the water has invaded its sepulchral vaults. In spite of many trials, it seems that human art is unable to pump out the pond and clear the frogs and efts from the chamber where the great Goth was laid by Amalasuntha.

The other is Dante's temple, with its bas-relief and withered garlands. The story of his burial, and of the discovery of his real tomb, is fresh in the memory of every one. But the "little cupola, more neat than solemn," of which Lord Byron speaks, will continue to be the goal of many a pilgrimage. For ourselves—though we remember Chateaubriand's bare-headed genuflection on its threshold, Alfieri's passionate prostration at the altar-tomb, and Byron's offering of poems on the poet's shrine—we confess that a single canto of the *Inferno*, a single passage of the *Vita Nuova*, seems more full of soul-stirring associations than the place where, centuries ago, the mighty dust was laid. It is the spirit that lives and makes alive. And Dante's spirit seems more present with us under the pine-branches of the Bosco than beside his real or fancied tomb. "He is risen,"—"Behold I am with you always,"—these are the words that ought to haunt us in a burying-ground. There is something affected and self-conscious in overpowering grief or enthusiasm or humiliation at a tomb.

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Female Education in Germany.

When I first went to Germany it was with the expectation of finding in every tenth woman an uncrowned Corinna, and in every twentieth a silent Sappho; and when I say silent, I mean it simply in the same sense as the poet who spoke of "mute inglorious" Miltons. It is true I did not seek my Corinnas at the Capitol, nor my Sapphos at Lesbos, since a cruel fate compelled me to turn my steps to remoter Northern regions, where the climate and the social peculiarities of the people were such, that it at once became evident to me the classic creatures I sought could not by any possibility exist in those monotonous coasts. I found much hospitality, considerable wealth, singular prejudices, and an amount of conservatism and aristocratic exclusiveness such as to strike one as being infinitely comic in these nineteenth-century days. But my Corinnas and my Sapphos I found not, nor did I indeed, seeing the physiology of the country, expect to find them. I consoled myself with the thought that, as I was not condemned to drive all my life in eccentric vehicles, behind four "fox-coloured" horses, over impossible roads, nor pledged to consume smoked geese, liver-sausages, and sauerkraut to the end of my days, I might accept the interlude with philosophy, and enjoy my sojourn in that corn-growing country as much as the nature of things in general would allow.

But the times of "peace and plenty," of shampooing drives and plethoric repasts came to an end, and I made "mes malles," and departed from those shores with a certain sense of repletion, the fulness of which clings to me yet. My time was come, and amidst much kissing of the dexter and sinister cheek, and many banquets, I departed, not without some regret (for I had found a kindly people, honest if not brilliant, and friendly if not precisely amusing), but with yet more pleasant anticipations of what was in store for me.

It was perhaps an unjust thing on my part to have preconceived any notions at all of the people and country to which I was going, but that I had conceived very strong ideas I cannot deny. I was possessed with a sort of Teuto-mania, all the more unaccountable because I did not know a word of the language, and had never, to my knowledge, come in contact with any natives of the country I so much, and so blindly, admired, if I except a German governess who had kept guard over us on half-holidays at school, with a bird's-nest on the top of her head in the shape of hair, a white linen pocket-handkerchief tied round her neck by way of a collar, and knitted cotton stockings which she displayed liberally in her walks abroad, as she had a weakness for square-toed shoes tied on with pieces of narrow black ribbon, which I am told are technically termed "sandals."

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Thus my only German acquaintance can scarcely be said to have justified my preconceived notions as to my fair Saxon sisters. I had read (surreptitiously, I am free to confess,) a translation of the *Sorrows of Werther;* but having already Thackeray's immortal verse by heart, the aroma of the greater poet's conception was lost to me, and with the rashness of youth I had adopted our great humourist's view of the bread-and-butter-cutting proclivities of Mrs. Charlotte, and had not therefore found my stolen fruit quite as sweet as I had expected it to be. I had read a translation of Schiller's *Bride of Messina,* and of Fouqué's works; I was acquainted with Grimm's fairy tales (as what English child worth salt to its porridge is not?), and I had even looked into Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister,* but not being able to find out any story, and the whole thing mystifying me unpleasantly, I had returned the volume to its bookshelf, and consoled myself with a translation of Schiller's *Cabal und Liebe.* Thus I think it may fairly be said that my previsions were innate, of themselves, and not owing to any special influence from without.

And let me here observe that, when speaking of female education in Germany, I mean less the amount of knowledge, positive and abstract, theoretical and real, instilled into the minds of her young girls and women, than the general and determining outer influences which help to form their character and to make them what they are. Let me also say that I do not speak of the "upper Ten," as we understand that mystic number, but that I speak of the great majority which forms the nation. I speak also of Northern and Central Germany, and not of Austria or the more southern parts; for the difference between a Viennese and a Hanoverian is almost as marked as that between a French and an English woman. In large towns, such as Berlin, Dresden, Hamburg, there are, of course, circles and drawing-rooms where the talk, the dress, the manners, are cosmopolitan. This is the result of a conflux of foreigners of every nation,—the various elements being fused together into a sort of social mosaic, harmonious as a whole, though differing widely in detail: men of position and wealth; women who have seen the world, and are tolerant, *facile* in their conversation, elegant in their toilettes, and most agreeable in their pretty, brilliant talk, which is gay without being laboured, and lively without being ill-natured. Of such as these I do not speak. It has been said that Paris is France; and I believe that this statement may be taken as substantially true. London is not England; nor do I think that even the marvellous powers of absorption shown by Prussia can pretend that *Berlin* is Germany. And it is of Germany and German women that I now would fain speak; not of Prussia or the fair Berlinese, but rather of the inhabitants of those smaller and much-despised "tin-pot States," with their charming little Residenz-towns and old-world notions.

Some verses arise in my mind (written, I believe, by a distinguished member of one of our universities,) which would well describe my journey from that plethoric land of which I have spoken to that more intellectual land whither I journeyed with such fond anticipations:—

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And onward through those dreary flats
They move, with scanty space to sit on,
Flanked by stout girls in steeple hats
And waists that paralyze a Briton.

By many a tidy little town,
Where tidy little Fraus are knitting.
(The men's pursuits are lying down,
Smoking perennial pipes, and—spitting.)

The "stout girls in the steeple hats" did not so specially afflict me, nor did their waists, though undoubtedly thick, cause me any acute emotion; it was a detail, and though from an artistic point of view, not a specially pleasing one, yet I should have scorned to confess that my British faculties were in any way "paralyzed" by this physical phenomenon. But at length I came to my "tidy little town," where the "tidy little Fraus were knitting," and little did I then dream that those three other ugly old maids were weaving my destiny in such a way that I should have ample opportunities of studying, not only the tidy little town and the tidy little Fraus, and the knitting of the same, but also to contemplate at my leisure the "men's pursuits,"—of "lying down, smoking perennial pipes, and"—O ye gods, that I should have to chronicle it here!—"spitting!' But the truth must be spoken.

We had a Grand Duke and a Grand Duchess at K., and we had a diplomatic corps, and an army, and two or three generals, staggering under orders and decorations; we had a theatre, and a Kur-Garten, where people walked up and down, and drank poisonous waters in summer: the ladies in frilled (night-) caps, mushroom straw hats, and morning wrappers; the men in a miscellaneous costume, incapable of portrayal. We had coffee-gardens at K., where the Grand-Ducal band played on summer afternoons, and where the whole population appeared to be military, so close and regular was the attendance of all the young officers on these occasions. Of course we could not have an "upper ten *thousand*" at K., nor even an upper ten hundred; but we had an upper fifty or so, who all wrote *Von* before their names, sat on the *adelige* (or noble) side of the theatre, considered (and were even snobbish enough to call) themselves the "*haute volée*," and gave the tone, such as it was, to society.

A German girl comes into the world with two original sins: the vice of coffee-drinking, and an indisposition to take exercise. A German baby is a piteous object; it is pinioned and bound up like a mummy in yards of bandages, which are unfolded once (at the outside twice) a day; it is never bathed, but I suppose is sometimes washed in some occult manner. Its head is never touched with soap and water until it is eight or ten months old, when the fine skull-cap of encrusted dirt which it has by that time obtained is removed by the application of various unguents. Many German ladies have assured me that the fine heads of hair one so often sees in Germany are entirely owing to this skull-cap.

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When, having some juvenile relatives staying with me, I insisted on their being "tubbed," all my female friends were shocked at my ignorance and wilfulness, and assured me that it was simply owing to our barbaric bath-system that the King of Hanover had lost his sight. "My friends, we are not all blind," I said, and then they were silenced, though not convinced. To this terrible system of bandaging, combined with a potato and coffee diet, do I attribute in a great degree the number of curved spines, crooked shoulders, and abnormal developments that one meets with in Germany. As little girls grow older, they have their coffee like their elders, and by degrees form a number of acquaintances of their own age, with whom they have daily meetings, so that society is a large ingredient of juvenile life. Then comes the time for going to school. With little knapsacks on their backs, containing books, slate, &c., whole gangs of little students are to be seen walking through the streets, always chattering, and generally with apples, bread, or cakes, to distribute and consume, making in this way friends or enemies. This continues until a girl is grown up. On holidays the children meet together and play; there seems no idea that these little brothers and sisters should suffice for each other, with the occasional excitement of a "party." All the little sayings and jealousies, all the little spites and resentments, are thus kept up during a long course of years, and the daily gossip becomes almost a necessity of life. A child is seldom sent to another town to school; the extra expense of board and lodging is a serious item, and the Germans are proverbially a frugal people. Thus, even in the holidays, there is no change; the children do not, as with us, "come home" from school; they are at home; they only have more time for the discussion of their little spites and jealousies, more coffee-drinking, more gossip, and more liberty. As time goes on, and the little girl buds into early maidenhood, this passing to and fro through the public streets has serious disadvantages; she becomes self-conscious, has a bowing acquaintance with her friends' brothers, and a system of coquetry is carried on which has no good influence on her character. I say coquetry advisedly, for it is not the "flirtation" we see amongst young people in our own country, beginning openly in fun, and ending in amusement; nor is it that sort of schoolboy love, which is at times so life-enduring, that the little fourteen-year old Etonian with the club-foot ceases to be an object of ridicule in his all-absorbing passion for Mary Chaworth. Boys and girls never play together in Germany, as our boys and girls do; therefore the young Fräulein of fourteen who has a bowing acquaintance, and something perhaps more, with her friends' brothers, since they arrange to meet her on their way from college, or on her way to school, is conscious that these tacit arrangements are not allowed, are wrong, and to be enjoyed after the surreptitious manner of stolen fruit. She has had hitherto coffee and gossip, but now a fresh stimulant comes into her life; she ceases to be natural; she has the consciousness of something to conceal, and her eyes become less candid, and her gaze is not so fearless as it was.

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And now comes the solemn rite of confirmation. I do not like to speak at length on this subject, but I have been pained beyond measure at the way in which this turning-point in a young life, this moment of enthusiastic resolves and passionate repentance, of ardent aspirations and humble regrets, is regarded (as a rule) in Germany.

The young girl goes to so-called confirmation classes. It is a sort of received idea amongst these young people that they shall then select an object (if they have not already done so) upon which to fix their affections, the youths who attend these classes claiming the like privilege. "I am going to have my visiting cards printed, Amalia," says one young girl, coming out of the confirmation lecture. "And mamma has promised me a new black silk for the confirmation-day, and a blue silk, made long and gored in the skirt, trimmed in each seam with velvet to match," says the other. "But there is Otho X. and his cousin. Let us walk quickly down the Brunnen-Strasse, and we shall meet them there again before they cross the Schloss Garden."

And the day of confirmation comes. Not in white do these young creatures approach God's altar to swear fresh allegiance to their King, to register new vows of faith and obedience, and to be confirmed in all promises of holiness and goodness once made for them,—not in garments typical of innocence, but in black silk-dresses and white kid-gloves—a sort of female Ethiopian-serenader costume,—with great bouquets in their hands, and pocket-handkerchiefs frilled with lace, and all the self-consciousness of being dressed for the first time in "silk attire." And then what follows? Not quiet hours amongst brothers and sisters, or by the mother's side; not happy moments of silent communing with her own heart; but a succession of visitors, presents, cake and wine, exclamations of admiration at the toilettes, congratulations on final emancipation from the "Du" of child into the "Sie" of young-ladyhood. In the afternoon a droschky is hired, and the confirmed young Christian is driven out to pay visits and show off her incongruous finery.

Thus the child grows into girlhood, the girl into maidenhood, and the maiden by degrees into young-womanhood. Being now confirmed, she has the privilege of coming down in the morning in the universal cap, which often covers untidily-arranged hair. If she is of a domestic turn, after swallowing several cups of coffee and a few rolls of white bread, she will go into the kitchen; here her time will be passed until eleven, when she will withdraw to her room, and spend an hour or more in dressing. At length *coiffée et habillée*, she is "at home," if any one should call; or should the day be fine she will perhaps walk with her favourite friend on the fashionable promenade, exchanging greetings with her acquaintances and criticizing the toilettes of her female friends and enemies. Then comes dinner; and at three o'clock she will set off to her coffee-party. The afternoon will be spent in gossip; the last pieces at the theatre and the favourite actor will be discussed. At six o'clock the party will break up, as some of the young ladies are

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sure to be *abonnées* in the theatre, that is to say, regular subscribers, and entitled to go once, twice, thrice, or more times a week to that temple of the Muses, according to the terms on which they have secured their tickets. At the theatre they find themselves again amongst female friends and gossips, and scandal reigns supreme between the acts. At nine o'clock she comes home to tea; the father drops in from his club; the sons lounge in from the theatre or some other place of amusement. A good deal of cold meat, eggs, and bread-and-butter is then consumed; everybody is languid, and no one seems much disposed for conversation. By degrees they drop off one by one, and at half-past ten are all asleep. Girls have no out-of-doors amusements in Germany; no riding, no boating, no swimming, no croquet. They do not go for long country walks, nor do they wear thick boots and waterproof clothes. They are so little accustomed to the society of young men, that if a gentleman is ordinarily civil they either imagine he is desperately in love with them or conceive a romantic passion for him on the spot.

It is not the custom for young ladies to teach in Sunday-schools as it is with us—to visit the poor and make garments for the needy. Nor is it the custom even for them to go to church. That some women go to church is not to be denied, and that some may visit the poor I am not prepared to refute, but that it is customary so to do, I am sorry to say is not the case. The day passes in cooking, in dressing, in talking, perhaps in walking a little if the weather be fine, in dining, and coffee-drinking, in gossip and supping; but no outward token of religion graces any of these occupations or pastimes. Domestic servants seldom or never go to church, nor do masters and mistresses make it their business to see that they do so. Some masters and mistresses may so busy themselves, and some few servants may do as they are told, but the majority do not, and it is of the majority I now speak. They have one bugbear, these people without an object in life, and that is what they call *mode*, a monster between public opinion and Mrs. Grundy.

"I should like to sketch that picturesque old house," said I one day to a pretty young girl of sixteen who was walking with me.

"For heaven's sake do not speak of such a thing," she said; "people are not so emancipated here; *Sie wissen ja, es ist hier keine Mode.*" *

On another occasion, when I announced my intention of riding on horseback, a friend having offered me a quiet and well-trained horse, and my cousin and uncle having promised to accompany me, a kind old lady who was of the party leant towards me and said, "Do not do it, my dearest friend. It is bold; it is unfeminine, it is ungraceful, and *Sie wissen's ja, es ist hier keine Mode!*"

"But my uncle and my cousin are going to ride with me," I said, astonished at her energy of denunciation.

"Then they will say your cousin is in love with you."

* "Here such things are not the Fashion."

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"But he is not in love with me; he is dying for Fräulein Osterding, the girl with the heavy plaits of hair on the left hand (or bourgeois side) of the theatre."

"It matters not; here one does not ride; it is not our mode."

"When I grow rich," said a generous relative to me one day, in the presence of a young and beautiful widow—"When I grow rich, Winnie, I'll make you a present of the prettiest pony-carriage I can find in London, and a couple of gray ponies, that you may drive yourself about."

"Thank you," I said, and laughed, for the prospect appeared to me so remote that I could not make my thanks very fervent.

When my generous relative left the room, "What a rude man he is," the beautiful widow said, "proposing that you should drive yourself, like a droschky coachman!"

"But it is what I like doing of all things in the world," I said; "and if I ever get my ponies I shall take you for a drive with me every day."

"You could not do it here," she said.

"Why not?"

"*Es ist ja keine Mode.*"

Thus I often came to pity those young German ladies, whose life is so restricted in all its amusements and pleasures. At the balls it was not much better: the division of the sexes could scarcely have been more strictly observed in a Puseyite church. Except just at the actual moment of dancing together, the young people seemed to come into no closer contact. The instant the dance was ended, the young cavalier would wheel right-about face, click his heels together, drop his arms in a lifeless manner by his side, and bow deeply to his partner, who would in turn smile, curtsey, and go off to find a seat for herself, or link her arm within that of some companion.

No gentleman calling at a house asks for the lady and mistress thereof—he asks for the lord and master, and should that personage be at home, he goes into his *sanctum sanctorum* and probably smokes several cigars with him, and then departs, never having attempted to see any of his friend's female relatives. Should the master, on the contrary, not be at home, he deposits two (or more) cards with your servant as pledges of his friendship, and departs in the proud consciousness of having fulfilled his duties to society.

Years pass. The young girl is so very young no more. Her friends are beginning to be anxious; a suitable *parti* must be found. She has not much choice, poor thing. She must marry an officer or an *employé* high in office. This is no case of curates and croquet, of young barristers and toxophilite archery meetings, of Government clerks and a villa at Putney. Clergymen (Protestant clergymen) are, I regret to say, *nowhere* in German society, barristers (if there are such beings) impracticable, and Government clerks out of the question. Nevertheless, a marriage is arranged, but first there is the knotty point of the so-called "caution" to

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solve. A "caution" in its Transatlantic sense must not here be presupposed. A "caution" in the Teuto-technical sense is the sum of fifteen thousand thalers, to be deposited in the Government funds (if the lover is a military man) by the contracting parties, in order that the widow, should her husband be killed in the service of his country, may have a sufficiency upon which to live "*standesgemäss*," or in a manner befitting her rank. There are not, however, very many young couples who can deposit this sum. Thus what with money difficulties, and the scarcity of suitors from whom to choose, a young unmarried German lady has rather a hard time of it until certainty, in the shape of a "caution" of fifteen thousand thalers and matrimony, puts an end to her trials. The betrothal is even a grander affair than the marriage. The evening before the wedding a singular ceremony takes place; crockery is smashed, much coffee and cake is consumed; people arrive *en costume*, repeat original and appropriate, or borrowed and inappropriate verses, whilst they present their gifts. There is perhaps dancing, and certainly much talking; the ceremony on the whole is a splendid one, and the scene chiefly characterized by jubilant confusion, indiscriminate speechifying, and toasts of the pointedly-personal character.

Matrimony is surely the golden key to the celestial portals of liberty! To choose one's own dresses (subject to marital approval), to have one's coffee as strong as one likes, and not be stinted as to sugar, to go three times a week to the theatre with appropriate *variations de toilette*, to make oneself renowned as a *Hausfrau*—what delights! And yet, and yet, who shall say that these delights shall suffice a female heart? There have been women who have not found it so; but these were uncomfortable souls. Of such misguided females let me keep silence; it is our duty ever to represent the best of its type.

We are accustomed to think that a woman reigns supreme in her own house,—that, let her lord and master be never so despotic in other matters, on domestic subjects he does not presume to speak nor to elevate his voice on matters of household arrangement. But then our men's pursuits are of a more active character than those to which I have already alluded as forming the staple occupations of a German gentleman. They have not so much time for observing and interfering; they are, as a rule, harder worked, and also, as a rule, "care for none of these things." Thus the tidy little Fraus have a somewhat hard time of it. They represent what they are not, for the master knows as much as (and often more than) the mistress, with this difference, that she meekly brings him all her experience, like a little prime minister, and he advises, and reprimands, and criticizes, lying on his comfortable sofa, smoking the perennial pipe, and occasionally "spitting" by way of accompaniment to his dutiful wife's report. He knows all about the butter and dripping, swears if too much firewood is used, becomes abusive on the subject of sauerkraut, and tyrannical as to coals and candles, is tremendous on bacon, and awe-inspiring as to red-herrings. My fascinating friend, General Witzenstein,

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actually insulted his wife before me on account of too much soap having been used in the "great wash," and gave me a *catalogue raisonné* of all her shortcomings as a *Hausfrau*, highly embarrassing to me, though I think she was too much used to it to feel it very acutely.

I have seen a word on small shops in low London neighbourhoods which often recurred to my mind at K——: "Kitchen-stuff." I am not aware of the precise nature of this mysterious article; but if I have not met with it in substance, I have at least made its acquaintance in the spirit during long dreary hours of coffee at K——. Oh, the "kitchen-stuff" that was then talked! the wearisome wealth of detail, the prolific extravagance of example! It is not, perhaps, polite of me to call anything "*stuff*" which was talked by a bevy of fair creatures with towers of hair on the tops of their heads, and spotless Garibaldi muslin jackets; but truth compels me to say it was "stuff," and not only so, but "kitchen-stuff."

How odious was the conduct of Mr. Burchell towards the Honourable Wilhelmina Caroline Angelina Skeggs! And yet I have often found a certain solace in imitating that gentleman's ungenteel example, and muttering the above unflattering monosyllable between my teeth during one of those horrible *séances* endured from the early afternoon until the shades of dewy eve or the flicker of the early gas-lights would disperse the fair experts. A woman is no more mistress of her own house in Germany than you or I are masters of our fate (let Mr. Tennyson say what he may). She is simply an upper servant; and her master knows so well the cost of everything, that her allowance would not admit of an extra cabbage, if she wanted it never so much, or a surreptitious egg, might her desire pancakewards be never so strong.

After a year's matrimony comes the customary baby. It is born, is swathed up, and has a huge peasant-girl *in loco parentis*. A mummy is not a thing to fondle, nor is a little stiff bundle of humanity (which you might stand up on end in the corner of the room without detriment to its arrangements) an object on which to lavish caresses. Thus the young mother is scarcely a mother at all; all the maternal functions being delegated to another. The baby does not lie on the floor, or crawl on to the hearth-rug, crowing and kicking and curling up its pink toes, and trampling with its chubby legs. It does not swarm up and about its mother's neck and bosom, finding its little life and all its tiny pleasures in her arms; it does not at length fall into a sleep of lazy rosy repletion, and with its little mouth open slumber away like the satisfied, beautiful little animal it is. No; it is out walking, tied to a feather-bed, and accompanied by a tall soldier, the father of its poor little foster-sister, which is to grow up as it can. It comes in presently, and is taken to its mamma to kiss; but its real mother, the mother that fosters it, carries it away again, and usurps all the privileges of maternity for the rest of the day. Thus the "tidy little Frau" has plenty of time for that "knitting" of which the poet has made mention in his song. Her husband goes to his club every

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afternoon after he has had his *siesta* and taken his coffee; and whilst there he reads the newspapers and plays several rubbers (pronounced "*robbers*") of whist with his associates. The newspapers are then discussed (if such discussions be prudent), and at nine o'clock the husband finds his way home again. If he is gallant, and his wife is at the theatre, or he is an amateur of the ballet, and she is not, he will probably turn into that temple of the Muses, in order to while away the time till nine o'clock. Having discussed (as far as was prudent) all political news at the clubs, he is not likely to begin on the state of the outer world again at home. Besides, women don't read the newspapers; so a little local talk is all that turns up, and as it is very local indeed, and has been revolving in the same circle (on his part) for the last thirty, and on hers for the last twenty years (for at five they both knew a fair amount of the town gossip), it is not of a nature to make them forget the time or be heedless of the coals and candles.

After I had been three years at K——, I began almost to wonder what could have led me to such foregone conclusions as to the Sapphos and Corinnas of my imagination. I had ceased to look for one of those gifted females in every tenth or even twentieth woman I met, but in my secret soul I pined for her, and still carried a lantern beneath my cloak in order to aid me in my search. I was unwilling to renounce my little illusions.

I saw a stout heavy girl with spiral ringlets very often at my friends' houses, and as she never talked "kitchen-stuff" I ventured to make some inquiries about her. "My dear, she is insupportable," said her cousin; "she writes verses, goes to church nearly every Sunday, has not a notion of cooking, and reads in bed at night!"

"Quite a desperate character in fact?"

"Quite so. Ah, you are *au fait* at once. She is in fact, *entre nous*, quite *überspannt*."

"Ah!" I said, looking horrified, for my friend had lowered her voice as she uttered that significant word, and I felt that it behoved me to make an appropriate observation. "*Ueberspannt?*" What a world of reproach lay in that term! What scorn and contumely; what a depth of condemnation and disapproval! "Overstrung,"—as we might say of a bow of which the tension was too great. "Overdrawn, overstrung." Poor Louise von Dürlach! She was a quiet girl, who knew some of Schiller's and most of Geikel's poems by heart; went to church, read French and English fluently, made elegant extracts in a neat little niggling German hand, curled her hair, and wore dowdy gowns. There was nothing romantic, sentimental, affected, or *überspannt* in her (that I could see), but "give a dog a bad name and hang him." And when Louisa von Dürlach married a little stout elderly man with a bald head, hook-nose, and round owl-like spectacles, the same lady shook her head, and said reflectively, "She was always *überspannt*, you know."

The time came for me to leave K——. We arrived at L—— in

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the winter time, and a bitterly cold winter it was. At L—— there was an English embassy; and whereas we had only had 50,000 inhabitants at K——, we had 80,000 at L——. My heart beat with joyful emotion as out of my drawing-room windows I beheld two British youths linked arm in arm and stepping languidly down the pavement in garments vociferous of the genius of Poole. The Germans were all disguised in furs, and were going swiftly up and down the town, with their ears tied down under rabbit-skin pads; whilst these two god-like youths, apparently impervious to heat and cold, sauntered languidly along the pavement, their manly throats bared to the breeze. Instead of a married court, we had a bachelor prince at L——, which gave society, so to speak, a lop-sided aspect, though it was not, in consequence, without a certain piquancy.

I think it is Thackeray who somewhere tells a story of his having felt himself obliged to cut a friend dead during the space of four years (although the man had once saved his life and lent him 1,700*l.*,) because he saw him eating peas with his knife. Had one been disposed to take offence at any feats of jugglery with that dangerous weapon at L—— there would have been ample field for such exception. I remember on one occasion (when it was my inestimable privilege to sup at the serene table,—an honour to which only twelve could be admitted, because we fed off gold, and the service was only made for a dozen)—I remember, I say, on that august occasion nearly fainting with horror and dismay when I beheld an old man in a gorgeous suit of clothes (painted, padded, dyed, and polished *à ravir*, and scintillating with orders,) drinking gravy off a knife. A serene highness is, I suppose, pledged to remain serene under any provocation. Our serene highness watched the juggling feat of this old gentleman with perfect placidity, but he ate his own supper after another fashion. But why should I speak of old and ugly men, their feats and failings? Did I not see scores of young and beautiful creatures "doing likewise?" And does not Mr. Thackeray declare, at the same time as he recounts how his sense of duty as an English gentleman forced him to cut the man that ate peas with his knife at some *table d'hôte*, how he saw the beautiful Hereditary Princess Amalia of Polytausend-Donnerwetter use the same weapon in lieu of a fork or spoon at the table of one of her royal relatives, with all the dexterity of an Indian juggler, without blushing?

Two years at L—— were very much like three years at K——. Some slight variations, perhaps, but on the whole no new impressions. We were a little grander at L——; we had a diplomatic circle,—exclusive, expensive, ponderous, awful, slow. Officers' wives were not admitted within this magic ring unless they had some special plea to such admission, such as extraordinary birth, wealth, or personal attractions; though this latter would not have counted unless backed up by one or other of the foregoing qualifications. But beyond and without this pompous, expensive, exclusive, slow set to which I have alluded, all was as it had been at K——.

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"Surely you are unjust," says some candid, impartial friend. I think not. Women have not their proper place in Germany. They are treated as irresponsible beings; they are kept in a state of tutelage, that makes them helpless in emergency and troublesome at a crisis. They have no rational amusements. They are not allowed to share their husbands' and brothers' pursuits. They are thrown back upon themselves or upon each other for society and conversation: they are not their husbands' equals; they do not stand by his side "to warn, to comfort, and command,"—such words would savour to a German wife of blasphemy. They are there to knit and spin, to sew buttons on his shirts and darn his stockings, to iron his collars and pocket-handkerchiefs, and cook his favourite dishes. They are there to drive the "slavey," and do half of the "slavey's" legitimate work. They are there to peel the baked potatoes at supper, and take the scaly armour off the shrimps and prawns. And if they do these things assiduously have they not their reward? Are they not allowed to go to the theatre in the winter, and frequent the coffee-gardens in summer? May they not choose their own gowns (provided they are not too expensive), and have half-a-dozen bosom friends to envy them all these privileges? German girls ought to be companions for German men. They have advantages at school, such as we in England should accept in an ecstasy of gratitude. The same professors that lecture to their brothers and cousins within the university halls or college class-rooms come down from those greater altitudes to teach the young girls and children that we have seen passing to and fro through the streets to school. They are taught regularly, systematically, patiently, conscientiously. A German girl must be dull indeed who is not well-read. Everything is taught, and everything is taught well. Nothing is of itself; a building is not made of one brick, nor a ship of a block of wood; and there are a score of diverse influences working on the outer and inner systems of female education in Germany, of which I have neither time nor space to speak here.

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A Dark Chapter of Austrian History.

Although modern civilization is a fertile nursery of scoundrelism, it is by no means favourable to the culture of the elevated and picturesque qualities which scoundrels formerly had to affect. In an age when capital is plentiful and easily lured by the promise of great and speedy gains, the field of imposture is widened, and the impostor has chiefly to reach his dupes by vicarious means, to the comparative exclusion of the ancient methods of personal influence and intervention. Accordingly, some of our best swindlers have been mere empirics, who have found their account in meetings, puffs, dividends, and the rest of the recognized machinery for gulling an enlightened public. Except in the case of mere retail practitioners, even courage is now scarcely an essential of success. An era of toleration relieves spiritual necromancers from the awful penalties which once dogged the heels of the apostles of celestial enthusiasm and fraud; while financial knaves, if detected and exposed, far from incurring the due punishment of robbery and cheating, are comforted with general sympathy, perhaps applause, elected to seats in the Imperial Parliament, and encouraged to sin once more.

The archæology of scoundrelism reveals the existence of far other accomplishments than these. As the rascal of the dark ages and the Renaissance could not live upon the many, he had to prey upon the few. To win power and fill his pockets, the contemporary of the basilisk and the cockatrice had to insinuate himself into the confidence of grandees, and, like Solomon's spider, to take hold with his hands in kings' palaces. It was not enough for an artist of this school to study the contents of the lexicon of imposture, and learn tricks of thaumaturgy. He must needs be an astronomer, a poisoner, an alchemist, an experienced and plausible courtier, a gay and travelled cavalier. Then, religious quackery being in those days a potent engine of deceit, his aggressive panoply would have been imperfect without as much theological varnish as might enable him, when occasion required, to propound a new heresy or affect the subtleties of mystic and scholastic lore. Besides, as the players at such games, lay or spiritual, were liable on detection to be roughly handled, perhaps to be thrown into a dungeon below the Tiber or the Seine, or privily poniarded in a corridor of the Escurial or the Louvre, scoundrelism could not be profitably professed without audacity, nerve, and self-command, and other refined attributes which might seem to belong less to imposture than to political and diplomatic skill.

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Even cheats like Mesmer and Cagliostro exhibited a higher intelligence, and their deceptions were, both in results and apparatus, of a more pictorial cast than the knaveries of recent times. The scoundrelism of an earlier date is more romantic still, and some of its enigmas are amongst the most exciting curiosities of modern history. The adventurer who will concern us at present would fill a conspicuous place in the history specified by Lord Bacon as wanting for jugglers and mountebanks. This was not the century of Ambrose Paré or the Borgias. That paradise of jealous husbands and amorous matrons had departed. Acqua Tofana, deadly gloves, soap, and flowers, had gone almost out of fashion. But the Cavaliere Borri distilled sweet poison of his own "for the age's tooth." In right of his former reputation and his undoubted talents he deserves far more honourable mention than Cagliostro, and is almost a rival of Simon Magus. His spiritual pretensions were, in fact, not altogether unlike those of the illustrious Gnostic, from whose book the modern Italian evidently borrowed an occasional leaf. We shall first sketch the life of the once famous Cavaliere, and then relate in detail the circumstances which have bound up his name with one of the most extraordinary chapters in the history of the house of Hapsburg.

Francesco Giuseppe Borri was born at Milan in 1627. He came of an ancient family, and claimed descent from Burrhus, the governor of Nero. He studied at Rome, in the Jesuits' seminary, where he was noted for his quickness, his memory, his love of turbulence and intrigue. Afterwards becoming attached to the Papal court, he devoted himself to the cultivation of chemistry and medicine, tempering the monotony of such severe pursuits by the joys of licentious pastime. In 1654 his excesses brought him into collision with the officers of justice, to escape whose grasp he was obliged to fly for sanctuary to a church. Soon he attempted to efface by hypocrisy and imposture the consequences and remembrances of his vices. Abandoning the companions of his former carnal pleasures, he assumed a severe and devout mien, and performed his religious duties with punctuality and ostentation. Next, he privately opened himself to a few inner friends. He was the depositary of the secrets and had been chosen as the instrument of the Most High. Lamenting the corruption of manners which polluted Rome and Europe, he comforted his sectaries with the assurance that God would soon establish a reign of purity upon the earth. He himself was to be the unworthy agent of this glorious change. In the blessed time that was coming all the world would be one sheep-fold, of which the only shepherd would be the Pope. Whoever resisted this inevitable dispensation, would be destroyed by the shepherd. He, Borri, was predestined to be general in command of the carnal armies of the new spiritual fold. Military succour would not fail him, for he had been promised the aid of a competent force of angels, and could particularly rely on the Archangel Michael. Besides, he had other resources in reserve. He was on the eve of discovering the philosopher's stone, and by help of this magic implement

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his coffers would never be empty. In the beginning of his spiritual life he had seen a vision and heard a voice. In the night watches it had been revealed to him that he should become a prophet, in sign whereof there appeared to him a palm, all encircled with a glory, as of Paradise. After that the Archangel Michael took post in his heart, and angels came in troops to teach him the secrets of heaven.

But on the death of Pope Innocent X., his successor Alexander VII. revived the tribunals which inquired into the lives and doctrines of innovators and heretics, and seemed determined to purify the faith. Under these altered circumstances of church discipline, Borri despaired of being able to add to his proselytes, and retired to Milan. There he collected a congregation of devotees, who, having sworn secrecy to him, heard the secrets of his mission. He expounded to them how the Son of God had created beings in order to rival his Father, how the Virgin proceeded from the bosom of the Divine nature—how she was a goddess, conceived by inspiration (*uninspirata filia*), equal in all things to the Son, and present in the sacrament of the eucharist—how in her the Holy Spirit was incarnate. The second and third persons of the Trinity were inferior to the Father. The fall of Lucifer was a punishment for his refusal to worship the Son and the Virgin. The rebel angels had been employed by God to create the elements and the beasts. The soul of beasts is an emanation from the substance of the bad angels, and therefore mortal. Borri likewise taught his disciples certain vows, as suggested by the Archangel Michael. They pledged themselves to poverty,—as a corollary to which every disciple had to deposit all his money in the hands of Borri himself. The sectaries also promised zeal for the propagation of the kingdom of God. The Most High was to reign in person by the aid of Borri, who had received from heaven a sword, on the hilt of which were stamped the seven intelligences. Even the Pope must be slain, if the mark of redemption were not found on his forehead. In celestial revelations, God had granted to Borri a power like that which had been conferred on St. Paul: hence he was authorized to censure the successor of St. Peter. He admitted novices by the imposition of hands, praying the Trinity to receive them into the religion of the Evangelical Nationalists. He likewise called his disciples the Reasonable (*Ragionevoli*), and ordered his priests, in saying mass, to add to the canon the formula "*Uninspirata Figlia.*"

To such speculations Borri soon added a political element. He prepared to harangue the people of Milan on the abuses of their government, to excite them to insurrection, then to capture the city and the adjoining territories, whence, if opportunity offered, he might set forth on fresh schemes of conquest. But certain of the Ragionevoli were seized by the officers of the Inquisition, as well as some papers which Borri, on hearing of their mishap, had deposited for safety in a nunnery. Hereupon he fled from the city, when the Inquisition delivered judgment in his case, declared him contumacious, and condemned him to be burnt in effigy, together with his books. This sentence was carried out at Rome, in the

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Campo di Fiore, on the 3rd of January, 1661. Meanwhile, Borri had retired to Strasburg, where he was well received, on account of his chemical knowledge and the persecution which he had sustained. The French resident in that city, one M. Frischman, published a Latin eulogy of the Milanese adventurer. This enlightened diplomatist says, among other things, that the powerful artist in question could reduce plants into ashes, and then, by means of a bain-marie, restore the ashes to their original living state. But Strasburg being too narrow a field for Borri's genius, he proceeded in 1661 to Amsterdam. Here he set up as a physician, and was believed to have cured grave distempers, so that people of quality came from Paris in litters to seek his nostrums and advice. Sorbiere, the editor of Gassendi, the friend and correspondent of Alexander VII., Hobbes, Patin, and other distinguished persons, give some particulars of the behaviour and career of the Milanese Dulcamara. The Cavaliere was a well-made, good-looking blade, who dressed in fine French clothes, lived in a handsome house, kept several footmen, and drove out in a grand equipage. He had some knowledge of chemistry, and, what chiefly served his turn, possessed recipes for making sham metals, pearls, diamonds, and other mock stones. In medicine he confined himself to a few simple specifics and cordial waters. By a judicious combination of skill and swagger, the Cavaliere won the confidence of the burgomaster and some of the wealthy citizens of Amsterdam. He called himself Excellency, and was on the point of contracting a splendid marriage. He lined his pockets with gold, and was credited with the possession of the philosopher's stone and the universal medicine. It was even believed that he gave away handfuls of diamonds as presents. A traveller who saw the celebrated spagyric at the Hague, represents him as still adhering to his old spiritual tricks. The Cavaliere declared that no harm ever happened to him without his being forewarned by a star, which he could see when his eyes were shut. He also appears to have practised as an oculist on horses and men, and made skilful use of his knowledge of the fact that the lacrymal humours are re-established by the *vis medicatrix naturæ*.

At length his reputation waned. Seeing this, he fled with a good store of jewels and cash to Hamburg, where he found Queen Christina of Denmark, who readily became his dupe and advanced him large sums of money to help his search for the philosopher's stone. But, as he himself ingenuously observes, the person of that sovereign displeasing him, he departed to Copenhagen, where he acquired much influence over King Frederic III. The favour which he enjoyed raised him up many enemies at court, and therefore on the king's death he found it necessary to quit Denmark.

He now projected a visit to Constantinople, and started for that city, favouring the Elector of Saxony with a call on the way. While travelling through Moravia an adventure befell him which will presently concern us in detail. The conspiracy of Frangipani and Nadasti had recently broken out in Hungary; and the Governor of Goldingen, through which village Borri

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passed, conceived that the Cavaliere, whose arrival was reported to him, might be an adherent of the plot. Accordingly he invited Borri, under pretence of showing him a civility, to lodge at his castle; when, having secured his person and learned his name, he reported the affair to Vienna. The Governor's letter was received by the Kaiser during an audience which his Majesty was granting to the Papal Nuncio, who became incidentally acquainted with the circumstances of Borri's detention. Immediately the Nuncio demanded that the Cavaliere should be detained as a heresiarch and handed over to him as a prisoner of the Holy See. The Kaiser agreed. Borri was brought to Vienna and given into the keeping of the Nuncio, by whom he was duly transmitted to Rome; the Pope's promise having been previously pledged to the Kaiser that the Cavaliere should not be put to death. He was taken to Rome and thrown into the dungeons of the Inquisition, sentenced to do public penance, and condemned to imprisonment for life. Some years afterwards the Duc d'Estrées, the French ambassador, lay dying of a disease for which his physicians could suggest no cure. Borri being called in, saved the life of the ambassador, who, in gratitude, obtained a mitigation of the doctor's captivity. Borri was transferred from the dungeons of the Holy Office to the Castle of St. Angelo, where he was leniently treated, and lodged in a handsome apartment. He was even permitted to have a laboratory, where he constantly pursued the studies and experiments of his favourite art. In the Castle of St. Angelo Borri breathed his last, aged seventy-nine, in the year 1695. There, after a lapse of more than a century, died, too, his successor and imitator, Cagliostro, whose impostures, if they have acquired greater fame, undoubtedly belonged to a less intellectual and less lofty form of performance than those of the Cavaliere Borri.

The literary remains of Borri include several curious works. The most famous and the most rare is a collection of letters addressed to several European princes. They treat of "the great work," of the freezing of mercury, of divers secrets, of the cosmetic art, of metals, of the soul of beasts. In the last-named, Borri maintained, in opposition to the Peripatetics, the Cartesian hypothesis, that brutes are mere machines. His arguments are full of scholastic subtleties, and among them is the definition whereby he proves the immortality of the soul, of which Molière made so facetious an application—"that which thinks in us is the thinking being;" that is to say, "Why does man think? Because he is endowed with the thinking faculty."

In more recent times, the research of an Austrian antiquary—though Baron Hormayr deserves a higher title than that—has made a highly interesting addition to Borri's literary remains. From the Imperial archives at Vienna was exhumed an account, by Borri's own hand, of his arrest at Goldingen, in Moravia, under the circumstances related above. To this recital the Cavaliere had appended a narrative of an attempt on the life of Kaiser Leopold I. by poisoned candles, of his interview with the

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Kaiser and discovery of the horrid secret—of the means by which he successfully combated the nefarious design.

"I must premise," writes Borri, "that I lay under suspicion of being connected with the Hungarian malcontents, because I was undertaking a journey to Constantinople by way of Moravia and Poland. On the 10th April, I came to Goldingen on the frontiers of Silesia. The master of the hotel where I passed the night proposed to me to sup with a company which was about to be served. I agreed to this, and found that amongst the company was a certain count, the chief landed proprietor in Goldingen. The count spoke Italian and Latin with fluency, and seldom had I met with a more pleasant companion. He listened with particular pleasure to my descriptions of the journeys which I had made, and invited me to spend a few days with him at his castle. I accepted his invitation, and took care to explain to him who I was. On finding that I was a nobleman he redoubled his attentions. I suspected no harm, and enjoyed myself thoroughly in the society of the persons who frequented the castle, amongst whom was an officer in the Imperial service, a Milanese of the name of Scotti. As this gentleman was my fellow-countryman, his company was particularly agreeable to me. On the 23rd of April, I took breakfast as usual with my host, who told me with much circumlocution and embarrassment that a commissioner had arrived from Vienna with orders to arrest me, and carry me to that capital on account of the suspicion under which I lay of being connected with the Hungarian malcontents. On my inquiring how it was that the Kaiser had been so speedily informed of my name and present residence, he suggested that the information had, perhaps, been given by some stranger who had journeyed from Goldingen to Vienna. At this moment appeared the commissioner, followed by Scotti. The commissioner at once repeated to me the count's statement, adding that Captain Scotti would accompany us to Vienna on account of his speaking my language. I made no objection, thanked the count for his kind hospitality, and expressed to him my hope, that either in this world or the next he might be richly rewarded for the service he had done me. On the journey I was well treated. I asked Scotti how people could have taken into their heads that I was a partisan of the Hungarian malcontents, seeing that I knew absolutely nothing of them, their country, and their designs, and was going to Constantinople, not for political but for scientific ends. 'Dear friend,' said Scotti, 'you must have powerful enemies among the higher clergy on account of this science of yours, and it seems that the Pope's Nuncio at Vienna is one of them.' 'Now,' said I, 'I see the cause of my arrest as clearly as in a looking-glass,' and dropped the subject. Amongst other things, Scotti observed that the Kaiser had been ill for several months, and that rumour said he had been poisoned. 'But,' objected I, 'his doctors would at once have remarked the fact, and would have expelled the poison from his system. For my part I do not affect the profound knowledge of those gentlemen; but I should certainly be able under such circumstances to deal with poison.

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Good God! perhaps I am now sent for to cure my persecutor! Ah. what miserable creatures we men are! When it comes to a question of life and death your great Kaiser is in a far worse plight than his prisoner! However,' said I to Scotti, 'you may inform the Kaiser that if he has actually been poisoned I undertake to cure him, and that I am incapable of taking revenge for the insult done me in putting me under arrest.'

"On the morning of the 28th of April we arrived in Vienna, and proceeded to an hotel where a room was assigned me. I was still under arrest, and the soldier who guarded me and brought my meals knew me by no other name than 'Herr Arrestant.' On the same afternoon Scotti appeared, and told me that he had been received in audience by the Kaiser to present his report on my business, and that his Majesty intended to call me to his presence in order to consult me on the state of his health. My interview would probably take place at night, as the Kaiser did not wish the Nuncio, at whose complaint I had been arrested, to get scent of the matter, or that it should be spoken of in Vienna. Scotti confirmed what he had previously said about my powerful enemies, adding that the Emperor was sorry to see me accused of heresy, and to find himself compelled to secure my person. 'My dear Scotti,' said I, 'if my conscience had charged me with any such crime, neither you nor the Kaiser would ever have been able to apprehend me. My good conscience and my zeal for lightening the sufferings of humanity enable me to support my confinement with calm and indifference. For the Saviour's example so fills my spirit, that I should count myself far happier than your Kaiser were I condemned to death on the cross by the high Catholic priests, who, in hatred and ignorance, leave their Jewish rivals far behind. Happy would be the hour in which I could hear the sentence! and what consolation for me to be reconciled to my Lord by dying on the cross!'

"'Let me,' said I to Scotti, 'hang a little on this sweet thought. You, as a soldier, have no susceptibility for such flights. Your enthusiasm carries you no further than your horse's back, whence you may cut men down for your country's sake. Follow your vocation; you are paid for it. God alone, and no Kaiser, can reward me. The good which I do to mankind flows from my love of God. See, my young friend, this is what a heretic tells you, and only because you are wanting in knowledge of men. Consider well, and judge not your fellow-men and your friends by their words, but compare their professions with their deeds, so as to discover whether they act up to their professions. Let me assure you that the worst of men gather in princes' courts. They think in one way, act in another, and speak in another, for without such elasticity of character they could seldom attain to high clerical or lay charges. And remember that God has not made man for this world but for another. This one is not ours, and for this reason it is all the same to me whether I am in Vienna, Constantinople, or Rome. I shall be persecuted wherever I am, but on such persecution I smile, for I know a higher Being,

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a Being who suffers me to be persecuted because he loves me,—loves me, perhaps, better than you and your Kaiser.'

"So agitated was Scotti that he fell upon my neck and wept, entreating permission to remain with me a while. I lay down and had slept well for some hours when Scotti awoke me. He said that a servant had come to conduct me to court; adding, that he himself was charged to follow, for the surveillance of my person.

"At eight in the evening we came to the Imperial palace. Scotti retired, and the servant conducted me through the apartments to an ante-chamber, whence I was led by a chamberlain into the Kaiser's sitting-room. As I entered he said in Italian, 'His Majesty sits there.' I approached with a profound obeisance, when the following dialogue and transactions ensued:—

"*Kaiser*. Are you the Cavaliere Borri?—a Milanese, if I mistake not?

"*Borri*. Humble servant, your Majesty.

"*K*. I am sorry to see you a prisoner, but for the moment you are no longer so.

"*B*. Unless I had been a prisoner I should not have had the good fortune to see your Majesty.

"*K*. I have heard much good of your scientific knowledge, but I am told that in another respect you are a very dangerous man.

"*B*. Your Majesty has doubtless heard all this, for persecution always follows praise, especially in courts.

"*K*. How have you come to mix yourself up with religion? That is the affair of the clergy.

"*B*. Religion is man's greatest pleasure upon earth. How can we find comfort amidst all the pains and sorrows of life unless through religion?

"*K*. You are a Catholic?

"*B*. I trust your Majesty will believe nothing else of me.

"*K*. I am told that you have several times changed your religion, and have even founded a new one.

"*B*. My enemies were driven to say this, else they had not been able to bring me here; and your Majesty must know that my enemies are also your own.

"*K*. What do you mean?

"*B*. Merely that those who have brought me here know neither religion nor humanity: such people cannot possibly be your Majesty's friends, for they are God's foes.

"Here the chamberlain observed—'The inspiration is already in his brain!'

"*B*. Will your Majesty allow me to inquire who this man is who speaks so presumptuously of inspiration?

"*K*. My chamberlain. But you need not trouble yourself about him; he always will be putting in his capricious remarks.

"*B*. Naturally, else he were no courtier. *He* is certainly not inspired by religion; that I read in his eyes. Still less by truth; that I see by his

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mouth. But why such observations? It is the destiny of princes to be always surrounded by such persons.

"*K.* You seem to me, my good Cavaliere, to be sensitive. That does not answer in courts. If I were so myself, vexation would have brought me under ground long ago.

"*B.* When religion and truth are contemned indifference is the highest crime; it is only in such a case that my sensitiveness is so extreme. Courtiers, especially, should never speak of religion at all. Religion knows them as little as they know religion.

"*K.* Where, then, in your opinion, is religion's true seat?

"*B.* Where the cross and sorrows are, for there one may learn the greatness of the Saviour and his work; never in courts, where cross and misery are not treasured, but despised.

"*K.* Do you then suppose that I, as Kaiser, when I behold the affliction of my people, do not feel the weight of God's hand? Do you think that my bodily infirmities do not remind me of my human weakness, and are you ignorant that the thought of God's judgment-seat agitates me, Kaiser, more than any other man? I would, therefore, have you believe that religion is not unknown in courts.

"*B.* Your Majesty's own personal convictions do not make your court the seat of religion. I have seen several courts where there were princes even so God-fearing as of a surety your Majesty is. But in spite of this, the good example of your Majesty and other rulers does not make that the courts are purified. Our Saviour set the noblest of all examples in the midst of the great nation of old, and yet he was condemned to death for his religion, his truth, and his love of mankind. If religion had its seat in courts, the Saviour of the world would have appeared at a court instead of being born in poverty. Your Majesty will forgive my utterances, but I am accustomed to deliver my sentiments to princes as well as to common men. The Gospel commands us to speak and act in such cases without ceremony.

"*K.* You are quite right. Your sentiments edify me, and I should wish to hear such language from the mouths of all my subjects. But, according to report, your teaching does not agree with what you have now said. You maintain, so to speak, a quadruple trinity of the Divine Person through the intervention of his holy mother.

"*B.* It never entered into my thoughts to teach a quadruple Trinity. To hold that the mother of Christ is a sort of divinity is, however, no heresy; for by her high calling—that, namely, of being chosen to be the mother of the God-Man—she seems to have attained a supernatural elevation. But this is merely an opinion which I hold—one which I never taught, and never can teach. Man's reason is all insufficient to fathom the secrets of the Incarnation. Yet he should think on them, in order to convince himself of the godliness of this mystery. He may then, when he finds how deep it is, humble his reason to subjection.

"*K.* It is always very dangerous to concern oneself with incomprehen-

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sible things. The individual man is responsible to his conscience so long as mere opinions are in point. But when these are put into circulation the sovereign and the clergy must take heed that civil society be not troubled, so that from erroneous notions false doctrines do not spring. This seems to be your position, and I trust that the impending investigation of your case may be followed by no evil consequences to your person. As far as I have understood, you are an adept at chemical cures, and have, in fact, already expressed yourself in regard to the state of my health. I would rather hear your views on this matter than about theological affairs. Have you heard anything positive in respect of my condition?

"*B.* Nothing at all, beyond the idea that your Majesty has taken poison.

"*K.* Should you suspect that from my appearance?

"*B.* A hidden complaint can seldom be discovered from the mere look of the patient. If your Majesty's doctor would show me the *statum morbi* and the prescriptions ordered, I might perhaps be able to say something more definite.

"*K.* It shall be done immediately. Call the court physician, and tell him to bring his prescriptions with him.

"The Kaiser sat at a table in a green dressing-gown. His feet were partially wrapped up; on his head was a cap, which served as a kind of shade. His voice was very unequal—now strong, now weak; his features were rather sunken in.

"*B.* Within the last few minutes, since your Majesty has spoken of your health, something has occurred to me. If your physician makes the same observation, the supposition of a poisoning would seem to be well-founded, and there need be no doubt that your highest person can be saved.

"Scarcely had I said this when the chamberlain allowed himself another observation on the subject of inspiration.

"I soon silenced him by saying,—

"'Your profession is of necessity inspired by ignorance, and you are lucky enough to be able to retrieve with your hands and feet that which is wanting in your head.'

"On this the Kaiser seemed rather disposed to laugh.

"*K.* What makes you suppose this? Do you really notice anything about my body?

"*B.* No. My observation does not refer at all to your Majesty's person; but the air of your apartment is so poisonous that when your physician comes your Majesty must be moved elsewhere.

"The chamberlain began to laugh like a fool. His hilarity displeased the Kaiser, who punished him with a glance of contempt.

"*K.* And how have you found this out? for I perceive nothing.

"*B.* Your Majesty is so accustomed to the poisoned fume that you no longer notice it.

"*K.* And whence should this fume come?

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"*B.* From your wax-candles. Look, your Majesty. Do you not see that they burn red?

"*K.* The flame is very livid, but I do not see anything unusual about it.

"*B.* Does not your Majesty perceive that fine white vapour rising up, which never happens with ordinary candles?

"*K.* The fact is that my eyes are so weak that I do not see it. Do you see it?—[addressing himself to the chamberlain.]

"*Chamberlain.* Yes, your Majesty, I see the vapour clearly enough now that this stranger draws my attention to it.

"*B.* Thank God! His eyes are good enough after all, even if his brain is not inspired.

"At this moment the court physician arrived.

"*K.* You have come in the nick of time. I have a travelling doctor with me who has made the astounding discovery that the air of my room is poisoned. What do you say to that?

"*Physician.* I cannot pretend to contradict this gentleman without having heard his proofs.

"*K.* Have you got your prescriptions with you?

"*B.* There they are, your Majesty, beginning from the commencement of your indisposition, which has now lasted for twenty-seven days.

"*K.* Give them to this gentleman to read.

"I read the prescriptions through one after another, and they seemed to be very carefully and intelligently conceived.

"*B.* The Herr Physician concludes that the humours are corrupted, and seeks a cure only by gentle remedies, as the bodily weakness seems to preclude the employment of stimulating agents.

"*Physician.* Your Majesty will remember that this is the very language which I have used for ten days. However, I have lately begun to entertain doubts, for the symptoms which I expected have not appeared. My colleague will bear witness that I have imparted to him my anxiety lest some other malady should be present, on account of the constant cold sweats which have been setting in. This was why I wanted to induce your Majesty to consent to a medical consultation.

"*B.* You may spare this step if you will kindly grant your attention to my discovery. Your Majesty will permit me to remove these wax-candles from your person and place them on this table. Do you see, Herr Physician, that lively red fire in the flame? Do you mark the fine white vapour that rises so rapidly; and, above all, the extensive deposit upon the ceiling of this lofty chamber?

"*Physician.* All this I see and remark. But I beg you to give me some further explanation respecting the poisoning qualities of the fume; for clear to me the matter is not.

"*B.* I wish first to know whether her Majesty the Empress also burns candles of this sort.

"*K.* Go and fetch the Empress's wax-lights.

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"The chamberlain went out, and returned after a few minutes bringing them burning.

"*B.* Does not your Majesty find that these candles have a much softer, quieter flame, and that they have none of that vapour or squirting?

"*K.* Now I see the remarkable difference myself.

"*B.* With your Majesty's leave I will now prove that your candles emit a delicate poison.

"*K.* Let it be done at once.

"I began to scrape the wax from the wick of one of the candles with a knife, and silently showed the result to the physician, who went to the Kaiser and said,—'Will your Majesty order the whole stock of wax-lights to be brought here at once.'

"*K.* The chamberlain will have all the candles brought in.

"They were kept in a cupboard in an ante-chamber, and thirty pounds' weight of them was brought. Curiously enough they were marked at top and bottom with a little gilt wreath, probably to distinguish them from other candles. The Kaiser now ordered that none but the physician, the chamberlain, and myself should remain present, as two other people had taken the liberty of coming in. Continuing our examination of the candles, the physician and I found that the arsenic had been liquefied, that the wicks had been dipped into the solution, then dried, after which the wax had been poured over them.

"*K.* Do you consider that there is positively poison.

"*P.* and *B.* As surely as we are standing before your Majesty.

"I now called for a little dog and a piece of meat, that we might convince ourselves of the effect of the poison. Meanwhile arrangements were made for removing his Majesty from the chamber.

"*K.* Who attends to the delivery of these lights, and how long is it since I have used this sort?

"The chamberlain went out, and immediately returned with the name of the person by whose orders they had been bought at Candlemas and since burned.

"*K.* Order him to be arrested directly; and, meanwhile, not a word of these proceedings must transpire.

"*B.* We will now give the dog a piece of meat, with some bits of wick in it, and then I will consult with the physicians as to what your Majesty must take, so that you may commence the cure at once. It is essentially necessary that your Majesty should exchange this room for a more roomy apartment, in which you may take proper exercise. The room must have two beds in it, so that the bed which you quit at midnight may at once be carried away, and a fresh one be ready for you after every sweat.

"We left the room, ordered the candles to be kept, and plenty of water to be given to the dog, giving instructions that we should be called if he appeared to get unquiet. My talk with the physician lasted about a quarter of an hour. I explained to him what my medicine was, whereat he expressed full approval. We went to the court apothecary's shop,

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prepared in private the Kaiser's medicine, and began to analyse the substance with which the wicks were impregnated, when the presence of arsenic was palpably declared. The result was far more considerable than we had anticipated. After the lapse of an hour we returned to the Kaiser, and learned that the dog was rushing up and down his room from pain, and was beginning to howl piteously. We looked at him, and locked the room.

"*K.* Are you now agreed about my condition?

"*B.* Perfectly; and the medicine which your Majesty has to take is ready.

"*K.* You feel positive, then, that this poison has caused my illness?

"*B.* Unquestionably.

"*K.* Do you expect to save me?

"On this I approached nearer to the Kaiser, in order to observe the colour of his face, his eyes, and lips. When the physician had done the same, we gave our opinion that this was the critical time, but that, with God's help, we hoped to effect his recovery.

"*K.* Will the cure take a long time?

"*B.* That depends on the operation of the first two doses of the remedy. This much we can promise your Majesty, that after four or five days the painful symptoms will diminish.

"*K.* How will you effect this? By purging?

"*B.* God forbid. Entirely by sweating, for the limbs are more affected than the body.

"*K.* Will you give me the medicine now?

"*B.* Yes, your Majesty. We have made it up together.

"The physician gave it to the Kaiser, who, although the quantity was the eighth part of a Mass, drank the whole at a draught.

"*K.* What am I to do next?

"*B.* Your Majesty must now walk up and down the room until you remark symptoms of perspiration, upon which you will immediately lie down. When your Majesty feels somewhat uncomfortable, you will take as much as you please of a decoction prepared for the purpose, and the indisposition will pass off. After that you will continue your exercise. Your Majesty will remain in bed while you sweat, until the heat begins to diminish, when you must get into the second bed, which will be ready to receive you. Thereupon you will sleep easily enough, by reason of your fatigue.

"*K.* Do you consider this is a critical night for me?

"*B.* By no means. Nevertheless we will not leave until your Majesty sleeps.

"*K.* That is as I wish. You had better now have something to eat and drink while I see the Empress. So soon as I feel unwell I will have you called.

"*B.* Very well. Only we pray your Majesty to feel no anxiety. It is a good sign that your Majesty showed no antipathy to the medicine.

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"We retired, and I went with the physician downstairs to a room where I found my good Scotti asleep. We three dined together, and Scotti told me that the Kaiser had ordered a chamber to be prepared for me in the palace, and that he was to keep me company, whereby, in respect of my position, I felt reassured. At table we spoke of what had occurred on my journey. The physician, who in all he said and did exhibited the signs of an honest man, remarked as follows: 'I regret your fate the more, as I hail in you the saviour of my sovereign. Only be steadfast, and in spite of your many powerful enemies we will compass your escape. For the very saving the Emperor will swell the number of your foes. Whoever is the object of the clergy's hate must be counted as lost. It seems as if the power of hell were working with them, for no good spirit pushes revenge to a man's destruction.'

"Thanking him for his sentiments, I merely said that no sort of persecution could break my courage, that I comforted myself with the sufferings of my Lord, to whom I would joyfully sacrifice my life as an atonement.

"After the lapse of a good hour, we heard that the Kaiser had already gone to bed, and the physician went up to observe the symptoms. After another hour had passed, I also went to the Kaiser. It was about one in the night when the heat began to decrease. Soon the Kaiser got up, put on a clean shirt, and betook himself to the second bed. The shirt which he put off was thrown into a vessel of clean water, and taken to my room, that I might next day study the operation of the medicine by examining the water. The Kaiser slept, and we retired, ordering that we should be called when he woke. Coming to the room where the dog was, we found him rolled up like a ball and quite dead. We had him taken away, with strict injunctions that nothing should be said of the matter. The Kaiser made no allusion to the dog either to us or to any of his people. At six A.M. of the 29th we went into his room.

"*K.* Thank God I am still alive.

"*B.* We have never doubted of that.

"*K.* Feel my pulse, doctor! I find my chest relieved in comparison with other days.

"*B.* The sweating has done that.

"*K.* After my former troubled night I was much weaker than I am to-day, and I had unpleasant dreams. Last night I do not think that I dreamed at all. May I get up to-day?

"*B.* About noon. But your Majesty must now rest, and keep a strict diet.

"*K.* How?

"*B.* Take no meat or wine.

"*K.* Will that last long?

"*B.* Until we give the word.

"*K.* May I have breakfast?

"*B.* Whatever your Majesty fancies.

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"*K.* Bring me some chocolate; I suppose I may have milk?

"*B.* Certainly, and as much milk as possible, so as to thin the blood.

"*K.* Do you think it is so thick?

"*B.* Your dreams show that.

"*K.* Must I take my exercise to-day?

"*B.* As much as ever you can; but not in the open air.

"*K.* You will see me at intervals during the day?

"*B.* After your Majesty should lie down, so as to gather strength for the evening.

"*K.* Do you mean to work me sharper to-night?

"*B.* No, but earlier; so that your Majesty may have plenty of sleep. To-day the medicine is to be taken at six, so that by eight the whole thing will be over. Your sleep will be much easier to-night.

"*K.* You two seem to have conspired against me.

"*B.* In order to cure you as quickly as possible. By chemistry you have been injured, and by chemistry, with God's help, you must be cured.

"*K.* God's help is the best physic; but chemists are wonderful hands for doing things through God, so as to win people's confidence for their art.

"*B.* Both have their useful end.

"*K.* I am glad you find me better.

"*B.* Much better than yesterday evening. Your Majesty's voice is rather more equal to-day.

"*K.* I think so too. Yesterday, you see, I was full of anxiety for my fate.

"*B.* Man must trust God with his fate. We are often suddenly cured by Him.

"When the Kaiser had taken his breakfast we withdrew. About six in the evening we went again to his Majesty, who, on our entry, said,—

"*K.* I find my respiration much easier in this room.

"*B.* It would be a bad business if your Majesty did not make that observation.

"*K.* What is this which I hear you have been doing with my bedroom? Have you been giving it medicine too?

"*B.* We have taken the precaution of removing the deposit from the ceiling, which the candles had thrown there. Your Majesty can occupy the room again in a few days.

"*K.* It is quite unnecessary. I shall be quite comfortable here till I go into my summer lodgment. What are you doing with that deposit?

"*B.* The same thing which we do with your Majesty's shirt. We want to see about how much better the next night will be than the last.

"*K.* Give me the medicine.

"The physician gave it to the Kaiser, who remarked,—

"*K.* The physic has a horrid taste; there must be some queer stuff in it.

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"*B.* But nothing so horrid as what it expels from your person in the sweat.

"*K.* Are your expectations in that respect realized?

"*B.* Yes, thank God; more than realized. The first delivery of poison permits us to hope for the best. The wax has been removed from the wicks of all the candles except two, which we have reserved in order to have the *corpus delicti;* the whole weight of the candles is 28 lbs., the saturated wicks 3½ lbs., and the quantity of poison held in them about 2¾ lbs.

"*K.* That might have despatched me *ad patres* within a few months.

"*B.* Perhaps sooner. As the poison had already begun to fix itself with more potency, it would have soon become more active and attacked the blood. The recovery would then have been difficult, just as now the symptoms show that its progress will be easy.

"*K.* How is it that during my illness I have had a greater wish for wine than I ever had before in my life?

"*B.* The deposit of poison attacks the wine acid, and so becomes more irritating and more deadly. Your Majesty will lose the desire for wine in proportion as the poisoning matter is expelled.

"*K.* I must then merely do to-day what I did yesterday?

"*B.* Precisely the same. Our presence will be necessary until the sweat is over, so that we may observe the alteration that occurs.

"*K.* And perhaps to repeat the operation with my shirt?

"*B.* That, too, must by no means be forgotten.

"When the sweat was over the Kaiser fell asleep in a quarter of an hour, woke again at three, and afterwards enjoyed unbroken sleep up to seven in the morning.

"From the 30th April to the 12th May this process was repeated with like results. From the 13th to the 27th May the sweats diminished day by day, and the expelled poison became almost too small to be observed. I agreed, therefore, with the physician to change the medicine, and to order the Kaiser tonic remedies, besides six or eight baths. On the 19th May he began to go out daily. His appetite increased, the wish for wine diminished, and his convalescence seemed to be complete. He did not see me so often as before because my presence was already known amongst the people and the nobility, and my position required that I should keep myself somewhat concealed.

"On the 14th June, in the evening, I was summoned to the Kaiser to take leave, and was ushered alone into his presence.

"*K.* My good Borri, I recognize in you, after God, the preserver of my life. It grieves me exceedingly that I cannot follow the impulses of my heart so as to discharge my debt to you. But your position is so complicated that if I meddle in the matter I shall only make things worse. You have involved yourself so deeply in spiritual questions that the Pope will appoint a commission to examine you as to your errors of religion, and I cannot restrain the Church's authority in this province. I see that your

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situation is very critical, but you yourself can mitigate it. Your conscience must be your judge. Does conscience tell you that you are in fault, you will have no difficulty in making suitable acknowledgment and retractation. What I, as sovereign, can effect for you, is already done. The Pope's Nuncio has given me a written warranty that should you be found guilty, not the slightest injury shall be done to your person. My Minister at Rome will declare this to you in presence of the Papal commission. My envoys will take care for your maintenance, and you will receive for your life a yearly pension of 200 ducats from me and my heirs. Be all this a proof that I acknowledge what you have done for me. Hereafter, you will always find in the King of Spain, as well as myself, a true father. I pray that God may have you in his special keeping. That is my wish. Fare you well!

"I wished to kiss the hem of the Kaiser's coat. But he gave me his hand, and, with tears in his eyes, said, 'I hope you will soon be worthy of this favour.' The agitation was so great on both sides that I left the room without being able to say a word more. Next evening I was carried from Vienna, on my way to Italy, with the same escort as before."

Thus concludes the Cavaliere Borri's narrative, of which the above is a freely translated, sometimes condensed, version. The arch-spagyric was evidently not without a spice of descriptive and dramatic power. The circumstances of his arrest, the intervention of the Pope's Nuncio, the Kaiser's partial interference on the prisoner's behalf, the final journey to Italy—these facts are described in a fashion which agrees well enough with what is known of Borri's history from other sources. Then the Borri of the dialogue is completely the Borri of Milan and of Amsterdam, the mixture of mystic, medical, and courtly skill, the cross breed between Tartuffe and Diaforius, who gulled burgomasters, sovereigns, and diplomatists. The necromancer himself fills the front of the picture with his sleek and stately proceedings, his sainted and scientific palaver, his sarcasms against chamberlains, his gall against priests. But the background is likewise sketched with suggestive if not accurate hand. The dingy Burg, its long passages, the mysterious and musty old Kaiser—half bigotry and half toleration—the minor personages of the drama—then the final outburst of Hapsburg generosity—all this is painted with a certain tone of truth, and not without attention to the probabilities of local colour and keeping. Hence many Austrian authors have accepted the Cavaliere's narrative without suspicion, and have indulged in speculation as to the probable authors of the intended crime. The Jesuits were the guilty parties; or perhaps the Hungarian malcontents; or Louis XIV. may have instigated the attempt. These and other opinions variously prevailed until the Hungarian historian of Austria (the only one who deserves the name), Count John Mailath, ventured about twenty years ago to call the whole affair in question. Doubts arose in his mind as to Borri's veracity, and he succeeded in raising scientific presumptions against the medical and chemical elements of the whole story.

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In regard to the first point, it appears that sweating is a symptom of poisoning by arsenic, but by no means a condition of cure. Recovery would imply a crisis, although nothing of the sort is described by Borri, who seems to have been ignorant of the real process which ensues in cases of poisoning by arsenic. In regard to the second point, Count Mailath consulted an eminent chemist, Professor Sangaletti of the University of Pesth, who, in order to satisfy the historian and himself, specially constructed wax-candles of the sort described by Borri. The Hungarian professor reported what follows. Candles with wicks dipped in a concentrated aqueous solution of arsenic burn with a flame which can hardly be distinguished, by its colour, from that of ordinary candles; their smoke is scarcely visible, and when burning they emit no particular smell; but when first lighted, and still more, when blown out, they give forth the well-known garlic-like odour characteristic of cacodyl. If the wick be covered with the powdered metal, the candles will burn with a bluish white flame, but Borri's red tinge cannot be obtained. When such candles are lighted, they send up a white vapour, but the metallic powder clogs the wicks and hinders the capillary circulation, so that, as the liquid wax cannot mount in the cotton, the candles are quickly extinguished. According to Borri's statement, each wax-light held fifty-eight grains of arsenic, and under such circumstances the poisoned candles could not burn. In view of these facts, the Hungarian professor declared that grave suspicions must attach to the whole case, although he did not go the length of saying that the chemical evidence obtained furnished a positive and scientific refutation of Borri's narrative.

But Count Mailath was not satisfied. Determined to be Borri's Ithuriel, he proceeded to seek in the Imperial archives for evidence as to Kaiser Leopold's health and movements during the period to which Borri's narrative ascribes his Majesty's malady and cure. He discovered that at the period in question the Kaiser was in constant and intimate correspondence by letter with his envoy to the Court of Spain, Count Pötting. The Kaiser used to write to that official with his own hand every fortnight, communicating to him the minutest domestic particulars, especially such as concerned the health of the Imperial family. Of the letters (all autograph) to Count Pötting one of the official archivists made a series of copies, from which a few extracts belonging to the year 1670 will show the chronological impossibility attached to Borri's story. The Kaiser writes as follows:—

"Vienna, March 26.—We are all well."

"Vienna, April 9.—*De reliquo omnes bene valemus.*"

"Laxenburg, April 23.—All well, including our daughter."

"Laxenburg, May 8.—This moment has arrived news from Rome that Altieri was made Pope on the 29th April, *cum nomine* Clem. X. He is a good *subjectum*, although *octogenarius* and so little to be relied on. *Tandem* a Pope is better than no Pope. All well. More details next time, as I am starting for Maria Zell, where I stop twelve days."

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"Monastery of Heiligenkreuz, May 22.—Thank God we are well, and have got all right through our Zell journey."

"Vienna, June 4.—We are all well."

Now according to the Kaiser's own chronology he was in good health up to the middle of June, 1670.

On the 23rd of April he was at the Castle of Laxenburg, in the neighbourhood of Vienna.

In the middle of May he went to Maria Zell in Styria.

On the 22nd of that month he was at Heiligenkreuz, and returned to Vienna in the beginning of June after an absence of about six weeks.

During this period he states himself to have been in excellent health.

Borri's story runs thus:—

He came to Vienna on the 28th April and saw the Kaiser the same day.

Between the 30th April and the 12th May the recovery took its course, and on the 19th the Kaiser went out for the first time.

By the 27th of May the cure was apparently complete.

On a comparison of these schemes the falsity of Borri's narrative [illegible] clear as noon. Professor Rawlinson of Oxford, who has swept aw[illegible] discrepancies of Ctesias and Berosus, and harmonized the contradic[illegible] of unknown cuneiform history, might, indeed, make the Cavalier's [illegible] tally with scientific and chronological truth. Failing the interve[illegible] of some such competent hand, the great Swabian mystery of Borri [illegible] be dismissed from the authentic annals of the House of Hapsburg.

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THE

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APRIL, 1867.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

THE CLAVERINGS. (With an Illustration.) 385

CHAPTER XLIII.—*Lady Ongar's Revenge.*

,, XLIV.—*Shewing what happened off Heligoland.*

,, XLV.—*Is she Mad?*

THE KÖNINGSMARKS AND MARSHAL SAXE 410

THE SAINTS OF THE STAGE 429

DON QUIXOTE'S COUNTRY 440

A WEEK IN A FRENCH COUNTRY-HOUSE. PART III 457
(With an Illustration.)

MARTIAL LAW AND MILITARY LAW 484

THE GOLFER AT HOME 490

LIFE IN A MILITARY PRISON 499

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HARRY SAT BETWEEN THEM, LIKE A SHEEP AS HE WAS, VERY MEEKLY.

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THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1867.

The Claverings.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Lady Ongar's Revenge.

AT last came the night which Harry had fixed for his visit to Bolton Street. He had looked forward certainly with no pleasure to the interview, and now that the time for it had come, was disposed to think that Lady Ongar had been unwise in asking for it. But he had promised that he would go, and there was no possible escape.

He dined that evening in Onslow Crescent, where he was now again established with all his old comfort. He had again gone up to the children's nursery with Cecilia, had kissed them all in their cots, and made himself quite at home in the establishment. It was with them there as though there had been no dreadful dream about Lady Ongar. It was so altogether with Cecilia and Florence, and even Mr. Burton was allowing himself to be brought round

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to a charitable view of Harry's character. Harry on this day had gone to the chambers in the Adelphi for an hour, and walking away with Theodore Burton had declared his intention of working like a horse. "If you were to say like a man, it would perhaps be better," said Burton. "I must leave you to say that," answered Harry; "for the present I will content myself with the horse." Burton was willing to hope, and allowed himself once more to fall into his old pleasant way of talking about the business as though there were no other subject under the sun so full of manifold interest. He was very keen at the present moment about Metropolitan railways, and was ridiculing the folly of those who feared that the railway projectors were going too fast. "But we shall never get any thanks," he said. "When the thing has been done, and thanks are our due, people will look upon all our work so much as a matter of course that it will never occur to them to think that they owe us anything. They will have forgotten all their cautions, and will take what they get as though it were simply their due. Nothing astonishes me so much as the fear people feel before a thing is done when I join it with their want of surprise or admiration afterwards." In this way even Theodore Burton had resumed his terms of intimacy with Harry Clavering.

Harry had told both Cecilia and Florence of his intended visit to Bolton Street, and they had all become very confidential on the subject. In most such cases we may suppose that a man does not say much to one woman of the love which another woman has acknowledged for himself. Nor was Harry Clavering at all disposed to make any such boast. But in this case, Lady Ongar herself had told everything to Mrs. Burton. She had declared her passion, and had declared also her intention of making Harry her husband if he would take her. Everything was known, and there was no possibility of sparing Lady Ongar's name.

"If I had been her I would not have asked for such a meeting," Cecilia said. The three were at this time sitting together, for Mr. Burton rarely joined them in their conversation.

"I don't know," said Florence. "I do not see why she and Harry should not remain as friends."

"They might be friends without meeting now," said Cecilia.

"Hardly. If the awkwardness were not got over at once it would never be got over. I almost think she is right, though if I was her I should long to have it over." That was Florence's judgment in the matter. Harry sat between them, like a sheep as he was, very meekly,—not without some enjoyment of his sheepdom, but still feeling that he was a sheep. At half-past eight he started up, having already been told that a cab was waiting for him at the door. He pressed Cecilia's hand as he went, indicating his feeling that he had before him an affair of some magnitude, and then of course had a word or two to say to Florence in private on the landing. Oh, those delicious private words the need for which comes so often during those short halcyon days of one's lifetime! They were so pleasant that Harry would fain have returned to repeat them

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after he was seated in his cab; but the inevitable wheels carried him onwards with cruel velocity, and he was in Bolton Street before the minutes had sufficed for him to collect his thoughts.

Lady Ongar, when he entered the room, was sitting in her accustomed chair, near a little work-table which she always used, and did not rise to meet him. It was a pretty chair, soft and easy, made with a back for lounging, but with no arms to impede the circles of a lady's hoop. Harry knew the chair well and had spoken of its graceful comfort in some of his visits to Bolton Street. She was seated there when he entered; and though he was not sufficiently experienced in the secrets of feminine attire to know at once that she had dressed herself with care, he did perceive that she was very charming, not only by force of her own beauty, but by the aid also of her dress. And yet she was in deep mourning,—in the deepest mourning; nor was there anything about her of which complaint might fairly be made by those who do complain on such subjects. Her dress was high round her neck, and the cap on her head was indisputably a widow's cap; but enough of her brown hair was to be seen to tell of its rich loveliness; and the black dress was so made as to show the full perfection of her form; and with it all there was that graceful feminine brightness that care and money can always give, and which will not come without care and money. It might be well, she had thought, to surrender her income, and become poor and dowdy hereafter, but there could be no reason why Harry Clavering should not be made to know all that he had lost.

"Well, Harry," she said, as he stepped up to her and took her offered hand. "I am glad that you have come that I may congratulate you. Better late than never; eh, Harry?"

How was he to answer her when she spoke to him in this strain? "I hope it is not too late," he said, hardly knowing what the words were which were coming from his mouth.

"Nay; that is for you to say. I can do it heartily, Harry, if you mean that. And why not? Why should I not wish you happy? I have always liked you,—have always wished for you happiness. You believe that I am sincere when I congratulate you;—do you not?"

"Oh, yes; you are always sincere."

"I have always been so to you. As to any sincerity beyond that we need say nothing now. I have always been your good friend,—to the best of my ability. Ah, Harry; you do not know how much I have thought of your welfare; how much I do think of it. But never mind that. Tell me something now of this Florence Burton of yours. Is she tall?" I believe that Lady Ongar, when she asked this question, knew well that Florence was short of stature.

"No; she is not tall," said Harry.

"What,—a little beauty? Upon the whole I think I agree with your taste. The most lovely women that I have ever seen have been small, bright, and perfect in their proportions. It is very rare that a tall woman

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has a perfect figure." Julia's own figure was quite perfect. "Do you remember Constance Vane? Nothing ever exceeded her beauty." Now Constance Vane,—she at least who had in those days been Constance Vane, but who now was the stout mother of two or three children,—had been a waxen doll of a girl, whom Harry had known, but had neither liked nor admired. But she was highly bred, and belonged to the cream of English fashion; she had possessed a complexion as pure in its tints as are the interior leaves of a blush rose,—and she had never had a thought in her head, and hardly ever a word on her lips. She and Florence Burton were as poles asunder in their differences. Harry felt this at once, and had an indistinct notion that Lady Ongar was as well aware of the fact as was he himself. "She is not a bit like Constance Vane," he said.

"Then what is she like? If she is more beautiful than what Miss Vane used to be, she must be lovely indeed."

"She has no pretensions of that kind," said Harry, almost sulkily.

"I have heard that she was so very beautiful!" Lady Ongar had never heard a word about Florence's beauty;—not a word. She knew nothing personally of Florence beyond what Mrs. Burton had told her. But who will not forgive her the little deceit that was necessary to her little revenge?

"I don't know how to describe her," said Harry. "I hope the time may soon come when you will see her, and be able to judge for yourself."

"I hope so too. It shall not be my fault if I do not like her."

"I do not think you can fail to like her. She is very clever, and that will go further with you than mere beauty. Not but what I think her very,—very pretty."

"Ah,—I understand. She reads a great deal, and that sort of thing. Yes; that is very nice. But I shouldn't have thought that that would have taken you. You used not to care much for talent and learning,—not in women I mean."

"I don't know about that," said Harry, looking very foolish.

"But a contrast is what you men always like. Of course I ought not to say that, but you will know of what I am thinking. A clever, highly-educated woman like Miss Burton will be a much better companion to you than I could have been. You see I am very frank, Harry." She wished to make him talk freely about himself, his future days, and his past days, while he was simply anxious to say on these subjects as little as possible. Poor woman! The excitement of having a passion which she might indulge was over with her,—at any rate for the present. She had played her game and had lost wofully; but before she retired altogether from the gaming-table she could not keep herself from longing for a last throw of the dice.

"These things, I fear, go very much by chance," said Harry.

"You do not mean me to suppose that you are taking Miss Burton by chance. That would be as uncomplimentary to her as to yourself."

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"Chance, at any rate, has been very good to me in this instance."

"Of that I am sure. Do not suppose that I am doubting that. It is not only the paradise that you have gained, but the pandemonium that you have escaped!" Then she laughed slightly, but the laughter was uneasy, and made her angry with herself. She had especially determined to be at ease during this meeting, and was conscious that any falling off in that respect on her part would put into his hands the power which she was desirous of exercising.

"You are determined to rebuke me, I see," said he. "If you choose to do so, I am prepared to bear it. My defence, if I have a defence, is one that I cannot use."

"And what would be your defence?"

"I have said that I cannot use it."

"As if I did not understand it all! What you mean to say is this,—that when your good stars sent you in the way of Florence Burton, you had been ill-treated by her who would have made your pandemonium for you, and that she therefore,—she who came first and behaved so badly—can have no right to find fault with you in that you have obeyed your good stars and done so well for yourself. That is what you call your defence. It would be perfect, Harry,—perfect, if you had only whispered to me a word of Miss Burton when I first saw you after my return home. It is odd to me that you should not have written to me and told me when I was abroad with my husband. It would have comforted me to have known that the wound which I had given had been cured;—that is, if there was a wound."

"You know that there was a wound."

"At any rate, it was not mortal. But when are such wounds mortal? When are they more than skin-deep?"

"I can say nothing as to that now."

"No, Harry; of course you can say nothing. Why should you be made to say anything? You are fortunate and happy, and have all that you want. I have nothing that I want."

There was a reality in the tone of sorrow in which this was spoken which melted him at once;—and the more so in that there was so much in her grief which could not but be flattering to his vanity. "Do not say that, Lady Ongar," he exclaimed.

"But I do say it. What have I got in the world that is worth having? My possessions are ever so many thousands a year,—and a damaged name."

"I deny that. I deny it altogether. I do not think that there is one who knows of your story who believes ill of you."

"I could tell you of one, Harry, who thinks very ill of me;—nay, of two; and they are both in this room. Do you remember how you used to teach me that terribly conceited bit of Latin,—Nil conscire sibi? Do you suppose that I can boast that I never grow pale as I think of my own fault? I am thinking of it always, and my heart is ever becoming paler

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and paler. And as to the treatment of others;—I wish I could make you know what I suffered when I was fool enough to go to that place in Surrey. The coachman who drives me no doubt thinks that I poisoned my husband, and the servant who let you in just now supposes me to be an abandoned woman because you are here."

"You will be angry with me, perhaps, if I say that these feelings are morbid and will die away. They show the weakness which has come from the ill-usage you have suffered."

"You are right in part, no doubt. I shall become hardened to it all, and shall fall into some endurable mode of life in time. But I can look forward to nothing. What future have I? Was there ever any one so utterly friendless as I am? Your kind cousin has done that for me;—and yet he came here to me the other day, smiling and talking as though he were sure that I should be delighted by his condescension. I do not think that he will ever come again."

"I did not know you had seen him."

"Yes; I saw him;—but I did not find much relief from his visit. We won't mind that, however. We can talk about something better than Hugh Clavering during the few minutes that we have together;—can we not? And so Miss Burton is very learned and very clever?"

"I did not quite say that."

"But I know she is. What a comfort that will be to you! I am not clever, and I never should have become learned. Oh, dear! I had but one merit, Harry;—I was fond of you."

"And how did you show it?" He did not speak these words, because he would not triumph over her, nor was he willing to express that regret on his own part which these words would have implied;—but it was impossible for him to avoid a thought of them. He remained silent, therefore, taking up some toy from the table into his hands, as though that would occupy his attention.

"But what a fool I am to talk of it;—am I not? And I am worse than a fool. I was thinking of you when I stood up in church to be married;—thinking of that offer of your little savings. I used to think of you at every harsh word that I endured;—of your modes of life when I sat through those terrible nights by that poor creature's bed;—of you when I knew that the last day was coming. I thought of you always, Harry, when I counted up my gains. I never count them up now. Ah, how I thought of you when I came to this house in the carriage which you had provided for me, when I had left you at the station almost without speaking a word to you! I should have been more gracious had I not had you in my thoughts throughout my whole journey home from Florence. And after that I had some comfort in believing that the price of my shame might make you rich without shame. Oh, Harry, I have been disappointed! You will never understand what I felt when first that evil woman told me of Miss Burton."

"Oh, Julia, what am I to say?"

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"You can say nothing; but I wonder that you had not told me."

"How could I tell you? Would it not have seemed that I was vain enough to have thought of putting you on your guard."

"And why not? But never mind. Do not suppose that I am rebuking you. As I said in my letter, we are quits now, and there is no place for scolding on either side. We are quits now; but I am punished and you are rewarded."

Of course he could not answer this. Of course he was hard pressed for words. Of course he could neither acknowledge that he had been rewarded, nor assert that a share of the punishment of which she spoke had fallen upon him also. This was the revenge with which she had intended to attack him. That she should think that he had in truth been punished and not rewarded, was very natural. Had he been less quick in forgetting her after her marriage, he would have had his reward without any punishment. If such were her thoughts, who shall quarrel with her on that account?

"I have been very frank with you," she continued. "Indeed, why should I not be so? People talk of a lady's secret, but my secret has been no secret from you? That I was made to tell it under,—under,—what I will call an error,—was your fault; and it is that that has made us quits."

"I know that I have behaved badly to you."

"But then unfortunately you know also that I had deserved bad treatment. Well; we will say no more about it. I have been very candid with you, but then I have injured no one by my candour. You have not said a word to me in reply; but then your tongue is tied by your duty to Miss Burton,—your duty and your love together, of course. It is all as it should be, and now I will have done. When are you to be married, Harry?"

"No time has been fixed. I am a very poor man, you know."

"Alas, alas,—yes. When mischief is done, how badly all the things turn out. You are poor and I am rich, and yet we cannot help each other."

"I fear not."

"Unless I could adopt Miss Burton, and be a sort of mother to her. You would shrink, however, from any such guardianship on my part. But you are clever, Harry, and can work when you please, and will make your way. If Miss Burton keeps you waiting now by any prudent fear on her part, I shall not think so well of her as I am inclined to do."

"The Burtons are all prudent people."

"Tell her, from me, with my love,—not to be too prudent. I thought to be prudent, and see what has come of it."

"I will tell her what you say."

"Do, please; and, Harry, look here. Will she accept a little present from me? You, at any rate, for my sake, will ask her to do so. Give her this,—it is only a trifle,"—and she put her hand on a small jeweller's

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box, which was close to her arm upon the table, "and tell her,—of course she knows all our story, Harry?"

"Yes; she knows it all."

"Tell her that she whom you have rejected sends it with her kindest wishes to her whom you have taken."

"No; I will not tell her that."

"Why not? It is all true. I have not poisoned the little ring, as the ladies would have done some centuries since. They were grander then than we are now, and perhaps hardly worse, though more cruel. You will bid her take it,—will you not?"

"I am sure she will take it without bidding on my part."

"And tell her not to write me any thanks. She and I will both understand that that had better be omitted. If, when I shall see her at some future time as your wife, it shall be on her finger, I shall know that I am thanked." Then Harry rose to go. "I did not mean by that to turn you out, but perhaps it may be as well. I have no more to say,—and as for you, you cannot but wish that the penance should be over." Then he pressed her hand, and with some muttered farewell, bade her adieu. Again she did not rise from her chair, but nodding at him with a sweet smile, let him go without another word.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Shewing what Happened off Heligoland.

During the six weeks after this, Harry Clavering settled down to his work at the chambers in the Adelphi with exemplary diligence. Florence, having remained a fortnight in town after Harry's return to the sheepfold, and having accepted Lady Ongar's present,—not without a long and anxious consultation with her sister-in-law on the subject,—had returned in fully restored happiness to Stratton. Mrs. Burton was at Ramsgate with the children, and Mr. Burton was in Russia with reference to a line of railway which was being projected from Moscow to Astracan. It was now September, and Harry, in his letters home, declared that he was the only person left in London. It was hard upon him,—much harder than it was upon the Wallikers and other young men whom fate retained in town, for Harry was a man given to shooting,—a man accustomed to pass the autumnal months in a country house. And then, if things had chanced to go one way instead of another, he would have had his own shooting down at Ongar Park with his own friends,—admiring him at his heels; or if not so this year, he would have been shooting elsewhere with the prospect of these rich joys for years to come. As it was, he had promised to stick to the shop, and was sticking to it manfully. Nor do I think that he allowed his mind to revert to those privileges which might have been his, at all more frequently than any of my readers would have done

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in his place. He was sticking to the shop, and though he greatly disliked the hot desolation of London in those days, being absolutely afraid to frequent his club at such a period of the year,—and though he hated Walliker mortally,—he was fully resolved to go on with his work. Who could tell what might be his fate? Perhaps in another ten years he might be carrying that Russian railway on through the deserts of Siberia. Then there came to him suddenly tidings which disturbed all his resolutions, and changed the whole current of his life.

At first there came a telegram to him from the country, desiring him to go down at once to Clavering, but not giving him any reason. Added to the message were these words,—"We are all well at the parsonage;"—words evidently added in thoughtfulness. But before he had left the office there came to him there a young man from the bank at which his cousin Hugh kept his account, telling him the tidings to which the telegram no doubt referred. Jack Stuart's boat had been lost, and his two cousins had gone to their graves beneath the sea! The master of the boat, and Stuart himself, with a boy, had been saved. The other sailors whom they had with them, and the ship's steward, had perished with the Claverings. Stuart, it seemed, had caused tidings of the accident to be sent to the rector of Clavering and to Sir Hugh's bankers. At the bank they had ascertained that their late customer's cousin was in town, and their messenger had thereupon been sent, first to Bloomsbury Square, and from thence to the Adelphi.

Harry had never loved his cousins. The elder he had greatly disliked, and the younger he would have disliked had he not despised him. But not the less on that account was he inexpressibly shocked when he first heard what had happened. The lad said that there could, as he imagined, be no mistake. The message had come, as he believed, from Holland, but of that he was not certain. There could, however, be no doubt about the fact. It distinctly stated that both brothers had perished. Harry had known when he received the message from home, that no train would take him till three in the afternoon, and had therefore remained at the office; but he could not remain now. His head was confused, and he could hardly bring himself to think how this matter would affect himself. When he attempted to explain his absence to an old serious clerk there, he spoke of his own return to the office as certain. He should be back, he supposed, in a week at the furthest. He was thinking then of his promises to Theodore Burton, and had not begun to realize the fact that his whole destiny in life would be changed. He said something, with a long face, of the terrible misfortune which had occurred, but gave no hint that that misfortune would be important in its consequences to himself. It was not till he had reached his lodgings in Bloomsbury Square that he remembered that his own father was now the baronet, and that he was his father's heir. And then for a moment he thought about the property. He believed that it was entailed, but even of that he was not certain. But if it were unentailed, to whom could his cousin have left it? He

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endeavoured, however, to expel such thoughts from his mind, as though there was something ungenerous in entertaining them. He tried to think of the widow, but even in doing that he could not tell himself that there was much ground for genuine sorrow. No wife had ever had less joy from her husband's society than Lady Clavering had had from that of Sir Hugh. There was no child to mourn the loss,—no brother, no unmarried sister. Sir Hugh had had friends,—as friendship goes with such men; but Harry could not but doubt whether among them all there would be one who would feel anything like true grief for his loss. And it was the same with Archie. Who in the world would miss Archie Clavering? What man or woman would find the world to be less bright because Archie Clavering was sleeping beneath the waves? Some score of men at his club would talk of poor Clavvy for a few days,—would do so without any pretence at the tenderness of sorrow; and then even of Archie's memory there would be an end. Thinking of all this as he was carried down to Clavering, Harry could not but acknowledge that the loss to the world had not been great; but, even while telling himself this, he would not allow himself to take comfort in the prospect of his heirship. Once, perhaps, he did speculate how Florence should bear her honours as Lady Clavering; but this idea he swept away from his thoughts as quickly as he was able.

The tidings had reached the parsonage very late on the previous night; so late that the rector had been disturbed in his bed to receive them. It was his duty to make known to Lady Clavering the fact that she was a widow, but this he could not do till the next morning. But there was little sleep that night for him or for his wife! He knew well enough that the property was entailed. He felt with sufficient strength what it was to become a baronet at a sudden blow, and to become also the owner of the whole Clavering property. He was not slow to think of the removal to the great house, of the altered prospects of his son, and of the mode of life which would be fitting for himself in future. Before the morning came he had meditated who should be the future rector of Clavering, and had made some calculations as to the expediency of resuming his hunting. Not that he was a heartless man,—or that he rejoiced at what had happened. But a man's ideas of generosity change as he advances in age, and the rector was old enough to tell himself boldly that this thing that had happened could not be to him a cause of much grief. He had never loved his cousins, or pretended to love them. His cousin's wife he did love, after a fashion, but in speaking to his own wife of the way in which this tragedy would affect Hermione, he did not scruple to speak of her widowhood as a period of coming happiness.

"She will be cut to pieces," said Mrs. Clavering. "She was attached to him as earnestly as though he had treated her always well."

"I believe it; but not the less will she feel her release, unconsciously; and her life, which has been very wretched, will gradually become easy to her."

Even Mrs. Clavering could not deny that this would be so, and then

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they reverted to matters which more closely concerned themselves. "I suppose Harry will marry at once now," said the mother.

"No doubt;—it is almost a pity; is it not?" The rector,—as we will still call him,—was thinking that Florence was hardly a fitting wife for his son with his altered prospects. Ah, what a grand thing it would have been if the Clavering property and Lady Ongar's jointure could have gone together!

"Not a pity at all," said Mrs. Clavering. "You will find that Florence will make him a very happy man."

"I dare say;—I dare say. Only he would hardly have taken her had this sad accident happened before he saw her. But if she will make him happy that is everything. I have never thought much about money myself. If I find any comfort in these tidings it is for his sake, not for my own. I would sooner remain as I am." This was not altogether untrue, and yet he was thinking of the big house and the hunting.

"What will be done about the living?" It was early in the morning when Mrs. Clavering asked this question. She had thought much about the living during the night. And so had the rector;—but his thoughts had not run in the same direction as hers. He made no immediate answer, and then she went on with her question. "Do you think that you will keep it in your own hands?"

"Well,—no; why should I? I am too idle about it as it is. I should be more so under these altered circumstances."

"I am sure you would do your duty if you resolved to keep it, but I don't see why you should do so."

"Clavering is a great deal better than Humbleton," said the rector. Humbleton was the name of the parish held by Mr. Fielding, his son-in-law.

But the idea here put forward did not suit the idea which was running in Mrs. Clavering's mind. "Edward and Mary are very well off," she said. "His own property is considerable, and I don't think they want anything. Besides, he would hardly like to give up a family living."

"I might ask him at any rate."

"I was thinking of Mr. Saul," said Mrs. Clavering boldly.

"Of Mr. Saul!" The image of Mr. Saul, as rector of Clavering, perplexed the new baronet egregiously.

"Well;—yes. He is an excellent clergyman. No one can deny that." Then there was silence between them for a few moments. "In that case he and Fanny would of course marry. It is no good concealing the fact that she is very fond of him."

"Upon my word I can't understand it," said the rector.

"It is so,—and as to the excellence of his character there can be no doubt." To this the rector made no answer, but went away into his dressing-room, that he might prepare himself for his walk across the park to the great house. While they were discussing who should be the future incumbent of the living, Lady Clavering was still sleeping in unconscious-

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ness of her fate. Mr. Clavering greatly dreaded the task which was before him, and had made a little attempt to induce his wife to take the office upon herself; but she had explained to him that it would be more seemly that he should be the bearer of the tidings. "It would seem that you were wanting in affection for her if you do not go yourself," his wife had said to him. That the rector of Clavering was master of himself and of his own actions, no one who knew the family ever denied, but the instances in which he declined to follow his wife's advice were not many.

It was about eight o'clock when he went across the park. He had already sent a messenger with a note to beg that Lady Clavering would be up to receive him. As he would come very early, he had said, perhaps she would see him in her own room. The poor lady had, of course, been greatly frightened by this announcement; but this fear had been good for her, as they had well understood at the rectory; the blow, dreadfully sudden as it must still be, would be somewhat less sudden under this preparation. When Mr. Clavering reached the house the servant was in waiting to show him upstairs to the sitting-room which Lady Clavering usually occupied when alone. She had been there waiting for him for the last half-hour.

"Mr. Clavering, what is it?" she exclaimed, as he entered with tidings of death written on his visage. "In the name of heaven, what is it? You have something to tell me of Hugh."

"Dear Hermione," he said, taking her by the hand.

"What is it? Tell me at once. Is he still alive?"

The rector still held her by the hand, but spoke no word. He had been trying as he came across the park to arrange the words in which he should tell his tale, but now it was told without any speech on his part.

"He is dead. Why do you not speak? Why are you so cruel?"

"Dearest Hermione, what am I to say to comfort you?"

What he might say after this was of little moment, for she had fainted. He rang the bell, and then, when the servants were there,—the old housekeeper and Lady Clavering's maid,—he told to them, rather than to her, what had been their master's fate.

"And Captain Archie?" asked the housekeeper.

The rector shook his head, and the housekeeper knew that the rector was now the baronet. Then they took the poor widow to her own room, —should I not rather call her, as I may venture to speak the truth, the enfranchised slave than the poor widow?—and the rector, taking up his hat, promised that he would send his wife across to their mistress. His morning's task had been painful, but it had been easily accomplished. As he walked home among the oaks of Clavering Park, he told himself, no doubt, that they were now all his own.

That day at the rectory was very sombre, if it was not actually sad. The greater part of the morning Mrs. Clavering passed with the widow, and sitting near her sofa she wrote sundry letters to those who were connected

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with the family. The longest of these was to Lady Ongar, who was now at Tenby; and in that there was a pressing request from Hermione that her sister would come to her at Clavering Park. "Tell her," said Lady Clavering, "that all her anger must be over now." But Mrs. Clavering said nothing of Julia's anger. She merely urged the request that Julia would come to her sister. "She will be sure to come," said Mrs. Clavering. "You need have no fear on that head."

"But how can I invite her here, when the house is not my own?"

"Pray do not talk in that way, Hermione. The house will be your own for any time that you may want it. Your husband's relations are your dear friends; are they not?" But this allusion to her husband brought her to another fit of hysterical tears. "Both of them gone," she said. "Both of them gone!" Mrs. Clavering knew well that she was not alluding to the two brothers, but to her husband and to her baby. Of poor Archie no one had said a word,—beyond that one word spoken by the housekeeper. For her, it had been necessary that she should know who was now the master of Clavering Park.

Twice in the day Mrs. Clavering went over to the big house, and on her second return, late in the evening, she found her son. When she arrived, there had already been some few words on the subject between him and his father.

"You have heard of it, Harry?"

"Yes; a clerk came to me from the banker's."

"Dreadful; is it not? Quite terrible to think of!"

"Indeed it is, sir. I was never so shocked in my life."

"He would go in that cursed boat, though I know that he was advised against it," said the father, holding up his hands and shaking his head. "And now both of them gone;—both gone at once!"

"How does she bear it?"

"Your mother is with her now. When I went in the morning,—I had written a line, and she expected bad news,—she fainted. Of course, I could do nothing. I can hardly say that I told her. She asked the question, and then saw by my face that her fears were well-founded. Upon my word, I was glad when she did faint;—it was the best thing for her."

"It must have been very painful for you."

"Terrible;—terrible;" and the rector shook his head. "It will make a great difference in your prospects, Harry."

"And in your life, sir! So to say, you are as young a man as myself."

"Am I? I believe I was about as young when you were born. But I don't think at all about myself in this matter. I am too old to care to change my manner of living. It won't affect me very much. Indeed, I hardly know yet how it may affect me. Your mother thinks I ought to give up the living. If you were in orders, Harry——"

"I'm very glad, sir, that I am not."

"I suppose so. And there is no need; certainly, there is no need.

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You will be able to do pretty nearly what you like about the property. I shall not care to interfere."

"Yes, you will, sir. It feels strange now, but you will soon get used to it. I wonder whether he left a will."

"It can't make any difference to you, you know. Every acre of the property is entailed. She has her settlement. Eight hundred a year, I think it is. She'll not be a rich woman like her sister. I wonder where she'll live. As far as that goes, she might stay at the house, if she likes it. I'm sure your mother wouldn't object."

Harry on this occasion asked no question about the living, but he also had thought of that. He knew well that his mother would befriend Mr. Saul, and he knew also that his father would ultimately take his mother's advice. As regarded himself he had no personal objection to Mr. Saul, though he could not understand how his sister should feel any strong regard for such a man.

Edward Fielding would make a better neighbour at the parsonage, and then he thought whether an exchange might not be made. After that, and before his mother's return from the great house, he took a stroll through the park with Fanny. Fanny altogether declined to discuss any of the family prospects, as they were affected by the accident which had happened. To her mind the tragedy was so terrible that she could only feel its tragic element. No doubt she had her own thoughts about Mr. Saul as connected with it. "What would he think of this sudden death of the two brothers? How would he feel it? If she could be allowed to talk to him on the matter, what would he say of their fate here and hereafter? Would he go to the great house to offer the consolations of religion to the widow?" Of all this she thought much; but no picture of Mr. Saul as rector of Clavering, or of herself as mistress in her mother's house, presented itself to her mind. Harry found her to be a dull companion, and he, perhaps, consoled himself with some personal attention to the oak trees. The trees loomed larger upon him now than they had ever done before.

On the third day, the rector went up to London, leaving Harry at the parsonage. It was necessary that lawyers should be visited, and that such facts as to the loss should be proved as were capable of proof. There was no doubt at all as to the fate of Sir Hugh and his brother. The escape of Mr. Stuart and of two of those employed by him prevented the possibility of a doubt. The vessel had been caught in a gale off Heligoland, and had foundered. They had all striven to get into the yacht's boat, but those who had succeeded in doing so had gone down. The master of the yacht had seen the two brothers perish. Those who were saved had been picked up off the spars to which they had attached themselves. There was no doubt in the way of the new baronet, and no difficulty.

Nor was there any will made either by Sir Hugh or his brother. Poor Archie had nothing to leave, and that he should have left no will was not

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remarkable. But neither had there been much in the power of Sir Hugh to bequeath, nor was there any great cause for a will on his part. Had he left a son, his son would have inherited everything. He had, however, died childless, and his wife was provided for by her settlement. On his marriage he had made the amount settled as small as his wife's friends would accept, and no one who knew the man expected that he would increase the amount after his death. Having been in town for three days the rector returned,—being then in full possession of the title; but this he did not assume till after the second Sunday from the date of the telegram which brought the news.

In the meantime Harry had written to Florence, to whom the tidings were as important as to any one concerned. She had left London very triumphant,—quite confident that she had nothing now to fear from Lady Ongar or from any other living woman, having not only forgiven Harry his sins, but having succeeded also in persuading herself that there had been no sins to forgive,—having quarrelled with her brother half-a-dozen times in that he would not accept her arguments on this matter. He too would forgive Harry,—had forgiven him; was quite ready to omit all further remark on the matter; but could not bring himself when urged by Florence to admit that her Apollo had been altogether godlike. Florence had thus left London in triumph, but she had gone with a conviction that she and Harry must remain apart for some indefinite time, which probably must be measured by years. "Let us see at the end of two years," she had said; and Harry had been forced to be content. But how would it be with her now?

Harry of course began his letter by telling her of the catastrophe, with the usual amount of epithets. It was very terrible, awful, shocking,—the saddest thing that had ever happened! The poor widow was in a desperate state, and all the Claverings were nearly beside themselves. But when this had been duly said, he allowed himself to go into their own home question. "I cannot fail," he wrote, "to think of this chiefly as it concerns you,—or rather, as it concerns myself in reference to you. I suppose I shall leave the business now. Indeed, my father seems to think that my remaining there would be absurd, and my mother agrees with him. As I am the only son, the property will enable me to live easily without a profession. When I say 'me,' of course you will understand what 'me' means. The better part of 'me' is so prudent, that I know she will not accept this view of things without ever so much consideration, and, therefore, she must come to Clavering to hear it discussed by the elders. For myself, I cannot bear to think that I should take delight in the results of this dreadful misfortune; but how am I to keep myself from being made happy by the feeling that we may now be married without further delay? After all that has passed, nothing will make me happy or even permanently comfortable till I can call you fairly my own. My mother has already said that she hopes you will come here in about a fortnight,—that is, as soon as we shall have fallen tolerably into our

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places again; but she will write herself before that time. I have written a line to your brother addressed to the office, which I suppose will find him. I have written also to Cecilia. Your brother, no doubt, will hear the news first through the French newspapers." Then he said a little, but a very little, as to their future modes of life, just intimating to her, and no more, that her destiny might probably call upon her to be the mother of a future baronet.

The news had reached Clavering on a Saturday. On the following Sunday every one in the parish had no doubt heard of it, but nothing on the subject was said in church on that day. The rector remained at home during the morning, and the whole service was performed by Mr. Saul. But on the second Sunday Mr. Fielding had come over from Humbleton, and he preached a sermon on the loss which the parish had sustained in the sudden death of the two brothers. It is, perhaps, well that such sermons should be preached. The inhabitants of Clavering would have felt that their late lords had been treated like dogs, had no word been said of them in the house of God. The nature of their fate had forbidden even the common ceremony of a burial service. It is well that some respect should be maintained from the low in station towards those who are high, even when no respect has been deserved. And, for the widow's sake, it was well that some notice should be taken in Clavering of this death of the head of the Claverings. But I should not myself have liked the duty of preaching an eulogistic sermon on the lives and death of Hugh Clavering and his brother Archie. What had either of them ever done to merit a good word from any man, or to earn the love of any woman? That Sir Hugh had been loved by his wife had come from the nature of the woman, not at all from the qualities of the man. Both of the brothers had lived on the unexpressed theory of consuming, for the benefit of their own backs and their own bellies, the greatest possible amount of those good things which fortune might put in their way. I doubt whether either of them had ever contributed anything willingly to the comfort or happiness of any human being. Hugh, being powerful by nature and having a strong will, had tyrannized over all those who were subject to him. Archie, not gifted as was his brother, had been milder, softer, and less actively hateful; but his principle of action had been the same. Everything for himself! Was it not well that two such men should be consigned to the fishes, and that the world,—especially the Clavering world, and that poor widow, who now felt herself to be so inexpressibly wretched when her period of comfort was in truth only commencing,—was it not well that the world and Clavering should be well quit of them? That idea is the one which one would naturally have felt inclined to put into one's sermon on such an occasion; and then to sing some song of rejoicing;—either to do that, or to leave the matter alone.

But not so are such sermons preached; and not after that fashion did the young clergyman who had married the first-cousin of these Claverings buckle himself to the subject. He indeed had, I think, but little difficulty,

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either inwardly with his conscience, or outwardly with his subject. He possessed the power of a pleasant, easy flow of words, and of producing tears, if not from other eyes, at any rate from his own. He drew a picture of the little ship amidst the storm, and of God's hand as it moved in its anger upon the waters; but of the cause of that divine wrath and its direction he said nothing. Then, of the suddenness of death and its awfulness he said much, not insisting as he did so on the necessity of repentance for salvation, as far as those two poor sinners were concerned. No, indeed;—how could any preacher have done that? But he improved the occasion by telling those around him that they should so live as to be ever ready for the hand of death. If that were possible, where then indeed would be the victory of the grave? And at last he came to the master and lord whom they had lost. Even here there was no difficulty for him. The heir had gone first, and then the father and his brother. Who among them would not pity the bereaved mother and the widow? Who among them would not remember with affection the babe whom they had seen at that font, and with respect the landlord under whose rule they had lived? How pleasant it must be to ask those questions which no one can rise to answer! Farmer Gubbins as he sat by, listening with what power of attention had been vouchsafed to him, felt himself to be somewhat moved, but soon released himself from the task, and allowed his mind to run away into other ideas. The rector was a kindly man and a generous. The rector would allow him to enclose that little bit of common land, that was to be taken in, without adding anything to his rent. The rector would be there on audit days, and things would be very pleasant. Farmer Gubbins, when the slight murmuring gurgle of the preacher's tears was heard, shook his own head by way of a responsive wail; but at that moment he was congratulating himself on the coming comfort of the new reign. Mr. Fielding, however, got great credit for his sermon; and it did, probably, more good than harm,—unless, indeed, we should take into our calculation, in giving our award on this subject, the permanent utility of all truth, and the permanent injury of all falsehood.

Mr. Fielding remained at the parsonage during the greater part of the following week, and then there took place a great deal of family conversation, respecting the future incumbent of the living. At these family conclaves, however, Fanny was not asked to be present. Mrs. Clavering, who knew well how to do such work, was gradually bringing her husband round to endure the name of Mr. Saul. Twenty times had he asserted that he could not understand it; but, whether or no such understanding might ever be possible, he was beginning to recognize it as true that the thing not understood was a fact. His daughter Fanny was positively in love with Mr. Saul, and that to such an extent that her mother believed her happiness to be involved in it. "I can't understand it;—upon my word I can't," said the rector for the last time, and then he gave way. There was now the means of giving an ample provision for the lovers, and that provision was to be given.

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Mr. Fielding shook his head,—not in this instance as to Fanny's predilection for Mr. Saul; though in discussing that matter with his own wife he had shaken his head very often; but he shook it now with reference to the proposed change. He was very well where he was. And although Clavering was better than Humbleton, it was not so much better as to induce him to throw his own family over by proposing to send Mr. Saul among them. Mr. Saul was an excellent clergyman, but perhaps his uncle, who had given him his living, might not like Mr. Saul. Thus it was decided in these conclaves that Mr. Saul was to be the future rector of Clavering.

In the meantime poor Fanny moped,—wretched in her solitude, anticipating no such glorious joys as her mother was preparing for her; and Mr. Saul was preparing with energy for his departure into foreign parts.

CHAPTER XLV.

Is She Mad?

Lady Ongar was at Tenby when she received Mrs. Clavering's letter, and had not heard of the fate of her brother-in-law till the news reached her in that way. She had gone down to a lodging at Tenby with no attendant but one maid, and was preparing herself for the great surrender of her property which she meditated. Hitherto she had heard nothing from the Courtons or their lawyer as to the offer she had made about Ongar Park; but the time had been short, and lawyers' work, as she knew, was never done in a hurry. She had gone to Tenby, flying, in truth, from the loneliness of London to the loneliness of the sea-shore,—but expecting she knew not what comfort from the change. She would take with her no carriage, and there would, as she thought, be excitement even in that. She would take long walks by herself;—she would read;—nay, if possible, she would study and bring herself to some habits of industry. Hitherto she had failed in everything, but now she would try if some mode of success might not be open to her. She would ascertain, too, on what smallest sum she could live respectably and without penury, and would keep only so much out of Lord Ongar's wealth.

But hitherto her life at Tenby had not been successful. Solitary days were longer there even than they had been in London. People stared at her more; and, though she did not own it to herself, she missed greatly the comforts of her London house. As for reading, I doubt whether she did much better by the seaside than she had done in the town. Men and women say that they will read, and think so,—those, I mean, who have acquired no habit of reading,—believing the work to be, of all works, the easiest. It may be work, they think, but of all works it must be the easiest of achievement. Given the absolute faculty of reading, the task of

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going through the pages of a book must be, of all tasks, the most certainly within the grasp of the man or woman who attempts it! Alas, no;—if the habit be not there, of all tasks it is the most difficult. If a man have not acquired the habit of reading till he be old, he shall sooner in his old age learn to make shoes than learn the adequate use of a book. And worse again;—under such circumstances the making of shoes shall be more pleasant to him than the reading of a book. Let those who are not old,—who are still young, ponder this well. Lady Ongar, indeed, was not old, by no means too old to clothe herself in new habits. But even she was old enough to find that the doing so was a matter of much difficulty. She had her books around her; but, in spite of her books, she was sadly in want of some excitement when the letter from Clavering came to her relief.

It was indeed a relief. Her brother-in-law dead, and he also who had so lately been her suitor! These two men whom she had so lately seen in lusty health,—proud with all the pride of outward life,—had both, by a stroke of the winds, been turned into nothing. A terrible retribution had fallen upon her enemy,—for as her enemy she had ever regarded Hugh Clavering since her husband's death. She took no joy in this retribution. There was no feeling of triumph at her heart in that he had perished. She did not tell herself that she was glad,—either for her own sake or for her sister's. But mingled with the awe she felt there was a something of unexpressed and inexpressible relief. Her present life was very grievous to her,—and now had occurred that which would open to her new hopes and a new mode of living. Her brother-in-law had oppressed her by his very existence, and now he was gone. Had she had no brother-in-law who ought to have welcomed her, her return to England would not have been terrible to her as it had been. Her sister would be now restored to her, and her solitude would probably be at an end. And then the very excitement occasioned by the news was salutary to her. She was, in truth, shocked. As she said to her maid, she felt it to be very dreadful. But, nevertheless, the day on which she received those tidings was less wearisome to her than any other of the days that she had passed at Tenby.

Poor Archie! Some feeling of a tear, some half-formed drop that was almost a tear, came to her eye as she thought of his fate. How foolish he had always been, how unintelligent, how deficient in all those qualities which recommend men to women! But the very memory of his deficiencies created something like a tenderness in his favour. Hugh was disagreeable, nay hateful, by reason of the power which he possessed; whereas Archie was not hateful at all, and was disagreeable simply because nature had been a niggard to him. And then he had professed himself to be her lover. There had not been much in this; for he had come, of course, for her money; but even when that is the case a woman will feel something for the man who has offered to link his lot with hers. Of all those to whom the fate of the two brothers had hitherto been matter of moment, I think that Lady Ongar felt more than any other for the fate of poor Archie.

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And how would it affect Harry Clavering? She had desired to give Harry all the good things of the world, thinking that they would become him well,—thinking that they would become him very well as reaching him from her hand. Now he would have them all, but would not have them from her. Now he would have them all, and would share them with Florence Burton. Ah,—if she could have been true to him in those early days,—in those days when she had feared his poverty,—would it not have been well now with her also? The measure of her retribution was come full home to her at last! Sir Harry Clavering! She tried the name and found that it sounded very well. And she thought of the figure of the man and of his nature, and she knew that he would bear it with a becoming manliness. Sir Harry Clavering would be somebody in his county,—would be a husband of whom his wife would be proud as he went about among his tenants and his gamekeepers,—and perhaps on wider and better journeys, looking up the voters of his neighbourhood. Yes; happy would be the wife of Sir Harry Clavering. He was a man who would delight in sharing his house, his hopes, his schemes and councils with his wife. He would find a companion in his wife. He would do honour to his wife, and make much of her. He would like to see her go bravely. And then, if children came, how tender he would be to them! Whether Harry could ever have become a good head to a poor household might be doubtful, but no man had ever been born fitter for the position which he was now called upon to fill. It was thus that Lady Ongar thought of Harry Clavering as she owned to herself that the full measure of her just retribution had come home to her.

Of course she would go at once to Clavering Park. She wrote to her sister saying so, and the next day she started. She started so quickly on her journey that she reached the house not very many hours after her own letter. She was there when the rector started for London, and there when Mr. Fielding preached his sermon; but she did not see Mr. Clavering before he went, nor was she present to hear the eloquence of the younger clergyman. Till after that Sunday the only member of the family she had seen was Mrs. Clavering, who spent some period of every day up at the great house. Mrs. Clavering had not hitherto seen Lady Ongar since her return, and was greatly astonished at the change which so short a time had made. "She is handsomer than ever she was," Mrs. Clavering said to the rector; "but it is that beauty which some women carry into middle life, and not the loveliness of youth." Lady Ongar's manner was cold and stately when first she met Mrs. Clavering. It was on the morning of her marriage when they had last met,—when Julia Brabazon was resolving that she would look like a countess, and that to be a countess should be enough for her happiness. She could not but remember this now, and was unwilling at first to make confession of her failure by any meekness of conduct. It behoved her to be proud, at any rate till she should know how this new Lady Clavering would receive her. And then it was more than probable that this new Lady Clavering knew all that had

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taken place between her and Harry. It behoved her, therefore, to hold her head on high.

But before the week was over, Mrs. Clavering,—for we will still call her so,—had broken Lady Ongar's spirit by her kindness; and the poor woman who had so much to bear had brought herself to speak of the weight of her burden. Julia had, on one occasion, called her Lady Clavering, and for the moment this had been allowed to pass without observation. The widowed lady was then present, and no notice of the name was possible. But soon afterwards Mrs. Clavering made her little request on the subject. "I do not quite know what the custom may be," she said, "but do not call me so just yet. It will only be reminding Hermy of her bereavement."

"She is thinking of it always," said Julia.

"No doubt she is; but still the new name would wound her. And, indeed, it perplexes me also. Let it come by-and-by, when we are more settled."

Lady Ongar had truly said that her sister was as yet always thinking of her bereavement. To her now it was as though the husband she had lost had been a paragon among men. She could only remember of him his manliness, his power,—a dignity of presence which he possessed,—and the fact that to her he had been everything. She thought of that last and vain caution which she had given him, when with her hardly permitted last embrace she had besought him to take care of himself. She did not remember now how coldly that embrace had been received, how completely those words had been taken as meaning nothing, how he had left her not only without a sign of affection, but without an attempt to repress the evidences of his indifference. But she did remember that she had had her arm upon his shoulder, and tried to think of that embrace as though it had been sweet to her. And she did remember how she had stood at the window, listening to the sounds of the wheels which took him off, and watching his form as long as her eye could rest upon it. Ah! what falsehoods she told herself now of her love to him, and of his goodness to her; pious falsehoods which would surely tend to bring some comfort to her wounded spirit.

But her sister could hardly bear to hear the praises of Sir Hugh. When she found how it was to be, she resolved that she would bear them, —bear them, and not contradict them; but her struggle in doing so was great, and was almost too much for her.

"He had judged me and condemned me," she said at last, "and therefore, as a matter of course, we were not such friends when we last met as we used to be before my marriage."

"But, Julia, there was much for which you owed him gratitude."

"We will say nothing about that now, Hermy."

"I do not know why your mouth should be closed on such a subject because he has gone. I should have thought that you would be glad to acknowledge his kindness to you. But you were always hard."

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"Perhaps I am hard."

"And twice he asked you to come here since you returned,—but you would not come."

"I have come now, Hermy, when I have thought that I might be of use."

"He felt it when you would not come before. I know he did." Lady Ongar could not but think of the way in which he had manifested his feelings on the occasion of his visit to Bolton Street. "I never could understand why you were so bitter."

"I think, dear, we had better not discuss that. I also have had much to bear,—I, as well as you. What you have borne has come in no wise from your own fault."

"No, indeed; I did not want him to go. I would have given anything to keep him at home."

Her sister had not been thinking of the suffering which had come to her from the loss of her husband, but of her former miseries. This, however, she did not explain. "No," Lady Ongar continued to say. "You have nothing for which to blame yourself, whereas I have much,—indeed everything. If we are to remain together, as I hope we may, it will be better for us both that bygones should be bygones."

"Do you mean that I am never to speak of Hugh?"

"No;—I by no means intend that. But I would rather that you should not refer to his feelings towards me. I think he did not quite understand the sort of life that I led while my husband was alive, and that he judged me amiss. Therefore I would have bygones be bygones."

Three or four days after this, when the question of leaving Clavering Park was being mooted, the elder sister started a difficulty as to money matters. An offer had been made to her by Mrs. Clavering to remain at the great house, but this she had declined, alleging that the place would be distasteful to her after her husband's death. She, poor soul, did not allege that it had been made distasteful to her for ever by the solitude which she had endured there during her husband's lifetime! She would go away somewhere, and live as best she might upon her jointure. It was not very much, but it would be sufficient. She did not see, she said, how she could live with her sister, because she did not wish to be dependent. Julia, of course, would live in a style to which she could make no pretence.

Mrs. Clavering, who was present,—as was also Lady Ongar,—declared that she saw no such difficulty. "Sisters together," she said, "need hardly think of a difference in such matters."

Then it was that Lady Ongar first spoke to either of them of her half-formed resolution about her money, and then too, for the first time, did she come down altogether from that high horse on which she had been, as it were, compelled to mount herself while in Mrs. Clavering's presence. "I think I must explain," said she, "something of what I

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mean to do,—about my money that is. I do not think that there will be much difference between me and Hermy in that respect."

"That is nonsense," said her sister, fretfully.

"There will be a difference in income certainly," said Mrs. Clavering, "but I do not see that that need create any uncomfortable feeling."

"Only one doesn't like to be dependent," said Hermione.

"You shall not be asked to give up any of your independence," said Julia, with a smile,—a melancholy smile, that gave but little sign of pleasantness within. Then on a sudden her face became stern and hard. "The fact is," she said, "I do not intend to keep Lord Ongar's money."

"Not to keep your income!" said Hermione.

"No;—I will give it back to them,—or at least the greater part of it. Why should I keep it?"

"It is your own," said Mrs. Clavering.

"Yes; legally it is my own. I know that. And when there was some question whether it should not be disputed I would have fought for it to the last shilling. Somebody,—I suppose it was the lawyer,—wanted to keep from me the place in Surrey. I told them then that I would not abandon my right to an inch of it. But they yielded,—and now I have given them back the house."

"You have given it back!" said her sister.

"Yes;—I have said they may have it. It is of no use to me. I hate the place."

"You have been very generous," said Mrs. Clavering.

"But that will not affect your income," said Hermione.

"No;—that would not affect my income." Then she paused, not knowing how to go on with the story of her purpose.

"If I may say so, Lady Ongar," said Mrs. Clavering, "I would not if I were you, take any steps in so important a matter without advice."

"Who is there that can advise me? Of course the lawyer tells me that I ought to keep it all. It is his business to give such advice as that. But what does he know of what I feel? How can he understand me? How, indeed, can I expect that any one shall understand me?"

"But it is possible that people should misunderstand you," said Mrs. Clavering.

"Exactly. That is just what he says. But, Mrs. Clavering, I care nothing for that. I care nothing for what anybody says or thinks. What is it to me what they say?"

"I should have thought it was everything," said her sister.

"No,—it is nothing;—nothing at all." Then she was again silent, and was unable to express herself. She could not bring herself to declare in words that self-condemnation of her own conduct which was now weighing so heavily upon her. It was not that she wished to keep back her own feelings, either from her sister or from Mrs. Clavering; but that the words in which to express them were wanting to her.

"And have they accepted the house?" Mrs. Clavering asked.

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"They must accept it. What else can they do? They cannot make me call it mine if I do not choose. If I refuse to take the income which Mr. Courton's lawyer pays in to my bankers', they cannot compel me to have it."

"But you are not going to give that up too?" said her sister.

"I am. I will not have his money,—not more than enough to keep me from being a scandal to his family. I will not have it. It is a curse to me, and has been from the first. What right have I to all that money, because,—because,—because—" She could not finish her sentence, but turned away from them, and walked by herself to the window.

Lady Clavering looked at Mrs. Clavering as though she thought that her sister was mad. "Do you understand her?" said Lady Clavering in a whisper.

"I think I do," said the other. "I think I know what is passing in her mind." Then she followed Lady Ongar across the room, and taking her gently by the arm tried to comfort her,—to comfort her, and to argue with her as to the rashness of that which she proposed to do. She endeavoured to explain to the poor woman how it was that she should at this moment be wretched, and anxious to do that which, if done, would put it out of her power afterwards to make herself useful in the world. It shocked the prudence of Mrs. Clavering,—this idea of abandoning money, the possession of which was questioned by no one. "They do not want it, Lady Ongar," she said.

"That has nothing to do with it," answered the other.

"And nobody has any suspicion but what it is honourably and fairly your own."

"But does anybody ever think how I got it?" said Lady Ongar, turning sharply round upon Mrs. Clavering. "You,—you,—you,—do you dare to tell me what you think of the way in which it became mine? Could you bear it, if it had become yours after such a fashion? I cannot bear it, and I will not." She was now speaking with so much violence that her sister was awed into silence, and Mrs. Clavering herself found a difficulty in answering her.

"Whatever may have been the past," said she, "the question now is how to do the best for the future."

"I had hoped," continued Lady Ongar without noticing what was said to her, "I had hoped to make everything straight by giving his money to another. You know to whom I mean, and so does Hermy. I thought, when I returned, that bad as I had been I might still do some good in the world. But it is as they tell us in the sermons. One cannot make good come out of evil. I have done evil, and nothing but evil has come from the evil which I have done. Nothing but evil will come from it. As for being useful in the world,—I know of what use I am! When women hear how wretched I have been they will be unwilling to sell themselves as I did." Then she made her way to the door, and left the room, going out with quiet steps, and closing the lock behind her without a sound.

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"I did not know that she was such as that," said Mrs. Clavering.

"Nor did I. She has never spoken in that way before."

"Poor soul! Hermione, you see there are those in the world whose sufferings are worse than yours."

"I don't know," said Lady Clavering. "She never lost what I have lost,—never."

"She has lost what I am sure you never will lose, her own self-esteem. But, Hermy, you should be good to her. We must all be good to her. Will it not be better that you should stay with us for a while,—both of you?"

"What, here at the park?"

"We will make room for you at the rectory, if you would like it."

"Oh, no; I will go away. I shall be better away. I suppose she will not be like that often; will she?"

"She was much moved just now."

"And what does she mean about her income? She cannot be in earnest."

"She is in earnest now."

"And cannot it be prevented? Only think,—if after all she were to give up her jointure! Mrs. Clavering, you do not think she is mad; do you?"

Mrs. Clavering said what she could to comfort the elder and weaker sister on this subject, explaining to her that the Courtons would not be at all likely to take advantage of any wild generosity on the part of Lady Ongar, and then she walked home across the park, meditating on the character of the two sisters.

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The Köningsmarks and Marshal Saxe.

Extinct families, like extinct kingdoms and republics, ought to find their special historians, and assuredly no departed race, not even that of the Montmorencies, styled by Henri IV. the greatest family in Europe after the Bourbons, can furnish so romantic a series of adventures as the Swedish Köningsmarks, who have left some trace in the records of almost every State of Europe.

This race, whose sons and daughters were all noted as much either for their beauty or strength of form as for the dauntless energy and impetuous passions which seethed in their wild blood from generation to generation, were a branch of an ancient family seated originally in the Mark of Brandenburg. In the dim dawn of modern history the Köningsmarks are to be seen on the banks of the Elbe, fighting under the banner of Henry the Fowler. One of them, in the thirteenth century, finds place in the chronicles of the time as the "Rosenritter"—the Knight of the Roses. He had delivered the Queen of Hungary from the captivity of the Ban of Croatia, and when asked by the Queen to name his own reward, claimed the three red roses which she held in her hand. The Queen thereupon not only gave her deliverer the three red roses, but three kisses besides with her own royal lips.

The Köningsmarks had their family seat at Kitzlar, in Brandenburg, but during the Thirty Years' War the family split up into two branches, one of which remained on the ancestral soil, while the other attached itself to the fortunes of Gustavus Adolphus, and subsequently passed over into Sweden. The founder of the Swedish line was Hans Christoph von Köningsmark, who began life as a page at the court of Friedrich Ulrich of Brunswick, and became, on the Protestant side, one of the most notorious partisan chieftains of the Thirty Years' War. He was a grim-browed gigantic fighter, whose thick mane of hair bristled like a wild boar's when in wrath, and whose Teutonic fury in battle made the blood of Wallenstein's freebooters run cold in their veins. He fought by the side of Gustavus at Lützen, co-operated with Turenne in the invasion of the Palatinate, and served again under the Swedish flag in the times of Bannier and Torstenson. His chief exploit was the storming of the quarter of the Kleinseite at Prague, the last great event of thirty years of massacre and devastation, and one which determimed the Imperialists to accept the Peace of Westphalia. Of all the ruthless chieftains and bandits who had laid waste Germany, Hans Christoph practised the arts of plunder and extortion with as little remorse as any. In Lower Saxony he cut down whole forests and turned them into money. His booty in the Kleinseite was enormous. In the house of Count Colleredo, the commander of the captured garrison, he

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found, it is said, twelve tubs full of gold. One of his articles of plunder was the Mæso-Gothic Gospel of Ulphilas, which is fortunately preserved in the library of Upsala at the present day; but no lover of art can ever forgive him for carrying off four pictures of Correggio, which perished at the hands of his Vandal mistress Queen Christiana, who cut the heads of the figures out of the canvas to insert in her own vile tapestry. After the Peace of Westphalia he became a count of Sweden, and governor of the provinces of Bremen and Verden, of which the Swedes had taken possession. Near their capital, Stade, he built himself a castle-residence, and named it Agathenburg. He died at Stockholm, as a field-marshal, in the year 1663, leaving large possessions, into which he had converted his immense heaps of "loot" got together in thirty years' campaigning. This terrible old brigand had two sons, of whom the younger, Otto Wilhelm, played the more prominent part in history. He was educated at Jena, went the tour of Europe, and, on return, was sent as ambassador of Sweden to the court of Louis XIV. At his reception he had to deliver a Swedish speech; in the middle of it his memory failed him, and he substituted for the remainder of his oration the Lord's Prayer in the same language. As no one at the court of Louis XIV. knew Swedish, he ran no danger of discovery, although his attendants had much difficulty in keeping a grave face. He subsequently entered the French service, and formed the regiment called the Royal Allemand. He assisted later in raising the siege of Vienna by the Turks; from Vienna he passed into the service of the Venetians, with whom he fought again against the Turks; in conjunction with Morosini he took the command of their expedition, and reconquered the Morea with great rapidity. From the Morea he went to Athens, and set siege to the city. He, too, like his father, became an art-ravager of the most deplorable atrocity, for the Turks having fortified themselves in the Acropolis and stored their powder in the Parthenon, he planted a battery upon the hill on which stands the monument of Philopappus, and directed his guns upon those marvellous edifices which man, and not time, has brought to ruin. It was, alas, from the battery of a Köningsmark that the fatal bomb was launched which blew the roof from off the Parthenon and splintered its marble columns. After having by this achievement done the world an injury, of whose magnitude he could have no possible conception, he died of the plague, before Negropont, in the year 1688. The Venetians thought much of his services, and erected a statue to him in the arsenal, which is still to be seen there, with the inscription, "Semper victori." His body was brought to Venice, and taken from thence by his nephew, Philip,—he who was destined to be a victim to his fatal amour with Sophia Dorothea, —to the family vault at Stade. The elder brother of the ravager of the Parthenon, Conrad, was killed in 1673, at the siege of Bonn, leaving four children,—two sons and two daughters,—and three of these had destinies more romantic than any of their ancestors. Their mother was a Wrangel, daughter of the Herman Wrangel against whom the great Elector of Bran-

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denburg won the battle of Fehrbellin—a victory from which Frederick the Great dated the greatness of the house of Hohenzollern. From the Wrangels the Köningsmarks derived that beauty of person for which the Swedish family was celebrated, while the wild blood of the race showed itself as wild as ever in the extraordinary romance of their lives. One, however—and but one—of the children of this marriage, the youngest daughter, who married Count Löwenhaupt, a Saxon general, lived a quiet and a decent life. Carl Johann, the eldest son, was a notorious personage in all parts of Europe, and styled *le parfait chevalier errant.* He united all the graces of the Wrangels with the Herculean strength of his grandfather and the wandering spirit of his uncle. At the age of fifteen he commenced his wild career by rushing from court to court and from camp to camp. At eighteen he went to Malta to join the expedition of the Knights of St. John against the pirates of Barbary. In a sea-fight with the Moors he displayed much extravagant valour, and a cat-like tenacity of life. The galley in which Köningsmark was, made an attempt to board one of the pirates, and the young count leapt on to the enemy's bulwarks without a follower, when his vessel was beaten off, and he had to defend his life singly against the whole Moorish crew. In the struggle he fell into the water, but he astonished the Moors by appearing again on the opposite side of the vessel and leaping on to the deck. He maintained his ground as the Maltese knights were surrounding the corsair on all sides, when the pirates in despair blew themselves up. Köningsmark went up with the rest, but fell into the water, and was picked up safe. For these exploits the Grand Master gave the youth, in spite of his being a Protestant, the Maltese Cross. On his way home he made a romantic journey through Italy, accompanied by the young Countess of Southampton dressed as a page. He visited Paris a second time, where his uncle, the colonel of the Royal Allemand, made him acquainted with all the chief people of the court of Louis XIV.; from thence he crossed over to England, to offer his services to Charles II., being eager again to meet the Moors in conflict. He sought for permission to join the expedition to Tangiers, and to fight side by side with Kirke's Lambs. Köningsmark was accepted as a volunteer, but the squadron in which he was to start was delayed by adverse winds for six months, which so exasperated his hot impatience that he started off for Tangiers by land, travelling day and night through France and Spain to reach the fortress then besieged by the Moghrebin Moslems. He crossed the straits and landed close to the fortress just as the governor was attempting a last desperate sally. He joined the English troopers, put himself at their head with his little suite, and in the impetuosity of his charge got a hundred yards in front of the English line. The Moors, confused by the smoke of the conflict, and imagining the new-comers had brought large reinforcements, gave way before him, and Tangiers was relieved. From Tangiers he went back to England, where this handsome, brilliant, daredevil young fellow found himself in his true

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element, among the loose gallants and looser ladies of the court. He was constrained, however, soon to leave the country under circumstances of a very ugly complexion, which excited immense sensation; for one of the wealthiest young men about town of the day was assassinated in Pall Mall, and young Köningsmark was tried as an accomplice in the crime. The whole of the facts may be found in a pamphlet published in 1682, called the "Tryal and Condemnation of George Borosky, alias Boratzi, Christopher Fraats, and John Stern, for the barbarous Murder of Thomas Tynn, Esq., in Pall Mall, together with the Tryal of Charles John Count Coningsmark as Accessory before the Fact of the same Murder."

The motives of this extraordinary affair were the following:—Thomas Tynn, Esq., was engaged to be married to Elizabeth Percy, the only daughter and heiress of the Duke of Northumberland, who died in 1670. Being the richest and noblest heiress in England, she had had many candidates for her hand, and Köningsmark among them. Old Fraats, a war-worn veteran, had been body-guard to Köningsmark's uncle in the Thirty Years' War, and served the nephew like a savage mastiff, content at any time to be cut to pieces for a Köningsmark. Whether Fraats, with his Thirty Years' War notions, entertained the scheme alone, or whether his young count gave him a hint, cannot be known; what we do know is, that old Fraats, with sundry scenes of the sacking of the Palatinate probably running in his head, determined to put Mr. Thomas Tynn out of the way, to give Köningsmark another chance for the heiress. He accordingly got two foreign friends, Boratzski and Stern, to accompany him with their blunderbusses to Pall Mall, on the evening of Sunday, February 12, 1682. These three worthies stationed themselves at the spot where now stands the arcade of Her Majesty's Theatre, on the look-out for Mr. Thomas Tynn in his carriage. When he arrived all three poured the contents of their weapons into his bosom. All three were tried and sentenced to death. Nothing could be proved against Köningsmark; the other two knew nothing but what Fraats told them, and old Fraats took care to tell them nothing. He was offered a free pardon if he would give evidence against Köningsmark. He stubbornly refused, and took his hanging without a murmur. Carl Johann, the *parfait chevalier errant*, was heard of no more in England after this; he carried his sword over to the service of the Venetians, and fell in the Morea, fighting under his uncle in 1686.

Philip Köningsmark, his brother, was also one of the handsomest and most libertine gallants of all Europe, and the story of his intrigue with Sophia Dorothea, Princess of Zell and wife of our George I., is one of the most tragical romances of the kind. Additional revelations of this affair were made of late years by the publication of the correspondence of Sophia Dorothea and her lover, which has been preserved in the library at Upsala; and all the incidents of this dark business are now as well known as they probably ever will be.

Philip was brought up at the court of the parents of Sophia Dorothea

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at Zell, and he declares in his letters that his passion for her dated from his boyhood. He came over to England to finish his education at a school kept by a Frenchman, Faubert, where he grew up in company with the sons of the dissolute courtiers of Charles II., and imbibed all the libertine morals of the time. He served under his uncle, Otto Wilhelm, we have seen, in the Venetian service against the Turks, and travelled in company with the Herculean young profligate the Electoral Prince of Saxony, who after became August the Strong, when his evil star took him, in 1685, to the court of Hanover. The Upsala letters, now yellow and dull enough, but once hot from the flame of passion and devotion, extend from 1687 to 1694—over, consequently, a period of seven years. They show that the princess, the wife of the heir-apparent of the Electorate, visited Köningsmark in his apartments—that they made habitual *rendezvous* in her rooms, at ten o'clock in the evening, to sup together. The count writes on one occasion:—"Demain, au soir, à dix heures, je serai au rendezvous. Le signal ordinaire nous fera connaître. Je sifflerai de loin, 'Les Follies d'Espagne.'" From these letters we learn that the count was sometimes concealed for whole days, and once for three days together, with the princess, and that both had occasionally wild fits of jealousy. Once the count accuses the princess of throwing "*œillades*" at another. Another time "a note has been mislaid, and everything may be discovered." The princess was prepared to risk everything and to sacrifice everything for Köningsmark, and urged him perpetually to flight and marriage. A day spent with him was her only consolation, in her then state of existence. Köningsmark tried to break away, spoke of seeking relief in campaigning; but the princess held him fast till the fatal catastrophe overwhelmed them both.

If any excuse could be found for the unfortunate, beautiful, spirited, and accomplished princess, it would be afforded by the licentious atmosphere of the court of Hanover, and the infidelity and coarse nature of her husband. She was the only daughter of George Wilhelm, Duke of Zell, by the daughter of a Huguenot marquis and refugee whom he fell in love with at the court of the Prince of Orange at Breda. The marriage, according to royal German notions, was a *mésalliance*, but the French lady was possessed of uncommon attractions in graces of form and manner—of sparkling vivacity and great intelligence; all of which she transmitted to her daughter, and all of which were quite thrown away on the German boor, her spouse, who neglected her for fat heavy German mistresses. Sophia Dorothea is described as of middle height, with a perfect bust, with oval features, of a delicate complexion, with a dimpled chin, and light chestnut hair. She danced to perfection, sang, and played on the clavier. She had a quick wit, a lively imagination, and remarkable powers of memory and literary tastes; and above all, she had an affectionate nature and a deeply-loving heart. In the year 1682 she was married to her cousin, the Electoral Prince George Louis of Hanover—a marriage of state reason, to keep together the possessions of the two branches of the House of Brunswick.

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The union was one of the most unnatural character, and from first to last the lively, brilliant, impassioned, half-French Princess of Zell and the morose, sullen, stupid, sensual German boor never had a sympathy in common. At the court of Ernest August, her father-in-law, the princess lived in a fœtid atmosphere of adultery. Both the Elector and his son rivalled each other in their besotted passions for ugly and coarse women. For such Ernest August neglected his wife, Sophia Stuart, the daughter of the unfortunate Elizabeth of Bohemia, the presumptive heiress of the throne of England, the friend of Leibnitz, the most accomplished lady at that time perhaps in Europe; and such his more boorish son preferred to the charming and sprightly Sophia Dorothea. Amid this coarse, sensual, and profligate society, the handsome and brilliant young Köningsmark appeared like a being from another world, and the poor princess was fascinated beyond power of control. Pity, alas! for a passion which cost one lover his life and the other her liberty. Her husband, the prince, however, had nothing to do with the tragedy which occurred; and, to do him justice, seems not even to have been jealous, but to have given his wife as much licence as he took himself. The Countess Platen alone was the contriver and executor of the infernal transaction, which was simply the assassination of Köningsmark by a slighted and revengeful woman. Köningsmark had rejected the advances of a vixen who had neither youth nor beauty to recommend her; and some reputed jest of the princess at her expense roused the ugly harridan to the highest pitch of fury, and she thought of nothing but revenge. The meditated flight of the two objects of her hatred at last brought on the tragic crisis. The princess, in June, 1694, had made one fruitless attempt, by appealing to her father, to escape from the intolerable life of Hanover and Herrenhausen, and to be received back under the protection of her parents; but failing in this, she determined to take advantage of the absence of her husband at Berlin to fly away with her lover to Dresden, where August the Strong, Köningsmark's old comrade, had now succeeded to the Electorate, and immediately on his accession named Köningsmark his major-general of cuirassiers. All the arrangements for their flight were made. Köningsmark's equipage was waiting—twenty-nine servants and fifty-two horses and mules. On the evening of the 1st of July, 1694, he made a visit to the princess for the last time preparatory to elopement. The Countess Platen was made aware by her spies of the intended flight, and of the meeting of the lovers in the princess's apartments. Furious at the notion of being baulked of her anticipated vengeance, she wrung from the Elector an order for Köningsmark's immediate arrest, and by means of the arrest the revengeful woman compassed his murder. She placed four of the Elector's body-guards in a hiding-place behind a projection of the court chapel, and barred up every other means of exit but the one which led in that direction; she gave her accomplices orders to kill the count if he should defend himself, which he was pretty sure to do when set upon by four men, without warning, in the dark. She herself lay in wait close by, to become an eye-

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witness of her own revenge. The count passed a considerable portion of the night with the princess, who was getting ready her jewels and more valuable articles to take with her. On leaving her he endeavoured to pass out the way he usually went. That exit was barred. He rushed in wild despair from door to door, till he came where the ambush was prepared for him. The four men set upon him; Köningsmark drew his sword and defended himself, inflicting several wounds on his adversaries. At last his sword broke, and he was overpowered, with severe wounds on face and body. He was dragged into a neighbouring room, where the Countess Platen was; and when the count, at sight of her, burst out into terms of execration, she stamped with her feet on his bleeding face. He was then thrown into a vault filled with water, and drowned, and his body was burnt in an oven and the place then walled up. For a long time, although, of course, suspicion was rife, the sudden disappearance of Köningsmark was a mystery for all Germany. The array of servants, horses, mules, and equipages waiting outside Hanover of course drew universal attention to the unaccountable mystery. Aurora, the sister of Köningsmark, was then at Hanover. After making all efforts to find traces of the lost man in and near the city, she betook herself to Dresden, to address herself to Augustus the Strong, for whose court her brother was on the point of departing, and with whom he had been a favourite. All search for him was, however, of course vain. Such was the end of the last male of the Swedish branch of the house of Köningsmark. The Brandenburg branch is still in existence.

Aurora, his sister, was neither so young nor so innocent when she arrived at the Court of Saxony as has been supposed. She was undoubtedly nearer thirty than twenty; and from the letters of Köningsmark it appears she had already had a *liaison* with George Louis of Hanover. August the Strong did not fail to take interest in the lady who thus appealed to his protection. This interest rapidly turned into an attachment of a less creditable nature, and her short and brilliant career of reigning favourite of that fickle and dissolute monarch then commenced. Aurora was born about the year 1668 at the family-seat, Agathenburg. Her father was killed, as already mentioned, at Bonn, soon after her birth. She was brought up by his widow, the beautiful Countess Wrangel, and passed her youth partly at Hamburg, partly at Stockholm and Hanover. She lost her mother in 1691, and after that time resided with her sister, the wife of the Swedish Count Löwenhaupt, who lived in Hamburg. From thence she visited from time to time the courts of Hanover and Wolfenbüttel, and also resided occasionally at the ancient convent of Quedlinburg in the Hartz, of which she was admitted a canoness. She possessed all the accomplishments then fashionable: danced, played on the clavier and the viol, and sang excellently. She wrote verses—some noticed even by Voltaire—spoke Swedish, German, French and Italian, and understood Latin. Her contemporaries describe her as possessed of the most fascinating charms of Swedish beauty. Her form was tall and graceful, her complexion brilliant. Her luxuriant hair was of the true Swedish blonde, to contrast with which,

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her eyes were large, dark, and lustrous, and their effect was heightened by her finely-drawn and regular eyebrows, and her broad fair forehead. To complete her portrait, it must be added that her nose was perfectly Grecian, that her mouth was small, and adorned with perfect red lips, and the very whitest of teeth. These attractions sufficed for three or four years to captivate some of the affection of the monstrous profligate who then reigned over Saxony, and who became, by Aurora, the father of Maurice de Saxe, the victor of Fontenoy, to whom he imparted no small share of his own vices and athletic superiority. For August could crush horse-shoes in his fingers, and roll up dollars like paper in his hand, and lift weights beyond the power of four ordinary men, while there was not an athletic sport of any kind in which he did not excel. Unlike his illegitimate son, however, he never showed any capacity for the field, though in the Hungarian campaign the Turks, for his personal bravery, called him "The Iron Hand." Charles XII. flogged him through Poland and Saxony in such fashion that he cried out he would rather abdicate than be exposed in that wise. It was an evil day for Saxony and Poland when the wild Wayvodes were induced by dint of corruption and intimidation to elect him to fill the throne of the Jagellons, and crowds of European evils were connected with that Polish kingdom of his.

But amid all the calamities which his folly and incompetence brought on his country, he managed to console himself with his court mummeries, masquerades, and hunting and shooting parade-parties, and with his three hundred mistresses, one of whom, the Countess Orselska, was, horrible to relate, his own daughter. With Augustus pleasure and profligacy were the only serious pursuits. The court of Saxony was the most extravagant of all those German imitations of the Versailles of Louis XIV. and the Regency; and in the midst of it Aurora von Köningsmark figured for a brief period, as the monarch passed his time in Dresden or Warsaw amid a whirl of operas, concerts, pastoral and mythological masquerades, ballets, and fireworks. The tasteless prodigalities displayed at these festivals is almost beyond belief. Dresden and its neighbourhood became a kind of barbaric Olympus. There were Diana festivals in the forests, Neptune festivals on the Elbe, and Saturn festivals in the mountains. In the water festivals, fleets of little frigates, brigantines, gondolas, and bucentaurs covered the Elbe, with sailors clad in satin and silk stockings. The prodigality was senseless and astounding. In one display of fireworks 18,000 trunks of trees were made use of; 6,000 ells of cloth on one occasion were used up in allegorical pictures; and 3,000 eggs on another to make a monster cake, which had to be cut up by a carpenter with a ladder and a long saw. The porcelain collection of the Japan Palace, and the bizarre curiosities of the Green Vaults, piles of columns of ostrichs' eggs, and carven pearls of enormous size, still exhibit the *rococo* taste of this strange sovereign. Among his attendants were court fools, and crowds of Janissaries, Moors, Negroes, Heyducks, and Swiss. The orgies of the court were not unfrequently of an indescribably low and gross character.

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Aurora was for a while a notorious personage in that licentious world, and took a transitory part in the magnificent festivities which consumed the wealth of nations. She accompanied the Elector to Carlsbad, where she figured as Diana in a mythological masquerade. Could she have kept by the side of the inconstant prince, her reign might have had longer duration; but the change-loving monarch was for ever hastening from one capital to another in search of pleasure or adventure: negotiations about the Polish succession, campaigns against the Turks in Hungary, carousals in the capitals of Austria and Saxony, carried him about from Dresden to Vienna, Vienna to Pesth, and back again. From one of his Viennese excursions he brought back another mistress, the Countess Lamberg. But the favourite by whom she was finally dethroned was the Princess Lubomirska, who attracted the attention of Augustus by contriving to swoon at a tournament in which the Elector was thrown from his horse. Even during their brief relations Aurora shared, unknown to herself, the Elector's love with various favourites: one of these was her own attendant, a Turkish girl whom her brother had saved as a child in one of his Hungarian campaigns, and who had been brought up by Aurora. The girl was married by Augustus to one of his own attendants named Spiegel to save appearances, but the marriage was of course one only of name.

On being called to the crown of Poland, to obtain which he became a renegade from the Protestant faith, Augustus held his first court at Warsaw, and his three mistresses, Aurora von Köningsmark, the Countess Lamberg, and the Spiegel, went in his suite. Aurora then still fondly imagined that she was sole *maîtresse en titre*, a dream from which she was awakened by being sent back into Saxony at the instance of the Princess Lubomirska, who now arrived openly upon the stage, and assumed the office of *prima donna*. The Köningsmark was now placed permanently *en retraite*. She contrived, however, to console herself, went through a great deal of love-making, and carried on a large amatory correspondence. The Duke Christian Ulrich of Würtemberg-Oels indeed proposed to marry her, but Augustus refused his consent. She lived in great state, and passed her time between Dresden, Hamburg, Quedlinburg, and Breslau, in the neighbourhood of which latter place she possessed some property. She made unsuccessful attempts to become Abbess of Quedlinburg on the death of the Princess of Saxe-Weimar, who held that sinecure, but never succeeded or became more than provostess. She came prominently before the world in December, 1701, when she made a desperate attempt to regain the favour of Augustus, then hard beset by Charles XII., by undertaking a diplomatic mission to the Swedish monarch. She travelled day and night to fulfil it in a severe frost in midwinter, but her efforts were vain: the young conqueror of the North refused to see her, and on one occasion, when she planted herself in his path as he rode out, turned his horse's head round as soon as he caught sight of her. The admirers of Aurora were wont to attribute the conduct of the Swedish warrior to fear

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of the effects of her beauty, and to say that the Köningsmark was the only person who ever put him to flight. There is another anecdote, however, which sets his conduct in a different light, and shows that the Swedish king, alone among monarchs, retained that reverence for chastity once sacred among the Northern races. During the Swedish occupation of Saxony the king's cabinet minister, Count Piper, being about to give a banquet, proposed inviting the Countess Köningsmark. Wishing, however, to know whether it would be agreeable to Charles, he told him of his intentions, and said he felt some difficulty as to what precedence he should give her. "How so?" said Charles, with surprise. "She is a ——" (improper person). The count replied she was one of the first families, and had been the mistress of a king. "King or commoner," said Charles, "she is for ever what she is, and shall not come into my sight." Other princes, however, were not so squeamish. Peter the Great, with his son Alexis, paid her a visit at Quedlinburg, and stayed there three days. All the neighbouring princes of Brunswick, Wolfenbüttel, Brunswick and Baiern, the old Dessauer, and even Mr. Carlyle's severe hero, Frederick William of Prussia, wrote her the politest of letters, while her correspondence with her quondam royal lover was carried on solely in official style, and done on his part mostly by deputy.

She lived till the age of sixty, became stout and dropsical, but to the last retained some of her ancient beauty. She was extravagant in the employment of philtres, cosmetics, and medicaments of all kinds to preserve her fading attractions. From the constant use of these, or from some other reason, her body after death did not decay in the usual manner, and even in the beginning of the present century some remains of her ancient charms were still distinguishable if anybody cared to look into her coffin. On account of her extravagant style of living she died so much in debt that her interment was delayed for a year, which the peculiar absence of decay in her person rendered practicable.

The most interesting part of her life, however, is her relation with her son, Maurice of Saxony, towards whom she always showed herself a tender and devoted mother. Maurice was born at Geslar, in the Hartz mountains, on the 28th October, 1696; on the 17th of the same month was born also his half-brother, the Electoral Prince, known afterwards as Augustus III.

In the same year also Voltaire had his birth, and two years previously had been born the famous, or rather infamous, Duc de Richelieu, with both of whom he was destined to be in constant intercourse at the court of Louis XV. Louis XV. himself was born fourteen years after Maurice.

At the time of his birth Aurora was staying in the Hartz country. He spent the earliest years of his childhood in the society of his mother. Later he was sent to Holland with a French tutor, who was afterwards changed for a Saxon officer of the pleasant name of Stötteroggen. Maurice was a wild, wilful, good-natured, strong-limbed boy, who showed great aptitude for learning whatever he was not required to learn. His

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teachers abandoned in despair the attempt to make him a methodical scholar. His greatest aptitude was for athletic exercises of all kinds: next he showed talent for mathematics and in picking up languages colloquially, none of which, however, he ever learnt to spell. In his thirteenth year he was brought back to Dresden and was placed by his father under direction of a Saxon general, Count von Schulenberg, a man more worthy than Maurice ever became, as may be gathered from the advice which he gave his pupil:—"Soyez irreprochable dans vos mœurs et vous dominerez les hommes." The boy was beside himself with joy on learning that he was to be a soldier, and was told to put on a uniform and long sword, and to go and kiss the king's hand, and get ready to go to Flanders. Augustus gave a banquet to celebrate the event, at which all got drunk in drinking success to Maurice, and the boy among them. The king, however, gave Schulenberg good instructions about Maurice's soldier education, telling him not to spare him, but to make him draw up all the military plans with his own hand; he was to share all the hardships of a soldier's life, and to march to Flanders a-foot, carrying his own arms, "for," said the king, "his shoulders are broad enough, and let him take his turn at mounting guard." A few days after he left Dresden with Schulenberg. They went through Leipzig to Lützen, where Schulenberg, on the 15th of January, 1709, reviewed the Saxon Contingent on their road to join Eugene and Marlborough. The honest Schulenberg made use of the place and the occasion to enroll Maurice as a soldier, and to make him a little speech. Maurice's name was placed on the roll of the first battalion, a musket was placed in his hand, and he took the military oath to Schulenberg, who received it by the side of the stone which marks the spot where the great Gustavus Adolphus fell. Schulenberg, who was a pious, God-fearing man, and a great admirer of Gustavus, addressed his pupil in an oration, placing before him the example of the great Swede as his chief guide in his military career. The next day the army proceeded to Flanders. Maurice became a favourite with the colonel and officers of the regiment as they marched along; pipers played to him and soldiers sang him songs; but it was mid-winter, the ground was frozen, and Maurice's feet grew blistered and painful to the tread, and his shoulder turned black and blue with the weight of the musket; the stripling would fain ride from time to time, but the good-humoured taunts of the soldiers set him on foot again, and he went on with the rest. As they passed by Wolfenbüttel and Hanover, the young recruit was taken to court and kept there till marching-time arrived again. Such was the boy's introduction to military life. Schulenberg and Stötteroggen kept watch over him in the murderous campaign of 1709, and prevented him from getting into the thickest of the fight at Malplaquet. In 1710, however, he exposed himself so rashly at the siege of Bethune that Prince Eugene, who never spared himself much, reprimanded him with the words "Jeune homme, apprenez à ne pas confondre le mérite avec la valeur." The Countess Köningsmark, who now, as ever, was anxiously watching over Maurice's welfare, made

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use of the reputation he had acquired in this campaign to get him legitimatized by the king on his return, and Augustus, moreover, made him a present of a small estate.

His adventurous spirit showed itself still more strongly in the year 1712. He was now sixteen years of age, and accompanied his father in an expedition against Charles XII. In this campaign he had a horse shot under him, and he charged a Swedish battery at the head of a division of cavalry by swimming across a river in face of the guns. In the next year he got a regiment of cuirassiers, and in the year after that his friends were so rash as to marry him at the age of eighteen. It is true the lady—whose name was Victoria von Löben—was a rich heiress, being the daughter of one of the richest of the landowners of Saxony, but the experiment was a dangerous one for so wild a youth as Maurice had become amid the debauchery and extravagance of the Saxon court. The young lady was left without a father, was two years younger than Maurice, and would have made Maurice an excellent wife had he been fitted for domestic life. But he was a complete soldier-adventurer at heart, and his subsequent career proves that he spoke but truth when he said later in life to Madame de Pompadour that he considered a wife "un meuble inutile pour un soldat." Indeed, his opinions on marriage continued to be of the loosest through life, since he recommends in his *Rêveries*, as a remedy for depopulation, "marriage for five years certain, renewable with mutual consent—if they have been fruitful, only." Maurice soon got weary of playing the part of a country gentleman, and neglected his wife horribly, as may be seen on the 21st of January, 1725, a year after the marriage, when his wife was confined of a boy, while Maurice at the very same time was doing his best to lose his life on the Elbe, near Hamburg, where he had gone on a party of pleasure with some wild companions. A thaw had set in and made dangerous the ice on the Elbe. Maurice and his comrades, in spite of all warning, insisted on crossing in a sledge, and the party were nearly drowned.

The gambling-tables at Hamburg formed his chief attraction. He plunged recklessly into play, lost immensely at cards and billiards, got frightfully into debt, spent all his wife's property he could lay hands on, so that she was obliged to shut up house and go and live with his mother at Quedlinburg, while her spendthrift and faithless husband went roaming about the world living upon loans. The marriage lasted for about seven years, when Maurice, weary of his wife's complaints, and having grounds for reciprocity of complaint in some infidelities of which the deserted young countess had been guilty, got her to consent to a divorce, in order that he might be freed from the "meuble inutile pour un soldat." Maurice took the whole of the blame of the divorce upon himself in his application to the consistory, but the manner of his receiving his sentence of divorce was not very edifying, and he rejected the improving discourse of a Saxon minister, M. Leibziger, in a very off-hand way, as will be seen by the following passage of a letter to his father. Spelling, as we know, never having been Maurice's forte, we do not give his orthography:—

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"J'ai été hier au consistoire, c'est à dire, dans la maison de M. Leibziger, et après que le président eût prononcé avec toute la politesse du monde une sentence qui n'est guère polie, le surintendant me regala d'un plat de son métier, *car les prêtres veulent toujours se mêler de tout;* mais j'abrégai la harangue en disant, '*Monsieur, je sais ce que vous voulez dire.* Nous sommes tous de grands pécheurs, cela est vrai; la preuve en est faite.' Je fis la révérence, *et je laissai ce qu'on appelle le consistoire* dans la méditation de la grande vérité que je venais de lui dire."

Maurice, though he had spent 200,000 thalers of his wife's money, was magnanimous enough to keep on friendly terms with her, and it is pleasing to know that Victoria was consoled by a second marriage for all the pain of the first, and that she reared a prosperous family, who inherited her estates.

Maurice thus started afresh in life, without a tie in the world except his mother—the deserted mistress and provostess at Quedlinburg, whose anxiety about him met with little attention. Full of life and energy, of Herculean strength, and a proficient in every kind of athletic exercise, he ran about courting the wildest adventures: at one time he stood under the fire of a battery at Stralsund to get a view of Charles XII., of whom he was a great admirer; at another time, in one of his Polish journeys, he rivalled the exploit of the Swede himself at Bender. A squadron of Polish cavalry in revolt against his father surrounded a house in which he was at dinner with five officers and twelve attendants, and he kept the assailants at bay for a whole day, and then cut his way through them at night. A little after this, at a hunting-party, he rode neck and neck with a stag, and cut its head off at one blow. Such feats of strength and dexterity he had ever at command, as later, when he astonished the fine ladies of Versailles by twisting a horseshoe with his fingers into the form of a corkscrew.

Maurice, however, finding the ministers about his father, and especially Fleming, opposed to giving him any prospect of advancement, bethought himself of going to France to try his fortune there. He arrived in Paris during the time that the world was wild with the golden visions of Law and scrambling for Mississippi shares in the Rue Quincampoix, and with Maurice's gambling propensities it is not certain that the young adventurer was not drawn to Paris with the hope of retrieving his damaged fortunes in the monetary Tophet of the time. Maurice, though he did nothing but lose by Law's bank, bethought himself of other schemes: he visited all the great people, especially the old Princess Palatine, the Duchess of Orleans, the mother of the Regent—the pious old cross-grained German princess who abominated all the immoral madness of the time—she who boxed the ears of her son for consenting to marry the illegitimate daughter of Louis XIV. This severe old lady took interest in Maurice, nevertheless, and gave him good advice; but she died soon after his arrival in France. He saw her on her deathbed, and she asked him, with a smile, "Have you read the third chapter of Ecclesiastes? (*Habt er wohl das drite Capitel in Prediger Salamonis gelesen?*)" Maurice, on

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returning home, found this and other passages pencil-marked in his German Bible, but never suspected that it was the good old lady herself who had taken the pains to do this for the young reprobate. For the young fellow had thrown himself into all the follies and libertine practices of the time and place, and his name was noised about in those brilliant and vicious circles, together with that of the Princess de Conti, Adrienne Lecouvreur, the famous tragic actress, and a score of other beauties. The Prince de Conti, who was Maurice's evil genius through life, and whose rapier-point, if legend may be trusted, put the profligate hero out of the world at the last, scandalized the fine people of Versailles by getting furiously jealous, and bursting into the princess's room on one occasion with drawn sword. "Pourquoi ce bruit?" she scornfully said. "Si vous aviez pensé qu'il y eût un homme chez moi, vous vous auriez bien gardé d'y paraître." However, the martial spirit was sufficiently strong in Maurice to make him something more than a mere libertine; he got a regiment from the king, and took to studying engineering, and military tactics, and strategy with great energy, in which he was assisted by the Chevalier Folard—an eminent tactician who had published *Polybius* with military notes, and fought under Vendôme and Charles XII., and who, when he first saw Maurice review his regiment, declared that he possessed as great military genius as any man of the time; "as," he said, "will appear when a war breaks out."

An European war was indeed what Maurice longed for—some *brouillamini général*, to use his own expression, in which, amid a universal scramble, he might be able to get something worth having. A crown, indeed, of some kind he seems to think nature mostly fashioned his head for, and indeed we may say he would have made as good a king as any of the time, Frederick the Great excepted. This, indeed, is a very curious point about Maurice's character. The adventurer was all his life fishing for a crown, and although he was very near getting one on sundry occasions, yet he never succeeded; so that he was in fact a disappointed man, and had to put up with crownings with gold laurels at the opera after his victories of Fontenoy, Raucoux, and Laufeld, and with a sort of sham sovereignty at Chambord, where he played the little monarch with permission of the French court after he had retired from business. Visionary crowns and diadems in every part of the world gleamed before his eyes all his life. Courland, Corsica, Madagascar and Tobago might have owned him for king; and strange to say he had two chances of being Emperor of All the Russias, and missed both opportunities chiefly through his libertine conduct. In Courland, however, he really was monarch for a short time.

Courland was an ancient and independent duchy, which only became Russian at the time of the partition of Poland. It was about the size of Würtemberg or Tuscany, and spread its sandy wastes, pine-forests, and arable land to the shores of the Baltic between Lithuania and Livonia. It was recovered from heathendom by the Sword-Brothers, who afterwards

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amalgamated into the Teutonic Knights, whose old palace still exists at the capital Mitau. When the order of the Teutonic Knights was abolished by the Poles, the last grand master, Kettler, was established as Duke of Courland, which was made an hereditary fief of Poland. In Maurice's day the old race was dying out—an old man of seventy, the last male, was on the throne, and the electors of the duchy were looking out for a new chief. At the same time two Russian ladies of great dignity were wanting husbands: the one, the Dowager Duchess Anna Ivanovna, the widow of the brother of the reigning duke, was old and ugly, but she was the niece of Peter the Great, and subsequently became Empress; the other was Elizabeth Petrovna, the daughter of Peter the Great, who also subsequently became Empress, and was both young and handsome. Either of these ladies might make anybody Duke of Courland, since Russia was beginning to be all-powerful in those quarters, and this especially since the great Northern war, of which Augustus the Strong had been a prime mover. Both of these ladies seem to have been willing to marry Maurice, and, indeed, the former used her influence and did get him duly elected duke by the Diet of Mitau; and Maurice, after exhausting the dissipations of Paris, Dresden, and Warsaw, appeared for a time as Duke of Courland. Intrigue, however, was busy in the court of Russia,—he lost the support of Anna Ivanovna, it is said—though the story seems doubtful—through a scandalous discovery of an amour with one of her maids of honour. A new adventurer, Menschikoff, made his appearance, supported by Russian troops; and Maurice, at the head of a little army of 400 infantry, 98 dragoons, and 33 domestics, was at last besieged in a little isle of the Baltic, from which he escaped by night alone on horseback, after giving orders to his small troop to surrender in the morning. After all his failures to get a crown in other directions, Maurice clung to his title of ex-Duke of Courland, and had many a visionary hope of being restored to his duchy. Maurice might thus have made a seventh crownless monarch among the group with whom Candide banqueted at Venice—Sultan Achmet, the Czar Ivan, Charles Edward, August III. of Poland, Stanislas Leckzinska, and Theodore de Neuhoff, ex-king of Corsica; and it is strange that Voltaire should not have admitted his friend to the honour of sharing the society of the discrowned banqueters. Maurice after this returned again to France in 1729, to which country he devoted his services up to the time of his death in 1750. Like a true *condottiere*, when the war of the Polish succession broke out, he did not shrink from engaging in the service of France, which supported Stanislas Leckzinska, the father of the French queen, as king of Poland, against Russia, Austria, and his own brother, Augustus III. He was made lieutenant-general, and his first military achievement of distinction was the daring escalade of Prague, followed by the taking of Egra. The pacific and timid Fleury was, however, not disposed to carry on war in a manner in which Maurice could make much progress. The incompetent Marshal de Broglie undid all the work of his brilliant lieutenant-general, and the capture of

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Prague was followed by that disastrous and horrible retreat amid the snow of a deadly winter, in which France lost thousands of brave soldiers, and from whose effects died after two years of painful illness the young, sensitive and noble-hearted Vanvenargues, the purest spirit, perhaps, of the whole century. In 1740, however, occurred an event which was for Maurice an unlooked-for piece of good fortune,—though it brought calamity and desolation in almost every corner of Europe, was the cause of the death of millions of men, and of bloodshed in every quarter of the globe. The Emperor Charles VI. of Austria died unexpectedly of a fit of indigestion, and his daughter, a girl of twenty-two, but of heroic spirit, was left alone to contend for her right of succession to an immense empire against the whole troop of faithless and covetous potentates of Europe. Maurice saw at a glance that his *brouillamini général* had arrived. "Le brouillamini général qui s'apprête peut très bien après tout m'apporter quelque chose," is his philosophic view of the question. Out of the *brouillamini général* Maurice contrived to pick the staff of Marshal of France in 1744, and after that he led the French army through a series of victories; and it marks the degraded state into which France had fallen in the last days of the monarchy, that the only victories she obtained were under the guidance of this Saxon adventurer. "Encore un coup du Maréchal de Saxe," Barbier the journalist cries at every fresh intelligence of victory:—Fontenoy in 1745, Raucoux in 1746, Laufeld in 1747, the taking of Brussels in 1748, besides the capture of a crowd of smaller towns, led up to the peace of Amiens. It is sufficient for Maurice's military fame that his operations were considered almost faultless in tactics and strategy by Frederick the Great, who always expressed the highest admiration of his genius. He was accused by his jealous critics at Versailles—whose hatred and envy of the "bâtard étranger" was immense—of prolonging the war as much as possible for selfish purposes; but it is a singular circumstance that Maurice, with all his recklessness of private life, when once in the field, was one of the most cautious of commanders, and never threw away a man unnecessarily. On one occasion, when he was urged by a lieutenant-general to take a post he did not want to take, he asked how many men it would cost. Not more than a dozen, was replied. "Passe encore," Maurice said, "si c'était douze lieutenants-généraux." He did all he could to keep up the spirits of both his men and their officers, and for this purpose had a theatre in his camp, with a troop of actors paid by himself. On the evening before Laufeld, the chief actress, Madame Favart, announced from the stage, by Maurice's orders, "Demain, relâche, cause de battaille; après demain, jour de victoire, on donnera 'Le Coq du Village.'" Maurice had a quick sense of humour in the gravest circumstances. "What a fool you were to risk your life for a crown?" he said to a marauder on his way to the gallows. "Why, I risk it every day for less," the soldier replied. Maurice said, "Give him his life." Maurice shared in the general discontent caused by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in which the king abandoned all the ground he had won, alleging absurdly

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that he would make peace "pas en marchand, mais en roi." The very fishwomen in France cried "Bête comme la paix," and a chanson went about whose rhymes, after the light French fashion, sung that the king—

> Prit deux étrangers pour tout prendre,
> Prit un étranger pour tout rendre,
> Prit le Prétendant pour le vendre.

The *deux étrangers* were Maurice and his second in command, the Dane Löwendhal, another *condottiere*. The French negotiator was also a foreigner, and the exile of the Pretender and his seizure at the opera were measures as distasteful to Maurice as they were considered shameful by France, since Maurice and the Pretender were great friends since 1743, when they were both at Dunkirk making preparations for an invasion of England—the army was ready, the ships were waiting, part of the troops were embarked, when storm after storm came on, stranded and broke up half the vessels, and the scheme was abandoned. "Les vents," said Maurice, "n'étaient pas Jacobites."

After the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and after receiving all the honours, ovations, pensions, and court favours which he could well desire, Maurice, who was always ill at ease among the courtiers of Versailles, who hated the generals of the ante-chamber and had no taste for the daily company of the Œil de Bœuf, retired to his château at Chambord, where he lived in mock semblance of royal estate in the enormous old palace of the Valois. The king, to humour his pretensions to royalty as ex-Duke of Courland, allowed him to keep a regiment of Uhlans there, and their long lances, strange costumes, their turbans on the helmets, and their Hungarian boots, excited the wonder of the neighbourhood. Maurice had cannon to guard his gate, and sentinels to stand beside his door. English, Austrian, and Dutch flags of trophy were hung in his hall. He had his hunts, his little court pageants, and his *jours de grands couverts*,—days when, in imitation of Versailles, the people of Blois were admitted to come and see the victor of Fontenoy at table. A troop of actors and actresses came to enliven the vast halls of Chambord, and he kept up a menagerie and breeding stud of horses for his cavalry.

His old mania for getting a kingdom of Barataria, somehow or other, still revived from time to time. He had royal projects about Madagascar, Corsica, Tobago, and he entertained at one time the singular scheme of collecting together all the Jews of Europe, and taking them over to America, and founding a Hebrew empire in those regions.

Maurice, up to the last day of his life, kept up a series of amours with a succession of frail and facile beauties. Of fine ladies he had, for the most part, a horror. To his rough irregular *condottiere* nature, constancy to woman was an unimaginable virtue. His life presented no very admirable aspect from any point of view; but his relations with his innumerable mistresses were all coarse and momentary, and his treatment of them sometimes barbarous. The most famous of all his mistresses was Adrienne

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Lecouvreur—whose heroic devotion to him has been presented on the stage of late years with all the passion and power of Rachel—who sold her jewels in order to send him 40,000 francs when he was in want of money in Courland, and who, it is said, was poisoned on his account, the victim of the rage and jealousy of the Duchess de Bouillon. But there is not a vestige of any kind of sensibility on the side of Maurice; and when poor Adrienne died, and priests refused to bury the actress in sacred ground, and her body, amid the indignation of a sorrowing populace, was deposited under a stone at the corner of the Rue de Grenelle and the Rue de Bourgogne, it does not appear Maurice made the slightest effort to get his high-spirited and heroic-natured mistress buried decently. His conduct to Madame Favart, one of the leading actresses of the time, and the chief performer at his camp theatre, was detestable. With all the advantage of his position and court influence, with the aid of *lettres de cachet* and legal prosecutions, he ruined the husband, separated man and wife, and did not desist from a series of ignoble outrages till he had dishonoured both Favart and his wife, in spite of the lady's repugnance to his advances. He was carried off suddenly on the 3rd of December, 1750, by a fever, according to the general report. The tradition of the neighbourhood, however, which has been traced up to the lips of Maurice's own valet, declares that three days before his death, at eight in the morning, a post-chaise entered the park preceded by a courier, and stopped at the end of the avenue. The courier entered the house with a letter. The Marshal received it in bed, rose, and went out by a private staircase, descended to the park, and there found his old enemy the Prince de Conti, with whom he fought a duel, in which he got a wound which was the cause of his death.

In any case, he died after a very short illness, and his last words on record are those which he spoke to his doctor:—"Docteur, la vie est un songe; le mien a été beau, mais il est court."

This Marshal Saxe, the only general in modern times who has had the honour of beating the English, was a character deserving of neither unmixed praise, nor unmixed reprobation. Like most of the most noticeable men of the Continent on which he lived, there is a very dark side to his character. But if he was dissolute and depraved in morals, some excuse must be made for the circumstances of his birth, and the vicious court in which he was brought out, and the vile example of the Titanic debauchee who was his father. If he became a *condottiere*, without a country, or home, or single permanent affection, without a single great interest at heart but his own military success, some excuse also must be made for the necessity which such an energetic nature was under of finding occupation for its stormy and ambitious spirit. As a general we believe he was better even than his reputation. Notwithstanding the recklessness of his private life, he was prudent in the field, and never risked a battle unless he was assured of success. He had studied military tactics well, as his own production, singularly styled *Mes Rêveries*, will prove. These are, in fact, the *rêveries* of a military man about military

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matters. In them are to be found many military truths, noted then for the first time in a pungent form, such as that "battles were now to be won, not by the hands but by the feet," that "good small armies were better than large bad ones," &c. If the accounts of the battle of Fontenoy be attentively considered, it will not be found that he was in any real perplexity even when the terrible English column advanced across the plain, or that the Duke de Richelieu has any claim to the suggestion of the use of the battery of artillery which broke up the English ranks. Maurice must have been a tyro in military affairs indeed had such a simple measure escaped his notice. His victory at Fontenoy is the more creditable from the heroic resolution with which he overcame the prostrate condition of body in which he was at that period. When Voltaire expressed alarm at his state of health before setting out from Paris, he replied, "Il ne s'agit pas de vivre, mais de partir."

All the Köningsmark blood, however, did not die out in Maurice. The most distinguished living authoress in France, George Sand, is the great-grandchild of the victor of Fontenoy, and physiologists may speculate on how much of the wild passion of *Indiana*, *Valentine*, and *Lelia*, is owing to the adventurous spirit and indomitable passions characteristic of the Köningsmark race. The grandmother of George Sand was styled Aurora de Saxe, and was the daughter, illegitimate of course, of Maurice and a young opera-dancer, Marie Rinteau, whose stage name was Mdlle. Verrières. Aurora de Saxe married twice—firstly, the Comte de Horn, an illegitimate son of Louis XV.; secondly, M. Dupin de Francœuil, a name well known in the French *mémoires* of the last century. Of this marriage there was a son, Maurice Dupin, the father of George Sand. In the novelist's biographical work, called *Histoire de ma Vie*, she gives a very interesting notice of the life of her father, who fought in Italy by the side of La Tour d'Auvergne, and died in 1808, from the effects of a fall from his horse, near Nohant, in Berry, where the authoress still inhabits the family country-seat, and from which province she has gathered the materials for her very truthful rustic sketches. And in the descendants of George Sand the old Köningsmark fire and energy may yet break out again in some way or other and astonish contemporaries.

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The Saints of the Stage.

"Those grave and sober actors:"—in such terms are the English players constantly spoken of at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century. They have had scant justice rendered to them since, in spite of this verdict; and if there be any period of their history when their reputation is now held to have been at its lowest, it is the period we have just named. Gravity and sobriety imply much serious thoughtfulness; and *who* thought more seriously, or has expressed himself more solemnly on things which concern our great hereafter, than a humble actor of the Globe and Blackfriars, who wrote plays for both houses?

His case was not an exceptional one. While we trace religious thought and expression in Shakspeare's works, we find religious action and exhortation in the letters of Edward Alleyn, his contemporary, and sometime colleague on the stage. For example, in 1593, Alleyn was engaged in the country, while his young wife, Joan Woodward, waited for him in their well-kept house in Bankside. She waited for him with anxiety, for the plague was sweeping both sides of the river, and, in the extremity of her distress, she wrote to him for advice. Alleyn gave her counsel, comfort, and courage. In a letter which is preserved at Dulwich, he says he is "hoping in God, though the sickness be round about you, yet by His mercy it may escape your house, which, by the grace of God, it shall." But he knew that the grace of God did not, in such cases, visit those who stood with arms folded. God helps those who help themselves; and Alleyn writes thus sensibly and religiously to his wife:—"Use this course: keep your house fair and clean, which I know you will, and every evening throw water before your door and in your back court, and have in your windows good store of rue, the 'herb of grace,' and withal the grace of God, which must be obtained by prayers; and so doing, no doubt but the Lord will mercifully defend you." Had Joan addressed herself to her archbishop, Whitgift, or to Bishop Aylmer of London, or Cowper of Winchester, in whose diocese Southwark then lay, she could not have received more ghostly counsel or more sensible encouragement. That Joan's house would be fair and clean her husband knew; his allusion to the fact proves that in the honest actor's household there was happy observation of the old national proverb then in vogue, and which says that "In English homes cobwebs and kisses never go together."

If we would learn whether grave carriage and good works characterized the brotherhood of actors generally as well as they did individual members of it, we must look in at the Blackfriars Theatre, A.D. 1608. The company there are in deep concern. The corporation authorities have just

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given them sudden notice to quit, the site of the house being wanted for other purposes. This notice brings ruin to some, embarrassment to all. Shakspeare was not in London that year, but Shakspeare's friend was; and Lord Southampton was the friend of the actors. He drew up a memorial of the players' case, and laid it before the corporation. It is a lengthy document, which closes with some remarkable, or rather, noble words. Referring to his clients, Lord Southampton says :—"Their trust and suit now is, not to be molested in their way of life, whereby they maintain themselves (being both married and of good reputation), as well as the widows and orphans of some of their dead fellows." This is splendid testimony in behalf of professional character, and it satisfactorily proves that already, in those early days, there was a sort of general theatrical fund, and that the branch banks were in the hearts of the actors.

That the brotherhood of players never lacked grave, sober, thoughtful members, no better proof could be produced than the fact that the profession has furnished several saints, penitents, and confessors to the Roman Catholic and Greek calendars, viz., St. Genesius (or Genest), St. Gelasius, St. Porphyrus, St. Ardeleo, and the beautiful Margaret of Antioch, known in religion as St. Pelagia. Of the story of the first and noblest on this respectable muster-roll, there are numerous records; and there is one noble tragedy, the "St. Genest" of Rotrou, a dramatic writer, who began his career before Corneille commenced his, and who, in the piece in question (which was revived two or three years ago, with Beauvalet for the hero,) unites the romantic with the classical, and contrasts the happy sociality of the actors with the isolated dignity of Diocletian and his court. Briefly told, the story of Genesius is this. In representing before Cæsar the part of Adrian, a convert to Christianity, he stepped beyond his limits as actor, and publicly declared that the sentiments to which he had given expression were, from that moment, his own. No persuasion could win him back to the imperial orthodoxy, and Genesius has earned a place in history as the proto-martyr of the stage.

It may be thought that Genesius, being a tragedian, was necessarily a man of profound reflection; but the reign of Diocletian contributes another actor convert from Paganism to Christianity, in the person of a low comedian, whose very name, Gelasius,—which might be interpreted *Mr. Jolly*,—seems to refer to his peculiar line. Gelasius was playing at Heliopolis, in Phœnicia, the part of a Christian buffoon, in a satirical play. In the very height of the effects he was wont to produce, he stepped forward, expressed his regret at uttering what had been set down for him, and his determination never to repeat such blasphemy again, now that he was a candidate for the rite of baptism. This announcement was not made in presence of Cæsar, but it was uttered in the hearing of a sovereign people quite as cruel. As soon as the audience understood that they were about to lose their best comic actor, by his becoming Christian, they dragged him from his dressing-room into the street, and stoned the poor fellow to death.

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Porphyrus (not, of course, to be confounded with Porphyrius,) was a "genteel comedian" of Andrinopolis, and of Julian's time. He was a man of infinite modesty; less demonstrative, perhaps, than his predecessors who had boldly published their conversion in the presence of pitiless heathen audiences, but he was equally determined. He withdrew from the stage quietly, to give himself up to an active support of Christianity; but Julian the Apostate was not a man to suffer a player to be a free inquirer in religion. What he arrogated for himself he prohibited to others, and the graceful Porphyrus was flung to the executioner. The fate of Ardeleo, under Justinian, was so nearly a repetition of that of Porphyrus that it is only necessary to record it.

The name of Pelagia, or St. Pelagie, is associated with uneasy memories, as far as its connection with the prison for debt in Paris is concerned, but it has its bright side, in reference to the brilliant actress of Antioch, who was the delight of that celebrated city, but who was not so absorbed by her profession as to be unable to find leisure to go and hear the great out-of-door preacher Nonnus,—the stirrer of pulses, in his day. The actress Margaret once lay listening to him, from her chariot, as it stood blocked by the crowd in front of the Cathedral, on the topmost step of which, Nonnus was holding forth, with a semicircle of glittering prelates seated in state behind him. The eyes of the preacher fell on the lovely lady, and he exclaimed that so much beauty was God's work, and for the soul that dwelt within so splendid a temple, there was salvation, if she would only accept it. Margaret went thoughtfully home, and soon came to a resolution. She embraced Christianity, and retired from Antioch. For long subsequent years, she might be seen in her modest retirement on Mount Olivet, or kneeling in prayer on the steps of the Church at Jerusalem, under the name of Pelagia, but all who saw that noble and thoughtful lady well knew that she was the Margaret who of old had been the very pearl of actresses in the great theatre at Antioch.

In addition to the canonized players, there are others who hold honourable position on the record of holy personages, in the character of confessors, penitents, and the like. These belong to various countries. Summer tourists will remember one at least, whose shrine they may have visited in the course of their well-earned holiday.

There is a little village in the Tyrol, called Castelruth, with a chapel on a hill close by, which contains the shrine of one of the most remarkable of the Saints of the Stage. This saint was the queen of the ballet in the middle ages, the most impassioned of expressive pantomimists, with eloquence in every look and gesture, language in eye, hand, foot, and a most subduing beauty in her whole person. She was more charming than her name, which was Kummernitz; and more lovely than the statue now before her shrine, on the chin of which is a very magnificent beard, which any one may see growing, if he will only wait long and look sharp enough. A bearded *ballerina* does not seem a likely person to break the hearts of lovers, but the truth is that Kummernitz was endowed with the

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appendage in order that her legion of lovers might be kept at a distance, and their hearts, as well as her own, sound, and free from breaking.

All mediæval princedom was at Kummernitz's feet, and she prettily bade it "Go to!" Chivalry, in flaunting feathers and characters, whispered soft nothings in her ear, and she cried "Fie!" upon it. Young ne'er-do-well merchants chinked the gold in their purses before her eyes, and Kummernitz shook the finger of scorn at them with a "marry come up!" From ermined suitors she took refuge in oratories; from others she fled to more or less dark corners in cathedrals; and she threatened the young merchants that their audacity should be made to cool its heels in prison. They only called her "cruel," worshipped her more ardently or impudently than ever, and at length they so threatened to *faire cascader sa vertu*, that the honest-hearted beauty rushed to her confessor and declared that she was at her wits' end, and that nothing but a miracle could save her. The confessor put his hand paternally under her chin, looked in Kummernitz's eyes, and was on the point of making her a compliment, when the virtuous ballet-dancer exclaimed that *she had it!*

"You have what?" asked the confessor.

"At least," said Kummernitz, "I feel that I *shall* have it. I have been praying to the Virgin for a month, that I might become as unattractive in appearance as the silly fellows who beset me, and in a dream she touched me under the chin, and said my prayer would be granted as soon as the hand of a man should be placed there too." The story runs to the effect that on the prettiest chin in the whole world there grew a beard of most patriarchal amplitude. On the upper lip, that would have puzzled Phidias to excel, there sprung up a very majestic moustache, and on the loveliest cheeks that ever graced earth or Olympus a pair of the most redoubtable whiskers started up, to deter all who might approach.

"Well!" exclaimed the confessor, "you certainly *have* got it; but, having got it, what will you do with it?" Kummernitz hardly knew; but she found that a queen of the ballet with a beard must necessarily resign royalty; and so Kummernitz withdrew into a cloister, where she astonished and gratified the sisters on dull evenings by her *souvenirs* put in action of her old dancing and pantomime days. In memory of the saltatory saint they have preserved her bones at Castelruth, where they are enshrined in thin silk and decayed tinsel which have a very *corps de ballet* aspect about them; and any *belle Helène* who may be in perplexity about how to keep herself as good as Kummernitz did, has only to kneel in prayer before the beard-growing statue, in order to learn what may be got by the process.

The French stage has not only done honour to the noble actor-martyr whom it calls St. Genest, but has to boast of many grave and sober actors who have been thoughtful respecting other parts they had to play besides these for which they were cast in their respective theatres. It may be said, not only that the French stage but the French orchestra has produced those reflecting persons. Some thirty years ago there was an old violin player in the orchestra at the Académie Royale, who, whenever a cross

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appeared in a stage procession, would hurriedly drop his bow, make the *sign* on his breast, and then resume his fiddling, to repeat the process whenever the cross was borne before him. The good old man, who had been in the orchestra for many years, was an object of curiosity to all those who knew his habits. His modesty was as great as his piety. As the queens of the ballet lifted themselves lightly into the air, and threw themselves into all sorts of attitudes into which queens *never* put themselves, the eyes of the old gentleman would slowly turn away towards the spectators, and they seemed to ask, with mute and astonished eloquence, "Do you think *that* is a show fit for a Christian assembly to clap their hands at?" He fiddled to it, for his bread and for that of his family, but he stuck fast to his principles, which were as correct as the time which helped the liveliness of the airy nymphs to do violence to his feelings. A singular character was that meek old opera fiddler; if it be true that the humble old man had known a ferocious boyhood, and had carried a pike, with a head on it, in the days of the Revolution, his humility may have been born of sad memories and an abiding repentance.

Many French actresses have passed from the stage to the cloister, when their beauty and renown were in their most brilliant periods. Others have withdrawn into a seclusion almost as complete, observing in the world the strictest piety and giving the most virtuous example. Mademoiselle Colombe distributed the "blessed bread," to the congregation of her parish church. The notorious La Maupin and the vivacious Luzy assumed the veil, and put the conventual gate between them and the world where they had figured in a very different line of character. In the last century, Mademoiselle Gaultier retired from the stage, publicly announced her conversion, and became a sister of the Carmelite order, at Lyons. Half-a-dozen of her fair colleagues, but less richly endowed as actresses, took courses nearly similar. Some among us may remember Madame Gonthier, the bouncing, buxom, hearty, hilarious, actress of the Variétés in its brightest times. With all the *jollity* of character above indicated, Madame Gonthier was sincerely rigorous in the performance of all her religious duties. She was profoundly in earnest when, being about to play a new part for the first time, she crossed herself, as she stood at the wing, and murmured, with an emotion that was not at all feigned, nor ever ridiculed by the comrades who respected her: "Mon Dieu, faites moi la grâce de bien savoir mon rôle!"—"Give me grace that I may well know my part!" Since Madame Gonthier's time, the distinguished tragic actress, Sionah Levy, of the Odéon, took the veil, and many other ladies of less note, but of equally serious thoughtfulness, have quitted the brilliant bustling stage and passed away into the calm, quiet life of the convent, and have been content therewith.

There is a tradition that the Roman Catholic authorities, far from condemning, protected actors; if not actors generally, at least those of Italy, at home or abroad. The prelates of the Gallican church condemned

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them all alike to perdition, even the actresses, with whom some of those bishops supped gaily, but whom, dead, they refused to bury, calling them outcasts. Now, at one time, one of the most popular theatrical companies in Paris was that of the Italians. It is asserted that the Christian privileges of these players were especially protected by the Italian authorities of the Church of Rome against any excommunicatory process of the French bishops. Stipulations were made, before they joined the troop in the French capital, that they should be exempt from all censure of the Gallican authorities as far as the exercise of their profession was concerned. Further, that any French player joining the Italian company should have the same privileges as his comrades, as long as he continued a member of the brotherhood. It is not easy to determine whether or not this tradition rests on any basis of truth. It seems to be shaken by a brief entry in Dangeau's Diary, under the date of August 2nd, 1688, and which is to this effect:—"Harlequin died to-day, in Paris. All the sacraments were administered to him, on his promising never to appear on the stage again." It is not here said, however, that the administration would have been refused if Arlecchino had refused the terms. A little pressure may have been put on the dying *mime*, to save the scruples of the French priest, and the sick and spangleless hero may have thought it useless not to pledge himself never to appear again on the stage, which indeed he had left for ever.

There was a wonderful amount of piety,—not merely formal,—among the Italian actors. The younger Racine refers to a married couple belonging to the Italian troupe, who lived the lives of two saints in one cell, and who, under the gayest stage garbs which they had to don, mortified their pride by wearing very uncomfortable hair shirts. Dominique and Carlin were two harlequins whose piety of character is matter of history. The former, especially, took the sacrament yearly, which was very exemplary for a harlequin, and he never allowed any scoffer to speak disrespectfully of the Church, without sharp and stringent protest. Louis Riccoboni and his wife, the latter known as Mademoiselle Flaminia, retired from the stage in 1733, after which the latter led a most exemplary life, active in all good works.

In later years, if stage history be true, Catalani manifested, with all her personal vanity, a practice of piety which was not unlike that of Madame Gonthier. We are told that she never entered a theatre without earnest prayer that she might be successful, and that, behind the scenes or at the wing, at the Opera House in the Haymarket, she might be seen, missal in hand, repeating a prayer, and after making the sign of the cross and consigning the book to her attendant, she would pass on to the stage, prepared for triumph. Madame Catalani, however, had peculiar notions touching her relations with Heaven. When she was at Hamburg, in 1813, she was treated severely by one of the critics, and she took the censure for something little less than sacrilege. "When God," said Madame, "has given to a mortal such extraordinary talent as I possess, people *ought* to

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applaud and honour it, as a miracle. It is profane to depreciate the gifts of Heaven!"

Of the popular opinion among ourselves touching these daughters of song, we may form some idea from the fact that when Sir Joshua Reynolds gave to his portrait of Mrs. Billington a garland of cherubs' heads as a fitting adornment, he was laughed at by the very plain-spoken critics of that day. They could not fancy that the songstress, though she might sing like an angel, would ever find herself in real angelic company.

It is not likely that our English clowns and mimes are so ostentatious in their piety as Mazurier, the famous actor of monkeys, was. Let us hope that they say their prayers, like other honest men in a Christian country. They are not, however, to be caught in the fact, behind the scenes, as Mazurier is said to have been,—like Mesdames Gonthier and Catalani. We are not, however, to conclude that the mimes are without religious feeling, or lack contempt for those who outrage it, because they do not publish their pretensions. There is one case on record which speaks favourably of them in this respect. Walpole says, in one of his letters, that the *Jemmy Twitcher* Earl of Sandwich was a terrible blasphemer; and that he was once swearing so awfully in presence of a couple of harlequins, that the decent fellows blushed under their half masks, and hurried from the earl's company in utter disgust.

It may be said that the piety of English actors is chiefly manifested by their works. In old days, as we have seen, they laboured not merely for themselves, but for the widows and orphans of some of their dead fellows. And this active piety is not confined to English actors. M. Moessard, of the Porte Saint Martin, had conferred on him, a few years ago, one of the *prix de vertu* decreed by the French Academy. It was well earned. This poor actor had for years sheltered, fed, given a home to,—in short, treated as an honoured mother, the aged, infirm, and destitute widow of one of his old comrades. He shared his modest income with her till she died; and not till then was his good deed recognized, and rewarded by the conferring on him the famous Montyon prize, which has been aptly called "the canonization of the Academy."

If ever such a prize could have been awarded in England, it would have been conferred on that Edward Alleyn with whom this paper commences, and with whom, and with his noble fellows on the stage and in good works, it may fittingly conclude. Alleyn united the very best works with a very sincere but unostentatious faith. His biography is to be read in the memorials of his yet existing and most bountiful charities. In St. Botolph's, where he was born, in Cripplegate, St. Luke's, St. Saviour's (or St. Mary Overy, Southwark, as it was then called), where he had laboured untiringly and reaped fortune handsomely, helping many a poorer colleague the while. He founded almshouses, where, for two centuries and a half, old and infirm people, whose numbers would now make a total of many hundreds, have been indebted to the forethought springing from

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the gratitude of this noble actor, for all that can add comfort to declining years. But his noblest work of all was the founding of Dulwich College, as an asylum for the aged and a place of education for orphans. This foundation was made and completed in Alleyn's lifetime; he did not wait to order it to be done by his heirs; and he modestly called it "God's Gift College," intimating, thereby, that he was only the steward of the fortune which had been gathered by his industry. He had the praises of all good men for his exemplary works. "Blessed be God," says one divine (Samuel Jeynens), "who hath stirred up your heart to do so many gracious and good deeds to God's glory; to the relief of many which are bound to pray for you, to the good example of many which may do good, and do not, and to your own comfort at the latter day." Gosson, the rector of St. Botolph's,—the denouncer of the stage because his own plays had been unsuccessful there—looked upon the "poor folke" of his parish, as "pledges which Christ had left in his absence," to the actor. Bacon adds his testimony, in a letter to Buckingham: "I like well," he says, "that Alleyn that was the player, playeth the last act of his life so well." And Alleyn himself writes in his diary, for himself and wife (21st of May, 1620), "Blessed be God, that has lent us life to do it!" When all the legal proceedings were completed, and "God's Gift" was opened for recipients, a goodly company was present, among them, Lord Bacon and Inigo Jones. "They first heard a sermon," writes Alleyn, "and after the instrument of creation was by me read, and after an anthem, they went to dinner."

It is a singular fact that the instrument was scarcely in force when Alleyn was subjected to reproach. The spendthrift Sir Francis Calton, from whom Alleyn had bought the land, repented him of the bargain, wished it to be cancelled, sneered at Alleyn's motives, and called Alleyn "a mere player." Alleyn answered in the spirit of a Christian gentleman. "My heart, in that action, is best known to God that gave it me. If I have done it for worldly glory or vain ostentation, God knows, and will reward accordingly. All the sons of Adam are full of sin . . . how can I attribute to myself any action of goodness?" To the reproach of having been an actor, and of humble origin, Alleyn thus replies, with a truth that must have sharply stung the idle and improvident knight:—"You tell me of my poor original, and of my quality as a player. What of that? If I am richer than my ancestors, I hope to do more good with my riches than ever your ancestors did with *their* riches. You must now bear poverty, and if you bear it more patiently than I (bore mine), your desert will be the greater. That I was a player I cannot deny, and I am sure I will not. My means of living were honest, and with the poor abilities wherewith God blest me I was able to do something for myself, my relatives, and my friends; many of them now living at this day will not refuse to own what they owed me. Therefore am I not ashamed!" This plain-spokenness was justifiable, under the circumstances, on the part of the player, whose earnest simplicity is seen in the hymn he com-

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posed for the children at "God's Gift;" and whose earnest gratitude was recorded even in his ledger, which he balanced quarterly, and the summary of which he wound up with the words, "Blessed be the Lord God everlasting, the Giver of all—*Amen*."

How the value of Alleyn's foundation has fructified has been often told, particularly when it was being abused, and poor actors were especially prohibited from profiting by the good player's bounty,—as if the spirit of Frank Calton was still about the College. No notice, however, has ever been recorded of how the chaplain's stipend has, very properly, increased with the increase in value of everything around him. Alleyn had a chaplain and schoolmaster (Young), to whom he gave 20*l.* a year; and a chaplain and usher (Harrison), whose "wages" were 14*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* a year. These sums, multiplied by five, to show their present value, were not illiberal. But the stipend of a Dulwich chaplain now amounts to 800*l.* per annum, with apartments in the College and the usual advantages. No wonder that for the vacant office last year there were 197 candidates! The successful one has no reason to speak, as Frank Calton did, of the "mere player," who was the original representative of Marlowe's Barabbas in the *Jew of Malta*, and who gave to the poor the full sheaves, and did not leave them to stoop for the mere gleaning, in the industriously-worked field of his fortunes.

If, in works, the greatest of English actors since the Restoration—Betterton—did not equal Alleyn, it must be remembered that Betterton, midway in his career of half a century, lost all that he had earned by his industry, or, at least, all that he had saved by his thrift. The loss was never repaired; and it happened thus:—Betterton trusted the whole of his little fortune in a venture to the East Indies, in partnership with Sir Frederick Watson. Ship, venture, and partner, were lost in irremediable shipwreck. Nothing was left save a destitute daughter of the baronet; but Betterton took by the hand this child of the man who had sent his fortune to the bottom of the sea, and he carried her home, and made her the adopted child of the childless players—himself and wife. She was the darling of that house of the Bettertons, in Russell Street, and took a liking for the profession followed by her benefactors, which she lived to adorn modestly as Mrs. Bowman.

In connection with Betterton's successor, Barton Booth, and *Cato*, of which he was the original representative, there is a story told, the application of which tended to place the stage on a level with the pulpit. Booth and his gifted fellows went down to Oxford, to play Addison's famous tragedy before the most learned audience in the world. After the third and last performance was concluded, Dr. Sandridge, Dean of Carlisle, addressed a letter to Barton, in which the writer remarked,—"I heartily wish all discourses from the pulpit were as instructive and edifying, as pathetic and affecting, as that which the audience was then entertained with from the stage." The managers of the company played their Christian part equally well on this occasion. They had just made a clear

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gain of 450*l.*, and they contributed the odd fifty to the repairs of St. Mary's Church—a noble offering of tithe, and something over.

The next foremost man upon the stage, Quin, has hardly had justice rendered to his good works. We are apt to think of this great player, who lived a good deal according to the jolly fashion of his rather too jolly days, as a mere imbiber of claret and the most unctuous of Falstaffs. But, in offices of charity, rendered with exquisite delicacy, Quin's active life wears a very different aspect. How refined was the manner in which he forced upon penniless Thomson a hundred pounds! It was a debt, he said, which he owed the poet for the pleasure he had experienced in reading his poems! What generous humour in his reply to half-starved Winston (for whom he had procured an engagement, and an outfit to enable him to enter on it with decency), who timidly asked, under the impulse of hunger, what he should do for a little ready money for the next few days? "Nay!" exclaimed Quin, "if you're in want of money, you must put your hand in your own pocket!" And when Winston did so, after Quin had left, he found a ten-pound note which Quin had placed there. Then what princely munificence there was in Quin's presenting 1,000*l.* to poor Ryan,—old friend and colleague. By giving such sum, instead of bequeathing it, "I only," remarked the giver, "cheat the legacy office." If James Quin was not exactly a saint of the stage, he was, at least, exemplary in his charity, and what Thomson said of him on, was equally applicable to him off, the stage:—

> He knows to keep
> Each due decorum.

He knew too how to have the best of it in discussion with a bishop. When Warburton reminded him that God showed Himself against the regicides by bringing them all to a violent and sudden death—which was not true,—Quin triumphantly refuted the logic which discerned God's wrath in individual afflictions, in his celebrated answer: "I would not advise your lordship to make use of that inference, for, if I am not mistaken, that was the case of the Twelve Apostles!"

Garrick poured the rich proceeds of his farewell benefit into the fund, of which he was the founder, for the support of decayed actors. The actresses have been quite as distinguished for their charity; and among them there is no brighter picture than that of Mrs. Bracegirdle, as she went down to Clare Market every Friday, after receiving her salary, to pay her tithes to the poor basket-women there who most needed her assistance.

And it is not in individual cases that this charity is most conspicuous. It characterized the whole brotherhood. The bill-literature of the drama shows how often the stage contributed to the stock of good works for the benefit of others. For years it vied with the Church in raising money "for the redemption of Christian slaves from captivity in Algiers." That the old good feeling exists still, was proved by the brilliant combination

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of actors at Drury Lane, in February, for the benefit of the destitute family of an actor named Webb, recently deceased. The most pleasant feature on that occasion was not to be seen in the front of the curtain, crowded as was the most splendid of our London theatres; it was in the eagerness of the players behind the curtain to share in the good work; it was in the earnestness of their inquiries as to the numbers of the audience, and it was in the good-natured interest with which many, from the wings, watched and applauded the performances of their fellows who belonged to other companies than their own; and this interest culminated when Miss Kate Terry set her foot, for the first time, on Drury Lane stage, and enacted "Pauline." In the course of her excellent interpretation of that character, the applause of the house was small compared with the approbation of her play-fellows at the wings, as—

> now the heart she shook,
> And now, with well urged sense, th' enlighten'd judgment took.

The whole occasion, where there was that perfect compassion for the dead which exhibits itself in active sympathy for the living, and where genius looked on genius, and was stirred by none but noble impulses, renders applicable to English actors of the present time the judgment passed by the *Tatler* on those of 1710. "You see," said Mr. Bickerstaffe, "a wonderful benevolence amongst them to the interests and necessities of each other." As it was in 1608 and 1710, so is it now, and long may the spirit be alive and active!

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Don Quixote's Country.

WHAT is the use of illustrated books? A writer who desires the entire sympathy of his reader on subjects like valves and pistons, scalene triangles, or comparative developments of the hippocampus may, perhaps must, have recourse to such aids to imagination. But that which is *a book*, in Charles Lamb's sense of the word, not a thing belonging to the order of "biblia a-biblia," stands in no need of the help of the limner. Of course, if the generous bibliopole chooses to throw in a work of art over and above what he has bargained to give us, we are bound to be grateful. We get our claim in full and something more—a pictorial bonus on a literary dividend. On the other hand, pictures that are so very bad that they cannot possibly be taken as claiming to throw any light on the author's meaning, are perhaps admissible on the ground that they act as finger-posts and facilitate reference. But when they pretend to guide the fancy, to help the imagination, to assist the comprehension, to illustrate, in a word, they constitute an interference with the right of independent judgment that cannot be too jealously watched. What right has any man to come between me and my author and insist on my acceptance of his idea of Front-de-bœuf's castle instead of my own which I have at first hand? Why should he dictate to me the terms on which I am to be made free of the Forest of Arden, or forbid me to believe in any Vicar of Wakefield but the one he has set up? Children are popularly supposed to be the great patrons of book illustration, and to derive especial benefit and enjoyment from it. But leave a child alone with an illustrated book and see how instinct prompts him to mark his sense of its imperfections and shortcomings if there is pen, pencil, or paint-box within his reach. Those dabs of colour and superadded details, the hats, pipes, and boldly conceived noses with which he supplements the designs of the artist, are but expressions of triumph in the possession of some ideal more substantial and satisfactory than any woodcut or copper-plate vision. You waste your skill in tropical scenery when you try to put before him the spot where Robinson Crusoe saw the footprint, for he feels in his heart, as he reads, that it was just such a place as the cove where he sails his boat and gets his feet wet; nor could Martin paint him such a "Valley of the Shadow" as he can make for himself out of the dark walk at the bottom of the shrubbery. A genuine work of imagination, like a

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Boxer cartridge, contains its own ignition, and kindles fancy enough to illuminate its pages without any foreign help; but just in the same degree as it possesses this quality, does it offer facilities and temptations to the artist. There is no book in the world, perhaps, which has been so copiously illustrated as *Don Quixote*. It seems to have been always a maxim with the trade that to bring out a *Quixote* without sculptures, or cuts, or plates, or gravures, or grabados, was to offer an incomplete work to the public. No hero, ancient or modern, fictitious or real, has sat for his portrait so often, and with such variety of result, as the ingenious hidalgo, and his adventures have been the means of showing a very curious difference of opinion in the artistic mind on the subject of windmills, curates, barbers, and Spanish scenery and costumes. And yet there is no book which requires this sort of assistance less. Every character and every incident realizes itself without the slightest effort on the part of the reader. Never was there a book less affected by the circumstances under which it is read. What Ford calls the "delicate Spanish borracha" may be lost in translation, but as far as the sense of enjoyment in the author's creation goes, Dr. Colenso's Natal critic, with a fairly executed Zulu version, would be just as well off as the professor of modern literature at Salamanca.

But side by side with this realism there is another of a different sort, which might perhaps seem to afford an excuse to the illustrator, if it were justifiable to turn the patriarch of the novel tribe into a vehicle for popular information on the subject of national manners and customs. While on the one hand *Don Quixote* is true to nature generally, it is true to Spanish nature in an especial manner on the other. Like Murillo's pictures, it has a certain tone and colour which belong to Spain and nowhere else. A novel of contrasts, it is the reflection of a land of contradictions. In the one, as in the other, there is a perpetual struggle going on between the poetical and the prosaic. In the midst of the romantic you are pulled up short by the commonplace, and grandeur is always cropping up out of vulgarity when you least expect it. Sancho and the Don are embodiments of the national character, that olla of conflicting qualities; and the story is an epitome of the oft-told tale of Cosas de España, misdirected enthusiasm and misapplied practicality, magnificent schemes and petty aims, the splendid beginnings and sorry endings that throw an air of "In the name of the prophet—figs!" over all things Spanish. A chapter in *Don Quixote* and a day's journey in Spain are wonderfully alike. The very road on which you travel reminds you of the poor knight and his purposes and failures. To look at it as it goes forth from the town it is a noble road, full of high ambition, devoted to the service of humanity, and determined to be stopped by no obstacles. But ere it has accomplished half a dozen leagues, the chances are that you find it a broken-down, baffled and thwarted road. Either it has got out of repair, or the late rains have made it impassable, or there is a river which for want of funds and a bridge it cannot get across. Even railways, which elsewhere bear down all before them and triumphantly ride roughshod

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over nature, have to own themselves in Spain mere weak human inventions, liable to defeat, and powerless to fulfil their promises. There is very little of the successful swagger of steam about a Spanish line. Whatever time-tables may say, it is seldom without a break somewhere, or open "right through" at any given time. Malignant mountain spirits have come down in the form of a torrent and swept away an embankment, or choked up a cutting, or else a viaduct has given way—at the touch of an enchanter probably—and the administration has to fall back upon the primitive conveyance of the donkey to save the traffic from interruption.

Travelling in Spain one soon ceases to think of *Don Quixote* as a novel or romance. Insensibly the conviction grows upon the mind that—as the original preface to *Robinson Crusoe*, that other great piece of verisimilitude, puts it—"the thing is a just history of fact," and Sancho and his master become personages a thousand times more real than Bernardo del Carpio, or the Cid. In the case of the southward-bound traveller this impression is especially lively. As he cons his route on the map he finds his finger wandering among old familiar names. There, in front of him, with the railway running right through the N., is "La Mancha." Half an inch to his left is "El Toboso," figuring in its private capacity of country village. As much to the right is "Puerto Lapice," apparently a stage on the old Madrid road, but no longer "a much frequented thoroughfare." That square inch of townless territory farther on is labelled "Campo de Montiel;" the dots beyond it are the lakes of Ruidera; and the mass of shading yonder, over which he has to climb to reach the plains of Andalucia, is the Sierra Morena, that "sable mountain" whose topography he is already familiar with, from the glen where Dorothea bathed her feet, to the rock on which the Don sat in his shirt. He will find, too, that the people of the country share in his belief. Mine host of the "Liño" at Toledo, when interrogated about Alcazar, spoke of it as a town of La Mancha, "the country of Quijote;" and at Alcazar itself the head-waiter at the "fonda," a man above all suspicion of sentiment, had only one fact to communicate about the neighbouring El Toboso, that it had been the residence of Doña Dulcinea. "A' buen seguro," said Don Quixote to the Duchess, "that town will be named and famed (*nombrado y famosa*) through her in ages to come." And here was the prophecy fulfilled in a railway refreshment-room. Famous as it is, however, El Toboso has been rather less frequently visited by travellers than Timbuctoo. "The great city," as Cervantes loved to call it, is on the road to nowhere, and about fifteen miles from anywhere: a distance which is at least doubled by the extreme dreariness of the ground to be traversed.* One glance in

* El Toboso is misplaced on the map in the *Handbook for Spain*. It is E.N.E. of Alcazar, not N.W. as there represented. This delightful book is not, indeed, a very safe guide in La Mancha. It says (3rd edition, 1855),—"Perhaps *Madridejos* is the most convenient place to start from on a trip into Don Quixote's country, as *El Toboso* lies about 7 L. distant, through Guero 4, and *Osa de Montiel*; and only 8 L. through *Solana* 1, *Alhambra* 3, and thence 4 more." The three last-named places lie in an

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the direction of El Toboso from the railway platform at Alcazar completely knocked on the head the plan I had formed of a pedestrian pilgrimage. No creature except a camel or an ostrich would have thought of walking for pleasure over such a country. As far as the eye could see—and in La Mancha the eye can see very far—a rolling prairie of reddish brown lay baking into brickdust under a powerful sun. There was not a tree, bush, or green thing within the limits of the horizon, to hint the possibility of shade or moisture, nothing but parched thistles, sparse stubble, glare, heat and drought. One feature, it is true, in the landscape made amends for much. Every rising ground had its cluster of windmills—short stout cylindrical buildings, with conical roofs like nightcaps, which, being for the most part awry, gave a look of rakish defiance to the structure, well calculated to irritate any one approaching in a hostile spirit. This was probably what made Don Quixote call them "desaforados gigantes,"—not merely monstrous, but swaggering, lawless, impudent giants. For these are the advanced guard of the famous "thirty or forty windmills which are in that plain," and may be seen by the true believer a few miles further south on the way from Argamasilla to Puerto Lapice. Villarta has been given as the scene of the Don's encounter, but as that place is barely two hours distant from the Puerto, the theory is inconsistent with the narrative.

The means of locomotion are limited in La Mancha. The traveller who does not like to walk has nothing for it but to hire a carreta—a kind of gipsy's tent on wheels, without seats or springs, and probably, next to a Spanish diligence, the most effective engine ever produced for dislocating limbs, dislodging teeth, and deranging the internal mechanism; in which operations it derives much assistance from the Manchegan roads. Of roads, in our sense of the word, there is only one specimen in La Mancha, the great highway from Madrid to Cordova and Seville, which, running nearly parallel with the railway, crosses the province from north to south, and was the scene of most of the adventures in the first part of *Don Quixote*. Elsewhere a road means nothing more than a pair of traditional ruts, which the wheels of the country follow from mere force of habit. Three hours of travelling, under these conditions, brought me within sight of El Toboso, and for two more the church tower of that village seemed to be performing a mad dance round the head of the mule, as we bumped, jolted, and plunged towards it across the plain. But it was the tower which Dulcinea mounted to call her father's ploughmen; it would have taken a very severe jolt to shake that belief. The *Handbook for Spain* says, "El Toboso is a poor place." I thought, as I entered it, that it was the poorest I had ever seen. From whatever side you approach you pass through a faubourg of ruins; not picturesque, romantic, or venerable ruins, but simply roofless, windowless, doorless houses, the skeletons of what once were human habitations. The existing town, as far as it does

entirely different direction, and are considerably more than twice as far from Madridejos as El Toboso. To go "through" any of them from the former to the latter would be like going from London to Windsor through Brighton.

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exist, is a collection of poverty-stricken lanes, clustering round a big bare plaza, in which stand a mouldering old wooden-galleried "ayuntamiento," or town-hall, and a burly brown church—the "iglesia principal," which the Don took to be Dulcinea's palace—whose massive tower is the only thing in El Toboso that does not look as if it suffered from an attack of earthquake about once a month. If Lord Rosse's telescope ever makes out a city among the cinders of some lava waste in the moon, depend upon it it will be just such a place to look at as El Toboso — lifeless and ruinous in the midst of its burnt-up brown plain. In Don Quixote's time it was noted for the manufacture of wine-jars; but in the course of a pretty complete survey, I could detect no signs of that or any other trade. Nobody seemed to do anything except sit moodily in doorways, or moon in a dejected way about the streets, as people might who had long since abandoned hope, and were now only waiting for the end. Once I heard a laugh, but it was from an idiot sitting on a rubbish-heap in the plaza, and chuckling in the enjoyment of sunshine and a wedge of water-melon. The lion of El Toboso is the Casa de Torrecilla, the house which tradition has settled upon Dulcinea. It is now a mere shell, but a rather picturesque old building, crowned by a tall loggia pierced with arched openings somewhat in the Italian fashion, and ornamented on the front with armorial bearings carved in stone. This, by the way, is a reminder of Don Quixote which often meets the eye in the towns of La Mancha. The reader will remember the description of Don Diego's house, "with his arms cut in rough stone over the door towards the street." But what had Dulcinea to do with armorial bearings? We are always told she was a peasant-girl, the daughter of a "labrador." That, however, was no affair of mine. It was clearly the business of tradition to explain the inconsistency, if there was any; but if it did not choose to do so, I must only take the house as it stood, arms and all. I was in the act of doing this, in the form of a sketch, when my "carretero" came to tell me that I had got hold of the wrong house; that the real original Casa de Doña Dulcinea stood—or rather used to stand, for it was now down (*por tierra*)—at the other side of the town. This was rather hard, after having gulped an escutcheon in the cause of faith; not to mention the fact that I had just discovered the Casa

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de Torrecilla to be admirably situated for sentimental purposes, the "calle" in which it stands being evidently the street by which Don Quixote and Sancho entered El Toboso, and where they heard the ploughmen singing the ballad about Roncesvalles. It was characteristic of the Don and of the ill-luck which attended him in everything, that he should have the object of his search at his elbow, and yet go blundering after the church yonder. I subsequently found out, however, that the question of the houses was a matter of dispute in the town. It was, in fact, the one subject upon which public opinion in El Toboso showed any signs of vitality. The people living to the east of the Plaza adhered to the Torrecilla theory, while the west end rallied round its ruins. At the "posada" (where the fare and charges were those of a beleaguered fortress) feeling appeared to be divided. The landlord, weakly yielding to the difficulties of his position as a public man, seemed inclined to compromise, hinting that there was a good deal to be said on the side of the west-enders, though no doubt the Torrecilla house was something,—probably a Casa de Quijote, or it might be a Casa de Cervantes, but at any rate an historical casa in one way or another. Thereupon I took the liberty of pointing out to him that this unmanly indecision was unworthy of a Tobosan, and impolitic in a posadero. There were many reasons, I argued, why he should give his support to the Torrecilla side of the question. In the first place there was a house with a roof to it to be seen, and that close to his own posada, while on the other side the object of interest was a mere negation (*absolutamente nada*). Then calling it the house of Don Quijote only made it liable to suspicion, because, I assured him (as a fact within my own personal knowledge,) that hero had been but once in his life in El Toboso, and then for only half an hour; and as to claiming it for Cervantes, that was of no use at all: so that it must be either the Casa de Dulcinea or nothing. Finally, I showed him that it was so stated in a "libro de confianza" *Murray*,—this I think produced an effect,—and urged that it was always bad policy to disturb a belief, and that a state of doubt as to the authenticity of a relic was peculiarly odious to the travelling mind. If my Spanish had been equal to my intentions I should have no fears for the result; but I am still not without hope that, in the event of any other traveller reaching El Toboso in the lifetime of that landlord, the Casa de Torrecilla will be pointed out to him as Dulcinea's house with that amount of dogmatism which he has a right to expect. In cases of this sort it is as well to be on the safe side, so, for fear of accidents, I took care to inspect the rival ruins before leaving. The house was indeed, as described, por tierra. Nothing remained of it except the foundations and some fragments of carved stone, apparently portions of door-posts, mouldings, and armorial tablets. El Toboso abounds with this kind of evidence of having seen better days. Mean as they look at first sight, there is something about most of the houses to show that they once held up their roofs as well as other tenements. The doorways are cased with massive cut stone, shields and coats of arms are not uncommon

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ornaments, and many a dwelling now reduced to the modest limits of one story has unmistakable signs about it of having once stood much higher in the world. In fact El Toboso suggests the idea of a substantial little country town squeezed down to the dimensions of a hamlet by severe pressure applied both laterally and vertically. It is clear that it was in the time of Cervantes a most respectable, nay, more than respectable place. There is something about these relics of its former condition, these solemn portals with their heavy mouldings and stiff ornamentation, that pictures the El Toboso of the past a dull pompous little town (the very name has an exquisitely pompous sound), tickling Cervantes immensely by its prodigious hidalgo airs and ponderous gentility. Hence the grave tone of mock respect in which he always speaks of the "gran ciudad" and its many ancient and illustrious families; hence the honour of giving birth to Dulcinea the peasant-girl, and a place for all time among the towns of the world. *Sic itur ad astra.*

Almost every second town in La Mancha boasts the possession of a Casa de Cervantes, or a Casa de Quijote, or both. The real Simon Pure, the genuine Casa de Cervantes, is, as the reader probably knows, at Argamasilla de Alba, a town about twenty miles south of El Toboso. It is established, as far as facts of the sort can be established without documentary evidence, that Argamasilla is the town in which Cervantes took up his abode during his sojourn in La Mancha; that there he commenced, if he did not complete, the first part of *Don Quixote;* and that it is the village of La Mancha, the name of which he did not "care to call to mind," but which his millions of readers know as the village of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, and the residence of the barber, the curate, and the bachelor Samson Carrasco. The local tradition, distinct as it is on all these points, might not count for much standing alone, but with the facts which it has to support it, it must be allowed a certain weight. In the first place, Cervantes himself half lets out the secret when, at the end of his first part, he makes the academicians of Argamasilla write sonnets to the memory of his hero. Why should they, more than any other Manchegans, cherish his name, if he was not their fellow-townsman. Argamasilla, too, is there described by the same term as the nameless village, "lugar de la Mancha." Then Avellaneda, in his spurious continuation, written only eight or nine years afterwards, sets it down as the Don's village, as though the fact did not admit of doubt; and Cervantes does not attempt to correct him in the genuine continuation, though he takes him up sharply when he catches him tripping on other points. Besides, the specification of the Campo de Montiel in the preface and elsewhere limits the choice to some three or four towns, and, making all due allowance for the carelessness with which Cervantes writes about distances, no other, except perhaps Tomelloso, can be found to agree with the story. Notwithstanding all this, there has been some strange mistakes made about the identity of Don Quixote's village. Defoe, in his *Captain Singleton*, fixes on San Clemente, or, as he calls it, Sainte Clemente, a

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town not only not in the plain of Montiel, but not in La Mancha at all; and Inglis, who seems to have been cruelly misguided in his attempts to travel in the footsteps of Don Quixote, was made to believe in Miguel Esteban, which is at least five-and-twenty miles from any part of the Campo. The *Indicador*, the Spanish *Bradshaw*, puts down Argamasilla as the next station after Alcazar on the Cordova line, and at Madrid I had seen a luxurious four-volume edition of *Don Quixote*, which had been printed there, so I expected to find a tolerably well-to-do little place, with perhaps a "fonda," or, at any rate, a decent "posada," and facilities for making further expeditions in the Quixote country. What I did find was a desolate-looking railway-station, quite new, and going to ruin as fast as it could after the fashion of Spanish railway stations, a couple of sheds hard by, and nothing else. From these buildings, as from a centre, a vast tawny plain, as flat as a billiard-table, and as free from any signs of human habitation as the great desert, spread itself out for leagues in every direction. Where was Argamasilla? The railway porter to whom I put the question pointed towards the antipodes and said, "Aquí." "Yes. Argamasilla the station, no doubt that was here; the inscription on the end of the building said so. But Argamasilla the town, Argamasilla el pueblo, la aldea, la ciudad, la plaza; where was that?" The porter raised his arm slowly to a horizontal position, as if it were the limb of a telegraph, and pointed in the direction of Pekin. "Ahí," he said. I looked there; but all I could make out was plain, and then more plain, and beyond that more plain, and beyond that sky. His manner was so sententious that it was clearly idle to hope for anything more explicit on that head, so I tried another way. How many leagues off, in his opinion? "Dos," was his first statement; but presently he brought out a second edition, "tres;" and then, as he was moving away, issued a supplement, "y largas!" There was no need to trouble him with any question as to conveyance or means of communication. I could answer that myself. If I had been a witch, I must still have gone on foot, for there was not even a broomstick on the premises. In short, like Mr. Gladstone, I had three courses open to me. I might shoulder my portmanteau and walk, or let it stay where it was and go without it, or let Argamasilla stay where *it* was, wherever that might be, and proceed on my journey southward by the next train. The first was hardly worth consideration, as the three long leagues might be anything between twelve and eighteen miles. The second looked very like walking to certain sunstroke in quest of an uncertain village; and, as the down-train was not due till the small hours of the morning, the third held out a prospect about as cheerful as waiting twelve hours on the buoy at the Nore. The traveller who ventures out of the beaten tracks in Spain must be prepared for a hitch of this sort now and then, and he need not expect to receive any warning of it. There is no more obliging being than the Spaniard, and, in the matter of information, such as he has is always at the service of the traveller. Only he must be asked for it. It is not his way to anticipate a question or to volunteer a

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statement. Thus, though I had made many inquiries about Argamasilla, and my informants were well aware that I intended to go there, it never occurred to any of them to mention the trifling fact that the railway did not go within a dozen miles of the town, and that there was no way of reaching it except walking, which no Spaniard ever recognizes as a mode of locomotion. In a country, however, where so much goes by haphazard, it would be hard indeed if luck were not sometimes on the side of the traveller. With the train from Ciudad Real there came a passenger bound for Tomelloso, two leagues beyond Argamasilla. He had a "carreta" to meet him at the station, and learning how the matter stood, nobly came to the rescue and took me off just as, with the desperation of a castaway, I was on the point of committing myself to the fiery waste. There is not a hotter spot in the whole of "tawny Spain" than this great central tract of La Mancha, lying between the sources of the Guadiana and Villarubia de los Ojos. It is cool enough at night, but in the daytime the sun beats down on it with a fury that makes one sympathize with the sufferings of the poor Don as he rode across it the first time he left home. For this is the "antiguo y conocido campo de Montiel," where Henry of Trastamare met and defeated Pedro the Cruel, and Don Quixote commenced his career of adventure. Our road to Argamasilla lay over the same ground as that travelled by the knight in his first and second sallies, and better ground for testing the determination of a knight-errant could hardly be found. The Don, it may be observed, always heads for the mountains. His first goal was Puerto Lapice at the foot of the nearest sierra visible from Argamasilla, and when he changed his plans, he made as straight as he could go for the Sierra Morena. The reason he himself gave was that the mountains were more likely to yield adventures. But that was not the whole truth. He was flying from the oppressive sameness of this vast unbroken plain. No doubt it has struck many a reader as somewhat extravagant and untrue to nature to represent a man as going mad simply through reading romances. But it was not his books of chivalry that drove Don Quixote mad: they only supplied a channel for his disordered fancy. The real cause—no one who has seen the country can doubt it—was the heart-breaking monotony of the scenery by which the poor gentleman was surrounded. Natures like that of Sancho might be dulled and blunted merely, but a mind of higher temper could only go crazy. Phlegm or insanity, one of these two must be the result of such a prospect day after day before the eyes. Jogging slowly along we made out first the top of the church at Argamasilla, then the body of the edifice, and by degrees the village itself came into view. For on this great plain objects appear as they do at sea, and a village will remain "hull-down" for some time after its church tower has been sighted. It seemed to avoid us for a while, but at last crossing an arm of the Guadiana, in which sundry enviable mules lay wallowing, and a bevy of village-girls were washing clothes,—clearly the spot where the page found Sanchica engaged in the same occupation,—we emerged on what I suppose must be called by

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courtesy the Plaza of Argamasilla, and my deliverer dropped me at the door of the posada. I am not aware that there is any tradition in connection with the posada, nevertheless it was to me full of interest. No reader of *Don Quixote* can have failed to notice the rich vein of tavern life and character that runs through the book. What a number of the Don's adventures have their scene laid in a wayside inn; and what variegated groups of figures we always find there, muleteers and judges, officers of the Holy Brotherhood and lively damsels bound for Seville, high-born ladies and tramps in Moorish tatters, knavish hosts and kind-hearted hostesses. All this queer jumble of character and its attendant bustle seem to have had especial attractions for Cervantes. He seems unable to go by without stopping awhile to take his ease in his inn and watch from behind his flagon the shiftings of that curious human kaleidoscope. Doubtless in a roving life of half-a-century he had abundant opportunities for this sort of study; but doubtless also in his sojourn here—a matter of three or four years some say—he used this house, as our expressive phrase has it, and carried away from it many a touch of character, many a humour which has been tickling the world these two hundred and fifty years, and many a proverb to swell that wonderful budget of which Sancho is the honoured bearer. Even in progressive England the crowbar of reform spares the village inn, and in unchanging Spain we may be pretty sure that the posada of to-day has been the posada since "the time of King Wamba." The inn of Quixotic narrative is, however, not the "posada," but the "venta," the solitary roadside house that pretends to furnish entertainment for man and beast, which in most cases merely means "aguardiente" for the former, and barley for the latter. Those which the Don visited are rather favourable specimens, as they stood in frequented thoroughfares. The traveller who finds bread and wine at an ordinary venta may consider himself lucky; but the Don was served with salt fish (*bacallao*) besides at his first inn, and the second, where poor Sancho was tossed, from the extent of its business and capacity for accommodating travellers, would seem to approach more nearly to the "parador" or posting-house of modern times. The posada, on the other hand, is the regular village inn, the caravansary for all comers, the centre of village gossip, the rudimentary club of village life; and in it you can get anything, provided always that you look upon "pollo" and "puchero" as the extreme limits of lawful gluttony, and a bouquet of pigskin and a beeswing of pitch as the characteristics of a sound wine in good condition. Its internal arrangements are nearly always the same; a broad archway, opening on the street, gives admission to a roughly-paved passage running through the house to the yard and stables at the back. At one side, up a steep break-neck stair, are the rooms to which the better sort of travellers retire with a view to sleep; bare whitewashed cells with tiled floors, and small windows generally unglazed, but always strongly barred. These are kept strictly unfurnished until an occupant appears. Would that they were kept strictly untenanted also!—but the reader has heard many a time what a night in a Spanish inn is like, and there is no occasion here

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to emulate Dr. Watts in glorifying the industry of that little busy B. which invariably improves the darkness at the expense of every offering traveller. On the other side of the passage is the kitchen, with a kind of altar in the middle, on which brown earthenware pans, of "puchero" in Castile, of "olla" in Andalucia, sit simmering almost all day long, under the eye of a smoke-dried old priestess. The passage itself is by far the most important part of the establishment. Besides its primary function of common entrance for man and beast, it is at once the *salle-à-manger*, the coffee-room, the smoking, reading, card, and drawing room of the hostelry; it is further the dormitory and store-room of the "arrieros," or muleteers, who make the house their halting-place for the night; it is the landlord's haunt, where he sits all day, cigarette in mouth, absorbed in the contemplation of over-the-way, while the landlady sits opposite, eternally shredding vegetables or dismembering poultry into her lap. This at Argamasilla had the peculiar advantage of two gateways, joined by a short transverse passage, so that landlord and landlady could each sit in a distinct and independent entrance, giving the house, when viewed from the opposite side of the street, a curious resemblance to one of those conjugal barometers in which the husband is always anxious to rush out and predict, "set fair," but is held back by the wife's determination that it shall be "storm," or nothing. In this passage I made the acquaintance of some exceedingly pleasant and friendly burghers of Argamasilla, from whom I got some information about the lions of the town and its two heroes, or rather its double hero, for a strong tendency to mix up Cervantes with his creation was very perceptible. It is impossible not to like the Manchegans. They have not the lively insouciance of the Andalucians or the brusque independence of the Catalonians, but there is a simplicity of bearing and a quiet homely courteousness of manner about them that makes the stranger feel at once at home with them. La Mancha is probably the most thoroughly old-fashioned part of Spain, and that in which the old-fashioned forms of Spanish courtesy retain most of their original meaning. When a Manchegan at table asks if "your worship will please to eat," or requests you to accept his knife or his "petacca," if you happen to admire it, or assures you that his house is "entirely at your worship's disposition," there is a certain pleasant appearance of sincerity in his politeness.

The first thing to be seen in Argamasilla is, of course, the Casa de Medrano, or, as it is more frequently called, the Casa de Cervantes, the house in which, according to tradition, Cervantes was imprisoned, and commenced the *History of Don Quixote*. It stands in a by-street on the north side of the town—a substantial two-storied house, with a handsome carved stone doorway, and windows with projecting grilles of elaborate iron-work, in the old Spanish fashion. Having been taken in hand by the authorities, it is kept cleaner and in better repair than any other house in the town, and is further remarkable among the show-houses of Europe as being the only one where the curator not only does not expect, but cannot by any means be induced to accept of, a fee after showing the visitor over it. The

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interior is semi-Moorish, as is the case with most of the old houses of the better sort in this part of Spain. On the left-hand side of the vestibule, through which you pass from the street to the patio in the centre of the house, is a flight of five or six steps, leading down to a door below the level of the floor. This is the entrance to the prison of Cervantes. The cell is a long narrow vault, about six or seven feet high under the centre of the arch, and resembling, more than anything else, the coal-cellar of an ordinary London house. Two apertures, one opening from the street above, the other from the floor of the entrance-hall, let down a few rays of light. At the mouth of the latter, which is funnel-shaped, and slopes downwards so as to form a rude sort of desk, Cervantes, it is said, was used to sit and write. I leaned my note-book on the stones, and tried to make a rough sketch of his study, but I found there was hardly light enough to see the pencil marks; perhaps, however, as the caretaker suggested, he was allowed a lamp. It is indeed a prison where "toda incomodidad tiene su asiento y todo triste ruido hace su habitacion," to quote the words of the author's prologue to the first part of *Don Quixote;* but it is best identified as the prison of Cervantes by his own letter to his uncle, quoted by his biographer Navarrete. "Long days," he says, "and wasted nights are wearing me out in this dungeon—or I should rather say cavern." It *is* a cavern. There is another Casa de Cervantes on the outskirts of the town, near the posada—the house in which Cervantes is said to have lived before and after his imprisonment. It is now a mere ruin, nothing but the walls remaining standing. "You see that window?" said one of my friends of over-night who came with me. "Well, Señor, that is the window through which they threw his books out into the yard, and over there is the postern by which he used to let himself out when he went to look for adventures." Argamasilla, you see, does not draw fine metaphysical distinctions between the author and the creation of his brain. To it Cervantes and his hero make up together a kind of traditional partnership, and this was the house of the firm. All matters connected with windmills, galley-slaves, knight-errantry, and insanity in general, were the Quixote department; Cervantes was the resident partner, to whose lot naturally fell the incidents of residence, such as difficulties with the townsfolk, rates and taxes, imprisonment, and the like. This seems to be the Argamasillan view, and who shall say that Argamasilla is wrong? It may be a confusion, but it is a confusion which pays a delicate and subtle homage to genius. "And now," said my friend, "you must come to the church, and see the portrait of his lady." "The Doña Dulcinea?" I asked. "No; the Doña Dulcinea was of El Toboso; this was a lady of Argamasilla, the daughter of an hidalgo. He was much attached to her, and she to him, and that was why he was put in prison. Her father was very indignant when he found it out, and made the mayor lock him up. There was no prison in the town, so they used the cellar of the mayor's house—the Casa de Medrano, which you were in just now." After some little difficulty, we succeeded in beating up the sacristan, who let us into

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the church. Like most "parroquias" in Spain, it is about large enough to contain the village to which it is attached; and, indeed, towering up above the housetops, big, bare, and empty, it suggests the idea of having been the packing-case in which the town was originally brought there. The portrait hangs against the wall in the north transept. It is in what appears to be a votive picture, containing also the portrait of the lady's father, a genuine hidalgo, with a high-bred, high-featured, thoroughly Spanish face, curiously like the pictures of Cervantes himself. The painting is in a very poor state of preservation, but it is still possible to make out a sweet gentle face with a dash of melancholy in it. What is the truth about this little fragment of romance? The improbabilities are certainly great. Cervantes was at this time fifty-three or fifty-four, he had a wife living, and a daughter probably older than the original of this portrait. No loyal reader of his will believe him capable of plotting dishonour even to the house of an enemy. But it is remarkable that this is not the only account of his imprisonment which hints that there was a lady in the case. The story commonly given is that he was locked up by the Argamasillans either to prevent him from collecting certain tithes due by them to the Priory of St. John, or to put a stop to some gunpowder and saltpetre works of which he was the manager, and which were considered likely to spoil the water of the Guadiana. But it is also suggested that the cause was a "peccant jest" (*chiste pecante*), at the expense of a lady of distinction and influence; and according to another story it was the act of the mayor, whose niece had conceived a romantic passion for Cervantes, for which there was no remedy but the prompt removal of its object. This latter looks like another version merely of the tale told me, and there may be after all a substratum of truth underlying the legend. A gallant and distinguished soldier, an accomplished gentleman, a courtier and a poet, breaking in upon the humdrum society of a dull provincial town, might, even though weighted with fifty years, find favour in the sight of a high-born damsel. Just about the same time another great genius, in another place, was demonstrating to the world the magic influence "of moving accidents by flood and field, of hair-breadth scapes, of being taken by the insolent foe and sold to slavery," if rightly told to the right listener; and no man could tell that sort of tale with more truth and circumstance than Cervantes. Nor is it "against all rules of nature" that he in his banishment should have found comfort in the sympathy of a fair Desdemona without harbouring a disloyal thought towards her. The father, of course, an utter sceptic in platonic sentiment, would not see things in this light. To him Cervantes would be merely the broken-down maimed ex-soldier, beggarly adventurer, vagabond, and intriguing scamp: which view of his character, together with a few terse criticisms on his presumption in affecting the society of a lady of quality, the intolerable impudence of some people, and the pass the world had come to, he would be very likely to set forth in good strong language when the eclaircissement took place. It has been conjectured that the circum-

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stances under which Cervantes was imprisoned in some way suggested the idea of Don Quixote; that some such incident as this set him on to ridicule the hidalgos of his time and their pretensions and ideas. But the satire, if satire there is, is too gentle to have been inspired by personal pique. No man who wanted revenge would have made a Don Quixote of his enemy. If we must have a purpose beyond that which the author has himself declared, a glance at the times in which he wrote will supply one. Cervantes did not "smile Spain's chivalry away;" it was dead, even the very spirit of it was gone, past all hope of revival. Spain had already fallen from her pride of place among the nations. The old heroic stately Spain of Ferdinand and Charles had passed away, and given place to the decrepit, nerveless Spain of modern times. It would have been a work of supererogation to write down chivalry. What Cervantes did write was not a satire against chivalry, so much as a dirge over its grave. But with it there came a word of remonstrance to those of his countrymen who, when the spirit was lost, were for preserving the barren letter. "Look around you," he seems to say; "can you not see how things are changed? can you not see that these magnifico airs and sangre-azul swagger, once perhaps not unbecoming in their way, are now as out of place, out of date, and ridiculous as my poor Don's old lance and buckler? Accommodate yourselves to facts, my brethren, and hang up your great-grandfather's armour again. It is a sad commonplace world we have to deal with now; dragons are extinct, and there are not any more princesses in captivity; nothing but wind-mills, rogues, and galley-slaves."

The cave of Montesinos and the lakes of Ruidera are about five leagues to the south of Argamasilla. As a Quixotic pilgrim, I was naturally desirous to visit a spot which the Don himself considered worth visiting simply on the score of its romantic associations; but the landlord of the posada, though favourable to the scheme, was not encouraging. There was no particular road, there was no possibility of returning the same day, and—well, there *was* certainly a kind of posada; "but, of course, nothing like this sort of thing," added the landlord, looking about him with an expression of entire satisfaction, such as might be expected in the proprietor of the Clarendon when it is newly decorated at the commencement of the season. There is a limit to enthusiasm. I had had already one night of "that sort of thing," and it would be necessary to enjoy another, together with an intermediate night of an indefinitely worse sort of thing; so I gave up the cave of Montesinos, and went to the Venta de Quesada instead. The driver of the carreta administered consolation in a most judicious manner. The cave, he assured me, was a most contemptible cave, nothing more than a hole in the ground; and as for the lakes, they were mere pools. I was glad to hear this. Of course it did not affect the interest of the cave of Montesinos a jot whether its dimensions were those of a rat-hole or of the mammoth cave of Kentucky, but, as I did not see it, it was a comfort to hear it disparagingly spoken of.

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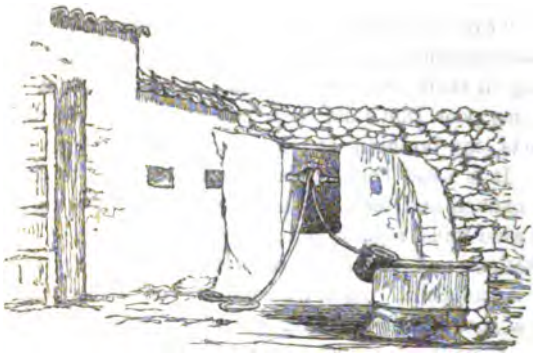
The Venta de Quesada* is the inn mentioned in the second chapter of *Don Quixote*, in the courtyard of which the hero watched his armour, fought with the muleteers, and was dubbed a knight by the innkeeper. It stands on the Madrid and Cordova road, about five leagues to the west of Argamasilla, and two to the north of Manzanares. The first impression it produces on the mind of the approaching traveller is a feeling that the extent of Don Quixote's insanity has been very much underrated. He must, indeed, have been deranged to have taken such a mean, wobegone, poverty-stricken house as this for a knightly castle. But any theory founded on the present appearance of the venta would be fallacious, for I believe the greater part of the existing building dates from the beginning of this century. There are certainly two circular structures, one on each side of the house, which seem to be much older, and which, therefore, the pilgrim will be pleased to believe are two of the four turrets mentioned in history. But if he has not the satisfaction of contemplating the identical chamber in which the poor Don supped on stock-fish, and took his wine uncomfortably through a reed, he has all the more sentiment left disengaged for the courtyard at the back of the house, with its draw-well and cistern, the authenticity of which is admitted on all hands to be above suspicion. Indeed, so strong is the belief in these relics, that the water of the well—so the venteros told me—is frequently bottled and carried to Madrid by enthusiasts. It certainly is a beverage with irresistible attractions for a Quixotic reader, for, besides coming from Don Quixote's well, it is composed of the tears of Ruidera and her seven daughters and two nieces, being the water of the Guadiana, which disappears near Tomelloso and burrows its way underneath the plain as far as the Ojos de la Guadiana. The cistern upon which the Don deposited his armour is a simple stone trough, and the well is a much more modest affair than that which figures in Gustave Doré's spirited picture of the scene, as the reader will perceive



* "Quesada," the reader may remember, is one of the surnames attributed to Don Quixote. It does not follow, however, that it was supplied by this venta, for the name is a common one in Spain. Ford is wrong when he says the word means "lantern-jawed." Quijada, or Quixada, also a family name, is "a jaw:" Quesada, if it means anything, means "a cheese-cake." Quijote or Quixote is cuissot, cuisse, armour for the thigh.

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from the humble but faithful sketch given above. The landscape round the Venta de Quesada is of the prevailing Manchegan—that is to say, utterly negative—character. To the north-west, it is true, there is a range of hills broken by a gap, the famous Puerto Lapice, where the Don promised Sancho "adventures up to the elbows." But there was one feature hard by which I regarded with great satisfaction. Every reader of *Don Quixote* must remember how easily the knight and his squire find woods and groves to turn into when they happen to want them. Now of these I could see nothing. The country seemed entirely bare and treeless. Even at El Toboso there was no trace of that grove in which the Don lay concealed contemplating the city, while Sancho was pretending to look for Dulcinea; and rather than doubt Cervantes' topographical accuracy I had settled it that the woods had been cut down or burned by the French, at whose door it seems the correct thing to lay any doubtful case of destruction in this province.—*Vide* Ford, *passim*. But here for once was the right wood in the right place. On the line between the Venta and Argamasilla, just where it ought to be, was the wood where the newly-dubbed knight performed his first feat of arms in protecting Andres against his master, Juan Aldudo the Rich.

The lines of Don Quixote's three journeys can be followed easily enough on the map. His first expedition was simply from Argamasilla to the venta where he was knighted, and home again. On the second, he and Sancho, we are told, took the same route, until they reached the high-road, which they followed nearly as far as Puerto Lapice. Here took place the encounter with the Biscayner, who, with the monks and the ladies in the coach, were travelling to Seville. The scene of the episode of Chrysostom and Marcela was somewhere in the hills to the south-west of the road, among which the Don was about to pursue his adventures, when he was disabled in his affray with the Yanguesians. He and Sancho therefore returned to the high-road, and travelled southwards until they reached the inn which is the scene of so many incidents in the history. Pursuing their journey along this same road—the "camino real," as it is described—they met with the adventures of the flocks of sheep and the galley-slaves, which latter brought about the Don's retirement into the heart, or rather "entrails," of the Sierra Morena. The knight's third sally was much more devious. After his visit to El Toboso, he turned south to the cave of Montesinos, and then north again into Aragon, where he met the duke and duchess. Pellicer says his noble entertainer was the Duke of Villahermosa, and that the island of Barataria was at Alcalá de Ebro.

But, though the general routes are clear enough, most of the spots described defy identification. There are conflicting theories, for instance, as to the position of the memorable inn, graced by Maritornes, where Sancho was blanketed, and the Don slashed the wineskins. Mr. O'Shea, in his *Guide*, places it at Venta de Cardenas, which is at the very foot of the Sierra Morena, though it is clear from the story that the inn in question

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was a couple of days' journey from the mountains; and Inglis was persuaded that it was the Venta de Quesada, which is equally inconsistent. The truth lies between the two, probably about half way, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Val-de-Peñas, which being a great wine-growing district perhaps supplied Cervantes with the idea of the big black skins full of red wine serving as giants for Don Quixote in his frenzy. The fulling mills, also, whose noise so frightened Sancho and perplexed his master, must have been in this neighbourhood, though the people of Argamasilla pretended to point them out to the author of *Las Alforjas* only a couple of leagues away from that village. Venta de Cardenas, however, claims an honourable place in Quixotic topography. It stands at the very mouth of the magnificent gorge of Despeñaperros, which is clearly the spot Cervantes had in view for the scene of some of his most picturesque incidents. It was here that Cardenio was seen bounding from rock to rock, and the beautiful Dorothea was found bathing her feet in the brook, and higher up at the top of the pass, somewhere near Santa Elena, was the spot selected for Don Quixote for his penance in imitation of Beltenebros. It was my good fortune to cross this glorious pass just before the rail had superseded the road. A week or two later the last viaduct was finished and the train of diligences that used to await the traveller at Venta de Cardenas station had gone—where is it the old diligences go when their course is run? Never more will that strange scene be witnessed: the long string of stark-mad vehicles in furious chase down the endless zigzags of the wild mountain road, the long teams of mules that knew no pace except a frantic gallop, the ragged postilion riding far ahead with his elbows flapping like the wings of some uncouth guiding bird, the restless mayoral on his perch making the rocks echo with professional objurgation, and the zagal on foot stimulating the lazy with stick and stone, the mighty clouds of dust that rolled down on the plains of Andalusia like the smoke of a battle-field—all these have had their day. The train runs under the very rock, perhaps, on which the Don sat meditating on the achievements of Amadis. Dear old hidalgo, why did he not wait a little longer: if a paltry windmill sufficed him for a giant, what a dragon to charge he would have found in the Madrid mail as it bursts shrieking out of one of the Sierra Morena tunnels.

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A Week in a French Country-House.

PART III.

E breakfasted earlier on Thursday on account of the hunting. When I came into the drawing-room, I found Monsieur René reading the newspaper in the sun.

"You are going with Olympe to the meet this morning, are you not?" he said. I told him that I was.

"No doubt, as a true English-woman, you will have a contempt for our sport, and think fox-hunting infinitely superior; but I am sure that the artistic feeling of which you are so full, will be delighted with the forest. At all events we can lay claim to one superiority in the fact of our hunting being compatible with lovely scenery. Do you ever hunt in England, Miss Hope?"

ld him that in the first place my means did not allow of it, and the second I was afraid my nerves would not either.

often wish I were less cowardly," said I.

h do not wish you were other than you are! If women could made to comprehend their true position——"

will be hard," answered I, laughing, "if between you and ur Berthier we do not get to understand it at last."

o not misjudge me," said he. "No one can think more highly of than I do. In tact, in quickness of perception, in delicacy of in the unerring justice with which you instinctively arrive at ions which we only reach through circuitous paths of cumbrous ou stand alone. Steadfastness, patience, tenderness, pity, these jewels of your crown—that crown which the strong-minded woman s in her ambitious endeavour to attain to the male virtues that in come simply detestable. Yesterday I was so struck with the t between yourself and Miss Hamilton when we were speaking of "

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"Oh!" answered I, "I liked what she said so much; it was exactly what I was longing to say."

"But, thank heaven, did not," he interrupted. "Nothing could be a better example of what I mean. The clear, unerring mind was there, the quick perception, the fine moral sense which instinctively detects a want of truth in the heart of things—all that was absent was the male energy of Miss Hamilton; an absence in which, to me, lay the very secret of the charm."

"She is so absolutely truthful and fearless," said I.

"Yes," he answered. "One may admire her, but what one loves is a tender, trembling little woman, doubting of herself, and looking up to man as to her natural guide and protector. Don't you see not only how well this attitude becomes you, but also how admirably it works? When you are womanly you make us manly: these touching and gentle appeals stir all the depths of our buried tenderness, and bring it to the surface. A woman who has no need of this, but can do battle for herself, is generally left to do it. You will see that Miss Hamilton's conquests will not be among men, but among women. Olympe, Jeanne, yourself, already are all more or less at her feet, and this by a natural law. It is simply the masculine element in her, which you are all unconsciously adoring. Now to me, by the same law, she is in consequence of it repellent and unattractive."

"But all men do not feel as you do," said I. "Monsieur Dessaix is devoted to her, and he is a man."

"Is he?" said Monsieur de Saldes. "Sometimes I feel quite bewildered between them, and in doubt whether to call her Monsieur Hamilton, or him Mademoiselle Dessaix."

We breakfasted in a great hurry, for Lady Blankeney and Maria were going off by train to Paris The former took leave of every one but Miss Hamilton and myself with effusion. There was a slight degree of nervous coldness in the manner in which she bade Ursula good-by and said they should meet shortly in Paris, and a charming mixture of condescension and incivility in her farewell to me. I was delighted when they drove off: a little of the mother went a long way, and as for Maria, I do not think I ever beheld any human being so wrapped up in, encompassed by, and utterly saturated with self. the positiveness of the preoccupation became monstrous when contrasted with the negativeness of her nature in every other respect; even the natural laws seemed in her mind to exist as but with reference to herself, and she never spoke of the weather as other people do, remarking in a general way, "It is warm—it is windy—it is rainy," as the case might be, but always said, "I shall be hot—I shall be cold—I shall be wet," in a manner entirely her own.

Monsieur Berthier preferred walking in the forest to coming in the carriage with us, and Monsieur Dessaix had music to write, and evidently thought that a day in the open air might be the death of him: so the driving party consisted solely of Madame Olympe and myself. At a little

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after eleven she came in, looking like a magnificent wall-flower, with a dark brown tweed dress shot with crimson, a deep orange-coloured silk handkerchief tied loosely round her throat, and a golden pheasant's wing in her hat. She had, as usual, her hands filled with flowers, but this time they were little nosegays of Parma violets, which she distributed to Ursula, Jeanne, Monsieur de Saldes, and Monsieur Charles, who were all going to ride, and who stuck them into the button-holes of their coats and habits. The open carriage came to the door at half-past eleven. Ursula, at the last moment, had some slight dispute with Monsieur de Saldes, and in her habit, just as she was, she jumped into the carriage with Madame Olympe and myself.

It was a splendid autumn morning. The earth sparkled in every direction like precious stones, the dew lay like diamonds in the grass, and the air was full of floating gossamers (the Virgin's threads, as they are called in France), as we bowled down the hill to the river. Over the great bridge we went, and straight at once into the forest. It is all divided into long alleys, which lead into large green open places, or *carrefours*, from which six or seven different roads diverge, and in the centre of which there is an enormous sign-post giving the direction of each. I should have thought it impossible to find one's way without these, one path seemed so exactly to resemble another; but Madame Olympe told me that the gentlemen were often out after nightfall, and managed to pilot themselves successfully even when it was far too dark to read what was written on the posts.

It was an enchanting drive to the place of rendezvous. Generally the wood lay packed away on each side of the open roads. The trees were not large, as in our forests, but slender young slips, growing all close together, through which driving would have been impossible, and walking, for the most part difficult and unpleasurable; but one looked into depths of delicate leaves, until the whole atmosphere seemed to be a sort of pale transparent glowworm-green, as one rolled along with gentle motion and noiseless wheels over the yielding sand. Sometimes we drove for a long way under large trees through the very heart of the forest. In one place all the boles of the trees were covered with lichen; they looked like metal shafts of some strange gnome palace. Here we went along with a soft crushing sound over precious emerald mosses and the red gold of fallen beech-leaves; the whole air filled with delicious autumn savours, musky gusts of a wild woodland odour, and the bitter fragrance of bruised leaves. At last we got to the *carrefour*, or place of the rendezvous, and drew up before the door of a little country inn, where we saw the men and dogs who had been seeking out the track of the wild boar, and who had just arrived.

Two hours before daybreak these four men, with four dogs, go out with lanterns to seek the track; this is technically called the *aller au bois*. These hounds (*limiers*) are mute, and never follow the track of roebuck, rabbit, or hare. The forest is divided among them into four separate allotments, and each man with his dog explores the portion appointed for

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him, taking care never to interfere with the beat of the others. The next thing done is to *prendre les grands devants*. This consists in going round and round each division in ever-narrowing circles, until they come upon the track, or *brisée*, which takes its name from the custom of breaking a branch as soon as the trace is found—which branch they lay upon the ground with the point turned in the direction of the track. They then come back with their *limiers*, after a walk of about six hours, to the rendezvous (which generally takes place at twelve o'clock, or thereabouts), and dress themselves properly in the livery of the hunt.

By degrees, people on foot, and people on horseback, and people in open carriages began to assemble. The ladies, who all appeared to be more or less acquainted, got out of their various vehicles to speak to each other; and hairy men dismounted, or reined up, and bowed and talked to those ladies who remained in their carriages. There was one coachful of cousins from the village of Sept-Moulins, about four miles away from Marny; another with some smart ugly women, whom nobody knew, from the neighbouring town; one fat old lady was drawn by a couple of superb Percheron horses, small, robust, well-built animals of the old French post-horse breed, snow-white, with thick tails sweeping the ground, and powerful manes, that flew out to the wind like great sheets of silver in the sun: they were fiery, restive creatures, and looked splendid as they kept neighing and pawing the ground with impatience whenever they had to stand still for a single instant. Last of all arrived a sort of charming open *char-à-banc*, with pretty Madame Prévost, her kind-looking old husband, and a most absurd old friend, with a large red nose and a curly grey wig, who always lives with them, and whose name, I was told, was Hégésippe Gigonnet. Their carriage is a very popular one: it is laden with all sorts of good eatables, which are liberally distributed to the hungry,—and also with brandy, arnica, plaster, and other useful remedies, in case of any simple accident.

The ladies' dress was an extravagant imitation of the out-of-door costume of our own Englishwomen—the looped-up gown and coloured petticoat beneath; but in spite of every variety of rainbow tint which their gaudy skirts displayed, they presented a dowdy appearance, very different from the smart neat look which a well-appointed Englishwoman has when she is properly got up for walking. They wore ugly hats of fanciful shapes, but one felt at a glance that they were born to put nothing but Parisian bonnets of the latest fashion upon their heads, and to do no real out-of-door work. Presently Monsieur Charles, Monsieur de Saldes, and Jeanne came up, and then Monsieur Charles was informed of the different tracks that had been found by the *limiers*.

The servants of the hunt are called by picturesque names that all bear some reference to the sport. The huntsman or *piqueur* (pronounced *piqueux*) was called Latrace—his real name was Martin; there were five *valets-de-chien*, or whippers-in, on horseback, whose hunting names were La Rosée, La Feuille, Fanfare, La Brisée, La Broussaille; and there was

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one *valet-de-chien* on foot, who was called Tempête. La Broussaille and Tempête brought with them about sixty hounds to the meet: some of these dogs were French, but the greater proportion of them were fox-hounds got over from England. I jumped out of the carriage and went with Monsieur de Saldes to talk to them. They looked so natural and so sweet, with their heavy jaws and gentle eyes, waving their tails and making good-natured grumbling expostulations with fine bass voices.

Monsieur Charles having decided upon the track, about twenty out of the sixty were despatched in separate relays to different parts of the forest where the boar was supposed to be likely to pass. These hounds were older and rather slower than the others, and were called the old pack (*la vieille meute*). The forty remaining hounds were kept for following the track. Out of these, eight of the very best were selected to make the attack; the rest were divided into relays of about four couple, which were held in leashes by the *valets-de-chien*.

We now all got back into our carriages, and accompanied by a field of about fifty or sixty people began to move towards the spot where the beast was supposed to be. When we arrived there, the eight *chiens d'attaque* were put into the cover, followed by the huntsman on foot. We coasted along on the outside, guided by the rushing of the animals through the leaves, and the huntsman's cries of *Hou!—hou! Après! La voie!* (the right road). *Volcelet!* (here it is). Suddenly he caught sight of the boar and struck up the fanfare of the *sanglier* upon his horn, the dogs gave tongue, the gentlemen dashed off, blowing the *sanglier* with all their might, the *valets-de-chien* tore along, almost dragged off their horses by the pulling of the hounds in leash, and we set off at a hand-gallop followed by all the other carriages. It was a charming and a very varied spectacle. There was none of the uniformity of get-up that characterizes an English field: every one had turned out in different costume; most of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who were personal friends of Monsieur Charles, wore his white uniform with the maroon facings; then there were men in all sorts of cut-away and fly-away coats—some in elaborate suits of velveteen knickerbockers; a party of cuirassiers quartered in the neighbouring town appeared in regimentals, and bumped along after the boar in true *haute-école* style.

Suddenly, at the end of one of the long alleys, we saw the boar leap across the road. It was a *ragot* or middle-sized one, the most dangerous sort of all. Immediately all the horns struck up the fanfare of the *ragot*, the tearing, dragging hounds were loosed at last from the leashes, and away we all pelted in full chase, the horns blowing the *volcelet* and the *bien-aller* with might and main. It was not English sport. I do not know if it was good sport; of this I was no judge, but the excitement of that morning rush through the great glades of the sunlit forest, with the music and the animation of the whole scene, was a thing never to be forgotten. Ursula's eyes were staring wide open for the first time in her life, and Madame Olympe was screaming at the top of her voice. At last

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they got before us and out of sight, and we lost the track, and stopped for about a quarter of an hour, listening in vain for the fanfare to guide us. We then drove wildly about the forest in every direction, sometimes faintly catching, sometimes losing again the sound of the horns in the distance. Once the coachman called out, and we all stood up in the carriage as a company of stags, startled by the noise, bounded grandly one after another across the road, right in front of us. We were entirely thrown out, and at last came to a halt in one of the green places, not knowing in the least which path to take. We waited here for about half an hour in great despondency, afraid that our day's sport was over, when suddenly Monsieur Charles, followed by Jeanne, Monsieur de Saldes, and five or six gentlemen, came galloping by, blowing the *débuché* as hard as he could. "To the left! to the left!" he shouted, as he flew past, and we wheeled round, and to the left we galloped too. The *débuché* meant that the beast had taken to the open. We followed full tilt, got at last to the border of the plain, and saw the boar cross it with the whole field in hot pursuit, and then madly dashing into the river, swim across to a small island in the middle, where he presently landed with the hounds in full cry at his heels, and was lost in the thicket. The sun was going down in a sea of molten gold as the horns played first the *bat l'eau* (gone to the water), and then the first half of the *halali*. The river gave back the forms of the men and horses and trees upon the bank with such transparent clearness that they seemed literally living over again in the water. What a scene it was—all loveliness and peace! I cannot say how the spectacle of the solemn dying day at once turned the current of my feelings, or how discordant and savage the cries of all those men, hunting a wretched animal to the death, in the quiet face of nature, suddenly became to me. After a few minutes the poor beast emerged at the other end of the island, and still followed by his yelling persecutors, in despair took to the water a second time. Shot after shot was fired at him in vain, as he swam vigorously for the mainland. At last Latrace jumped into the stream as he neared the shore, and stabbed him with his hunting-knife *au défaut de l'épaule*, in the one vulnerable place—the joint just behind the shoulder—while the horns struck up the last part of the *halali*, which is never played until the boar is killed.

And then we all turned homeward, and under that gentle sky I felt conscience-stricken, and rather as if I had been assisting at a murder. It was dark and coldish by the time we got back to the house, and very cheering and pleasant was that large room, bright with candle and fire light, and not less so the cup of tea that dear Madame Olympe made for us. Presently Jeanne, Monsieur Charles, and Monsieur de Saldes came dropping in. Jeanne came up and kissed me very affectionately, as I lay on my big sofa resting and talking to Ursula.

"How sweet you smell, child," said I.

"It is my violets," she answered. "They are quite fresh still."

"Bless me!" cried Ursula, "what can have become of mine? I have

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lost them! I suppose they must have tumbled down as I was getting in or out of the carriage."

She then left her chair, and went away in a very marked manner as Monsieur de Saldes brought me my tea and sat down by me to talk over the impression that French hunting had made upon me. He very good-naturedly told me a great deal more about it. Boars of all ages are hunted. There are the *marcassins* or babies, the *bêtes de compagnie* and *bêtes rousses* from six to eighteen months old—the *ragotin*, which is about eighteen months old—the *ragot* of two years old—the boar in his third year—the boar in his fourth year. Then there is the huge *solitaire*, who lives alone, and for whom they play the *royale fanfare*, the *solitaire miré* (an old fellow with his tusks turned down, so that he cannot toss the dogs), and the *laie*, or female, for whom the fanfare of the *meunière* is played.

The first half of the *halali* is played when the boar is at bay; the second, when he is killed, and he is never killed until he has been at bay. There is also the *halali tenante*—when the boar at bay tosses some of the hounds and then begins running again. If the animal is very fierce, in order to save the hounds the gentlemen will sometimes dismount and prick him with their hunting-knives to cause a diversion. The boar then leaves the dogs and rushes at the men, and there is a general *sauve qui peut*—up trees or anywhere. Sometimes the men as well as the dogs get wounded. Last season Latrace had his leg ripped up by the boar's tusks, and was badly hurt. The cries of *vocelet* or *volcelet*, and *vlaut—vlaut!* which are continually heard during the hunt, are corruptions of *voilà ce l'est* and *le violà là haut*. The morning after the hunt the missing hounds are tracked out, and found wounded or dead. The men take other dogs with them, whose ears they pull to make them cry, and so attract their wounded and lost companions. The *limiers*, who find the first trace of the boar, are put into a cart and driven home from the meet by Madame Moreau—an old woman about the château who does every sort of odd job—sometimes goes to fetch letters and sometimes goes to fetch bread. We met her in the forest going back to Marny, with four or five of the great circular loaves of common household bread which the servants eat slung like so many necklaces round her mahogany-coloured old throat.

When Ursula and I went up to dress for dinner we took no light with us, as we had fire and candles in our own room. At the head of the stair was Monsieur Berthier's room, and just beyond it was a swing-door, which one had to pass in order to get to Monsieur Dessaix's room and ours. On opening this we nearly knocked down Monsieur Jacques, who was standing hidden behind it, and who had not heard us approach.

"Oh! Jacques, have I hurt you?" exclaimed Ursula with concern, for it was she who had pushed the door. "But what are you doing there in the dark just behind the door?"

"It is abominable," he said in a whisper. "They do not love me here. I have had a miserable day—I have passed it (all of it!) behind

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this door. Have you seen his room?" he continued, indicating Monsieur Berthier's. "Have you seen how large it is? twice as large as mine! After you were gone this morning, he and I came upstairs to write. After a little while I heard him go down, and I thought I would peep into his room. I had only time just to see how nice and big it was—for crac! he was up again in a minute. I suppose he had only gone to put his letter in the box. So I jumped back and hid behind the door, and watched till he went down again, and then I took another peep. It is much, much nicer than mine! I have watched him go down three times, and each time I have seen some fresh nice thing that he has."

"What dreadful nonsense, Jacques," said Ursula.

"He has two jugs—a large one and a little one. I have only one small one."

"For shame!" she said indignantly. "How could you go into another person's room in that way?"

"And a tea-service, and a gilt Cupid on the top of his looking-glass."

She took him by the shoulder, and putting him into his own room, shut the door angrily upon his complaints.

The evening was spent chiefly in making out the programme for the Sunday's music. Ursula found that she could stick an "*O Salutaris*" upon the beginning of Stradella's song, which carried her through the first eight bars, after which she boldly merged into "ovunque il guardo io giro, cerco te, guardo te, sospiro," &c. I was sorry that she had determined to do it, but she seemed to look at the matter altogether from an artistic point of view, and as it was a Roman Catholic church, not to see any reason against it. And Madame Olympe's mind was entirely divided between her ecstasy at the notion of hearing Ursula's great voice and grand style in the ample space of a church—where they would have room to spread themselves—and her pleasure in the gratification which she knew it would give to the poor Curé to have such fine music for the occasion of his confirmation. Monsieur Jacques had been pacified by my representation that his coming had been altogether unexpected, and that Monsieur Berthier and Monsieur Kiowski were both in possession before his arrival; and he entered with zeal into the details of the programme, and was of the greatest service in selecting and arranging the progression of the pieces. Monsieur Berthier, Monsieur de Saldes and I sat and talked together, and I made the former especially happy by translating for his benefit Ford's speech in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*—"Then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect." He was enchanted with this. "What a genius!" he cried. "How he knows the heart of woman! How he must have known the English woman!" And nothing would serve but he must learn the sentiment by rote in the original tongue: after which he passed the whole evening saying at intervals, "Zen zey ruminaate, Zen zey *devaise*," and smiling contentedly to himself. The next day he left us for Paris, to the regret of every one,

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for he was so gentle and amiable that it was quite impossible not to like him. "And such a true gentleman," said Madame Olympe; "so unlike Lady Blankeney, with her eternal 'Countess' and 'Marquis.' She thinks it quite *Faubourg St. Germain* (to use her own favourite expression), whereas it is precisely Faubourg St. Germain that never does it. Prince or Princesse are the only titles ever given in addressing people—everything under that rank is simply spoken to as Monsieur or Madame de So-and-So."

"But," said I, "does not Jeanne always call Monsieur Charles Marquis?"

"Yes," she replied, "but that is her sauciness—a sort of little nick-name, as boys in England call their father 'governor,'—nothing more."

In the afternoon Madame Olympe took me over in her pony-chair to Sept-Moulins. Said she: "We have had a specimen of an English institution in Maria Blankeney—I will now show you one of a French institution."

After a very pretty drive of about three-quarters of an hour, we arrived at the château. It was a picturesque old place, in the middle of a very good imitation of an English park, and surrounded by a broad moat, filled with water. Luckily they were all at home, and we were let in. The first person I was presented to was Monsieur Henri de Caradec, the master of the house—an amiable, courteous old man in his hundredth year, in the possession of all his faculties, and having preserved to that venerable age that rarest of all faculties—the power of loving and of being loved. He lives here with his sweet old wife, who, being only eighty-four, is looked upon by him almost as a child. Nothing ever was more charming than the tender attachment of these dear old people: everything said by the one has reference to the other; and they cannot be happy for five minutes out of each other's sight. Living under the same roof with them are Monsieur Octave de Caradec, their eldest son, and his wife, Madame de Lanneray (Monsieur Octave's eldest daughter), with her handsome young husband and their little Thérèse of four years old, and Mademoiselle Marie de Caradec, her unmarried sister, a young woman of about twenty, with a delightful countenance. Madame de Beaumont, Monsieur Henri's only daughter, a widow, with a grown-up son, also inhabits the château.

When we came away I asked Madame Olympe if it was the general custom in France for families to live in this patriarchal manner, and if it worked successfully? She said that the custom was almost universal, and that as to its working, no doubt there were occasional disputes and differences, since where humanity is offence must needs come; but that on the whole the families so united generally lived happily together, and were strongly attached to each other. Certainly I had hardly ever seen anything so charming as that old man playing with his little great-grandchild, and I must confess that it seems to me both pious and natural to crown old age with fresh garlands of spring, rather than as we do in England, when the blossoms and leaves have all dropped off, to leave it naked and alone to die.

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As we drove home Madame Olympe talked a great deal about Monsieur de Saldes, much of his gifts and accomplishments, and more still of the wretched manner in which he had thrown them all away. "With his talents," she said, "he might have distinguished himself in a thousand ways; he has had opportunity after opportunity offered him of doing something with his life, but he is utterly devoid of ambition, and his supreme indolence and consistent system of self-indulgence have induced him steadily to reject them all. It has ended with isolating him a good deal, for while his real taste for art and science renders the usual run of men in his own position of life wearisome and distasteful to him, his want of application and concentration, and a certain inconvenient fastidiousness and capriciousness of temperament, prevent him from associating with people of another class who would interest him. He is a pedant among fashionable men, and a man of fashion among the learned, and so he remains like the Halb-Hexe in *Faust*, suspended between earth and heaven and fit for neither—helpless, hurtful, and charming!"

I told her of Monsieur Jacques' terror about Ursula and Monsieur René. She laughed and remarked that she did not think that he need be under any sort of apprehension on that score, for that Ursula's manner to Monsieur de Saldes always indicated the most perfect indifference, while his to her seemed almost to express antipathy.

"You are the person who appears to have captivated him, my dear Bessy," she said, and added, "If your mother had not told me of your engagement, my dear child, I should have felt a little anxious and nervous about it; conquests over René are worse than defeats. Ah! isn't it sad to think that with all his power and all his charm his progress through life will have been marked by nothing but the tears of a few women who have loved him?"

"Dear Madame Olympe," I answered, "I, as you know, bear a charmed life; but are you never afraid for Jeanne? she is very fond of him, and he is so attractive, and so often here!"

"Yes," answered Madame Olympe; "but Jeanne is a wonderful child; her acute observation and the justness of her mind are quite remarkable. Thank God, she has little imagination, and abundant common sense and principle, and when she does love, it will be a good man. Fancy her coming to me the other day and saying with the utmost gravity, 'Send for the doctor, maman—René is ill. Baptiste was despatched early this morning for the curé, and he has been closeted with him for the last half hour. René has no doubt had his *crampes* badly in the night.'"

"Monsieur René is not much given to religious observance, I imagine?" said I.

"Only, as Jeanne says, when he has his *crampes*. He is never religious but when he has an indigestion, and then he becomes superstitious."

In the evening Madame Martin (Latrace's little wife of seventeen) came up with two or three young girls from the village to try her duet with Jeanne, and some of the choruses which were to be performed on Sunday

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Madame Olympe accompanied, and Monsieur Jacques was indefatigable in helping to teach them all their parts. I, as usual, lay on my sofa talking to Ursula on one side and to Monsieur de Saldes on the other.

"To-morrow is the meet of the staghounds," said he. "Shall you go to it, Miss Hope?"

"No," said I, laughing, "I think not. I have not quite got over the emotion of yesterday's sport yet."

"Good heavens!" cried Ursula, "how I wish I could go. But there will be nothing all day but rehearsing, I suppose, and it will be out of the question."

"I like you for not liking it," continued Monsieur René, smiling charmingly at me, and taking no notice whatever of Ursula's speech. "It would not be womanly—it would not be *you* to take pleasure in putting anything to death."

"Are you fond of no sort of sport, Bessy?" said Ursula. "Do you never fish?"

"No," I said. "I tried once, but I was such a dreadful fool that I could neither put the worms on nor take the fish off the hook, and so I thought I had better not try again."

"I love it!" she said. "I am sure one is born a sportsman just as one is born a poet or a painter, or anything else. I could fish from morning to night, and shooting is more exciting still."

"Shooting!" said I. "Can you shoot, Ursula? Do you mean to say that you know how to shoot?"

"Yes," she answered, "and I delight in it. I shot at the country place of some friends of mine in Italy, and was quite clever at bringing down my hares and rabbits—running, I beg to state, not sitting. It's the best fun in the world!"

"Do you also consider it good fun, Miss Hamilton, when you manage to wound your game without killing it?" asked Monsieur de Saldes in his gentle voice.

"Well," answered she, coolly, "perhaps that is not quite so pleasant, but one gives them a little tap on the head with the wrong end of the gun, you know" (and she clacked her tongue against her palate), "and that soon puts them out of their pain." I saw that she had felt the inimical tone of his remark, and that her spirit was up.

"Luckily for me," said Monsieur de Saldes, "I am generally a dead shot. My nerve is inferior to yours, Miss Hamilton" (and he bowed). "Although I am a man, I have never yet been able to give a wounded creature that little tap you speak of."

"You prefer pampering your own squeamishness?" inquired she, innocently.

I, who had seen her quite unable to kill a wasp in our bed-room only the night before, knew she did not mean a word of what she was saying, but that she was stung by his contemptuous manner, and getting into one of her defiant moods. So I endeavoured to start another subject, and asked

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her if she did not intend to try her voice in the church before singing there on Sunday.

"O dear, yes!" she said. "We are to have a grand rehearsal there to-morrow. How I do wish it was a theatre instead of a church, and that I was going to sing to a dear good honest paying public that could hiss me if it chose!"

Monsieur de Saldes' face expressed unmitigated disgust. "You once seriously entertained some thought of going on the stage, did you not?" said he. "I am afraid it has cost you a great deal to give it up?"

"More than you can conceive," she replied, complacently looking at him from under her half-shut eyelids. "I cannot imagine anything more honourable than to work for one's bread, or anything more delightful than to earn it by civilizing and refining a sympathizing multitude."

"It must be gratifying, indeed," said he, "to pass one's evenings exposed to the gaze of every idiot who chooses to pay his half-crown for his stare, and equally delightful to spend one's days in the society of profligate and uneducated vagabonds."

"Ah, yes—I haven't tried profligacy yet," said Ursula, getting beyond all bounds in her desire to anger him "But I must own that I find virtue uncommonly difficult, and upon the whole rather tiresome. With regard to vagabonds, I think when you made your last civil observation, it must have escaped your memory that my mother was one of the vagabonds in question, and that in preferring the company of people of genius to the exhausted atmosphere which appears to suit your complaint, I only chasse de race."

"Do you know this?" he said, with a most audacious smile, taking up a *Don Juan* that was lying on the table, and turning the title on the back carelessly towards her.

"You forget yourself—how dare you!" said Ursula, and she rose up opposite to him in a frenzy of indignation.

"When a woman does not respect herself, Miss Hamilton," he quietly replied, "she can hardly expect that other people will respect her."

She looked steadily at him for a few seconds while she struggled to say something; but no sound would come, and her lips quivered, and her eyes closed: she then grew deadly white and left the room. "Oh, you hit too hard!" I exclaimed in despair. "You have hurt her!"

"Hurt her!" he echoed. "I think she must be gone mad! Hurt her? I hope I have—it is quite the kindest thing left for one to do by her."

I gathered up my work hastily and was going to follow her, when Monsieur de Saldes continued: "You are so young, so pure, so good, you do not know the face of evil, as a poor battered wretch like myself does. I implore you break off your intimacy with Ursula; she is no fit companion for you—indeed she is not. Depend upon it, that when a woman of her years already finds virtue wearisome, the chances are that before long she will find it impossible!"

"Monsieur René," said I, "for shame! Your dislike is making you

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do her far less than justice"—and I got up from the sofa. "I, who have known her less long, know her better than you do!"

"Don't go—don't go, I beseech you," he said, "or I shall never forgive myself. I believe the truth is that I absolutely loathe that woman!" and he ground his teeth.

I made no answer and was passing on, meaning to leave the room quietly, when Madame Olympe—who was standing up behind Monsieur Jacques' chair and beating time while he accompanied Jeanne's duet—suddenly caught me round the waist and held me fast, while she went on counting her "Un, deux, trois;" and so I stayed and grew calm as I listened. "Ave sanctissima, mater amabilis, ora, ora pro nobis!" sang the two thin childish voices. It was wonderfully pure and passionless, and I wished my poor Ursula could have heard it.

When I went upstairs she was in bed. I went close up, but she did not stir. Her thick fringes of eyelashes were all matted together in little wet points, and the marks of tears still lay in wet lines all down her face. She had gone to sleep crying, with a small iron cross which had belonged to her mother—and which she always wore next her skin—grasped tightly in one of her hands.

When I came down on Saturday morning, I found Madame Olympe busily reading a despatch which had just arrived from the Sœur Marie.

"Just look at it," she said, putting it into my hands. "And tell me if you ever read anything more grotesque and grim than this cake-and-death joke?" The letter was as follows:—

"Madame la Comtesse will be glad, no doubt, to learn that Madame Simon is still in the same state. The difficulty of swallowing remains very great. She only took one small teacupful of broth, by spoonfuls, at intervals all through the whole of yesterday; still there is no change for the worse. Yesterday, after we had made her comfortable for the night, Madame Chevet, the nurse, said to me, 'She will be in the other world before to-morrow.' But I was certain that her hour was not yet come, and so I laid a wager with her about it. The stake was a *galette*, and I have won it, since here is to-morrow and Madame Simon is still alive. We did it, Madame la Comtesse, to amuse ourselves a little while we were watching. Madame la Comtesse need send no money at present. I looked into Madame Simon's purse while she was asleep, and saw in it two bank-notes,—one for two hundred francs and another for one hundred.—Madame la Comtesse's devoted and obedient servant,

"SŒUR MARIE."

"Would one not believe from this," said Madame Olympe, when I gave her back her letter, "that the poor old sister was a regular Mrs. Gamp? Yet no one ever was tenderer or more devoted than she is to all those who suffer. It is a strange childish element that I have observed in many of the sisters of charity and in many of the country priests too."

"Has Monsieur Kiowski arrived?" asked Monsieur Charles, as we sat down to breakfast.

"Not yet. But he will be here directly," answered Madame Olympe.

"If he comes at all," said Monsieur de Saldes.

"Do you think he will not come?" asked Monsieur Charles. "Well,

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I am a little of your opinion. To come all the way across the sea (and there was such a high wind in the night too!) to sing a trio, seems a strong measure."

"He will come," said Jeanne.

"He will come," said Madame Olympe.

"He will come," said Ursula.

"What faith!" said Monsieur de Saldes. "Happy man to be so believed in! But you have said nothing." And he turned to me. "What is your opinion? Do you believe that he will come?"

Just then there was a great bustle outside, and we heard a high voice asking breathlessly if we were all well and if we were in the breakfast-room. The door was thrown open, and Monsieur Kiowski appeared. He looked pale and tired. He had been travelling all night and had had a rough passage; but he had sold his friend's *Egeria*, and, true to his word, there he was to sing the *Tantum ergo*. He was received with acclamations.

Our whole day was passed in rehearsing. We went to the church after breakfast, and returned there again in the afternoon. The piano, which was sent down from the château, was too large to go up the small staircase of the tribune opposite the high altar, where the singing was to take place, and the noise and bustle of the workmen who hauled it up by ropes from the body of the church rather jarred upon my nerves. So I stayed below as far from it all as I could, and amused myself with reading a catechism which had been left upon one of the chairs.

Monsieur de Saldes declined going into the tribune, where Madame Olympe had called him, and came and sat near the high altar with me. This I was convinced he did to avoid Ursula. He and she had kept carefully apart from each other all day; to me she never once mentioned him, nor made the slightest allusion to his behaviour of the night before. Her manner was grave, quiet, and unexceptionable; but her whole aspect was one of concentrated pride, and I saw that she had been deeply offended.

The singers kept themselves warm with singing I suppose, but I was frozen when the afternoon rehearsal was over and we all came out; and having got my clogs on, I made up my mind to walk across the fields home. Monsieur René, who was cold too, offered to escort me.

He seemed very sad, and I was obliged to recollect his really prosperous circumstances not to feel myself full of sympathy for unexisting misfortune. He spoke of a life hopeless and aimless, a failure from beginning to end, and was so gentle, so depressed, and so loveable, that I felt myself overflowing with pity for him, until I remembered what Madame Olympe had told me of his determined rejection of all employment and of every sort of career. I was glad when we got home, for he was altogether so touching about himself that, in a few minutes more, I am sure he would have made me cry—although I knew perfectly well that it was all humbug.

Monsieur Jacques came into the hall and began speaking to me, as I was trying to undo one of my clogs. I could not unclasp it, and Monsieur

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de Saldes knelt down to help me. As he stooped, a bunch of dead violets fell out of his breast. He hastily picked them up and thrust them back again, and I believe thought that Monsieur Jacques and I—who were talking together—had not perceived them; but we both had certainly the same idea, for as soon as he had left us Monsieur Jacques called to me as I was going upstairs, and said again, in an agonized whisper, "Do not let Ursula marry him!"

"Why don't you marry her yourself?" said I, laughing. "That would settle it all comfortably."

He looked up at me with a sharp gaze of far-seeing misery.

"She would wash me—and I should die!" he said.

In the evening the village-girls came up again to the house, and the music was worked at indefatigably. When we went to bed, I sat down in an arm-chair by the fire, and began building up the bits of wood and making a blaze. Ursula presently came and knelt down by me, and after a few minutes' silence said to me, "Bessie, though I have not known you long, I love you so much that I want to take an immense liberty with you."

"Take it, my dear," I answered, kissing her upturned forehead. "I hardly know what you can have to say to me that demands so solemn a preface."

She coloured slightly, and after a minute's hesitation said, quickly and nervously, "Don't let René de Saldes persuade you that he is fond of you."

"My dear child!" I exclaimed, much surprised.

"It is his way," she continued, "and he is not trustworthy. Don't let him do it!"

"Do you mean," said I, "that it is his way to persuade people that he is fond of them, when he really does not care at all about them?"

"I don't know that," she answered. "I have seen him very successfully make people think so about whom he did not care at all; and I have seen him like people too, as he does you; but, on the whole, those he liked, I think, came even worse off than those he didn't. You see he can only love just a very little himself; and he is always loved a great deal, and you mustn't love him, dear Bessie—indeed you mustn't. You cannot think how the notion of your being made unhappy by him has afflicted and tormented me."

"Don't be anxious about it any more, dear," said I. "Why, at all events, you know I am going away on Monday."

"Yes," she replied; "but to whom? to what? to a narrow circle of exhausting and ungrateful duties, and perhaps with a heart made heavy by the remembrance of what you have left behind. Ah! I cannot bear to think of it!" and she flung her arms round me.

She was so full of affectionate solicitude, that I determined to put her mind altogether at ease about me.

"Dear Ursula," I said, "I am going home to some one who is not like Monsieur de Saldes; some one who is able, thank heaven, to love a

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great deal, and who loves me as much as he is able." I then told her of my engagement to Mr. L'Estrange.

"No, really, dear Bessie!" she exclaimed. "Are you really engaged? How very, very glad I am that it is all right! and is he very charming, dear? and should I like him? and would he like me? and do you love him very, very much, dear?"

"He is very learned and very clever, and quite the most charming person I ever met," I answered. "And he is so strong and gentle and good, that it is impossible not to love him."

"And how long have you been engaged to him, dear Bessie?" she asked, eagerly.

I could not help feeling rather sad as I told her that we had been engaged ever since I was seventeen.

"Good gracious, what a long time!" she exclaimed. "Why, how long is it? how old are you?"

"I am twenty-eight, my dear," I answered, with a little sigh.

"Twenty-eight! impossible!" she cried. "Why, I always fancied you were younger than I am."

I laughed and said that little whitey-brown women with unsalient features always looked younger than they really were.

"Then you have been engaged eleven whole years? Good gracious, how very awful!" she exclaimed. "Why didn't you marry?"

"Because William is only a poor curate, dear, and could not afford to keep a wife," I answered.

"But when are you going to marry? directly, now? as soon as ever you get back?"

I told her that there was no possibility of our marrying until he got some preferment: that at present he had only a hundred and fifty pounds a year, and that of course he could not support a wife upon that income.

"Good gracious!" she began again. "Then after losing the eleven best years of your life, you are actually going to wait for perhaps another eleven? Good gracious, what a dismal state of things!" and she sat down on the ground, with her hands clasped round her knees, looking into the red embers.

"My dear," said I, "I have not lost these eleven years, since I have passed them in loving the best and noblest human creature that I ever knew." Nevertheless, Ursula's discouraging view of the case affected me more than I was willing to own. It did seem rather hopeless—and she rang the changes on it in a way that was painful to me in spite of all her real kindness and my affection for her.

"Good gracious!" she ejaculated, thoughtfully to herself, still looking into the fire. "And isn't he likely to get some preferment soon?"

"Indeed I cannot tell," said I. "They know how distinguished and how hard-working he is,—perhaps something may turn up before very long."

"But eleven whole years! Good gracious, my dear, I don't see my

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ıy at all! What will you do if he doesn't get any preferment?" she ntinued after a pause.

"Wait on, I suppose," I said, rather drearily, and I began not to see y way either—so I got into bed as quickly as I could, and pretended be asleep, that she might leave off saying "Good gracious!" at my ıprosperous little love-affair any more.

Our Sunday function went off very brilliantly and was eminently ıccessful. The church was crammed from one end to the other with the ɜlations and friends of the young people who were the principal objects of ıterest in the ceremony. I found that it was not a confirmation service, ıut the taking of their first communion by the young village children who ıad just been confirmed. And what with the part they took and the part hat we took in the performance, I must say that I think it was altogether ıs unedifying a spectacle as I ever assisted at. Our programme was ɜingular but effective.

First came the glorious *Tantum ergo*, for which Monsieur Kiowski had sacrificed himself with such a good grace, and which went beautifully —Monsieur Jacques, with a roll of music for a bâton, directing for all the world as though we had been in a theatre. Then Ursula sang her Marcello psalm, and the grave tones went surging over the church in great waves of sound and sending shivers down one's spine. Then followed a trio—also by Marcello—sung by Ursula, Monsieur Kiowski, and Monsieur Charles: this too was beautiful and perfectly devout. After it came Jeanne's and Madame Martin's sweet hymn to the Virgin; then a cantique by the village-girls, as trivial and profane as the romances one hears upon the street organs, and very like them; then Ursula got up again and sang her Stradella love-song, transmogrified for the first three or four bars into an *O Salutaris*, and then suddenly flaming out into very earthly ecstasies in right good Italian. Fortunately it was a song with a Da capo to it, so that she was able to relapse into devotion and Latin again at the conclusion. It was a splendid piece of audacity, and a splendid piece of art; but although I could not help being transported with it, my conscience kept putting up a regretful protest all the time, and I could not bear her doing it. However, she had never been taught anything but singing, and religion has to be learnt as well as everything else. The performance wound up with a quartet (the most serious they could find,) out of Rossini's *Tancredi*, sung, without any attempt at disguise, in its native Italian. Mixed up with all this came bits of the regular mass music, executed in our tribune (but not by us) upon a little braying, fiendish old organ with about as much regard to time and tune as distinguishes the infant German band in London streets. Alternating with it came doleful gusts of nasal chaunting from the officiating priests below. No one appeared to have the slightest idea what was the right moment for anything to take place, and we made three or four false starts, cropping out into *O Salutarises* and *Amabilises* upon improper occasions, and being rebuked for it and speedily reduced to silence by Monsieur le Curé, wh

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kept up a series of mysterious telegraphic communications with us, by means of his arms, from the other end of the church, where he was (I suppose) praying at the high altar. Sometimes he graciously waved and beckoned; at other times he protested, and, as it were, thrust us back again into our seats; and once or twice he did something that looked uncommonly like shaking his fist at us, when we persisted in opening our mouths in the wrong place. His energetic and expressive movements were all we had to guide us, and I think it was wonderful that the music did not go worse astray.

Then there were long orations made by two poor little girls in their white communion-frocks, who took it by turns to stand up in the crowded church, accusing themselves of the most frightful iniquities, and addressing long pompous harangues to the priest, to their parents, to the assistant spectators, to their companions, to the Virgin, to God; which were declaimed with the most laboured gestures—evidently perfectly unspontaneous, and bearing no reference whatever to the words they were uttering.

"Vous me voyez prosternée," was asserted by one child, standing bolt upright, who, poor little soul, proceeded to inform us, "qu'elle avait perdu la robe de son innocence," and invited us with continual placid wavings of her arms, a shrill voice and cheerful countenance, to "écouter ses sanglots" and "contempler ses larmes." These recitations were relieved by a most remarkable set of evolutions—a sort of military entertainment without fire-arms—precipitately performed at intervals by all the little boys to the sound of a wooden clapper played by the priest; but the drilling had been incomplete, and the execution was rather agitated and leaving something to be desired. It was inexpressibly comical—but, at the same time and on that very account, extremely painful and disagreeable. It went to my heart to see children, in themselves sacred, and doing so sacred a thing, going through a series of antics which made them look like so many absurd little parrots and apes. Ursula received many compliments as she went out, and people told her how much impressed they had been with the devotional feeling of what she had sung: her part of the business seemed the most solemn after all.

"Come, get in, get in!" cried Madame Olympe, who had gone on before us, and who was already seated in the carriage. "We must make haste if we mean to go on the river before it gets dark."

"I jumped in, Ursula jumped in, Monsieur Charles climbed up to the box; Jeanne, Monsieur Dessaix and Monsieur Kiowski had already started walking—taking the short cut across the fields.

"Is there room for me?" asked Monsieur de Saldes. He had before said that he meant to walk, which was what I saw had determined Ursula upon driving.

"Yes, yes, there is plenty of room; get in!" said Madame Olympe. He got in, and as he did so on one side, Ursula got out on the other. "But what are you doing?" asked Madame Olympe, rather impatiently.

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"Only going to run after Jeanne and Jacques," said Ursula, setting off. "My feet got quite frozen in that cold tribune, and I want to warm them."

"There's room inside," shouted Madame Olympe, through the front window, to Monsieur Charles; he had no great-coat, and she thought he would be cold. "Get into the carriage and let the servant go upon the box."

"But, Olympe, I am quite comfortable up here," he answered.

"Get into the carriage."

"I have got a shawl over my knees," said he, appealingly.

"Get into the carriage."

"I was just going to smoke a little cigarette," he observed, mildly.

"But when I tell you to get into the carriage!" she answered, her voice working up ominously towards the treble key.

He did as he was bid, and we started. After we had gone steadily along for about ten minutes, one of the horses shied at a piece of paper that was lying in the road. Madame Olympe gave a scream: "It's the white horse!" cried she.

"It's the bay one," said Monsieur René, looking out.

The coachman whipped and whipped in vain; the animal jumped and fidgeted, but would not go by the place.

Madame Olympe was beginning to be a good deal frightened. "It's the white horse!" she exclaimed again.

Monsieur Charles now looked out in his turn. "No, Olympe," said he, "it is the bay horse."

"It's the white horse!" she vociferated, eyeing him despotically, between two screams. The beast now began to kick and plunge, and Madame Olympe got into a state of the most imperious terror.

"There is no white horse at all in the carriage," said Monsieur Charles.

"But when I tell you that I choose that it should be a white horse!" cried she in her highest key, and with her eyebrows running straight up her forehead into her hair. It was too funny, and we all went into fits of laughter, in which she could not help joining very heartily herself, in spite of her alarm. The gentlemen then got down, the restive creature was led past the obstacle, and presently we arrived safely at the water's edge, where we found the others waiting for us.

We jumped into the boat, and pushed off from shore: Monsieur de Saldes and Jeanne rowed. We were all very quiet; some of us were a little exhausted by the exertions of the morning, and all were depressed by the feeling that it was the last of our many happy excursions. What an evening it was! One whole side of the heavens was of a deep solemn rose-colour, with a wondrous diaper of red brown leaves embroidered upon it by the branches of a screen of trees which stood out in strong relief against it: the other side was a blaze of golden fire. This effect lasted the longest: it only seemed to grow into an ever-deepening amber, haunting that half of heaven like some brooding passionate regret, while

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the rose hue passed first into violet, then into dark purple, and then faded away into still silver grey. Soft opal tints came down from the skies and lay upon the face of the waters, as we rowed away from all the glory into a world of delicate twilight shadow. Suddenly, from the grey bank, burned out a single orange-coloured leaf. Oh! who shall explain the strange mystery by which one feels stabbed to the heart with a sharp pang of delight at some unexpected apparition of this kind? We all called aloud in one unanimous voice of salutation, as we floated past the little lonely flame. Presently the surface of the river became black as liquid ebony, the moon got up, and a pleasant rhythm of plashing oars, always accompanied by a bright flash of light, was all that marked our gentle progress through the water.

"Ah! Will no one sing and make this quite, quite perfect?" said Madame Olympe.

Monsieur Kiowski began the well-known air of the Sorrento boatmen, the *Fata d'Amalfi*, and Ursula joined in second. While they sang, Jeanne and René pulled in their oars, and we went drifting—drifting—drifting along in soft darkness, listening to the passionate southern sounds. I could not help thinking that, perhaps when I am dying, that solitary leaf will burn into my heart once more, as I drift silently with closed eyes into the waters of the other life.

Every one felt grieved when Madame Olympe unwillingly gave the signal for pulling to shore. The place where we landed was very shallow, and one had to step over large stepping-stones in the water in order to reach the bank. There was neither difficulty nor danger, and we accomplished it with perfect ease. Suddenly a plaintive voice was heard calling upon us all to stop. It was Monsieur Jacques, who had remained behind unperceived, and who now announced that it was simply impossible for him to get out of the boat or over the stones. It was quite in vain that we reasoned with him, and assured him that nothing could be easier: he stood there wailing and imploring without making the least attempt to move, until Madame Olympe, touched with compassion, strode down the bank again, recrossed the stones, and whipping him up round the knees like a baby, brought him in her arms triumphantly through the water back to us.

Monsieur Kiowski left us almost as soon as we returned to the house, very amiably sorry that he could not wait to escort me on my journey, but promising to come very soon and be presented to mother in town. The dinner was dreary—the cloud of last moments was upon us: Madame Olympe hardly spoke; there seemed to be a sort of impassable wall built up between Ursula and Monsieur de Saldes; and Jeanne was miserable at losing us all. Monsieur Dessaix had a swelled face and went to bed before dinner. When we had gone back into the drawing-room, Madame Olympe began turning over our photograph-books. In looking through Ursula's she came upon a photograph of Colonel Hamilton, and looked at it with great interest for some time. She had not seen him for many years before

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his death. She then asked Ursula if she had no likeness of her mother; she said she had a miniature of her, and went to fetch it. When she showed it to us, I was struck with the unlikeness of the expression to her own. The colouring was the same, and so were the drooping lids; but the mouth looked all tremulous with tenderness, and I was at a loss to account for the sarcastic turn of Ursula's lips, until she showed us a small head of an Italian uncle of hers, a brother of her mother's, and I saw at once where it came from. We had nothing whatever of an evening. At about half-past ten, Madame Olympe said she had a headache, and folding me in her arms with a most maternal embrace, bade me farewell. I had to be off at four in the morning in order to catch the tidal train, and so we separated early, and indeed, with our opposed elements and dispositions of mind, it was quite the best thing to be done.

After Ursula and I had been some time in our room, it suddenly occurred to me that Madame Olympe had never given me a small parcel which she wished me to take over to England for her: so slipping on my dressing-gown I ran down by a back staircase which communicated directly with her apartment, to see about it. I cannot say how glad I am that it had so happened, for I had a last five minutes with her, so affectionate and tender that I would not have lost them for all the world. Just as I had bid her good-night for the second time, I recollected having left my photograph-book in the drawing-room, and as Madame Olympe assured me that no one was there, I ran through a little passage which led straight from her room into the drawing-room, to look for it, or rather to feel for it. I had no candle, but I knew perfectly well where I had left it,—on the top of the music-stand behind the curtain in the bay window—and I had just laid my hand upon it and felt its clasps, when I saw a sudden light through the chink of the curtain, and Ursula and Monsieur de Saldes came in together.

"You have come down for your mother's miniature?" said he.

"Yes, I left it on the chimney-piece," she answered calmly, going towards the fireplace.

"It is there no longer," he said. "I have got it. I took it because I knew you would come down for it, and because I wanted to speak to you. All day I have endeavoured to get near you, but your systematic avoidance of me rendered it impossible; now you must hear me. For the last two days, for what reason God alone knows, you have appeared to take a strange delight in presenting yourself under the most repulsive and unfavourable aspect. You have expressed feelings in every way discreditable to you, and in words that, if you remember them, might make you blush. I now come to tell you that all this I am willing to overlook, to believe that it was temper—caprice—excitability—whatever name you choose to give it, and I ask you to become my wife."

I never was more stupefied in my life than when I found myself the involuntary recipient of this extraordinary confidence. However, I thought it so essential that these two should understand each other, that I quietly

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sat down in my corner, determined not for the world to move or interru them. Anything like the insolence of his tone and manner it was impossib to conceive. I was at a loss to imagine how she would answer him.

"Your wife?" said Ursula. The words dropped with awful calmnes into the silence of the night.

"Yes," he continued, in the same tone of aggressive arrogance. "I am well aware how terribly against you your birth and education have been, but I make the just allowance for it, and remember that partly to these disadvantages and peculiar circumstances you also owe your strong individuality—which, while it is your snare, is also one of your most powerful attractions."

"Then," she said, with the most perfect composure, "I am to understand that you overlook my unfortunate antecedents and are willing to marry me on account of my originality? This is no doubt very kind, and highly flattering to me; but I think perhaps it might prove a dangerous experiment to both of us. Why, how little you know yourself, Monsieur de Saldes! Having married me for my unlikeness to other women, your first endeavour would be carefully to stamp out all the sharp corners of that individuality which has at present the good fortune to please you, and to blur me down into the dead level of everybody else. Failing to do this, as you would—for I am not made of very malleable stuff—you would soon get to hate me for the very thing that made you like me; after which I should probably have the gratification of seeing you devoted to some other woman immeasurably my inferior—a *Sophie de Malan!*" (this she said with unutterable contempt,) "whose principal attraction would probably consist in her utter unlikeness to myself. No: I am sensible of the honour you do me, but I think the hazard too great and must decline it; and since a vagabond I am, a vagabond I will remain."

"It is you that do yourself injustice, not I," he replied with warmth. "It is you that say these hard things of yourself, not I. Should I ask you to be my wife if I did not know your real worth? It is this that drives me distracted, to see you (*you!*) living with the sort of people you do, exposed to the odious familiarities of a Dessaix——"

"I do not know what reason you may have for speaking of Monsieur Dessaix with such sovereign contempt," she said. "I have myself the greatest admiration for him, not only on account of his remarkable genius, but for the sake of his disinterested nature and the generous self-denial of his whole life. When at his father's death his two young sisters were thrown entirely upon his hands, he was engaged to a woman to whom he was passionately attached. He broke off his engagement and gave up all thoughts of marriage, in order to educate and provide for his sisters. After years of self-abnegation and hard labour he has had the gratification of seeing them both honourably married, but his own existence has been entirely sacrificed. Who are you, Monsieur de Saldes, that you despise this man? Whom have you lived to benefit? whom have you worked to serve?"

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"I beg your pardon," he answered, "if I have spoken of your friend in a way that has hurt your feelings. I have not the slightest doubt that he is a most estimable person; but *you* are altogether of another order ——"

"I have no desire whatever to repudiate my class,—the class to which my mother belonged," she said very quietly. "And that being the case, you must perceive how totally unfit I am for the honour you propose to me."

"But don't you see," he rejoined eagerly, "that your marriage with me at once places you in an entirely different sphere—the one for which nature intended you? All these miserable antecedents and odious surroundings, which make me so utterly wretched, would by the force of circumstances die a natural death. Your marriage with me would at once remove you from them."

"I see," said Ursula, slowly. "And I should give up my dear old Giambattista, who, when my father was dead and I was left alone in our wretched lodging, came and fetched me away and brought me home to his old wife, and housed, and fed, and clothed me, as if I had been his own child. And I should also, no doubt, give up Jacques, who nursed me through that terrible small-pox, when even my own father was afraid to come near me, and I, neglected and forlorn, was left to toss with fever and worry through as I might;—Jacques, who sat up night after night with me, fanning me, and putting little bits of ice into my dry mouth, as my mother might have done. The first day that I felt better I insisted on his bringing me a looking-glass. Shall I ever forget it? I burst into tears of despair; and Jacques, while the tears ran down his own cheeks, took my hands and said, 'Do not weep. Thy soul is not changed. Thou wilt be always lovely to thy friends!' You, I remember, brought me a veil, and begged me to wear it when you called; the alteration in my complexion affected your finer sensibility so painfully. No, Monsieur de Saldes, I am properly alive to the compliment that you have paid me; but I am afraid I might find the conditions hard, and end with dying 'of the burden of an honour unto which I was not born.'"

"You purposely misunderstand me! Who talks of compliments? who talks of honour? Oh, Ursula!" he cried, in great emotion, "do you not see how passionately I love you?"

"What!" she said. "A woman who finds virtue wearisome?"

"For heaven's sake don't recall those terrible words!—forget them—forget them, as I will!"

"What!" she continued, bitterly. "A woman who does not respect herself?"

"Yes! yes! and a thousand times yes, were it a thousand times true! Oh, child, could not you see that all my hate was love? where were your eyes that you did not see this? Where was your heart that you did not feel it? Why, child, at the very moment that you were uttering those horrid words my whole heart was going out in passionate adoration before

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you! God forgive me; I believe I adored the very words themselves. Don't you see that you have driven me mad—mad—mad!" and he threw himself at her feet in a paroxysm of passion.

"This is dreadful!" said Ursula, greatly shocked. "Pray, pray, Monsieur de Saldes, endeavour to control yourself——"

"I know," he answered, in the greatest agitation. "I beg your pardon—I have no right. See," he said, in broken accents, "I am quite calm now. Now tell me, I entreat of you, is there no hope? absolutely none? Tell me—only remember what it is that you are doing. If you reject me, you take away my last hope—my last anchor—the one thread by which I still hold to what is loveable and venerable in life."

"Do not ask it!" she said, in great trouble. "Monsieur de Saldes, I cannot marry you, for I cannot love you. And now, for heaven's sake, let us put an end to this painful interview; no earthly good can be gained by my staying here any longer—alas! what good has come of my staying so long? Good-night, Monsieur de Saldes——"

He had turned from her and sunk into a chair, and putting his arms on the table, laid his head down on them.

"Good-night, René," she said again. She spoke very gently, but her voice sounded hopelessly calm and composed. He, on the contrary, was shaken from head to foot by emotion. She went a step nearer to him, and stood for another instant waiting, but he did not speak nor lift his head, and like a ghost she passed noiselessly out of the room.

He remained in the same position for, I should think, nearly a quarter of an hour after she was gone, and I began to wonder if he would stay there all night, and what was to become of me. At last he gave a heavy sigh, got up, and went out into the garden through the conservatory, while I made a rush through the room and found myself in a second at the top of the staircase, with my heart beating like a great bell in my head and my ears, and all over my body.

I found Ursula walking up and down the room in a state of immense excitement.

"Did it ever happen to you to do a horribly painful thing that you knew was the only thing to do, and yet to feel all the while that in doing it you were shutting a stone down upon your heart for ever?" She stopped for a few seconds, then suddenly said, "René has asked me to marry him and I have refused." And covering her face with her hands she went into a passion of crying.

I took her in my arms and tried to soothe and comfort her; but nothing could calm her sorrow, nothing stop those tears that flowed and flowed until I thought the whole woman would turn, like Undine, into a stream before my face. I implored her to reconsider her decision, told her that I was sure she had been hasty—that a man who loved her as much as it was clear he did, would never abide by an answer given in a moment of excitement—that a word, a sign, a look would be sufficient to recall him. She suddenly looked up in my face with those curious

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heavy eyes of hers and said,—"You think I am crying because I have refused him?—because I love him? My dear, it is not that: I am crying because I love him no more. I loved him once with an agony of love: for four whole years I loved him, when he didn't care about me, and the fire is all burnt out; and (oh! to think of it!) my heart was like a pinch of dry dust while he was lying at my feet. Oh! isn't it shocking that it should all come too late, and that I should have nothing left here"—and she struck her heart repeatedly with a great distress—"but a stone—a stone!"

She then by degrees told me how when she was a child of fifteen he had renewed his acquaintance with her father at Florence and had become almost an inmate of their house. He was always passionately fond of music, it seems, and would come and pass hour after hour listening to her singing. It was then that she got attached to him; but, by her account, all the passion was on her side, while nothing but his vanity was interested in the matter. "He played with me," she said, "exactly as a cat plays with a mouse. He never once committed himself in words during all those four years that he all but lived with us; but he used at times to indulge in tendernesses that sent me into a paradise of happiness, and then at other times he would seem to treat me only as a little child, and pass me over and neglect and desert me completely for a while. Then when my health used to give way, so that I could neither eat nor sleep any more, he would suddenly come again, and cure me all in an instant with a look or a word that sent me on a ray of sunshine back into my poor fool's paradise again. What made it worse was, that at that very time there was a woman there—that Madame de Malan—whom he did really care about; and I went through tortures of jealousy when I was a mere child, that I can give you no idea of, and that were terribly bad for my whole nature and character. It was a dreadful double jealousy that swallowed up my whole existence for a time; for you must know that she had contrived to bewitch my father too—my poor father, who was no longer young,—and she took him too completely away from me. In my utter desolateness I used to cast myself down before God and pray by turns that my father might be left to me—that René might be left to me—that she might take one and leave me the other; but no, nothing short of both would satisfy that inexorable love of admiration."

"Was she so very attractive then?" said I.

"Oh, she was a wretched twopence of a woman, *disant assez bien la romance*, with a shivering shred of a voice: a miserable little creature with painted eyes, and as flat as a board!" Here she unconsciously gave a superb glance at herself in the looking-glass, and burst out laughing at her own vehemence, while the tears were still lying in bright drops on her face. "My little Venetian maid, who saw all the pain she caused me, and hated her for it, used to say of her:—'Mi no vedo sta beiezza. Non gha ne anca la radice di un petto!' In fact, she had no roots of any sort. She was made up of a morbid love of excitement at any price, and a restless

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vanity, unassuageable and pitiless, that, like the horseleech's daughter, was for ever crying,—'Give—give—give!' But I, too, am pitiless," she continued, looking at the clock. "You have to be up at three, and here am I preventing you from getting a chance of rest. Oh, do go to bed, Bessie!"

"But, my dear child," said I, "how long ago did all this happen?"

"Five years ago," she answered. "I am four-and-twenty now."

"And have you never felt any inclination for any one since then?"

"Never," she said. "I have tried once or twice to get up a sort of something for people who have cared for me; but it was all of no use! I turned sick and weary in the midst of my flirtation, and clapped a sudden extinguisher down upon the miserable farthing rushlight that it was. I'm burnt out, and there's an end of it! Oh, Bessie, get to bed. I am so ashamed of having troubled you with all this! Be sure you wake me up to bid me good-by."

She began trying to take the pins out of her hair, and to undress herself, but her hands shook so that she couldn't untie her strings; and so, much against her will, I put the poor child to bed. What an odd nature it was! She said, after she had kissed me, as she turned her head on the pillow, "Don't trouble about me, dear Bess! I'm not worth it. I shall go in for ambition now, and marry a great duke. How pleased Lady Blankeney will be with the dear duchess!" She had hardly uttered the words before she was fast asleep. I stayed by her bedside for some minutes, looking at her face, which was as white as the sheet on which she lay, and at the black bar of her eyebrows, and at her long turned-up eyelashes, and then I lay down for an hour. At four I got up, and put on my things, and went once more softly to her bedside. She slept like a baby, and so I would not disturb her, but writing, "God bless you, dearest Ursula," on a slip of paper, left it on her pillow, and crept gently out of the room, and downstairs.

"Mademoiselle, la voiture est avancée," says the pasty, sleepy Hyacinthe.

I get in, I give a parting glance into the silver vapour that enshrouds the well-known landscape, the door is shut, and down the hill we go—through the gate, and thud—thud! over the wooden bridge with a sad heart, very unlike the anxious one that crossed the same water only a week ago; then across a bit of plain, starlit and mystical, that made me think of "Jacob's Dream" in the Dulwich Gallery, and then suddenly into the dark night of the forest. My dear French friends, farewell!

A gray still passage, heaven dissolving itself in rain, and an arrival in London, dripping, dismal, black; but there on the platform stood William and mother, and dear old aunt Emily, waving a large red-silk pocket-handkerchief as we rolled into the station, and the next minute I was in their arms.

I was a whole week in London without hearing anything of Ursula, and was beginning to be a little afraid that her affection for me was not

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a real thing, and that she liked me less than she had fancied she did—when at last the long-expected missive arrived. Here it is:

Hôtel Vouillemont, Rue des Champs Elysées, Paris.

My dearest Bessie,—I receive at this very instant of time a letter from my agent at the Holt, informing me of the death of old Mr. Vaughan, the rector of my parish. This living, I rejoice to say, is in my gift, and I hope that Mr. L'Estrange will make me happy by accepting it. The living is worth six hundred a year, and there is a very pretty little house, the agent tells me, exactly opposite one of the Holt gates. Ah, my dear Bess, do you remember the evening when we brushed our hair by the fire at Marny, and you told me about those sad eleven years (now really sad no more), and I could find nothing to say but "good gracious?" The sound of my own voice saying those words has haunted me ever since. The fact was, that at that very time they had written to tell me that Mr. Vaughan was dangerously ill and eighty years old, and I was turning in my head the probability of his death, and the joy that it would be to me to offer the rectory to your William. But I dared say nothing, dear; for I have observed, as a general rule, that it's always the right people who die, and the wrong people who go recovering and living on for ever, when nobody wants them, and I was so dreadfully afraid the poor old thing might pick up again and disappoint me. I enclose a letter to Mr. L'Estrange, which you must give him from me, in which I make him a formal proffer of the living.

Monsieur de Saldes went back to Paris before I came down that morning that you left. Dear Madame Olympe said that she was very glad of it, because he had evidently taken one of his violent antipathies to me, and that there was no fighting against these things. I feel rather glad, on the whole, to think that he will never be able to say of me, 'This, too, is vanity and vexation of spirit.'

Jacques and I stayed on all Monday at Marny with Madame Olympe and Jeanne, and only came to Paris on Tuesday. I found Lady Blankeney crying in little showers all the day long. It seems that her dear Faubourg St. Germain countess was furious at having neither Jacques nor myself at her concert, and behaved very rudely, and not at all in the Faubourg St. Germain manner, to the poor woman—who in return is behaving as ill as anything so feeble can behave to me and Jacques. And so, dear, I suddenly cut adrift from her, went to an hotel of my own, and am coming over by myself. But as I suppose it wouldn't be quite possible for me to live alone and keep my character in your evil-thinking country, I propose that you should persuade Mrs. Hope to take charge of me, and give me the comfort of her kindness and the countenance of her respectability. I trust to you, dear Bess, to bring this plan to success. Do you think your mother would quite die of Jacques? Both he and Giambattista have promised to come over and pay me a long visit at the Holt in the summer. She must set against that the delight of having you living next door to her. I shall be in London Thursday night. Meanwhile, and ever, I am

Your attached friend,

Ursula Hamilton.

What more is there to say? My marriage is fixed for the end of next month, and the day after to-morrow we all go down with our dear Portia to her northern Belmont. I have seen her reject the wrong casket—may she choose the right one when the time comes!

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Martial Law and Military Law.

I. Martial law and military law are totally distinct from, and indeed opposed to each other. Military law is a code which, framed for the guidance of a particular class of the community—the standing army—exists side by side with the common and statute law of the land; and its tribunals exercise their functions independently of and yet in harmony with the ordinary courts of justice, with which they do not and cannot interfere.

II. Military law also exists *in time of peace;* although when martial law has been proclaimed such of its enactments as may be necessary, for, *e. g.*, regulation of time of service, rates of pay, and generally for maintenance of discipline, are still of force. But its very existence is annual only; depending for that existence on a "standing army" as it is termed, to which class its operation is restricted, and out of which it is not permitted to pass. It is, in fact, *a code.* Intended for the preservation of military order and discipline, its provisions are clearly defined, and the sanctions annexed to their violation distinctly laid down. It may be described as a body of law framed, not for a state of aggression or of active hostilities, but designed for the better regulation of a body of forces, the object of which avowedly is, as defined by Parliament, safety, defence, and preservation.*

III. On the other hand, martial law presents considerations wholly different from these, and opposed to them. In the first place, it exists during and implies a state of war, and also a suspension, throughout the country which is the seat of war, of the ordinary methods of civil process. It supersedes, as a general rule, the ordinary courts of justice, and in their place substitutes an arbitrary military tribunal; the maxim being, *inter arma leges silent.* "According to every definition of martial law," says a learned American lawyer, "it suspends for the time being all the laws of the land, and substitutes in their place *no law;* that is, the mere will of the military commander." † Further, martial law is not, like military law, confined to one class only of the community, but includes within its operation *all classes*, without distinction, who may be residing in the country which is the seat of war. And this is a consequence arising out of a state of facts. For the proclamation which under circumstances of admitted necessity calls martial law into existence, is not to be considered as the legal creation of that law, but is merely a statement of facts which of their own force have rendered that law necessary. In a beleaguered city, for

* Preamble to the Mutiny Act.

† By Mr. Cushing. *Opinion of the Attorneys-General of the United States* vol. viii. p. 373.

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xample, the state of siege lawfully exists *because* the city is beleaguered. Martial law in brief involves in its own nature, and of necessity, the suspension of the ordinary securities for civil liberty; and their merging in the absolute will of the individual who for the time being is clothed with military command. So much, indeed, is this the case, that in the United States, where the safeguards for the liberty of the subject are if anything more stringent and more jealously guarded than with us, martial law has been proclaimed for the sole purpose that it may bring with it what by American lawyers has been held to be its natural and proper consequence, —the placing of the laws of the land in abeyance, and substituting in their place the arbitrary, and for the time irresponsible, will of a military superior.*

It is not by this to be understood that the proceedings of the ordinary courts of justice must of necessity in all cases cease in a country subject to martial law. They may exist and exercise their functions, but they do not do so as of right or as deriving their jurisdiction for the time from the ordinary source which gives validity to their proceedings, but in subordination to military authority, and to the will of the general or other officer in command, by whose permission it is, and under whose direction they conduct judicial business and administer the law. This was the case for instance, when the Duke of Wellington had military occupation of a foreign country; and it may be observed that the definition given of martial law by that high authority is identical with that already quoted; "martial law," he declared, "was neither more nor less than the will of the general who commands the army." †

Military law, therefore, or the rules and articles of war for the government of the land or naval forces of any country, differs from martial law in the following substantial particulars, which by way of recapitulation we shall state. 1. In the classes over which their operation extends; military law affecting the army or navy alone, martial law the whole community. 2. In the time of their operation; the former being of force only, or mainly, in time of peace, the latter in time of war; the duration of the one being fixed and certain, that of the other arbitrary, and depending on the will of an individual and the existence of a certain state of facts. 3. In the mode of their creation; military law having a statutory existence under certain Acts of Parliament, martial law being called into existence arbitrarily and by force of special circumstances. In fact, the legal conditions annexed to these states respectively differ not so much in degree as in kind; and the reasoning which would be applicable to one would be of little force or validity when applied to the other.

IV. Between the exceptional state of things known as martial law, and that normal condition of political tranquillity when the laws of a country are interpreted and justice administered by the ordinary methods of civil process, there occasionally intervenes a third state, of which we have at the

* *Opinion of Attorneys-General, ut supra.*

† *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*, 3rd Series, vol. cxv. p. 880. April 1, 1851.

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present time and amongst ourselves a chief example. This takes place when the ordinary safeguards which the law has provided for the liberty of the subject are in certain districts and as against certain persons, for a time, set aside by a suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act; a condition of things which by some common law authorities and commentators has not seldom been identified with martial law. But although the relation is intimate between the proclamation of martial law and the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, yet neither the mode of procedure nor its results are in these cases by any means the same. In the one case—that of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act—civil authority is, indeed, as against certain suspected persons, in abeyance; but its place is not taken, at least in this country it has not been taken, by either the law military or the law martial. Those who have been deprived of their liberty in consequence of the Act being suspended may, indeed, be kept in confinement for an indefinite period until tranquillity is restored and the ordinary legislative securities against arbitrary imprisonment are again in force; but if they are brought to trial it must be before the regularly constituted tribunals, and the trial must be conducted by the ordinary means, and in due form of law. The suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act is also itself the result of a solemn and deliberative act of the legislature, which alone can make such suspension legal, and which also determines its duration. In the other case, that of the law martial, it is as has been shown, of the essence of such a condition of things that military authority, and the dispensing of justice according to the rude and peremptory methods of military procedure, should reign supreme over every other form of jurisdiction.

V. There is also an important distinction to be taken between the proclamation of martial law in any part of Great Britain and its proclamation in a Colony at a distance from the seat of the central government. When for any cause the ordinary administration of justice has been arrested in any part of Great Britain, recourse is had to Parliament, either to authorise martial law in advance, or to indemnify ministers for the responsibility assumed in suspending the writ of Habeas Corpus. Various Acts of Parliament have, accordingly, from time to time, been passed, to give constitutional existence to the fact of martial law, or, more correctly speaking, of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. The Act 57 George III. c. 3, for the case of an apprehended insurrection in the metropolis and in other parts of Great Britain, the indemnifying Act of 58 George III. c. 6, the Act 3 and 4 George IV. c. 4, designed for the suppression of local disturbances in Ireland, and the recent Acts, one of which is now in force, suspending the writ of Habeas Corpus in that country, are sufficient to show that in Great Britain a state not only of martial law, strictly speaking, with its incidents, but even where the ordinary course of justice is but locally and for a time interrupted, cannot exist without the exercise of the power of the supreme legislative authority.* But as to what circumstances will justify the proclamation of martial law

* *Steph. Com.*, vol. i. p. 147.

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in a colony or settlement remote from the seat of the central authority, and when there are no means of obtaining the previous sanction of Parliament or Government to these measures which may be necessary for suppressing disturbance and restoring tranquillity, is a question surrounded with difficulty, and involves conditions which in the jurisprudence of this country have not received any exact legal examination.

VI. With us in England, and in the United States also—whose legal system in this, as in so many other instances, corresponds nearly to our own—when the ordinary guarantees are once removed everything is left to the mere will of the executive, or the person clothed with supreme military authority. There exist, however, it should be known, in some of the principal States of Europe, legal provisions by which the *état de siége*, or what corresponds to our martial law or suspension of the Habeas Corpus, is endeavoured to be regulated in advance by way of legislative enactment. The *état de siége* in France is defined to be "a measure of public security, which temporarily suspends the empire of the ordinary laws in one or more cities, in a province, in an entire country, and then considers them to be subject to the laws of war." Before 1789 no legislative provision had defined what should be understood by a state of siege, though it had often occurred. By the laws of the 10th July, 1791, and that of the 10th Metidor, year V, the cases of defence against foreign invasion and of internal insurrection had been provided for. Further provisions were made by the imperial decree of December 24th, 1811, and the law of the 9th and 11th August, 1849, by which the whole subject is at present governed. And by the twelfth article of the Constitution of the 14th January, 1852, modified by the Senatus Consult of November of the same year, it is declared that "the Emperor has a right to declare a state of siege (*état de siége*) in one or more departments, subject to a reference to the Senate with the least possible delay (*sauf à en référer au sénat dans le plus brief délai*). The consequences of a state of siege are regulated by law." In particular cases, indeed, the governors of colonies and commandants of military posts or places may declare a state of siege; but they are to render an immediate report, and if the central Government does not think proper to raise the siege, a proposition must be made without delay to the legislature to maintain it.*

The constitutions of Belgium and of Italy, which are express in their guarantees of individual liberty and private rights, expressly provide that the king has no other power than that which the Constitution, and the laws passed in accordance with the constitution, give him; and the king is prohibited from suspending them or dispensing with their observance: † and so strictly under the law of Italy is this provision adhered to, that in the war of 1859, when it was requisite for the very existence of Sardinia that the Executive Government should be invested with extraordinary authority,

* Bouillet, *Dict. des Sciences, &c.*, p. 622. Tripier, *Code Politique*, p. 389.

† See *Code Civil Belge*, §§ 7, 8, 10, 12, 78, 130. *Annuaire de deux Mondes*, 1858–9, p. 197. Statuto, Art. 26, 27, 28.

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Count Cavour asked from the Chambers full powers for the king, including the right of suspending the liberty of the press and individual liberty and in doing so he added, that the institutions of the country would remain intact, and that the question was only with regard to a momentary suspension.

VII. The exact limits, therefore, within which the authority of a governor or other person invested with supreme command may be properly exercised during a state of martial law, or what the circumstances should be which would justify martial law being proclaimed, are questions which the legislature and courts of this country—in this differing from the jurisprudence of many States of Europe—have left unsettled. One case only is to be found in the books in which the position was discussed, and it may be interesting to give a brief outline of its facts; not only on account of the great eminence of the judge—Lord Mansfield—who decided it, but also on account of its bearing on proceedings now in agitation in this country in connection with the recent disturbances in the colony of Jamaica. For the cases that have been referred to arising out of insurrectionary acts in Ireland are not strictly in point; as in these the substituted law was military rather than martial, depending for its maintenance on the authority of Parliament, and having its sanctions enforced according to the ordinary forms of judicial procedure.

In Fabrigas *v.* Mostyn,* in which case the defendant was governor of Minorca, then a dependency of the British crown, the facts were, as alleged by the plaintiff, that the defendant had by force of arms made an assault on Fabrigas, and beat and wounded and ill-treated him, and then and there imprisoned him without reasonable or probable cause, contrary to the law and custom of the realm; and finally compelled him, Fabrigas, to depart from Minorca, and caused him to be carried to Carthagena, in Spain, to the plaintiff's damage of 10,000*l.* The defendant, the governor, pleaded a special justification, that he was governor of the said island of Minorca during the time, and was invested with and did exercise all the powers, privileges, and authorities, civil and military, belonging to the governor of Minorca; and that the said Fabrigas was guilty of a riot, and was endeavouring to *cause a mutiny of the inhabitants in breach of the peace;* and that the said governor, in order to preserve the peace, was compelled to banish, and did banish, the plaintiff from the island. Much extraneous matter, purely technical, and on which, indeed, the case eventually turned, was mixed up with the larger question as to the governor's responsibility; but on this point the court was clear in its opinion that an action for trespass and false imprisonment would lie in England by a native Minorquin against the governor for such injury committed by him in Minorca; and that if the imprisonment was justifiable, the governor must plead his authority specially.

In this celebrated cause the plaintiff, Fabrigas, did not deny that *if the facts were so,* as stated, the defendant, the governor, would be

* Reported *Cowper,* 161, and 2 *Smith's L. Cas.,* p. 528.

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ustified in the exercise of the authority complained of; but this he denied, nd put in issue whether the fact of the plea alleging acts of sedition was rue. And Lord Mansfield, in delivering the judgment of the court, leclared in the most emphatic terms, that although locally and during his government no action would lie against the governor, yet for an abuse of the authority delegated to him by the king's letters patent under the Great Seal, he could be tried in the king's courts: "So that," observed the chief justice, emphatically, "the governor must be tried in England to see whether he has exercised the authority delegated to him legally and properly; or whether he has abused it *in violation of the laws of England and the trust so reposed in him*. It does not follow from hence," proceeded his lordship, "that let the cause of action arise where it may, a man is not entitled to make use of every justification his case will admit of which ought to be a defence to him. If he has acted right according to the authority with which he is invested, he must lay it before the court by way of plea, and the court will exercise their judgment whether it is sufficient justification or not. In this case, if the justification had been proved, the court might have considered it a sufficient answer; and if the nature of the case would have allowed of it, might have adjudged that the raising of a mutiny was a good ground for such a summary proceeding. I can conceive cases in time of war in which a governor would be justified, though he acted very arbitrarily, in which he would not be justified in time of peace. Suppose, during a siege, or upon an invasion of Minorca, the governor should judge it proper to send people out of the island, and take them up as spies, it would be very fit to see whether he had acted as a governor of a garrison ought, according to the circumstances of the case."

This judgment contains the principle to which, under the existing law of England, any similar case must be now referred, and on which it must be decided. It places, as will be observed, no limits on the exercise of authority, nor does it define *ab ante* what state of facts would or would not justify in a disaffected district and for purposes of public peace, the proclamation of martial law. But it does decide: 1. That the authority of a governor or other person in supreme command is, during a time of insurrection, practically unlimited save by the necessities of his position. 2. That for excess of jurisdiction he is amenable, after his jurisdiction as governor has ceased, to the king's courts, at the suit of private persons (or under the present law, if they are dead, at the suit of their representatives), who may have received damage from his acts; and 3. That the question as to whether he has exceeded the legitimate bounds of his authority will be for the court to decide on a plea of justification being raised, based on the circumstances in which the district or colony was placed during the period of his command.

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The Golfer at Home.

The following observations and reflections are not written either in praise or explanation of the game of golf. Golf, like cricket, is, as a game, beyond all praise, and none admit its merits more than a really good converted cricketer. It would be insulting moreover to the reader to inflict upon him a minute description of the game; if he is a Scotchman, he is probably personally acquainted with it; if he is an Englishman, he knows enough about it from description, or perhaps from having seen it played, not to consider it merely a savage kind of Scotch hocky, in which the players pursue a ball at full speed, the principal object in view being to break each other's shins, and do as much damage as may be to their persons, and to their dress, if they happen to have any.

Let us rather note the more peculiar features of the game, and the effect which it has for the time being upon the characters, or rather upon the tempers, of its votaries. Let us inspect the golfer in his golfing home, invade the privacy of his temple, and lay bare the secrets of his eager yet calculating heart. To catch him thoroughly unawares, and too much rapt up in his game to fancy that he is observed, we must seek him in some place consecrated to golf. There is only one place that answers that description, the little town of St. Andrew's, in Fife, in which let us imagine ourselves established. Here we breathe an atmosphere of pure golf; in which no living thing that does not play golf, or talk golf, or think golf, or at least thoroughly knock under to golf, can live.

Occasionally some darkened man, to whom the game is unknown, comes here. If he is a distinguished stranger, pains are usually taken to enlighten him; the points of the game are explained to him, and for a day, or may be two or three days, he is looked upon with that interest with which proselytes are usually regarded. But very very soon, unless he really takes to the game, and plays it decently, he sinks out of notice entirely, or is at best regarded with considerable dread, by the very people who have taken such pains to instruct him, lest perchance he should ask them to play with him, and so waste their valuable time and spoil their matches and their tempers. If he is not a distinguished stranger he is of course tabooed at once, and handed over to croquet and the ladies, if they will have him. When the golfing day is done, and one would fancy he might at length be allowed an innings, he does not find himself much better off; he hears nothing but golf talked at dinner, and the other gentlemen present discuss, stroke by stroke, the matches they have been playing that day. Even if he grovels to them, and affects an interest

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in the game, he does not find himself listened to, as the company would much rather talk over their own games than listen to any remarks, however theoretically correct, which he may make.

There is a very comfortable little club at St. Andrew's, which, like all the other institutions of the town, is subservient to golf. It stands at the end of the links, or downs, upon which the game is played, and from the windows, with a good opera glass, you can rake the first part of the course, and judge from the features and gestures of the players returning, whether they are losing or winning. The parlour of this club will shortly form the scene of some of our observations.

Its members come from all quarters. There is a university at St. Andrew's, and not only its students, but also its professors, almost without exception, are keen if not effective players. St. Andrew's is a watering place; of the visitors who frequent it, some come with the avowed intention of doing nothing but play golf, while others basely represent to their wives and families that they come for the sake of bracing air and sea bathing. Once however let a monster of the latter class safely establish himself, he shakes off all domestic cares, and struts down to the club, in which, from that moment, he is practically lost to his family. If his house lies near the links, he *may* return to lunch, but if he does, he brings home some other golfer, madder than himself, and the two, when they are not eating, are discussing with more or less acrimony the events of the morning. He pursues the same course at dinner; so it may be imagined how extremely interesting golf as a subject soon becomes to all his relations. If he has children, he propagates the evil by putting into the hands of his boys at an early age the deadly weapons of his craft, which they use indiscriminately on the green and in the drawing-room; this entails a large glazier's account, not to mention considerable bodily risk, to visitors in particular, and the public in general. As for his wife, she must amuse herself as best she can; she cannot even accompany him in his game as a spectator, the presence of ladies being by no means regarded with favour, as we shall see.

Besides the family men, who come for the season, many bachelors come in parties of four or eight, and stay for a week or so; they play golf by day and whist by night, and very good fun it is for a short time. The air is delightfully keen, and the short intervals left by golf and whist are agreeably filled by eating and drinking voraciously, and sleeping profoundly. In addition to its own attractions, there is no better preparation for the moors than golf. It hardens the muscles, both of arms and legs; and the sportsman who can take his three rounds of St. Andrew's links without feeling the worse for it need not be afraid of knocking up about two o'clock on the 12th of August.

We shall select the first week of August for our inspection, when the regular summer visitors have arrived and the sportsmen not yet departed for the moors. About the 12th the place will look much thinned, those who have shootings having gone to them, and those who have not being

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carefully lost to sight for a week, so that their friends may put the most flattering construction upon their absence. It is a strange fact that a man does not like to admit that he is not going to shoot on the 12th. If you put it directly to him, he of course does not assert that he is going to shoot if he is not; but he always qualifies his answer by an explanation that for this year he must wait till the 15th, to his great annoyance and regret, owing to some unforeseen accident, domestic affliction in his host's family, or some such unanswerable reason. This is a degree better than being told by a straightforward friend that poor devils like you and him cannot expect to get grouse-shooting every year.

The golfer, having finished a large and late breakfast, lights a cigar, and turns his steps towards the links and the club; so far there is nothing unusual in his proceedings. Presently he is joined by another, and then another golfer, and about eleven o'clock little knots form in front of the club and in the parlour, and the process of match-making begins. There is only one thing more difficult than getting a good match, and that is, avoiding a bad one. A man must be firm, and sometimes slightly unscrupulous, if he would be spared a match which will make him miserable for the day; for if he once begins a match he is bound in honour to play it all day, and he cannot better his condition. It is, therefore, a necessary though painful duty to himself always to be engaged till he falls in with a match which he thinks he can play with comfort and amusement. The most handsome and gentlemanly apologies from a bad partner afford no reparation for a lost day. It is of no use his trying to beguile the time, and soothe your wounded feelings by pleasant remarks and occasional jokes, if you are obliged to spend the day with your heavy iron in your hand, to enable you to dig him out of every sand-hole he puts his and your ball into. It is no substantial consolation to abuse him and his play heartily, as of course you will do, whenever you escape from him. The day has been lost, and probably both temper and money too. Be warned in time, and never, except in peculiar circumstances, be so entrapped. This may seem hard advice, but no one knows till he tries what a painful thing an unequal and uncongenial alliance in golf, as in matrimony, is.

Probably thoughts like these are foremost in the minds of the gentlemen, old and young, whom we see congregating in the parlour. They walk round and round each other with that guarded and cautious air with which a dog receives a stranger canine brother. Some, owing to their superiority, are comparatively safe from solicitations, except from equals; and having probably arranged their matches over night, are finishing their cigars in luxurious ease. But even they are not always safe, as the game is sometimes played in foursomes, as rackets and billiards are. Now there is nothing a certain class of players like better than to get a good powerful driver to help them through the heavy part of the work; while they (they flatter themselves) recompense him by the deadly accuracy with which they approach the hole, and "hole out," as it is called. Every man has, or fancies he has, a distinctive game. There is the "long driver,"

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who hits as far in two strokes as a "short driver" does in three; but then, says the latter, "he (the long driver) is very wild and unsteady, and not to be depended upon, when he gets near the hole." It is amusing to hear the "short driver" applying balm to his soul, as he always does, with a view apparently of deceiving himself into the belief that "short driving" is *better* than "long driving." "Very few holes can be driven in two, and my three shots are quite as good as his; he has two long drives and a short stroke, while I have three moderate 'drives,' and get quite as far, and probably a good deal straighter, as if there is any wind he cannot keep the line." Again, "one good 'put' is equal to two drives;" or, "the short game is the thing that tells." With such reflections and aphorisms he endeavours to console himself; but all the time there is nothing that annoys him more than being "out driven." Now, if two "short drivers" can get a "long driver" apiece, they are quite happy; they are helped through what is to them the most laborious part of the game, and at the same time have a sort of feeling that they are doing it themselves; and if they have any doubts about this, they have none as to who really wins the game, by his masterly approach to the hole and his deadly "putting." The "long driver" does not always overhear a very flattering account given of him by his "short" colleague; he may perchance hear him telling a friend in confidence that it was all he (the short one) could do to keep him (the long one) straight, and so forth. But it cannot be denied that there are advantages to be derived by the "long driver" from such an alliance, especially if, as is sometimes the case, he is not a good "putter."

Well, the adjustment of "long drivers" and "short drivers" goes steadily on, and as a rule we may take it for granted that nobody engages himself for a match which he *very* much dislikes. But all is not done when you have got a match which you don't dislike. Perhaps you find three men who, with yourself, will make a good foursome; there remains the question of adjustment, and this is an important one, and betrays what may be considered by a thoughtless looker-on a somewhat depraved side of the golfer's character. Each man wants the best partner, and very naturally; but while each man wants the best partner, each man does not like to admit that he is the worst player, and this gives rise to a slight mental struggle. If a man underrates his play, he may perhaps get a good partner, and win his match, but he wounds his self-conceit; if he overrates it, he loses his match, and makes an enemy of his partner for life: N.B., certain and immediate exposure follows overrating. But, whether it be considered to the credit of golfers, or otherwise, they as a rule prefer to overrate their play; and this shows spirit and a certain amount of foresight. The fact is, there are pitfalls on every side, and on the whole the exposure consequent upon overrating is to be preferred. However genuine the modesty may be which leads you to underrate your play, you will not get credit for it from your opponents; if you do so from any other motive, you will not have many chances of doing it again, and serve you right. Still it is mere wantonness to take the worst partner,

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without being obliged to do so; it shows arrogance and self-sufficiency, an is never supposed to be done from charitable motives. Thus the bes feelings of our nature, while they forbid us wilfully to underrate our play equally forbid us vauntingly to take unto ourselves inferior partners, unless such burdens are unavoidably thrust upon us.

It is rather dull looking on at this match-making, so we had better tak a turn round the links, with one of the parties which is just setting ou Instruction and amusement alike may perhaps be derived from it. Colon Burnett (long driver) and Mr. Greenhill (short driver) play Mr. Geor Browne (long and wild driver) and Mr. Tom Gurney (medium driver an desperate putter).

A difficulty arises at the very outset. The colonel resents, though he does not openly object to Mr. Browne being accompanied by "his women," as the colonel ungallantly terms Mrs. Browne and her sister Miss Wil kinson. "The links," says the colonel to his partner, "is not the place fo women; they talk incessantly, they never stand still, and if they do, th wind won't allow their dresses to stand still." If the colonel would adm it, it is not the talking, or the moving, or the fluttering, that interferes wit his game, so much as a certain nervousness, inevitable to gallant nature like his, lest he should not appear to the greatest advantage in the presence of ladies. The discomfort experienced by him is not singular. Mr. Tom Gurney, Browne's partner, is also somewhat uneasy; he is not unknown to Miss Wilkinson, he hopes not unfavourably known, and yet he is doomed to appear before her in somewhat scanty garments. The weather being very hot, he has dispensed with waistcoat, collar, and tie, and has endued himself in an alpaca jacket, which, though admirably adapted to the free use of the arms, is more becoming, as far as appearances go, to boys and monkeys than to grown men—especially men desirous of creating a favourable impression upon the fair sex. Add to this, he knows that if his side loses, the blame will be laid by Browne's female relations upon him, not Browne. They wait their turn at the beginning of the course, and off they go—Greenhill and Gurney striking.

The course is in the shape of a pot-hook, and consists of eighteen holes—nine out to the end of the pot-hook, and nine back again. As we all know, the object of the game is to get from hole to hole in as few strokes as possible. In a "foursome" the partners play alternately, the "long driver" on the one side being pitted against the "long driver" on the other, and the "short" against the "short." New two things are especially abhorred by the golfer while he is playing—the one is the human voice, the other is any movement of the human body, in his vicinity. The moment a man begins to "address" his ball, as it is called, he expects that, as a matter of course, everybody near him will become dumb and motionless; if they do not, he either refuses to play till they obey, or plays and lays the blame of any bungle he makes upon their heads. It depends, however, upon his position and temper what course he pursues. A man like Colonel Burnett, on hearing anybody near him talking, laughing, or

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moving, immediately grows hot about the ears, and walks away from his ball, intimating, at the same time, unmistakably to the offender that there will be no sport forthcoming till he desists, and probably adding, that if he does not mean to play the game, the party had better break up before they get too far. Gurney, on the other hand, will play his ball, but if any mishap befall it, will grumble in an audible and plaintive voice about the interruption, not to the offender, but to the man who carries his clubs, into whose sympathizing ear he pours his sorrows; the length of time that the grumbling continues depending upon his success.

To return to our "foursome:" everything goes on pretty smoothly till about the third hole, at which point Gurney has sufficiently recovered from the shock which Miss Wilkinson's presence gave him, to button his alpaca jacket about him, and address a remark to her, just as Colonel Burnett is adjusting his "putter" (a short club for putting the ball into the hole when near it) for the sixth and last time. Of course this gives rise to heated ears, and a walk away from the ball, which produces immediate silence on the part of Gurney, but not on the part of the ladies, who are unaware of the offence committed. Accordingly, just as the colonel after a short walk returns to his ball, Miss Wilkinson answers Gurney's observation; so the colonel misses his stroke, and much grumbling about the irregularity of females appearing on the links is imperfectly overheard. The ladies are still pleasingly unconscious of the colonel's wrath, and instead of gracefully withdrawing, begin to take an interest in the game and ask Gurney questions about it, which he answers in a timorous and abrupt manner, justly dreading another outbreak on the part of his irascible opponent. Fortunately for him, that gentleman's attention is diverted by another painful incident, which occurs at the sixth hole.

Both parties have played an equal number of strokes from the fifth hole; the colonel's partner has put his ball within a foot of the hole, and Gurney has played his to about a couple of yards from it. The colonel and Browne have now respectively to play, and Browne being farthest from the hole plays first and goes in; the colonel, thinking that his ball is so ridiculously near the hole that he will not be called upon to put it in, knocks it away with the back of his club and says "halved hole." But Browne promptly claims the hole, and tells the colonel that if he wanted half he should have made sure of it by "holing out." This is done more in fun than earnest, as the colonel is known to be a great martinet. But a very dangerous joke it proves; the colonel deeply resents it, and asks "What is to become of all the good feeling of the game if a man takes such a dirty advantage as that? Whether Browne thinks that he (the colonel) would not have holed that ball, nine times out of ten?" and so on. However, peace is apparently restored and the game goes on. At the ninth hole, to the great relief of some of the party at least, the ladies leave them, and make for the beach: Gurney unbuttons his jacket, and the colonel breathes freely again. The game has

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been going pretty evenly, and Browne's side turns one hole ahead, an advantage, however, which very soon disappears. The wind having been at his back on the way out, Browne has driven steadily enough; but now the wind meets him, and a good deal of fancy driving ensues. If you hit a ball with what is called the heel of the club, a sort of screw is put upon it, which makes it twist away to the right; if with the toe of the club, it twists to the left. If there is a high wind it exaggerates these erratic tendencies, and the higher a man hits his ball, the more it is affected by the wind. Now Browne always hits his ball high, and usually hits it with either the heel or the toe of the club, with wonderful impartiality, instead of hitting it fairly with the centre, as he ought to do; the consequence is, that as the course at St. Andrew's is too narrow to admit of much deviation from the straight line, Browne's ball is as often in the "bent" and whins which lie at either side of the course as on the course itself. Just as the party are coming round the curve of the "pot hook," Browne hits and heels a terrifically high ball, which is caught by the wind, and whirled miles into the whins. After a protracted search, behold the plaintive Gurney up to his knees in a whin, making frantic endeavours to catch a glimpse of his ball, which is hidden among the roots; suddenly we see the bush convulsed, small pieces of whin flying in every direction before the iron of the furious Gurney, and the ball emerges, not in the direction of the hole, but perpendicularly, and finally lands upon the player's shoulders. According to the stern rules of golf, the ball having touched him, *ipso facto*, the hole is lost. He emerges from the whin, with his legs still tingling and his left wrist slightly sprained, from having had to cut through a root, in order to get at the ball. The next hole is played in solemn silence; but in the course of the one succeeding, Browne varies his partner's entertainment by pulling his ball round with the toe of the club into the whins at the opposite side; another search, another ineffectual uprooting of a whin, and Gurney again emerges, but this time, wonderful to relate, with a comparatively cheerful countenance. He takes out his cigar-case, lights a cigar, and walks along contentedly smoking it, and apparently enjoying the scenery. This is a fatal sign. When a man smokes he is either winning very easily or has given up all hopes of winning; when a man draws the attention of his companions to lights and shades, and the beauty of the scenery generally, it is tantamount to his saying, "As mere exercise this is a very pleasant and healthy occupation—plenty of fresh air, a charming day, and St. Andrew's looks very well from here; but as to its being golf, to play with a fellow who puts you into a whin or a bunker every other stroke——"

That this is the state of Gurney's mind at present becomes more apparent by his playing his next stroke with one hand, of course losing the hole. Soon, however, he is roused from his apathy by the colonel also getting into grief, and at the third hole from home makes the match all even by a wriggling, bolting ten yards "put," which goes in like a rabbit. At the next hole an appalling instance of retributive justice is

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witnessed; the colonel's vigilant wrath has merely smouldered for a while, and a fatal opportunity for its explosion presents itself. Browne, in preparing to put a ball into the hole, and pressing his "putter" against it, moves the ball about half an inch, and follows it up by hitting it. Here the colonel, with great calmness, claims the hole. "You struck your ball twice, sir. Mr. Gurney should have played. If we are to play the game strictly, that's my hole." Browne is so fairly caught that he bursts into a laugh, and gracefully yields up the hole. This gives the colonel's side a hole to the good, which they keep to the end, thus winning a closely contested match by one hole. As they walk towards the club for lunch, the colonel puts his hand affectionately upon Browne's shoulder, and assures him that he would not have thought of claiming hole No. 16 if Browne had not been rather hard upon him at the sixth hole, and with the exception of a plaintive sigh from Gurney, as he pays his five-shilling bet to his opponent, all is peace and good-humour. And notwithstanding the little exhibitions of temper which we have seen, golf is really a good-natured game. During a match some men may be rather over-keen, and from their very keenness lose their temper for the time, but they are the first to regain it when the occasion is past. Perhaps the secret of this is that it is such an invigorating, healthy game, that a man cannot foster ill-nature for such trivial matters as a hole won or lost; accordingly, winners and losers turn voraciously to their lunch.

But it must not be supposed that their game is lost sight of now. They find most of the players who preceded them at lunch, and everybody inquires after everybody else's game. If a man has won he has, of course, no objection to say so, and does so curtly, as if it were a matter of certainty that he should win. If he has lost he does not like to answer directly, unless he has an opportunity of also explaining how it happened. For instance, to watch our friends of the morning: as the colonel is lighting a cigar, a friend asks how his match ended, and is answered by the monosyllable "won." Gurney is also inquired of, but as the colonel is sitting at his elbow, finds it convenient to have his mouth full of cold beef at the moment. He, however, avails himself of a subsequent opportunity of putting the inquirer in full possession of the particulars of Browne's evil doings and irregularities and the colonel's sharp practice. After three-quarters of an hour allowed for lunch and a cigar, the players again take the field, and continue their game till about half-past five. We need not follow them, having seen enough for the present of their manners and customs. We know how they will all march round and round, wrapt up in their own games; how they will growl and murmur if they are kept an instant waiting by the party in front, and how they will remonstrate indignantly, nay, even ferociously, if a ball from the party behind comes anywhere near them, while at the same time they will not scruple to touch up the party in front by sending a ball among them if they conveniently can; how each man will converse almost exclusively with the man who carries his

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clubs, from whom he will accept any amount of soft sawder and advice, now anxiously inquiring what part of the club he hit the last ball with, and now observing coyly that "that ball went away well;" all this we have already seen, and one round may fairly be taken as a sample of the next. It only remains to take a glance at the golfer when he regains his domestic circle. Having gained a noble appetite by his exertions, he is sufficiently recruited by a bath and dressing for dinner to discourse volubly about his game during that meal. He will probably have some golfing friends dining with him,—but we recommend the uninitiated to take the precaution of furnishing themselves with a manual of the game and a map of the course to enable them to follow intelligently the various addresses on the subject to which they will be compelled to listen, but in which they will not be permitted to take part. For their consolation, however, we may throw out the hint, that if any gentleman is fond of female society he will have an uninterrupted innings at St. Andrew's. During the hours of golf the young ládies are most shamefully neglected, owing to the conscription levied by the game, and would, no doubt, gladly receive deserters or those who have not yet been enrolled.

No close observer of the golfer has recorded whether any phenomena are to be observed in him during sleep; whether, like a dreaming greyhound, his limbs move in conformity with the occupations of the day. It is ascertained beyond question that he dreams about golf; dreams how he hit a ball which seemed as if it would never come down, and when it did, fell into the next hole a quarter of a mile away; dreams how he habitually holes out at thirty yards, and how neither "bunkers" nor whins can hold him. All this, and much more he has been known to dream; but as yet no complaints have been lodged by indignant wives, of blows received during the watches of the night from hands wielding imaginary golf clubs; so we must assume that he reclines peacefully, especially as if there existed cause of complaint on this score we should hear of it, the game being by no means regarded with favour by the ladies. Having followed him to his lair, let us bid the golfer good-night; and if anyone is inclined to scoff at his untiring zeal and keenness about the game, let him suspend judgment till he too has been exposed to its fascinations. Doubtless after a month's experience, he in his turn will prove an interesting subject of inquiry, and will help to develope some undiscovered vein in the golfer's character.

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Life in a Military Prison.

In 1865, when stationed in Canada, I became an inmate of the Montreal military prison, all through taking a drop too much. I never was in any such position before. Now the management of military prisons is a sealed mystery. I shall open the seal. It may be of service to the next Royal Commission that sits on the important subject of recruiting for the army. It may be as well to remark at the outset that Montreal Provost is not an exceptional prison,—better or worse than its neighbours. The principles upon which British military prisons are conducted may vary in minor details, but the general system is the same in England as in New Zealand, in Canada as in India, on Cork Hill as on the Rock of Gibraltar.

Montreal prison consists of two separate buildings. One contains the offices, as well as stores, and three large wards, one above the other, for prisoners. These wards accommodate about sixty delinquents. They resemble three common large barrack-rooms; only everything goes on there in silence. You hear no chatting, laughing, whistling, singing, or swearing. The other building, two stories in height, consists entirely of cells, about eighty in number.

You enter the yard of Montreal prison by a wicket-gate. The escort is there to see you in; the prison chief is also there to receive you, if not with open arms, with open bolts and bars. The non-commissioned officer in charge of the pilgrim rings the bell, and hands in the "committal"—an important document containing all that is necessary to be known concerning the offender, as well as his regimental officer's testimony that he is fit to undergo imprisonment with hard labour. When the chief has examined the "committal," and found it correct, the prisoner is marched in, leaving him as completely buried to the world as if they had broken the clods upon his coffin-lid, and said, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

Two o'clock P.M. is the hour of day fixed for admission. The prisoner gets no supper on the evening of his entrance—not being, as yet, in the prison "mess;" but he is allowed to carry in something for supper along with him. I took in a two-pound loaf, stuck in the breast of my great-coat. Inside, the first question asked was, "Have you any pipes, tobacco, matches, money, or knives about you?" I answered, "No." But my word was not taken. After being searched for these contraband articles, I was marched to the warder in charge of the "receiving-room," and handed over to his mercies. I felt a secret hatred towards this man at first glance, and further knowledge deepened my

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first impression. In his hands I was soon undergoing the same process that Samson underwent at the hands of Delilah when betrayed to the Philistines. Having a pair of scissors in his right hand, with his left he seized the long hair surrounding the face first, shearing it to the very roots. He then, without a comb, went round and over the skull, from front to rear; clipping down to the scalp. Working as he did, without a comb, he left the head covered with shear-marks. This business finished, "There, now, take one of those razors," he said, pointing to a window-sill where lay two or three of those instruments,—"and shave off your whiskers, moustache, everything, from ear to ear." I obeyed the order. Obedience is the first duty of a soldier—more especially in a military prison. "Now go into that corner. Take off your clothes, and throw them out into the middle of the floor. Then go into the tub there and wash yourself all over." The corner pointed out was screened off from the rest of the large room by barrack sheets and rugs. Within the veil there was a large tub half-full of water. While performing my ablutions, a prison suit was flung in to me, through the curtains. It consisted of a flannel shirt and a pair of drawers; trousers of coarse grey cloth, vest and jacket of the same material. The jacket is faced with red, and had leaden buttons, on which are the disagreeable words "Military Prison." The cap is a common infantry forage-cap, with the letter of the ward to which the new-comer is to belong, and the number of his berth, cut out of red cloth, sewed upon the front. These articles, along with a pair of well-darned socks, and a pair of well-worn "ammunition" boots, made my complete outfit.

I was now marched into the "shot-shed," where the most severe part of the punishment is carried on. The place is large, affording easy accommodation for a hundred and forty men at shot-drill. It consisted of an old and a new shed, the new one having probably been added when the prison was enlarged. When I entered, the shot-drill had just been finished, and the prisoners, about one hundred and twenty in number, were marching in dead silence round both sheds at a good sharp quick-march pace. I filed in. There were warders stationed here and there to prevent talking, or any other breach of prison discipline. There they stood ready with admonition and threat; they had also their little note-books at hand, ready to put their threats into execution. "Close up, No. 13."—"Hold up your head, No. 19."—"Look straight to your front, No. 26."—"Keep your arms close to your sides, No. 7."—"What are you two fellows of the 25th Regiment doing there together? Drop behind, one of you. You'd better mind what you're about."—"There's three men of the Artillery all in a row, by G—d! I'll take every one of your names."

These, and similar threats and exclamations, intermingled with more oaths than can be set down on this page, were heard from all sides. But no replies were made: that would have been treason. To explain. The numbers called were the numbers worn by the men in fronts of their caps. The head must be carried straight, erect, and looking right to the front. Although a man were to fall down dead within a yard

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of the right or left of a prisoner, he must not turn his eyes to look. "Keep your arms close," means that from the shoulders down they be plastered to the sides of the body as if pinioned there, with the palms of the hands turned full to the front, fingers extended. All marching, or walking, within the walls of a military prison is performed in this attitude. Even when carrying anything in one hand, the other hand and arm must be fixed in this posture. Again, two men of any one corps must never be found together—either marching round, picking oakum, at shot-drill, divine service, at any time or at any place. This precaution is taken to prevent communication between acquaintances, either by touch, sign, word, or glance. All violations of these rules are punishable by loss of supper or sentence to bread-and-water. This marching round lasts about twenty minutes.

On the word, "Form up!" being given, the whole of us, in a few seconds, were formed up, and standing at "attention," immovable as statues. Then in about two minutes, three or four "classmen" arranged several rows of benches along the shed. The order "Sit down!" was given, and all were down in an instant. A "classman," with a basket in one hand, passed smartly along the sitting ranks, dropping a knee-cap in front of each man. Another "classman" followed, dropping a piece of junk (old ship ropes cut into lengths of about five inches,) in front of every man. In less than a minute, knee-caps were buckled on the right knees, and every one was busy untwisting, rubbing, and working the old junk into oakum.

The "classmen" who served out the oakum, and who are always at hand to do any light work, are prisoners who have served some time on the premises, and have never been reported for any offence. They are exempted from heavy shot-drill, and have the advantage of two hours at school in the evenings.

I had never seen oakum picked. But glancing stealthily right and left, I made haste to do what I saw others doing. "Come, mind your work there, No. 26" (that was my number); "no looking about you here. If you commence that work you'll have many a day's bread-and-water to do." Then the warder who had just checked me came close up to my front, and asked, not in a very winning voice,—"Did you ever pick oakum before?" "No."

"Look here, then, you'll never pick oakum in that way of working. Take it in this manner." And he gave me a few directions, illustrating them by action. I worked hard in accordance with his directions, but with more zeal than judgment. It was sad uphill work. My progress was slow, and I murmured, inwardly, "The way of transgressors is hard."

When we had worked at the oakum-picking about three quarters of an hour, the word, "That'll do," was given by the senior warder. Down dropped the oakum, off went the knee-caps, and all sat silent, with hands on knees, heads erect, looking straight to the front, as motionless, and in exactly the same position, as the figures in front of an Egyptian temple.

Classmen again passed smartly along the silent ranks, picking up

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knee-caps, junk, and oakum, as rapidly as they had previously dropped them. "Rise up."—"One pace to the front."—In a moment benches were piled away by the classmen. "Ranks, right and left face, quick march!" and the whole were again marching round the sheds, in long, silent, single file. The march this time did not last over three or four minutes, when the command, "Form up!" was again given. But I saw that the "form up" this time was not to be the same as before.

There were two doors opening from the sheds into the yard. Men filed rapidly out at both doors, and formed up outside, in six or seven different single ranks. The movement was a mystery to me. But I followed the man in front of me; when he went out, I went out. In the rank he formed up, I also formed up. But the warder in front of the rank attacked me in a moment,—"What do you want here? You don't belong to the cells. Don't you know the letter in front of your cap? You belong to "B" ward. Get out of this!"

Here I was in a fix. Where *was* "B" ward? I dared not speak to any one and ask. Driven from my first rank, I was hurrying from rank to rank, looking at the fronts of the caps in each rank, to find letter "B," when I heard the roar of the senior warder:—"What the devil is that fellow doing dancing about there?" Quick as lightning, five or six subordinate warders were round me. "Who are you?"—"What are you doing?"—"What do you want?"—"Have you lost anything?"—"Is the fellow drunk?" were the questions showered around me, until I was shoved into "B" ward at last.

As soon as all the men of each ward, as well as those of each corridor of cells, were formed up in their respective single ranks, classmen again passed quickly along each rank with baskets filled with junk (this time the junk was carefully tied up in small parcels), flinging a parcel at each man as they passed him; which the man, without taking time to look at it, placed under his left arm. This done, the senior warder walked along the front of each rank, counting his men. He must count his men every time they are formed up, about half a dozen times a day. Just as he finished numbering his people, the chief of the prison entered the yard, with some slips of paper in his hand. The senior warder called "Attention!" then turning to the chief, reported, "129 prisoners, sir." "That's right," replied the chief. Then he began to read, one after another, the slips he held in his hand.

"Daniel Murphy, second, 16th Regiment." "Here, sir," was answered, while the man held up his right hand to indicate his whereabouts. "Reported for being idle. Twenty-four hours' bread-and-water."

"George Ashwell, Royal Artillery." "Here, sir," Ashwell also holding up his right hand, according to order. "Reported for talking. Forty-eight hours' bread-and-water."

"Michael Kirrigan, Rifle Brigade." "Here, sir." "Reported for not having your bed properly made up. Deprived of supper for one night."

When the chief had finished his usual nightly reports and sentences,

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all similar to the instances given, he gave the order, "File off from the right." Obeying this order, men belonging to the wards began to file off in that direction; while men belonging to the cells filed off in the direction of the cells.

We marched off one by one, at four paces distance. Previously warders were stationed on the roads leading both to the cells and the wards, at ten or twelve paces distance, so that no prisoner could be a moment out of observation. The tongues of the warders, as they stood at their posts, were not idle. When I passed the first, he shouted, "Step quicker!" The second, "Hold up your head!" The third, "Keep your arms close!" The next, "Look to your front!—You don't come here to look about you." Sharp work this, I said to myself.

After thus running the gauntlet, I reached my berth at last. It consisted of a common iron barrack-room bedstead. Upon it lay a pillow, and an old infantry great-coat, folded. On the shelf, above the bedstead, were a pair of barrack sheets, neatly folded. At one side of the sheets were placed a pair of shoe-brushes, a clothes'-brush, a button-stick and brush, and a knee-cap; at the other side of the sheets lay a Bible and prayer-book. Upon an iron pin, stuck in front of the shelf, hung a card on which was painted the number of the berth; and a few inches from this hung a tin pint measure. Next to the pint measure, in a sort of catch fixed on the front of the shelf, an iron spoon was stuck. Under these, on a nail in the belting of the room, hung a small bag containing some cleaning rags. Close in front of the bedstead was a three-legged stool. About six feet in front of that stood a small table, about eighteen inches square.

All along one side of the room, or ward, berths were fixed and provided exactly like my own. They stood within about a foot of each other, and close to the wall. Every second or third bedstead had a barrack bed upon it, with bedding. The bed-ticks were very carefully rolled up; the blankets, sheets, and rugs, folded into one another. Along the middle of the ward stood another row of bedsteads, with their backs towards the first row. Close in front of each was also a three-legged stool, and out in front of that, close against the wall, a small table. Upon the shelf, above each table, were placed the Bible, prayer-book, brushes, and all the other little prison luxuries. Thus, when seated, the two rows of prisoners did not face each other, but faced all one way. The wall to which they faced partitioned them from a long narrow passage which ran along the whole length of the ward. This wall had square perforations, at four different places, in which were fixed four large glass lamps. Between each lamp there was an oval orifice in the wall, converging outwards to a small circle, which was fitted with a glass just large enough for the eye. The inside of the orifice was covered with wire gauze. By this means the peeper in the passage outside could see what was going on inside, without his eye being readily detected at the glass. At the upper end of the narrow passage, and curving in to one of the upper corners of the ward, a recess was built, resembling in

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form a large cupboard, in which two men could stand with ease. This cupboard was furnished with a row of peeping-places similar to those in the wall, through which a complete view of the whole ward could be obtained at a glance.

When arrived safely at my berth, I immediately did what others did. took down the pint measure from where it hung on the edge of the shelf, and placed it on my small table; then took the knee-cap from the shelf, buckled it on my right knee, sat down on my stool, untied my parcel of junk, untwisted the pieces of rope into single strings, took the strings in small lots, rubbing each lot up and down upon the knee-cap, to soften and separate the thread, and then went on with my oakum-picking as best I could. In less than a minute all the prisoners in the ward were thus busy as bees but silent as mutes. Warders were stationed at each end of the room, stern and still.

We had not been long at work, when a warder, accompanied by a cook and a classman, appeared. The cook had a basket filled with bread, carefully cut up into half-pound pieces. The classman had a can of milk in one hand, a half-pint measure in the other. The cook placed a half-pound piece of bread on each table, the classman poured a half pint of milk into each pint measure. Thus they passed up along one row of tables, down the other, and made their exit, working all in dumb show—a prison pantomime. In a short time was heard the sharp tinkling of a small bell. Down dropped the oakum from all fingers, and every prisoner sat with hands on knees, motionless as if touched by the wand of an enchanter. The warder on watch for the night gave the command,—

"Rise up." We did so.

"Three paces to your front, march." We marched the paces, automaton-like.

"Take up your suppers." Those who had suppers to take up did as ordered.

"Three paces step back, march." We took the backward paces.

"Sit down; go on with your suppers."

This order was obeyed with alacrity. The two-pound loaf I brought in with me at two o'clock was brought up by the cook and set upon my table. But not being entitled to a half pint of milk, I got a whole pint of water. Having, through the kindness of my escort, had two or three glasses of whisky before entering the enchanted ground, I was thirsty, and drank the water, but was little inclined to eat the bread. The two men on my right and left observing this, contrived to let me know by signs that they were sufficiently well disposed to eat it for me. Keeping my eyes steadily fixed on the warders, I broke the loaf into two pieces—we had no knives—tore a fistful out of the heart, and affected to be eating greedily, while I contrived to drop one half between my feet, and with my left foot shoved it towards the man on my left, who managed to take it up. The other half was passed to the man on my right in the same manner, and the

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two halves soon disappeared. A quarter of an hour was the time allotted for supper; most of the prisoners had it over in five minutes. Yet no man dared to touch his oakum before the time was up. Every one sat still awaiting the sound of the bell. At length the tinkle is heard, and presto! every finger is again busy. I worked hard too, but with little result. Those on my right and left had heaps of oakum between their legs before I had a good handful. The two men with whom I had shared my loaf seemed to be practised hands at the business, and got through it with ease. When they observed my limping progress they made signs for me to pass some of my stuff to them. I took the hint and contrived to pass a piece of my junk to each of them, in the same manner as I had passed the halves of my loaf. Both movements had to be gone through with circumspection, for both actions were prison crimes. Still I wrought hard. Between exertion and anxiety, the sweat was running from my brow. Nevertheless, in spite of the help I received, I still wanted a little of having my lot finished when the bell again rung, and all sat motionless.

The human voice in command was again heard amongst us—"Rise up! Three paces to your front, march!" In rising every one lifted his bundle of oakum carefully from the floor, carried it forward with him in one hand, his three-legged stool in the other. Two prisoners, called "wardsmen," each with a broom, then swept quickly along each side of the ward where the oakum-pickers had been sitting. "Three paces step back, march! Make down your beds. No noise!" In a second all hands were in as rapid motion as if the building had been on fire; but noiseless as if they were in an infirmary. Those who had beds made them down; those who had none turned down their iron bedsteads. At one end of the ward there was a pile of barrack-room table-tops. Every one not entitled to a bed for the night, carried away one of these tables and fixed it upon his bedstead. Then taking the old infantry great-coat out of the fold, he put it on, buttoned it up as if going on sentry, lay down on the table-top, and was in bed for the night.

Every prisoner in a military prison lies without either bed or bedding for the first seven nights after admission. After this period of wholesome probation, he is allowed a bed every second or alternate night. Thus, suppose you and I are alongside of each other. If you lie upon the bed to-night, and I upon the board, then I get the bed to-morrow night, and you take the board. Thus one bed serves two men.

I followed the rule of the "order." Not being entitled to a bed, I appropriated a board, put on the old great-coat I found in my berth, and lay down. It would be murdering a fine poetical phrase to say that I lay with "my martial cloak around me," for the cloak had as many patches on it as if it had been doing duty on the back of a "gaberlunzie." The bell which set us a-bed-making was rung at a quarter to eight. At eight o'clock its tinkling made every man, with or without bed, take up his position for the night. In a moment there was as little stir or life in

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the large hall as if it were tenantless. We did not lie with our heads all one way. In that position whispering might be carried on. If the man next me lay with his head towards the top of his bed, I lay with my head at the foot of mine, and so on all round the ward.

Precisely at eight o'clock, the chief of the prison, keys in hand, marched up one side of the ward and down the other, to see that all his lambs were in the fold. The warder on watch then locked us in, and took his post in the narrow passage outside for the night. Here, by the aid of lamps and loopholes, we were under his observation every minute throughout the long dark night; not a motion of a limb but could be seen by him. I lay very still. It is against the prison regulations to turn or tumble about at night, either on bed or board. But I could not sleep, the situation was so strange. After a while I grew very cold, especially about the feet. The man on my left, like myself, lay upon his stretching-board, close buttoned to the chin. But it happened to be bed-night with the man on my right. His body-clothes lay on the floor between us. I stretched out my hand slowly to draw up his jacket, meaning to cover my feet with it. But its owner, who chanced not to be asleep, seeing what I was about, made a sudden sign for me to let his jacket alone. You are a hard-hearted wretch, thought I to myself. But that was a false judgment. Self-preservation made the poor fellow stop me. I understood this a few days after, when I saw a prisoner get twenty-four hours' bread-and-water for allowing another to use his trousers for the same purpose that I meant to use my comrade's jacket. As the night wore on I dropped off into sleep, or rather an uncomfortable doze. It was not rest. Now and again I started up out of miserable dreams. Towards morning sleep deserted me altogether, I was so cold. Although I knew the day would bring punishment, yet I longed for it. At length morning began to break and the prison lamps to burn dim. A bell rung. I made a start, thankfully, to rise; but the man on my right whispered, "Don't move!" What the bell had been rung for I could not divine; there was not a stir among the prisoners. In fifteen minutes more the bell rung again; and, as if touched by an electric wire, every one was in active motion. Table-tops were lifted from the bedsteads and piled in their place at the end of the room; big-coats were unbuttoned and flung off; iron bedsteads were folded up; those who had enjoyed a bed for the night put on their clothes, and rolled up their beds. All were hurrying and bustling as they would have done on receipt of some awful summons. The only voice heard was that of the warder, saying in sullen, subdued tones, "No noise; no noise." A minute or two, and the bustle was all over, and every prisoner standing at "attention" in front of his berth. At one end of the ward there were three or four tubs of water, as many metal basins for washing in, two shaving-boxes, a looking-glass, and three or four razors. Towards these the prisoners filed off by threes and fours; lathered, shaved, washed, dried, all in about three minutes, and then resumed their former position of "attention" in front of their beds. I followed in my turn, and did as

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others did. This cleaning business was under the individual superintendence of the warder in charge of the ward—a little sergeant belonging to the Rifle Brigade. His tongue went clatter clatter the whole time. In about ten minutes the whole twenty-four or twenty-five men of us were shaved, washed, dressed, and standing again in front of our berths. The bell was again rung. On command, the man next the door marched out; the man next him followed, at four paces distance, and so on, until we were all again formed up in single file down in the shot-shed.

Here we were ready for the commencement of another new day. Small parties of eight or ten each, in charge of warders, were despatched all over the prison and prison-yard on various duties. The men left sat down to pick oakum. By this time I was beginning to master the process, though it was always a hard push with me to complete my task. However, I was fortunate in never getting punished for my oakum as others frequently were.

When it drew near eight o'clock—breakfast-time—we got the commands: "That'll do. Two paces to your front, march. Ranks right and left face" (one rank to the right face, the other to the left). "Quick march, double!" and we had a smart double round the sheds for about ten minutes to warm us. We then formed up. The senior warder numbered his men, and reported to the chief, who answered, "That's right," and then gave the word, "File off from the right," which we did as upon the previous evening, always, of course, keeping the respectful four paces distance, marching as quick as quick-march can be, and stuck up like wooden men. When we entered the lobby of the ward building, upon a long table large tin dishes were piled up in rows, one above another, the bottom of each dish covered to the depth of about an inch and a half with oatmeal porridge. Behind the dishes stood a warder with a rod in his hand. As man after man passed him he touched a dish with the end of the rod; the man took up the dish and passed on without the slightest pause in his quick march. Every man, stirabout in hand, pushed on to his own berth. Here he found his stool and little table ready for him, and half a pint of milk in his pint measure. This was his breakfast. It soon disappeared, for in a military prison few can complain of loss of appetite. Why the dishes were made so large I could never understand. At a rough guess, I should say they could each hold half a gallon, and there was never more than a pint, or pint and a half in them, either of soup or stirabout.

An hour was allowed for breakfast. During this hour we were busy cleaning our leaden buttons, brushing our boots, polishing our tin measures and iron spoons, folding the old great-coats, and otherwise making everything neat and clean and—I was going to say—comfortable, but that word will scarcely do here. Those who had been blessed with the luxury of a bed during the night, rolled up the bed-ticks, and folded the bed-clothes, with as much care and nicety as if the beds were intended for exhibition. The slightest flaw in the folding up of a bed might deprive a man of his supper. All these things completed, every prisoner

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placed his oakum before him on his little table, carefully made up in a ball. I also placed my oakum before me; but it looked very rough when compared with the oakum spheres on the right and left of it. Having still some minutes to spare, I sat picking out coarse strings, opening them, and fixing my bundle as I best could. While thus employed, a warder roared at me, "What's that fellow doing there? This is not the time for picking oakum; this is the breakfast hour." Here I was again breaking the awful prison regulations, and did not know it. Although a man's oakum was not finished he dared not touch it, even if five minutes' work would save him from losing his supper. At the expiration of the breakfast hour the bell rung and every man started to his feet, his bundle of oakum on one hand, his empty porridge-tin in the other. The prisoner next the door, when ordered, led off, the rest following in succession, at the everlasting four paces distance. As each prisoner passed the cookhouse door he dropped his porridge-dish. From the cookhouse to the shot-shed was but a step. Near the door of the latter stood the senior warder—who was not at all a bad man in his situation—with scales before him to weigh the oakum in the balance, and woe be to the man who was found wanting. No man was told the weight of his oakum. But there were two weights in the scale, one of which I took to be a pound, the other a half-pound. Every prisoner as he passed placed his bundle on the scale and went on, without pausing. If all right, he was allowed to go on and join the forming-up ranks; if all wrong, he was called back. This was my case. "Here, that man," and the oakum was handed back to me. "Did you ever pick oakum before?" "No." "Well, you'd better learn as soon as you can. If you don't, you have many a day's bread-and-water before you." My oakum was tied up with my name attached and stowed away till the dinner hour. When all were formed up, we "marched round" about fifteen minutes, and then formed up again, Catholics in one shed, and Protestants in the other. Prayers are said every morning in a military prison. Though short, they are not few. Our place (the Protestants' place of worship) was in a ward where forms were arranged for the grey-coated, bareheaded worshippers; a desk fixed for the chaplain, with a smaller one in front of that for the clerk. Half an hour was the time allowed daily for "divine service." The prisoners must sit erect, looking right at the parson. You might search the whole of Christendom and not find a more silent, serious congregation. There is no examination of one another's dresses there, nor "soft eyes looking love to eyes that speak again." Warders were seated at every point, ready and willing to take note of the slightest irregularity. When all were seated, books in hand, the pastor of this little flock entered hurriedly from his room, and dropped on his knees at the desk. He seemed to be in a hurry. He began immediately, and went on, if not with great earnestness, with very considerable rapidity. The earnestness with which the responses were read by the shaven congregation astonished me a little. There was no order compelling us to read, yet it was very generally done. Perhaps

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the poor fellows read aloud just for the pleasure of hearing their own voices: a luxury under our severe silent system. Perhaps not. It is just possible that for the time being they were really serious. After prayers we had a sermon. It was short, but could not be called sweet. The subject was the fall of the tower of Siloam. Its treatment was not edifying, and I fear it produced little fruit. Eloquence was evidently not the preacher's forte. He was a short, stout, pursy man, with a bald head. In his eyes there was neither the poet's fine frenzy, nor the divine's holy rapture. Sermon over, he pronounced the blessing and hurried away from his desk with as much precipitation as he entered. The clerk now called my name, along with the names of several other new-comers, and then paraded us in front of the chaplain's sanctum. Our instructions were, "Take off your caps, shut the door behind you, and salute the minister." While we were thus paraded the rest of the congregation filed off and formed up in the shot-shed. We entered into the reverend presence one at a time. When I found myself before the holy messenger he was seated at a table, on which lay before him the new-comers' "committals." Mine was in his hand. He read from it my regimental number, name, and crime. "That's your name?" "Yes, sir." "Your crime is drunkenness?" "Yes, sir." "Will you take the pledge?" "No, sir." "Well, I'll see you again the day before you leave this. That'll do." And so began and ended my interview with our spiritual adviser. It was part of his duty to see every prisoner, of Protestant principles, the morning after joining the "order," and again on the morning before quitting it. As a thing of course, the morning before leaving I again went into his presence, when I was asked the same question about taking the "pledge," and returned the same answer. From those who had been repeatedly in the prison I learned that the whole of the chaplain's private spiritual admonitions consisted of, "Will you take the pledge?" The next part of our day's business was morning parade for the chief's inspection. We stood in one long, irregular, single rank, lining both sides of both sheds, back to back, facing outwards. I could hear one man get his supper stopped for not being "properly shaved," another receive the same mark of distinction for his boots being not "properly polished," and another ordered to get his "hair cut." But, on the whole, the chief made his morning inspections very quietly. So far as I saw during my term of imprisonment, I should say he is a good man.

Morning parade over, we prepared for shot-drill, the grand part of the punishment. I feel some difficulty in conveying to the uninitiated, in mere words, a clear notion of the manner and severity of this punishment. Along the sheds wooden octagonal shaped blocks, about three inches in depth, were arranged in rows, eight blocks in each row. In the centre of each block there was a small cup, or hollow, in which a thirty-two pound shot can rest. At each end of the sheds there was a row of triple blocks; that is, blocks made with three cups so as to hold three shots. Between each row or rank of blocks and shot there was a distance of five paces.

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When all were properly formed up and "dressed" the senior warder passed along the front of his men, numbering them off by eights, giving each eight right or left wheel, facing each eight up to a row of blocks. All ranks in position, the word "attention" was given, and every man sprang up, ready for action. All eyes were directed to the far end of the shed. There, some one prisoner, selected by the warder at that end to give the time, had his right hand raised above his head, fingers extended. After a pause the prisoner with the uplifted hand bent slowly over his block, the whole hundred and twenty prisoners bending with him. In this motion the knees and legs must be kept perfectly close and straight, the bend of the body being only from the haunches upward. When low enough, every man lifted his shot, raising it in the hollow of his right hand, supported by the left. Then raising the body slowly, legs and knees still kept close and straight, he faced to the right-about, marched five paces to the next row of blocks, which were now empty. When there, a pause was made while "two" could be counted, then every one bending together slowly over knees still straight and close, the shot was deposited in the empty blocks as gently as if the blocks had been made of glass. There must be no noise in laying down the shot. A shot rattling upon the block may cost a man his supper, or twenty-four hours' bread-and-water,—things not very pleasing to contemplate when a man's rations are already down to the starving-point. The pauses and gentle laying of the shot are planned to increase the severity of the punishment. The shot deposited, all rise slowly up, again face about, march five paces back to the blocks they had just emptied, and find them again supplied with shot. Again they bend over, again lift the shot, again face to the right-about, and march five paces back to the blocks which a minute before they had filled, but now find empty, and which they again fill. Three times this movement is repeated, which leaves the triple-loaded blocks at one end of the shed empty, and the triple row at the other end loaded. A pause is made. A prisoner at the loaded end raises his hand, as the prisoner at the other end had previously done. We follow his signal, bend over with him, and so on, over and over again. No noise was heard, although a hundred and twenty soldiers were marching to and fro at their purgatorial punishment; no voices, except the voices of the warders: "Keep your knees straight, that man of the Royal Artillery, No. 11; no bending of the knees either in lifting or laying the shot." "Keep your heels close, that man of the Rifle Brigade; if I have to speak to you again I'll take down your name." "Carry the shot out from your body, that man of the 30th Regiment, No. 21; the shot must be carried four inches in front of the body, and the elbows square; if you don't know how to do shot-drill we'll try and get you a little extra drill until you learn." "That man of the 25th Regiment, No. 3, is making too much noise laying down his shot; if he gets his supper stopped to-night he'll perhaps lay down the shot easier to-morrow." This was the sort of music we had for our march.

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From eleven o'clock A.M., till half-past twelve o'clock noon, was the time fixed for the performance of this humane exercise. When the report of the twelve o'clock gun from St. Helen's Island struck my ear I was always thankful. "Only half-an-hour more," I used to say to myself; and yet it was a long half-hour.

Time up, every man, upon the word of command, lifted his shot, fell into single rank, and piled his thirty-two pounder in a corner of the shed. We again marched round about fifteen minutes, formed up, were again numbered, with all which the chief being satisfied, he gave the word "File off," and we filed off exactly in the same manner we did at breakfast-time. Entering the lobby of the prison ward, the long table was again piled with the same large tin dishes as in the morning. The same warder, with divining-rod, stood behind them, touching the dish each man was to lift. As in the morning, the bottoms of the dishes were covered to the depth of about an inch and a half with stirabout. But that we might enjoy a variety at table, the porridge for dinner was made of Indian corn-meal, instead of oatmeal. The man who contrived and arranged our military prison-diet system was as great a genius as he who invented shot-drill. An hour was allowed for dinner; but we supped the Indian meal porridge—or Indian *buck*, as it is called—in about two minutes. For the remainder of the hour the prisoners sat erect upon their stools, and looking steadily to their front. Those who could read might read the Bible or prayer-book; those who could not, might make good resolutions, and build castles in the air. At the expiration of the hour the bell rung, prisoners started to their feet and filed off each with his dinner-tin in his hand, clean and empty.

We passed down and into the shot-shed, as at the breakfast hour. Oakum defaulters of the morning again presented their stuff for inspection. The chief himself inspects it this time; if well done it is allowed to pass. But a man must not come too often with his oakum at the dinner hour. Some men never make good oakum-pickers; and the shifts some of these men resort to in order to get up to the mark are sometimes pitiable. Near me in the ward was a man named Montgomery, of the 25th Regiment, who one night when the bell rung was far behind with his oakum. What was unpicked he took to bed with him. When all were settled for sleep, he continued picking under his blankets. It was past ten o'clock before he finished. Next day he thought he was all right, but at report-reading time in the evening he found he was all wrong. The warder on watch had reported him. His name was called, and the chief read, "Reported for picking oakum in bed at ten o'clock last night; forty-eight hours' bread-and-water."

Once more into the shot-shed, we marched round about a quarter of an hour; blocks and shot were then laid and manned; and precisely at half-past two o'clock the hand of the signalman slowly descended, every prisoner as slowly bent over, lifted his thirty-two pounder, and so the weary shot-drill for the afternoon commenced. At four o'clock the shot-

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carriers dropped into single file once more, piled their shot in the corner of the shed, and so that part of another day's punishment was over. It just brings me to the point at which I started. At the same hour yesterday, shaven and shorn, and arrayed in the grey habiliments of the order I joined the Montreal Provost Military Brotherhood.

Days and nights all the year round are in every particular exactly like the day and night just described. The exceptions are so trifling as scarcely to deserve notice. Sunday is one exception. On that day there is neither shot-drill nor oakum-picking. An hour in the forenoon is taken up in hearing the prison regulations read, and half-an-hour in the afternoon with divine service. All the rest of the day the prisoners are either marching round or sitting on their three-legged stools. Tuesdays and Thursdays are also exceptions, so far as dinner is concerned. On these days each prisoner gets for dinner eight ounces of bread and a pint of soup with eight ounces of meat boiled in it. These dinners are so immeasurably superior to the Indian porridge, that they are looked forward to and longed for. On Wednesdays and Saturdays every prisoner must wash his feet, or rather *dip* them; for he has scarcely got his feet into the water when he is saluted by some warder in some such style as this:—"What is that fellow doing there? There's no time for dabbling in the water. You didn't come here to play the gentleman. Some of you seem to think so. Get out of that at once!" These few are the only variations in the merciless routine of military prison life. It is, indeed, a merciless routine. In every command a prisoner obeys, in every action he does, he is made bitterly to feel that he is a prisoner. In sitting, standing, walking, running, eating, drinking, reading, working, in lying down or rising up, sleeping or waking, night or day, at parade or prayers, in sickness or in health,—he is made to feel the cold merciless hand of the law upon him.

When the petty nature of the offences for which this terrible punishment is inflicted is borne in mind, one reason is made palpable why "limited service" men will not re-engage. Royal commissions may sit and re-sit, put on a patch here and a patch there; but if the punishments of the British soldier be not mitigated, and the pensions augmented, the day is not far distant when to recruit the ranks British factories and workshops will have to be decimated by the conscription.

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MAY, 1867.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

THE CLAVERINGS. (With an Illustration.) 513

CHAPTER XLVI.—*Madame Gordeloup retires from British Diplomacy.*
" XLVII.—*Showing how Things settled themselves at the Rectory.*
" XLVIII.—*Conclusion.*

BRITISH ADMIRALS AND THEIR BIOGRAPHERS 538

THE FLEET PARSONS AND THE FLEET MARRIAGES 555

SKETCHES FROM BERCHTESGADEN AND THE ZILLER-THAL 572

STONE EDGE. (With an Illustration.) 586

CHAPTER I.—*The Lone Moor.*
" II.—*The Wakes.*
" III.—*A Morning Visit.*
" IV.—*Taking a Character*

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER. BY G. A. SIMCOX 606

THE EAGLE OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE 612

BLANK VERSE 620

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A NEW NOVEL.

THE

BRAMLEIGHS OF BISHOP'S FOLLY,

Will be commenced in

THE JUNE NUMBER

OF THE

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LADY ONGAR AND FLORENCE.

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THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1867.

The Claverings.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Madame Gordeloup Retires from British Diplomacy.

THE reader must be asked to accompany me once more to that room in Mount Street in which poor Archie practised diplomacy, and whither the courageous Doodles was carried prisoner in those moments in which he was last seen of us. The Spy was now sitting alone before her desk, scribbling with all her energy,—writing letters on foreign policy, no doubt, to all the courts of Europe, but especially to that Russian court to which her services were more especially due. She was hard at work, when there came the sound of a step upon the stairs. The practised ear of the Spy became erect, and she at once knew who was her visitor. It was not one with whom diplomacy would much avail, or who was likely to have money ready under his glove for her behoof. "Ah, Edouard,

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is that you? I am glad you have come," she said, as Count Pateroff entered the room.

"Yes, it is I. I got your note yesterday."

"You are good,—very good. You are always good." Sophie as she said this went on very rapidly with her letter,—so rapidly that her hand seemed to run about the paper wildly. Then she flung down her pen, and folded the paper on which she had been writing with marvellous quickness. There was an activity about the woman, in all her movements, which was wonderful to watch. "There," she said, "that is done; now we can talk. Ah! I have nearly written off my fingers this morning." Her brother smiled, but said nothing about the letters. He never allowed himself to allude in any way to her professional duties.

"So you are going to St. Petersburg?" he said.

"Well,—yes, I think. Why should I remain here spending money with both hands and through the nose?" At this idea, the brother again smiled pleasantly. He had never seen his sister to be culpably extravagant as she now described herself. "Nothing to get and everything to lose," she went on saying.

"You know your own affairs best," he answered.

"Yes; I know my own affairs. If I remained here, I should be taken away to that black building there;" and she pointed in the direction of the workhouse, which fronts so gloomily upon Mount Street. "You would not come to take me out."

The count smiled again. "You are too clever for that, Sophie, I think."

"Ah, it is well for a woman to be clever, or she must starve,—yes, starve! Such a one as I must starve in this accursed country, if I were not what you call, clever." The brother and sister were talking in French, and she spoke now almost as rapidly as she had written. "They are beasts and fools, and as awkward as bulls,—yes, as bulls. I hate them. I hate them all. Men, women, children,—they are all alike. Look at the street out there. Though it is summer, I shiver when I look out at its blackness. It is the ugliest nation! And they understand nothing. Oh, how I hate them!"

"They are not without merit. They have got money."

"Money,—yes. They have got money; and they are so stupid, you may take it from under their eyes. They will not see you. But of their own hearts, they will give you nothing. You see that black building,—the workhouse. I call it Little England. It is just the same. The naked, hungry, poor wretches lie at the door, and the great fat beadles swell about like turkey-cocks inside."

"You have been here long enough to know, at any rate."

"Yes; I have been here long,—too long. I have made my life a wilderness, staying here in this country of barracks. And what have I got for it? I came back because of that woman, and she has thrown me over. That is your fault,—yours,—yours!"

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"And you have sent for me to tell me that again?"

"No, Edouard. I sent for you that you might see your sister once more,—that I might once more see my brother." This she said leaning forward on the table, on which her arms rested, and looking steadfastly into his face with eyes moist,—just moist, with a tear in each. Whether Edouard was too unfeeling to be moved by this show of affection, or whether he gave more credit to his sister's histrionic powers than to those of her heart, I will not say; but he was altogether irresponsive to her appeal. "You will be back again before long," he said.

"Never! I shall come back to this accursed country never again. No; I am going once and for all. I will soil myself with the mud of its gutters no more. I came for the sake of Julie; and now,—how has she treated me?" Edouard shrugged his shoulders. "And you,—how has she treated you?"

"Never mind me."

"Ah, but I must mind you. Only that you would not let me manage, it might be yours now,—yes, all. Why did you come down to that accursed island?"

"It was my way to play my game. Leave that alone, Sophie." And there came a frown over the brother's brow.

"Your way to play your game! Yes; and what has become of mine? You have destroyed mine; but you think nothing of that. After all that I have gone through, to have nothing; and through you,—my brother! Ah, that is the hardest of all,—when I was putting all things in train for you!"

"You are always putting things in train. Leave your trains alone, where I am concerned."

"But why did you come to that place in the accursed island? I am ruined by that journey. Yes; I am ruined. You will not help me to get a shilling from her,—not even for my expenses."

"Certainly not. You are clever enough to do your own work without my aid."

"And is that all from a brother? Well! And now that they have drowned themselves,—the two Claverings,—the fool and the brute; and she can do what she pleases——"

"She could always do as she pleased since Lord Ongar died."

"Yes; but she is more lonely than ever now. That cousin who is the greatest fool of all, who might have had everything,—mon Dieu! yes, everything;—she would have given it all to him with a sweep of her hand, if he would have taken it. He is to marry himself to a little brown girl, who has not a shilling. No one but an Englishman could make follies so abominable as these. Ah, I am sick,—I am sick when I remember it!" And Sophie gave unmistakeable signs of a grief which could hardly have been self-interested. But in truth she suffered pain at seeing a good game spoilt. It was not that she had any wish for Harry Clavering's welfare. Had he gone to the bottom of the sea in the same boat with

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his cousins, the tidings of his fate would have been pleasurable to her rather than otherwise. But when she saw such cards thrown away as he had held in his hand, she encountered that sort of suffering which a good player feels when he sits behind the chair of one who plays up to his adversary's trump, and makes no tricks of his own kings and aces.

"He may marry himself to the devil, if he please;—it is nothing to me," said the count.

"But she is there;—by herself,—at that place;—what is it called? Ten—bie. Will you not go now, when you can do no harm?"

"No; I will not go now."

"And in a year she will have taken some other one for her husband."

"What is that to me? But look here, Sophie, for you may as well understand me at once. If I were ever to think of Lady Ongar again as my wife, I should not tell you."

"And why not tell me,—your sister?"

"Because it would do me no good. If you had not been there she would have been my wife now."

"Edouard!"

"What I say is true. But I do not want to reproach you because of that. Each of us was playing his own game; and your game was not my game. You are going now, and if I play my game again I can play it alone."

Upon hearing this Sophie sat awhile in silence, looking at him. "You will play it alone?" she said at last. "You would rather do that?"

"Much rather, if I play any game at all."

"And you will give me something to go?"

"Not one sou."

"You will not;—not a sou?"

"Not half a sou,—for you to go or stay. Sophie, are you not a fool to ask me for money?"

"And you are a fool,—a fool who knows nothing. You need not look at me like that. I am not afraid. I shall remain here. I shall stay and do as the lawyer tells me. He says that if I bring my action she must pay me for my expenses. I will bring my action. I am not going to leave it all to you. No. Do you remember those days in Florence? I have not been paid yet, but I will be paid. One hundred and seventy-five thousand francs a year,—and after all I am to have none of it! Say;—should it become yours, will you do something for your sister?"

"Nothing at all;—nothing. Sophie, do you think I am fool enough to bargain in such a matter?"

"Then I will stay. Yes;—I will bring my action. All the world shall hear, and they shall know how you have destroyed me and yourself.

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Ah;—you think I am afraid; that I will not spend my money. I will spend all,—all,—all; and I will be revenged."

"You may go or stay; it is the same thing to me. Now, if you please, I will take my leave." And he got up from his chair to leave her.

"It is the same thing to you?"

"Quite the same."

"Then I will stay, and she shall hear my name every day of her life;—every hour. She shall be so sick of me and of you, that,—that—that——Oh, Edouard!" This last appeal was made to him because he was already at the door, and could not be stopped in any other way.

"What else have you to say, my sister?"

"Oh, Edouard, what would I not give to see all those riches yours? Has it not been my dearest wish? Edouard, you are ungrateful. All men are ungrateful." Now, having succeeded in stopping him, she buried her face in the corner of the sofa and wept plentifully. It must be presumed that her acting before her brother must have been altogether thrown away; but the acting was, nevertheless, very good.

"If you are in truth going to St. Petersburg," he said, "I will bid you adieu now. If not,—au revoir."

"I am going. Yes, Edouard, I am. I cannot bear this country longer. My heart is being torn to pieces. All my affections are outraged. Yes, I am going;—perhaps on Monday;—perhaps on Monday week. But I go in truth. My brother, adieu." Then she got up, and putting a hand on each of his shoulders, lifted up her face to be kissed. He embraced her in the manner proposed, and turned to leave her. But before he went she made to him one other petition, holding him by the arm as she did so. "Edouard, you can lend me twenty napoleons till I am at St. Petersburg?"

"No, Sophie; no."

"Not lend your sister twenty napoleons!"

"No, Sophie. I never lend money. It is a rule."

"Will you give me five? I am so poor. I have almost nothing."

"Things are not so bad with you as that, I hope?"

"Ah, yes; they are very bad. Since I have been in this accursed city,—now, this time, what have I got? Nothing,—nothing. She was to be all in all to me,—and she has given me nothing! It is very bad to be so poor. Say that you will give me five napoleons;—O my brother!" She was still hanging by his arm, and, as she did so, she looked up into his face with tears in her eyes. As he regarded her, bending down his face over hers, a slight smile came upon his countenance. Then he put his hand into his pocket, and taking out his purse, handed to her five sovereigns.

"Only five?" she said.

"Only five," he answered.

"A thousand thanks, O my brother." Then she kissed him again,

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and after that he went. She accompanied him to the top of the stairs and from thence showered blessings on his head, till she heard the lock of the door closed behind him. When he was altogether gone she unlocked an inner drawer in her desk, and, taking out an uncompleted roulean of gold, added her brother's sovereigns thereto. The sum he had given her was exactly wanted to make up the required number of twenty-five. She counted them half-a-dozen times, to be quite sure, and then rolled them carefully in paper, and sealed the little packet at each end. "Ah," she said, speaking to herself, "they are very nice. Nothing else English is nice, but only these." There were many rolls of money there before her in the drawer of the desk;—some ten, perhaps, or twelve. These she took out one after another, passing them lovingly through her fingers, looking at the little seals at the ends of each, weighing them in her hand as though to make sure that no wrong had been done to them in her absence, standing them up one against another to see that they were of the same length. We may be quite sure that Sophie Gordeloup brought no sovereigns with her to England when she came over with Lady Ongar after the earl's death, and that the hoard before her contained simply the plunder which she had collected during this her latest visit to the "accursed" country which she was going to leave.

But before she started she was resolved to make one more attempt upon that mine of wealth which, but a few weeks ago, had seemed to be open before her. She had learned from the servants in Bolton Street that Lady Ongar was with Lady Clavering, at Clavering Park, and she addressed a letter to her there. This letter she wrote in English, and she threw into her appeal all the pathos of which she was capable.—

Mount Street, October, 186—.

Dearest Julie,—I do not think you would wish me to go away from this country for ever,—for ever, without one word of farewell to her I love so fondly. Yes; I have loved you with all my heart,—and now I am going away,—for ever. Shall we not meet each other once, and have one embrace? No trouble will be too much to me for that. No journey will be too long. Only say, Sophie, come to you, Julie.

I must go, because I am so poor. Yes; I cannot live longer here without having the means. I am not ashamed to say to my Julie, who is rich, that I am poor. No; nor would I be ashamed to wait on my Julie like a slave if she would let me. My Julie was angry with me, because of my brother! Was it my fault that he came upon us in our little retreat, where we was so happy? Oh, no. I told him not to come. I knew his coming was for nothing,—nothing at all. I knew where was the heart of my Julie!—my poor Julie! But he was not worth that heart, and the pearl was thrown before a pig. But my brother—! Ah, he has ruined me. Why am I separated from my Julie but for him? Well; I can go away, and in my own countries there are those who will not wish to be separated from Sophie Gordeloup.

May I now tell my Julie in what condition is her poor friend? She will remember how it was that my feet brought me to England,—to England, to which I had said farewell for ever,—to England, where people must be rich like my Julie before they can eat and drink. I thought nothing then but of my Julie. I stopped not on the road to make merchandise,—what you call a bargain,—about my coming. No; I came at once, leaving all things,—my little affairs,—in confusion, because my

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Julie wanted me to come! It was in the winter. Oh, that winter! My poor bones shall never forget it. They are racked still with the pains which your savage winds have given them. And now it is autumn. Ten months have I been here, and I have eaten up my little substance. Oh, Julie, you, who are so rich, do not know what is the poverty of your Sophie!

A lawyer have told me,—not a French lawyer, but an English,—that somebody should pay me everything. He says the law would give it me. He have offered me the money himself,—just to let him make an action. But I have said,—No. No; Sophie will not have an action with her Julie. She would scorn that; and so the lawyer went away. But if my Julie will think of this, and will remember her Sophie,—how much she have expended, and now at last there is nothing left. She must go and beg among her friends. And why? Because she have loved her Julie too well. You, who are so rich, would miss it not at all. What would two,—three hundred pounds be to my Julie?

Shall I come to you? Say so; say so, and I will go at once, if I did crawl on my knees. Oh, what a joy to see my Julie! And do not think I will trouble you about money. No; your Sophie will be too proud for that. Not a word will I say, but to love you. Nothing will I do, but to print one kiss on my Julie's forehead, and then to retire for ever; asking God's blessing for her dear head.

Thine,—always thine,

SOPHIE.

Lady Ongar, when she received this letter, was a little perplexed by it, not feeling quite sure in what way she might best answer it. It was the special severity of her position that there was no one to whom, in such difficulties, she could apply for advice. Of one thing she was quite sure,—that, willingly, she would never again see her devoted Sophie. And she knew that the woman deserved no money from her; that she had deserved none, but had received much. Every assertion in her letter was false. No one had wished her to come, and the expense of her coming had been paid for her over and over again. Lady Ongar knew that she had money,—and knew also that she would have had immediate recourse to law, if any lawyer would have suggested to her with a probability of success that he could get more for her. No doubt she had been telling her story to some attorney, in the hope that money might thus be extracted, and had been dragging her Julie's name through the mud, telling all she knew of that wretched Florentine story. As to all that Lady Ongar had no doubt; and yet she wished to send the woman money!

There are services for which one is ready to give almost any amount of money payment,—if only one can be sure that that money payment will be taken as sufficient recompence for the service in question. Sophie Gordeloup had been useful. She had been very disagreeable,—but she had been useful. She had done things which nobody else could have done, and she had done her work well. That she had been paid for her work over and over again, there was no doubt; but Lady Ongar was willing to give her yet further payment, if only there might be an end of it. But she feared to do this, dreading the nature and cunning of the little woman,—lest she should take such payment as an acknowledgment of services for which secret compensation must be made,—and should then proceed to

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further threats. Thinking much of all this, Julie at last wrote to her Sophie as follows:—

Lady Ongar presents her compliments to Madame Gordeloup, and must decline to see Madame Gordeloup again after what has passed. Lady Ongar is very sorry to hear that Madame Gordeloup is in want of funds. Whatever assistance Lady Ongar might have been willing to afford, she now feels that she is prohibited from giving any by the allusion which Madame Gordeloup has made to legal advice. If Madame Gordeloup has legal demands on Lady Ongar which are said by a lawyer to be valid, Lady Ongar would strongly recommend Madame Gordeloup to enforce them.

Clavering Park, October, 186—.

This she wrote, acting altogether on her own judgment, and sent off by return of post. She almost wept at her own cruelty after the letter was gone, and greatly doubted her own discretion. But of whom could she have asked advice? Could she have told all the story of Madame Gordeloup to the rector or to the rector's wife? The letter no doubt was a discreet letter; but she greatly doubted her own discretion, and when she received her Sophie's rejoinder, she hardly dared to break the envelope.

Poor Sophie! Her Julie's letter nearly broke her heart. For sincerity little credit was due to her;—but some little was perhaps due. That she should be called Madame Gordeloup, and have compliments presented to her by the woman,—by the countess with whom and with whose husband she had been on such closely familiar terms, did in truth wound some tender feelings within her bosom. Such love as she had been able to give, she had given to her Julie. That she had always been willing to rob her Julie, to make a milch-cow of her Julie, to sell her Julie, to threaten her Julie, to quarrel with her Julie if aught might be done in that way,—to expose her Julie; nay, to destroy her Julie if money was to be so made;—all this did not hinder her love. She loved her Julie, and was broken-hearted that her Julie should have written to her in such a strain.

But her feelings were much more acute when she came to perceive that she had damaged her own affairs by the hint of a menace which she had thrown out. Business is business, and must take precedence of all sentiment and romance in this hard world in which bread is so necessary. Of that Madame Gordeloup was well aware. And therefore, having given herself but two short minutes to weep over her Julie's hardness, she applied her mind at once to the rectification of the error she had made. Yes; she had been wrong about the lawyer, certainly wrong. But then these English people were so pig-headed! A slight suspicion of a hint, such as that she had made, would have been taken by a Frenchman, by a Russian, by a Pole, as meaning no more than it meant. "But these English are bulls; the men and the women are all like bulls,—bulls!"

She at once sat down and wrote another letter; another in such an ecstasy of eagerness to remove the evil impressions which she had made, that she wrote it almost with the natural effusion of her heart.—

Dear Friend,—Your coldness kills me,—kills me! But perhaps I have deserved it. If I said there were legal demands I did deserve it. No; there are none. Legal

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lemands! Oh, no. What can your poor friend demand legally? The lawyer—he knows nothing; he was a stranger. It was my brother spoke to him. What should I do with a lawyer? Oh, my friend, do not be angry with your poor servant. I write now not to ask for money,—but for a kind word; for one word of kindness and love to your Sophie before she have gone for ever! Yes; for ever. Oh, Julie, oh, my angel; I would lie at your feet and kiss them if you were here.

Yours till death, even though you should still be hard to me,

SOPHIE.

To this appeal Lady Ongar sent no direct answer, but she commissioned Mr. Turnbull, her lawyer, to call upon Madame Gordeloup and pay to that lady one hundred pounds, taking her receipt for the same. Lady Ongar, in her letter to the lawyer, explained that the woman in question had been useful in Florence; and explained also that she might pretend that she had further claims. "If so," said Lady Ongar, "I wish you to tell her that she can prosecute them at law if she pleases. The money I now give her is a gratuity made for certain services rendered in Florence during the illness of Lord Ongar." This commission Mr. Turnbull executed, and Sophie Gordeloup, when taking the money, made no demand for any further payment.

Four days after this a little woman, carrying a very big bandbox in her hands, might have been seen to scramble with difficulty out of a boat in the Thames up the side of a steamer bound from thence for Boulogne. And after her there climbed up an active little man, who, with peremptory voice, repulsed the boatman's demand for further payment. He also had a bandbox on his arm,—belonging, no doubt, to the little woman. And it might have been seen that the active little man, making his way to the table at which the clerk of the boat was sitting, out of his own purse paid the passage-money for two passengers,—through to Paris. And the head and legs and neck of that little man were like to the head and legs and neck of — our friend Doodles, alias Captain Boodle, of Warwickshire.

CHAPTER XLVII.

SHOWING HOW THINGS SETTLED THEMSELVES AT THE RECTORY.

WHEN Harry's letter, with the tidings of the fate of his cousins, reached Florence at Stratton, the whole family was, not unnaturally, thrown into great excitement. Being slow people, the elder Burtons had hardly as yet realized the fact that Harry was again to be accepted among the Burton Penates as a pure divinity. Mrs. Burton, for some weeks past, had grown to be almost sublime in her wrath against him. That a man should live and treat her daughter as Florence was about to be treated! Had not her husband forbidden such a journey, as being useless in regard to the expenditure, she would have gone up to London that she might have told Harry what she thought of him. Then came the news that

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Harry was again a divinity,—an Apollo, whom the Burton Penates ought only to be too proud to welcome to a seat among them!

And now came this other news that this Apollo was to be an Apollo indeed! When the god first became a god again, there was still a cloud upon the minds of the elder Burtons as to the means by which the divinity was to be sustained. A god in truth, but a god with so very moderate an annual income;—unless indeed those old Burtons made it up to an extent which seemed to them to be quite unnatural! There was joy among the Burtons, of course, but the joy was somewhat dimmed by these reflections as to the slight means of their Apollo. A lover who was not an Apollo might wait; but, as they had learned already, there was danger in keeping such a god as this suspended on the tenter-hooks of expectation.

But now there came the further news! This Apollo of theirs had really a place of his own among the gods of Olympus. He was the eldest son of a man of large fortune, and would be a baronet! He had already declared that he would marry at once;—that his father wished him to do so, and that an abundant income would be forthcoming. As to his eagerness for an immediate marriage, no divinity in or out of the heavens could behave better. Old Mrs. Burton, as she went through the process of taking him again to her heart, remembered that that virtue had been his, even before the days of his backsliding had come. A warm-hearted, eager, affectionate divinity,—with only this against him, that he wanted some careful looking after in these, his unsettled days. "I really do think that he'll be as fond of his own fireside as any other man, when he has once settled down," said Mrs. Burton.

It will not, I hope, be taken as a blot on the character of this mother that she was much elated at the prospect of the good things which were to fall to her daughter's lot. For herself she desired nothing. For her daughters she had coveted only good, substantial, painstaking husbands, who would fear God and mind their business. When Harry Clavering had come across her path and had demanded a daughter from her, after the manner of the other young men who had learned the secrets of their profession at Stratton, she had desired nothing more than that he and Florence should walk in the path which had been followed by her sisters and their husbands. But then had come that terrible fear; and now have come these golden prospects. That her daughter should be Lady Clavering, of Clavering Park! She could not but be elated at the thought of it. She would not live to see it, but the consciousness that it would be so was pleasant to her in her old age. Florence had *ever been* regarded as the flower of the flock, and now she would be taken up into high places,—according to her deserts.

First had come the letter from Harry, and then, after an interval of a week, another letter from Mrs. Clavering, pressing her dear Florence to go to the parsonage. "We think that at present we all ought to be together," said Mrs. Clavering, "and therefore we want you to be with

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us." It was very flattering, "I suppose I ought to go, mamma?" said Florence. Mrs. Burton was of opinion that she certainly ought to go. "You should write to her ladyship at once," said Mrs. Burton, mindful of the change which had taken place. Florence, however, addressed her letter, as heretofore, to Mrs. Clavering, thinking that a mistake on that side would be better than a mistake on the other. It was not for her to be over-mindful of the rank with which she was about to be connected. "You won't forget your old mother now that you are going to be so grand?" said Mrs. Burton, as Florence was leaving her.

"You only say that to laugh at me," said Florence. "I expect no grandness, and I am sure you expect no forgetfulness."

The solemnity consequent upon the first news of the accident had worn itself off, and Florence found the family at the parsonage happy and comfortable. Mrs. Fielding was still there, and Mr. Fielding was expected again after the next Sunday. Fanny also was there, and Florence could see during the first half-hour that she was very radiant. Mr. Saul, however, was not there, and it may as well be said at once that Mr. Saul as yet knew nothing of his coming fortune. Florence was received with open arms by them all, and by Harry with arms which were almost too open. "I suppose it may be in about three weeks from now?" he said at the first moment in which he could have her to himself.

"Oh, Harry,—no," said Florence.

"No;—why no? That's what my mother proposes."

"In three weeks!—She could not have said that. Nobody has begun to think of such a thing yet at Stratton."

"They are so very slow at Stratton!"

"And you are so very fast at Clavering! But, Harry, we don't know where we are going to live."

"We should go abroad at first, I suppose."

"And what then? That would only be for a month or so."

"Only for a month? I mean for all the winter,—and the spring. Why not? One can see nothing in a month. If we are back for the shooting next year that would do,—and then of course we should come here. I should say next winter,—that is the winter after the next,—we might as well stay with them at the big house, and then we could look about us, you know. I should like a place near to this, because of the hunting!"

Florence, when she heard all this, became aware that in talking about a month she had forgotten herself. She had been accustomed to holidays of a month's duration,—and to honeymoon trips fitted to such vacations. A month was the longest holiday ever heard of in the Chambers in the Adelphi,—or at the house in Onslow Crescent. She had forgotten herself. It was not to be the lot of her husband to earn his bread, and fit himself to such periods as business might require. Then Harry went on describing the tour which he had arranged;—which as he said he only suggested. But it was quite apparent that in this matter he intended to be paramount.

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Florence indeed made no objection. To spend a fortnight in Paris;—to hurry over the Alps before the cold weather came; to spend a month in Florence, and then go on to Rome;—it would all be very nice. But she declared that it would suit the next year better than this.

"Suit ten thousand fiddlesticks," said Harry.

"But it is October now."

"And therefore there is no time to lose."

"I haven't a dress in the world but the one I have on, and a few others like it. Oh, Harry, how can you talk in that way?"

"Well, say four weeks then from now. That will make it the seventh of November, and we'll only stay a day or two in Paris. We can do Paris next year,—in May. If you'll agree to that, I'll agree."

But Florence's breath was taken away from her, and she could agree to nothing. She did agree to nothing till she had been talked into doing so by Mrs. Clavering.

"My dear," said her future mother-in-law, "what you say is undoubtedly true. There is no absolute necessity for hurrying. It is not an affair of life and death. But you and Harry have been engaged quite long enough now, and I really don't see why you should put it off. If you do as he asks you, you will just have time to make yourselves comfortable before the cold weather begins."

"But mamma will be so surprised."

"I'm sure she will wish it, my dear. You see Harry is a young man of that sort,—so impetuous I mean, you know, and so eager,—and so—you know what I mean,—that the sooner he is married the better. You can't but take it as a compliment, Florence, that he is so eager."

"Of course I do."

"And you should reward him. Believe me it will be best that it should not be delayed." Whether or no Mrs. Clavering had present in her imagination the possibility of any further danger that *might* result from Lady Ongar, I will not say, but if so, she altogether failed in communicating her idea to Florence.

"Then I must go home at once," said Florence, driven almost to bewail the terrors of her position.

"You can write home at once and tell your mother. You can tell her all that I say, and I am sure she will agree with me. If you wish it, I will write a line to Mrs. Burton myself." Florence said that she would wish it. "And we can begin, you know, to get your things ready here. People don't take so long about all that now-a-days as they used to do." When Mrs. Clavering had turned against her, Florence knew that she had no hope, and surrendered, subject to the approval of the higher authorities at Stratton. The higher authorities at Stratton approved also, of course, and Florence found herself fixed to a day with a suddenness that bewildered her. Immediately,—almost as soon as the consent had been extorted from her,—she began to be surrounded with incipient preparation for the

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event, as to which, about three weeks since, she had made up her mind that it would never come to pass.

On the second day of her arrival, in the privacy of her bedroom, Fanny communicated to her the decision of her family in regard to Mr. Saul. But she told the story at first as though this decision referred to the living only,—as though the rectory were to be conferred on Mr. Saul without any burden attached to it. "He has been here so long, dear," said Fanny, "and understands the people so well."

"I am so delighted," said Florence.

"I am sure it is the best thing papa could do;—that is if he quite makes up his mind to give up the parish himself."

This troubled Florence, who did not know that a baronet could hold a living.

"I thought he must give up being a clergyman now that Sir Hugh is dead?"

"O dear, no." And then Fanny, who was great on ecclesiastical subjects, explained it all. "Even though he were to be a peer, he could hold a living if he pleased. A great many baronets are clergymen, and some of them do hold preferments. As to papa, the doubt has been with him whether he would wish to give up the work. But he will preach sometimes, you know; though of course he will not be able to do that unless Mr. Saul lets him. No one but the rector has a right to his own pulpit except the bishop; and he can preach three times a year if he likes it."

"And suppose the bishop wanted to preach four times?"

"He couldn't do it; at least, I believe not. But you see he never wants to preach at all,—not in such a place as this,—so that does not signify."

"And will Mr. Saul come and live here, in this house?"

"Some day I suppose he will," said Fanny, blushing.

"And you, dear?"

"I don't know how that may be."

"Come, Fanny."

"Indeed I don't, Florence, or I would tell you. Of course Mr. Saul has asked me. I never had any secret with you about that; have I?"

"No; you were very good."

"Then he asked me again; twice again. And then there came,—oh, such a quarrel between him and papa. It was so terrible. Do you know, I believe they wouldn't speak in the vestry! Not but what each of them has the highest possible opinion of the other. But of course Mr. Saul couldn't marry on a curacy. When I think of it it really seems that he must have been mad."

"But you don't think him so mad now, dear?"

"He doesn't know a word about it yet; not a word. He hasn't been in the house since, and papa and he didn't speak,—not in a friendly way,

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—till the news came of poor Hugh's being drowned. Then he came up to papa, and, of course, papa took his hand. But he still thinks he is going away."

"And when is he to be told that he needn't go?"

"That is the difficulty. Mamma will have to do it, I believe. But what she will say, I'm sure I for one can't think."

"Mrs. Clavering will have no difficulty."

"You mustn't call her Mrs. Clavering."

"Lady Clavering then."

"That's a great deal worse. She's your mamma now,—not quite so much as she is mine, but the next thing to it."

"She'll know what to say to Mr. Saul."

"But what is she to say?"

"Well, Fanny,—you ought to know that. I suppose you do—love him?"

"I have never told him so."

"But you will?"

"It seems so odd. Mamma will have to —— Suppose he were to turn round and say he didn't want me?"

"That would be awkward."

"He would in a minute if that was what he felt. The idea of having the living would not weigh with him a bit."

"But when he was so much in love before, it won't make him out of love;—will it?"

"I don't know," said Fanny. "At any rate, mamma is to see him to-morrow, and after that I suppose;—I'm sure I don't know,—but I suppose he'll come to the rectory as he used to do."

"How happy you must be," said Florence, kissing her. To this Fanny made some unintelligible demur. It was undoubtedly possible that, under the altered circumstances of the case, so strange a being as Mr. Saul might have changed his mind.

There was a great trial awaiting Florence Burton. She had to be taken up to call on the ladies at the great house,—on the two widowed ladies who were still remaining there when she came to Clavering. It was only on the day before her arrival that Harry had seen Lady Ongar. He had thought much of the matter before he went across to the house, doubting whether it would not be better to let Julia go without troubling her with a further interview. But he had not then seen even Lady Clavering since the tidings of her bereavement had come, and he felt that it would not be well that he should let his cousin's widow leave Clavering without offering her his sympathy. And it might be better, also, that he should see Julia once again, if only that he might show himself capable of meeting her without the exhibition of any peculiar emotion. He went, therefore, to the house, and having asked for Lady Clavering, saw both the sisters together. He soon found that the presence of the younger one was a relief to him. Lady Clavering was so sad, and so peevish in her

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sadness,—so broken-spirited, so far as yet from recognizing the great enfranchisement that had come to her, that with her alone he would have found himself almost unable to express the sympathy which he felt. But with Lady Ongar he had no difficulty. Lady Ongar, her sister being with them in the room, talked to him easily, as though there had never been anything between them two to make conversation difficult. That all words between them should, on such an occasion as this, be sad, was a matter of course; but it seemed to Harry that Julia had freed herself from all the effects of that feeling which had existed between them, and that it would become him to do this as effectually as she had done it. Such an idea, at least, was in his mind for a moment; but when he left her she spoke one word which dispelled it. "Harry," she said, "you must ask Miss Burton to come across and see me. I hear that she is to be at the rectory to-morrow." Harry of course said that he would send her. "She will understand why I cannot go to her, as I should do,—but for poor Hermy's position. You will explain this, Harry." Harry, blushing up to his forehead, declared that Florence would require no explanation, and that she would certainly make the visit as proposed. "I wish to see her, Harry,—so much. And if I do not see her now, I may never have another chance."

It was nearly a week after this that Florence went across to the great house with Mrs. Clavering and Fanny. I think that she understood the nature of the visit she was called upon to make, and no doubt she trembled much at the coming ordeal. She was going to see her great rival,—her rival, who had almost been preferred to her,—nay, who had been preferred to her for some short space of time, and whose claims as to beauty and wealth were so greatly superior to her own. And this woman whom she was to see had been the first love of the man whom she now regarded as her own,—and would have been about to be his wife at this moment had it not been for her own treachery to him. Was she so beautiful as people said? Florence, in the bottom of her heart, wished that she might have been saved from this interview.

The three ladies from the rectory found the two ladies at the great house sitting together in the small drawing-room. Florence was so confused that she could hardly bring herself to speak to Lady Clavering, or so much as to look at Lady Ongar. She shook hands with the elder sister, and knew that her hand was then taken by the other. Julia at first spoke a very few words to Mrs. Clavering, and Fanny sat herself down beside Hermione. Florence took a chair at a little distance, and was left there for a few minutes without notice. For this she was very thankful, and by degrees was able to fix her eyes on the face of the woman whom she so feared to see, and yet on whom she so desired to look. Lady Clavering was a mass of ill-arranged widow's weeds. She had assumed in all its grotesque ugliness those paraphernalia of outward woe which women have been condemned to wear, in order that for a time they may be shorn of all the charms of their sex. Nothing could be more proper or unbecoming

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than the heavy, drooping, shapeless blackness in which Lady Clavering had enveloped herself. But Lady Ongar, though also a widow, though as yet a widow of not twelve months' standing, was dressed,—in weeds, no doubt,—but in weeds which had been so cultivated that they were as good as flowers. She was very beautiful. Florence owned to herself as she sat there in silence, that Lady Ongar was the most beautiful woman that she had ever seen. But hers was not the beauty by which, as she would have thought, Harry Clavering would have been attached. Lady Ongar's form, bust, and face were, at this period of her life, almost majestic; whereas the softness and grace of womanhood were the charms which Harry loved. He had sometimes said to Florence that, to his taste, Cecilia Burton was almost perfect as a woman. And there could be no contrast greater than that between Cecilia Burton and Lady Ongar. But Florence did not remember that the Julia Brabazon of three years' since had not been the same as the Lady Ongar whom now she saw.

When they had been there some minutes Lady Ongar came and sat beside Florence, moving her seat as though she were doing the most natural thing in the world. Florence's heart came to her mouth, but she made a resolution that she would, if possible, bear herself well. "You have been at Clavering before, I think?" said Lady Ongar. Florence said that she had been at the parsonage during the last Easter. "Yes,—I heard that you dined here with my brother-in-law." This she said in a low voice, having seen that Lady Clavering was engaged with Fanny and Mrs. Clavering. "Was it not terribly sudden?"

"Terribly sudden," said Florence.

"The two brothers! Had you not met Captain Clavering?"

"Yes,—he was here when I dined with your sister."

"Poor fellow! Is it not odd that they should have gone, and that their friend, whose yacht it was, should have been saved? They say, however, that Mr. Stuart behaved admirably, begging his friends to get into the boat first. He stayed by the vessel when the boat was carried away, and he was saved in that way. But he meant to do the best he could for them. There's no doubt of that."

"But how dreadful his feelings must be!"

"Men do not think so much of these things as we do. They have so much more to employ their minds. Don't you think so?" Florence did not at the moment quite know what she thought about men's feelings, but said that she supposed that such was the case. "But I think that after all they are juster than we are," continued Lady Ongar,—"juster and truer, though not so tender-hearted. Mr. Stuart, no doubt, would have been willing to drown himself to save his friends, because the fault was in some degree his. I don't know that I should have been able to do so much."

"In such a moment it must have been so difficult to think of what ought to be done."

"Yes, indeed; and there is but little good in speculating upon it

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now. You know this place, do you not;—the house, I mean, and the gardens?"

"Not very well." Florence, as she answered this question, began again to tremble. "Take a turn with me, and I will show you the garden. My hat and cloak are in the hall." Then Florence got up to accompany her, trembling very much inwardly. "Miss Burton and I are going out for a few minutes," said Lady Ongar, addressing herself to Mrs. Clavering. "We will not keep you waiting very long."

"We are in no hurry," said Mrs. Clavering. Then Florence was carried off, and found herself alone with her conquered rival.

"Not that there is much to show you," said Lady Ongar; "indeed nothing; but the place must be of more interest to you than to any one else; and if you are fond of that sort of thing, no doubt you will make it all that is charming."

"I am very fond of a garden," said Florence.

"I don't know whether I am. Alone, by myself, I think I should care nothing for the prettiest Eden in all England. I don't think I would care for a walk through the Elysian fields by myself. I am a chamelion, and take the colour of those with whom I live. My future colours will not be very bright as I take it. It's a gloomy place enough; is it not? But there are fine trees, you see, which are the only things which one cannot by any possibility command. Given good trees, taste and money may do anything very quickly; as I have no doubt you'll find."

"I don't suppose I shall have much to do with it—at present."

"I should think that you will have everything to do with it. There, Miss Burton; I brought you here to show you this very spot, and to make to you my confession here,—and to get from you, here, one word of confidence, if you will give it me." Florence was trembling now outwardly as well as inwardly. "You know my story; as far, I mean, as I had a story once, in conjunction with Harry Clavering?"

"I think I do," said Florence.

"I am sure you do," said Lady Ongar. "He has told me that you do; and what he says is always true. It was here, on this spot, that I gave him back his troth to me, and told him that I would have none of his love, because he was poor. That is barely two years ago. Now he is poor no longer. Now, had I been true to him, a marriage with him would have been, in a prudential point of view, all that any woman could desire. I gave up the dearest heart, the sweetest temper, ay, and the truest man that, that—— Well, you have won him instead, and he has been the gainer. I doubt whether I ever should have made him happy; but I know that you will do so. It was just here that I parted from him."

"He has told me of that parting," said Florence.

"I am sure he has. And, Miss Burton, if you will allow me to say one word further,—do not be made to think any ill of him because of what happened the other day."

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"I think no ill of him," said Florence proudly.

"That is well. But I am sure you do not. You are not one to think evil, as I take it, of anybody; much less of him whom you love. When he saw me again, free as I am, and when I saw him, thinking him also to be free, was it strange that some memory of old days should come back upon us? But the fault, if fault there has been, was mine."

"I have never said that there was any fault."

"No, Miss Burton; but others have said so. No doubt I am foolish to talk to you in this way; and I have not yet said that which I desired to say. It is simply this;—that I do not begrudge you your happiness. I wished the same happiness to be mine; but it is not mine. It might have been, but I forfeited it. It is past; and I will pray that you may enjoy it long. You will not refuse to receive my congratulations?"

"Indeed, I will not."

"Or to think of me as a friend of your husband's?"

"Oh, no."

"That is all then. I have shown you the gardens, and now we may go in. Some day, perhaps, when you are Lady Paramount here, and your children are running about the place, I may come again to see them;—if you and he will have me."

"I hope you will, Lady Ongar. In truth, I hope so."

"It is odd enough that I said to him once that I would never go to Clavering Park again till I went there to see his wife. That was long before those two poor brothers perished,—before I had ever heard of Florence Burton. And yet, indeed, it was not very long ago. It was since my husband died. But that was not quite true, for here I am, and he has not yet got a wife. But it was odd; was it not?"

"I cannot think what should have made you say that."

"A spirit of prophecy comes on one sometimes, I suppose. Well; shall we go in? I have shown you all the wonders of the garden, and told you all the wonders connected with it of which I know aught. No doubt there would be other wonders, more wonderful, if one could ransack the private history of all the Claverings for the last hundred years. I hope, Miss Burton, that any marvels which may attend your career here may be happy marvels." She then took Florence by the hand, and drawing close to her, stooped over and kissed her. "You will think me a fool, of course," said she; "but I do not care for that." Florence now was in tears, and could make no answer in words; but she pressed the hand which she still held, and then followed her companion back into the house. After that, the visit was soon brought to an end, and the three ladies from the rectory returned across the park to their house.

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CHAPTER XLVIII.

CONCLUSION.

FLORENCE BURTON had taken upon herself to say that Mrs. Clavering would have no difficulty in making to Mr. Saul the communication which was now needed before he could be received at the rectory, as the rector's successor and future son-in-law; but Mrs. Clavering was by no means so confident of her own powers. To her it seemed as though the undertaking which she had in hand, was one surrounded with difficulties. Her husband, when the matter was being discussed, at once made her understand that he would not relieve her by an offer to perform the task. He had been made to break the bad news to Lady Clavering, and, having been submissive in that matter, felt himself able to stand aloof altogether as to this more difficult embassy. "I suppose it would hardly do to ask Harry to see him again," Mrs. Clavering had said. "You would do it much better, my dear," the rector had replied. Then Mrs. Clavering had submitted in her turn; and when the scheme was fully matured, and the time had come in which the making of the proposition could no longer be delayed with prudence, Mr. Saul was summoned by a short note. "Dear Mr. Saul,—If you are disengaged would you come to me at the rectory at eleven to-morrow?—Yours ever, M. C." Mr. Saul of course said that he would come. When the to-morrow had arrived and breakfast was over, the rector and Harry took themselves off, somewhere about the grounds of the great house,—counting up their treasures of proprietorship, as we can fancy that men so circumstanced would do,—while Mary Fielding with Fanny and Florence retired upstairs, so that they might be well out of the way. They knew, all of them, what was about to be done, and Fanny behaved herself like a white lamb decked with bright ribbons for the sacrificial altar. To her it was a sacrificial morning,—very sacred, very solemn, and very trying to the nerves. "I don't think that any girl was ever in such a position before," she said to her sister. "A great many girls would be glad to be in the same position," Mrs. Fielding replied. "Do you think so? To me there is something almost humiliating in the idea that he should be asked to take me." "Fiddlestick, my dear," replied Mrs. Fielding.

Mr. Saul came, punctual as the church clock,—of which he had the regulating himself,—and was shown into the rectory dining-room, where Mrs. Clavering was sitting alone. He looked, as he ever did, serious, composed, ill-dressed, and like a gentleman. Of course he must have supposed that the present rector would make some change in his mode of living, and could not be surprised that he should have been summoned to the rectory;—but he was surprised that the summons should have come from Mrs. Clavering, and not from the rector himself. It appeared to him that the old enmity must be very enduring, if, even now, Mr.

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Clavering could not bring himself to see his curate on a matter of business.

"It seems a long time since we have seen you here, Mr. Saul," said Mrs. Clavering.

"Yes;—when I have remembered how often I used to be here, my absence has seemed long and strange."

"It has been a source of great grief to me."

"And to me, Mrs. Clavering."

"But, as circumstances then were, in truth it could not be avoided. Common prudence made it necessary. Don't you think so, Mr. Saul?"

"If you ask me I must answer, according to my own ideas. Common prudence should not have made it necessary,—at least not according to my view of things. Common prudence, with different people, means such different things! But I am not going to quarrel with your ideas of common prudence, Mrs. Clavering."

Mrs. Clavering had begun badly, and was aware of it. She should have said nothing about the past. She had foreseen, from the first, the danger of doing so; but had been unable to rush at once into the golden future. "I hope we shall have no more quarrelling at any rate," she said.

"There shall be none on my part. Only, Mrs. Clavering, you must not suppose from my saying so that I intend to give up my pretensions. A word from your daughter would make me do so, but no words from any one else."

"She ought to be very proud of such constancy on your part, Mr. Saul, and I have no doubt she will be." Mr. Saul did not understand this, and made no reply to it. "I don't know whether you have heard that Mr. Clavering intends to—give up the living."

"I have not heard it. I have thought it probable that he would do so."

"He has made up his mind that he will. The fact is, that if he held it, he must neglect either that or the property." We will not stop at this moment to examine what Mr. Saul's ideas must have been as to the exigencies of the property, which would leave no time for the performance of such clerical duties as had fallen for some years past to the share of the rector himself. "He hopes that he may be allowed to take some part in the services,—but he means to resign the living."

"I suppose that will not much affect me for the little time that I have to remain?"

"We think it will affect you,—and hope that it may. Mr. Clavering wishes you to accept the living."

"To accept the living?" And for a moment even Mr. Saul looked as though he were surprised.

"Yes, Mr. Saul."

"To be rector of Clavering?"

"If you see no objection to such an arrangement."

"It is a most munificent offer,—but as strange as it is munificent.

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Unless indeed——" And then some glimpse of the truth made its way into the chinks of Mr. Saul's mind.

"Mr. Clavering would, no doubt, have made the offer to you himself, had it not been that I can, perhaps, speak to you about dear Fanny better than he could do. Though our prudence has not been quite to your mind, you can at any rate understand that we might very much object to her marrying you when there was nothing for you to live on, even though we had no objection to yourself personally."

"But Mr. Clavering did object on both grounds."

"I was not aware that he had done so; but, if so, no such objection is now made by him,—or by me. My idea is that a child should be allowed to consult her own heart, and to indulge her own choice,—provided that in doing so she does not prepare for herself a life of indigence, which must be a life of misery; and of course providing also that there be no strong personal objection."

"A life of indigence need not be a life of misery," said Mr. Saul, with that obstinacy which formed so great a part of his character.

"Well, well."

"I am very indigent, but I am not at all miserable. If we are to be made miserable by that, what is the use of all our teaching?"

"But, at any rate, a competence is comfortable."

"Too comfortable!" As Mr. Saul made this exclamation, Mrs. Clavering could not but wonder at her daughter's taste. But the matter had gone too far now for any possibility of receding.

"You will not refuse it, I hope, as it will be accompanied by what you say you still desire."

"No; I will not refuse it. And may God give her and me grace so to use the riches of this world that they become not a stumbling-block to us, and a rock of offence. It is possible that the camel should be made to go through the needle's eye. It is possible."

"The position, you know, is not one of great wealth."

"It is to me, who have barely hitherto had the means of support. Will you tell your husband from me that I will accept, and endeavour not to betray the double trust he proposes to confer on me. It is much that he should give to me his daughter. She shall be to me bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh. If God will give me his grace thereto, I will watch over her, so that no harm shall come nigh her. I love her as the apple of my eye; and I am thankful,—very thankful that the rich gift should be made to me."

"I am sure that you love her, Mr. Saul."

"But," continued he, not marking her interruption, "that other trust is one still greater, and requiring a more tender care and even a closer sympathy. I shall feel that the souls of these people will be, as it were, in my hand, and that I shall be called upon to give an account of their welfare. I will strive,—I will strive. And she, also, will be with me, to help me."

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When Mrs. Clavering described this scene to her husband, he shook his head; and there came over his face a smile, in which there was much of melancholy, as he said, "Ah, yes,—that is all very well now. He will settle down as other men do, I suppose, when he has four or five children around him." Such were the ideas which the experience of the outgoing and elder clergyman taught him to entertain as to the ecstatic piety of his younger brother.

It was Mrs. Clavering who suggested to Mr. Saul that perhaps he would like to see Fanny. This she did when her story had been told, and he was preparing to leave her. "Certainly, if she will come to me."

"I will make no promise," said Mrs. Clavering, "but I will see." Then she went upstairs to the room where the girls were sitting, and the sacrificial lamb was sent down into the drawing-room. "I suppose if you say so, mamma——"

"I think, my dear, that you had better see him. You will meet then more comfortably afterwards." So Fanny went into the drawing-room, and Mr. Saul was sent to her there. What passed between them all readers of these pages will understand. Few young ladies, I fear, will envy Fanny Clavering her lover; but they will remember that Love will still be lord of all; and they will acknowledge that he had done much to deserve the success in life which had come in his way.

It was long before the old rector could reconcile himself either to the new rector or his new son-in-law. Mrs. Clavering had now so warmly taken up Fanny's part, and had so completely assumed a mother's interest in her coming marriage, that Mr. Clavering, or Sir Henry, as we may now call him, had found himself obliged to abstain from repeating to her the wonder with which he still regarded his daughter's choice. But to Harry he could still be eloquent on the subject. "Of course it's all right now," he said. "He's a very good young man, and nobody would work harder in the parish. I always thought I was very lucky to have such an assistant. But upon my word I cannot understand Fanny; I cannot indeed."

"She has been taken by the religious side of her character," said Harry.

"Yes, of course. And no doubt it is very gratifying to me to see that she thinks so much of religion. It should be the first consideration with all of us at all times. But she has never been used to men like Mr. Saul."

"Nobody can deny that he is a gentleman."

"Yes; he is a gentleman. God forbid that I should say he was not; especially now that he is going to marry your sister. But—— I don't know whether you quite understand what I mean?"

"I think I do. He isn't quite one of our sort."

"How on earth she can ever have brought herself to look at him in that light!"

"There's no accounting for tastes, sir. And, after all, as he's to have the living, there will be nothing to regret."

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"No; nothing to regret. I suppose he'll be up at the other house occasionally. I never could make anything of him when he dined at the rectory; perhaps he'll be better there. Perhaps, when he's married, he'll get into the way of drinking a glass of wine like anybody else. Dear Fanny; I hope she'll be happy. That's everything." In answer to this Harry took upon himself to assure his father that Fanny would be happy; and then they changed the conversation, and discussed the alterations which they would make in reference to the preservation of pheasants.

Mr. Saul and Fanny remained long together on that occasion, and when they parted he went off about his work, not saying a word to any other person in the house, and she betook herself as fast as her feet could carry her to her own room. She said not a word either to her mother, or to her sister, or to Florence as to what had passed at that interview; but, when she was first seen by any of them, she was very grave in her demeanour, and very silent. When her father congratulated her, which he did with as much cordiality as he was able to assume, she kissed him and thanked him for his care and kindness; but even this she did almost solemnly. "Ah, I see how it is to be," said the old rector to his wife. "There are to be no more cakes and ale in the parish." Then his wife reminded him of what he himself had said of the change which would take place in Mr. Saul's ways when he should have a lot of children running about his feet. "Then I can only hope that they'll begin to run about very soon," said the old rector.

To her sister, Mary Fielding, Fanny said little or nothing of her coming marriage, but to Florence, who, as regarded that event, was in the same position as herself, she frequently did express her feelings,—declaring how awful to her was the responsibility of the thing she was about to do. "Of course that's quite true," said Florence, "but it doesn't make one doubt that one is right to marry."

"I don't know," said Fanny. "When I think of it, it does almost make me doubt."

"Then if I were Mr. Saul I would not let you think of it at all."

"Ah;—that shows that you do not understand him. He would be the first to advise me to hesitate if he thought that,—that—that;—I don't know that I can quite express what I mean."

"Under those circumstances Mr. Saul won't think that,—that—that—that——"

"Oh, Florence, it is too serious for laughing. It is indeed." Then Florence also hoped that a time might come, and that shortly, in which Mr. Saul might moderate his views,—though she did not express herself exactly as the rector had done.

Immediately after this Florence went back to Stratton, in order that she might pass what remained to her of her freedom with her mother and father, and that she might prepare herself for her wedding. The affair with her was so much hurried that she had hardly time to give her mind

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to those considerations which were weighing so heavily on Fanny's mind. It was felt by all the Burtons,—especially by Cecilia,—that there was no for extension of their views in regard to millinery, seeing that Florence was to marry the eldest son and heir of a baronet. And old Mrs. Burton was awed almost into quiescence by the reflections which came upon her when she thought of the breakfast, and of the presence of Sir Henry Clavering. She at once summoned her daughter-in-law from Ramsgate to her assistance, and felt that all her experience, gathered from the wedding breakfasts of so many elder daughters, would hardly carry her through the difficulties of the present occasion.

The two widowed sisters were still at the great house when Sir Henry Clavering with Harry and Fanny went to Stratton, but they left it on the following day. The father and son went up together to bid them farewell on the eve of their departure, and to press upon them, over and over again, the fact that they were still to regard the Claverings of Clavering Park as their nearest relations and friends. The elder sister simply cried when this was said to her,—cried easily with plenteous tears, till the weeds which enveloped her seemed to be damp from the ever-running fountain. Hitherto, to weep had been her only refuge; but I think that even this had already become preferable to her former life. Lady Ongar assured Sir Henry, or Mr. Clavering, as he was still called till after their departure,—that she would always remember and accept his kindness. "And you will come to us?" said he. "Certainly; when I can make Hermy come. She will be better when the summer is here. And then after that, we will think about it." On this occasion she seemed to be quite cheerful herself, and bade Harry farewell with all the frank affection of an old friend.

"I have given up the house in Bolton Street," she said to him.

"And where do you mean to live?"

"Anywhere; just as it may suit Hermy. What difference does it make? We are going to Tenby now, and though Tenby seems to me to have as few attractions as any place I ever knew, I daresay we shall stay there, simply because we shall be there. That is the consideration which weighs most with such old women as we are. Good-by, Harry."

"Good-by, Julia. I hope that I may yet see you,—you and Hermy, happy before long."

"I don't know much about happiness, Harry. There comes a dream of it sometimes,—such as you have got now. But I will answer for this: you shall never hear of my being down-hearted. At least not on my own account," she added in a whisper. "Poor Hermy may sometimes drag me down. But I will do my best. And, Harry, tell your wife that I shall write to her occasionally,—once a year, or something like that; so that she need not be afraid. Good-by, Harry."

"Good-by, Julia." And so they parted.

Immediately on her arrival at Tenby, Lady Ongar communicated to Mr. Turnbull her intention of giving back to the Courton family, not only

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the place called Ongar Park, but also the whole of her income with the exception of eight hundred a year, so that in that respect she might be equal to her sister. This brought Mr. Turnbull down to Tenby, and there was interview after interview between the countess and the lawyer. The proposition, however, was made to the Courtons, and was absolutely refused by them. Ongar Park was accepted on behalf of the mother of the present earl; but as regarded the money, the widow of the late earl was assured by the elder surviving brother that no one doubted her right to it, or would be a party to accepting it from her. "Then," said Lady Ongar, "it will accumulate in my hands, and I can leave it as I please in my will."

"As to that, no one can control you," said her brother-in-law—who went to Tenby to see her; "but you must not be angry, if I advise you not to make any such resolution. Such hoards never have good results." This good result, however, did come from the effort which the poor broken-spirited woman was making,—that an intimacy, and at last a close friendship, was formed between her and the relatives of her deceased lord.

And now my story is done. My readers will easily understand what would be the future life of Harry Clavering and his wife after the completion of that tour in Italy, and the birth of the heir,—the preparations for which made the tour somewhat shorter than Harry had intended. His father, of course, gave up to him the shooting, and the farming of the home farm,—and after a while, the management of the property. Sir Henry preached occasionally,—believing himself to preach much oftener than he did,—and usually performed some portion of the morning service.

"Oh, yes," said Theodore Burton, in answer to some comfortable remark from his wife; "Providence has done very well for Florence. And Providence has done very well for him also;—but Providence was making a great mistake when she expected him to earn his bread."

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British Admirals and their Biographers.

It has been observed, and, we think, with justice, that considering the enormous mass of books existing in our libraries, and receiving continual additions, the *necessary* part of literature is very badly provided for. We ought, surely, to have abundance of good histories of England, and of the great nations of the Continent; good histories and manuals of English literature and English institutions; lives of all our great characters—statesmen, divines, soldiers, sailors, and men of letters, science and art. And these ought to attain a certain standard, both of knowledge and style, which should raise them above the rank of compilations and school-books, and enable them to engage the affections of the nation far and wide. Yet, while the literature of luxury is fairly enough done, this true educational literature in the highest sense is sadly deficient. The daily bread, as distinct from the fancy bread, of knowledge, is generally unpalatable, and sometimes unwholesome.

What, for instance, is more characteristically English than the Navy? But what is worse represented in our national libraries? There is, perhaps, only one book suggested to our literature by our navy, and altogether worthy of both,—Southey's *Life of Nelson*. It is a delightful and elevated work of art, full of noble feeling expressed in noble language. Nor is it Southey's only contribution to the general subject. He wrote a *Naval History of England* for the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, which comes down as far as the death of Raleigh, and which ranks high above all ordinary histories of the profession in tone and knowledge and style. Indeed, it has a general as well as a maritime value. Nevertheless, it does not reach the mark of his *Nelson*, one of the finest biographies in literature; and for minute detailed information regarding a great deal of the period with which Southey deals, we have to go to Sir Harris Nicolas. That excellent antiquary stands towards the navy amongst antiquaries just as Southey stands towards it amongst men of letters. Not only did he edit Nelson's *Dispatches and Letters*, and thus accumulate an invaluable and unique store of material for the comprehension of Nelson's character and career; he was the first man to seek,—not in the chronicles only which had been examined, but in the records which had never been,—for the facts about the early growth and early organization of the naval service; the commissions of the mediæval admirals; the sizes of vessels and crews; their pay, provisions, and all the rest of it. His knowledge as a genealogist stood him in good stead when De Burghs, D'Albinis, Turbervilles, Botetourts, Bohuns, and Montacutes were to be dealt with. But, as might be expected, his valuable work is very dry,—dry as the "remainder-bisket" of the

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g-forgotten vessels,—"galleys, galliasses, long ships, great ships, and s," concerning which he is so instructively erudite. With regard to er general histories, we may fairly assume that no reader ever meddles h the venerable Lediard, or the sober Charnock; while James and ptain Brenton confine themselves to that last great war, which is, indeed, sufficiently large subject for most writers, and in which Brenton had sonally served. Campbell's *Lives of the Admirals* went through several tions in the last century, and is a fair piece of work, done with consi-able spirit and skill. This was the Campbell of whom Dr. Johnson d that, "though he never went to church, he never passed a church hout taking off his hat;" "which shows," added the charitable doctor, hat his principles are good." As one of the few Scotsmen of whom hnson ever spoke with respect, Campbell had probably a good deal in n. But he was one of those prosperous handicraftsmen of literature, thout genius or originality, whose books live only as raw material for the oks of higher minds; and all that is good in his *Lives of the Admirals* s been absorbed long since. Had we the *Lives of the Admirals* done as ll as Johnson's own *Lives of the Poets*, what a beloved batch of volumes ey would be in every English home! But not one person in a hundred ows where to look for biographies of even the most familiar sea names—ch as Rodney, Jervis, and Howe. The task of executing them fell into e hands of relations and friends. They owe their value not to their erary merit, but to extracts from family papers and private anecdotes; d their very titles rarely reach the ears of any but special inquirers into e subject. We shall point out the claims of the best of them that have llen in our own way in the course of the present paper,—which we ropose to devote to a brief review of the different schools of admirals at the history of this nation has produced.

We venture, then, to divide those great sea officers into feudal dmirals, Elizabethan admirals, Commonwealth admirals, and admirals f the eighteenth century. A family likeness can be traced in the men f each group. The epochs to which each group belongs are the greatest pochs in our nautical story. And any varieties of type existing within he divisions, or any subdivisions that may be necessary, will be best ndicated in their own proper part of the sketch.

The feudal admirals were, of course, nothing but the barons of their ifferent generations serving afloat. It took hundreds of years to form nything like a standing navy, or a distinct class of naval officers; and the osition of the admiral in early times was undefined. The first commis-ion to an admiral has been printed by Sir Harris Nicolas. It was ranted by Edward I. to one Gervase Alard, in 1303, and made him 'captain and admiral of the fleet and ships of the Cinque Ports, and of ll other ports from the port of Dover, and of the whole county of Corn-wall." The Cinque Ports were Hastings, Winchelsea, Romney, Hythe, Dover, and Sandwich. They were bound to furnish the king with fifty-seven ships, 1,140 men, and fifty-seven boys; and their barons undertook

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to do service for fifteen days at their own expense. The admiral was thus not only the commander of a feudal naval militia,—the king having power to press ships, as well as seamen, when he needed them,—but he was a keeper or governor of the sea-coast. Hence he is called sometimes captain and governor, for it was only gradually that "admiral," after being united as a title to "captain," came to over-top it. And great barons were put in the post, as in other important posts, because their personal influence and power added weight to their authority. The ships were *sailed*, meanwhile, under their orders, by a *rector*, or master; while they conducted the fighting with weapons similar to those which were used on land. Very good and successful the fighting was. A wiseacre recently made our claim to naval supremacy date from the battle of La Hogue. But England was as victorious at sea in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries as ever she was in the seventeenth and eighteenth. The battle of Damme in 1213, the defeat of the French fleet near Dover in 1217, and the great victory at Sluys in 1340, were so many early Camperdowns and Niles. At Sluys especially, Edward the Third, Sir William Clinton, and the other great warriors of that age, had 250 vessels under them; they destroyed 200 sail of the enemy, and killed 25,000 Frenchmen and Genoese, allies of the French. Edward's despatch is still extant, and is the earliest naval despatch on record. He also, ten years afterwards, defeated a Spanish squadron at sea; and his subjects hailed him as King of the Sea. How early we claimed the "honour of the flag," as it was called, and made other nations "dip" their flags to us, does not appear. But it was already a claim, known and resented, when Holland became a naval power; and we insisted on it, and carried it against that great seafaring nation,—the toughest antagonists we ever had,—in the seventeenth century.

There was probably little distinctively *naval* about the feudal admirals. Thus, Edward the Third's admiral, Sir William Clinton (afterwards Earl of Huntingdon), had been present at the battle of Halidon. But if the naval officer proper had not yet been formed, so neither had the military officer proper. All gentlemen were supposed to be able to command at a fight, whether by land or sea; and they led archers and battleaxe-men and lance-men as readily in one-masted galleys over the waves, as across the plains of Picardy or through the vineyards of Aquitaine. The formation of professional types of character demands the exclusive pursuit of a profession by one section of the community, and the comparative isolation of that section from the rest of the world. The common seaman of Chaucer's time was evidently as distinct a personage as his successor is now, and we daresay the same thing was true of his ancestor in Alfred's reign. But the admiral took a long time to ripen, and under the Plantagenets we can only dimly conceive him as a baron on a cruise, with his shield hanging over the bulwarks, with his armour on board, and with minstrels who played in fine weather on the upper deck. One of Froissart's anecdotes gives a striking incident of the old saltwater chivalrous life. A

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night, he says, with his mail on, climbed up the rigging, but missing his ooting, fell into the sea, and sank instantly with a rush. There was no ccasion for a gentleman of that period to be buried with the help of hot and of the sail-maker,—who, by the way, used to put the last few titches of the needle through the deceased's nose. He carried his sea-offin ready made about with him.

But with the progress of invention and the discovery of the Americas, he whole naval life of the country took a wider basis. The introduction f cannon into ships, which belongs to the latter part of the fifteenth entury as far as the Northern nations are concerned, made larger ships ecessary; and the vast increase of ocean commerce bred a new race of eamen, while the general culture of the age turned the thoughts of ducated sea-adventurers to the theoretical improvement of the profession. Henry VIII. did a good deal to strengthen and organize the navy, which ad been neglected under the later Plantagenets and during the Wars of he Roses. So, when we come to the Elizabethan admirals, we find them eginning to acquire the definite characteristics of the gentlemen-seamen, he true naval officers of a later age. There were two main types of Elizabethan admirals, differing from each other in all but the great ssentials of valour, patriotism, and capability. The first division comrised the more properly royal-naval men—noblemen and gentlemen not lways strictly bred to the sea, but who often served afloat early, and who ertainly served afloat a good deal. In them we have the intermediate ink between the feudal and the modern admiral. Such a man was Lord Charles Howard of Effingham, afterwards Earl of Nottingham and Lord High Admiral of England, who commanded in chief against the Spanish Armada. The Howards have produced more good naval men than any ouse in the peerage; and Charles Howard's father, William, first Lord Howard of Effingham, had also been an admiral. Under this father the on was bred, both by land and sea, and was still a young man when he distinguished himself in the suppression of the rising of the Northern earls. n command of a squadron in 1569, he forced a Spanish fleet to acknowedge the English sovereignty of the seas by the usual compliment; and e succeeded the Earl of Lincoln as Lord High Admiral in 1585. The urse of Elizabeth's government was its niggardliness,—a parsimony arried beyond meanness into crime. On one occasion he was directed o pay off four of his largest ships, when he wrote back that they were eally necessary, and that he would prefer to keep them at his own xpense. "This was no empty show of disinterested zeal," says Southey, is best biographer; "for if the service of these ships had not been alled for, there can be little doubt that he would have been called upon o pay the costs." During the noble running fight with the Armada up Channel, from the Lizard to Calais Roads, Howard spent a whole night n the middle of the Spaniards; and though his sea-experience was rifling compared with that of some commanders in the fleet, there was nly one opinion as to his admirable leadership. Of similar stamp to this

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grandee were his comrade Lord Henry Seymour, and his contemporary Sir William Monson, author of the valuable *Naval Tracts*. In thinking of them, and of the higher sea-adventurers of that great time, soldiers, sailors, men of science, letters, commerce, all in one, such as the Willoughbys, Raleighs, Gilberts, and Cliffords, we picture to ourselves a group of stately gentlemen of grave appearance, given to poring over maps and handling mathematical instruments, and loving to discuss the philosophy of sea-affairs, and the build and government of the big ships of the Spaniard. But there was another and a ruder race of men among the Elizabethan admirals, men bred to the sea in the humblest occupations, and who had fought their way to knighthood and naval rank in this aristocratic age in a manner which is no longer possible in our own. They were a tough, homely, sun-burnt breed, capable of abusing each other like bargees about a disputed lump of prize-money; and slave-dealing, and something very like piracy from the point of view of maritime law, were amongst the incidents of their wild and wandering experience. But these Drakes * and Hawkinses—Devonshiremen—and Frobisher, the Yorkshireman, were seamen proper, nursed upon the wave, and fighters of indomitable vigour, who much loved England and much hated Spain. The hatred of Spain was part of a seaman's religion in those days—a tar being a Protestant of exemplary fidelity. He thought that plundering a galleon was robbing the Devil; and, of course, if after beating down Satan, Satan's pockets turned out to be full of dollars, so much the better.

Great men come in crops, and at intervals—like the apples or wheat of "good years." Thus, there was a fine crop of admirals in the age of Edward III., another in that of Elizabeth, and another in that of the Commonwealth. We cannot say that nothing was done for the navy in the intervening periods, however. On the contrary, the Stuarts encouraged ship-building; and whereas the largest man-of-war of Elizabeth's fleet was one of 1,100 tons, the marine architects, the Petts, built a much finer vessel for James, and for Charles a three-decker, the *Sovereign of the Seas*, the tonnage of which was 1,637. Charles not only increased and strengthened the navy, but improved the position of the seamen; and was proportionately astonished when he found that they did not take his part against the Parliament. They were not ferocious politicians. They had, however, what Clarendon calls "frantic jealousies of bringing in foreign forces," or what we prefer to call a well-grounded apprehension of and dislike for the employment of strangers to settle a national quarrel. This feeling, and their always strongly-marked Protestantism, agitated, no doubt, by rumours of the doings of Laud and Co., made the navy a good subject for Parliamentary handling. Accordingly, early in 1642, the Parliament contrived to get an admiral of its own—Rich, Lord Warwick, a Presbyterian

* There is a *Life of Drake*, by the younger Barrow, which is heavy, but contains important original documents.

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—into the command of the fleet, with the permission of the Lord High Admiral the Earl of Northumberland—for the head of the Percys was a Roundhead! The king never recovered from this well-planted blow. His first emotion was sulkiness, and he let it be known that he did not want *his* friends to serve under Warwick; so he lost any chance he might have had of their bringing the affections of the men back to him, and Parliament made Batten, a good seaman, sprung from the people, and popular in his sympathies, vice-admiral. Before the year was out the fleet chased a vessel that was bringing ammunition from the queen in Holland; and Charles thought it was time to get the navy into his own hands. But it was too late. He revoked Northumberland's commission, and sent Sir John Pennington down to the coast to supersede Warwick. Parliament, however, got the start of him. Warwick assembled the captains, and the only two of them who were for sticking to the king were disarmed by their own men and sent up prisoners to London. During the Civil War the fleet kept the Channel for the Parliament, and helped its cause in the seaport towns as opportunity offered.

The most famous admirals of this period were Sir William Penn, Vice-Admiral Batten, Sir John Lawson, and Sir George Ascue, who were all overshadowed by the landsman and dragoon Blake, though he did not go to sea till he was in his fiftieth year. Penn, who is far less known than his son the famous Quaker, had been bred in the merchant-service, and there is a good anecdote *àpropos* of that in the *Diary* of Pepys, who hated him and toadied him with equal fervour.

"Attended the king and council," says Pepys, "in a business to be heard about the value of a ship . . . and it was pretty to observe how Sir W. Pen, making use of this argument against the validity of an oath against the king being made by the master's mate of a ship, who was but a fellow of about twenty-three years of age, the master of the ship against whom we pleaded did say that he did think himself at that age capable of being master's mate of any ship, and did know that *Sir W. Pen was so himself, and in no better degree at that age himself;* which word did strike Sir William mad, and made him open his mouth no more; and *I saw the king and the Duke of York wink at one another at it.*"

This is only a moderate specimen of the spite of Pepys—for the old gossip was both servile and spiteful. But Sir William Penn's antecedents and great services receive ample justice in the biography of that accomplished scholar, his descendant, Mr. Granville Penn—far the best Life we have of any seventeenth-century admiral. Sir William was present at the bloodiest battles with the Dutch, both under the Commonwealth and the Restoration, and acquitted himself well against the first seaman of the age—Tromp. Battles won from Tromp were won by the downright pluck of our bluejackets rather than by skill; but Penn distinguished himself in them—both with Blake for a colleague, and without him. In character Penn seems to have been essentially a man of the world, though while he was on the Puritan side, and everybody talked Puritanism, he used the language

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of the hour,—from habit and contact probably, as much as from interest. Batten is described by Clarendon as "furious in the new fancies of religion;" and certainly, the characteristic *note* of the Commonwealth admirals is the strong tinge of Puritanism to which Clarendon is here referring. The Elizabethans were religious in habit of mind, even the wildest of them; but the feeling had intensified itself in the later men: while its intellectual relations were narrower, and a certain asperity was given to it by the political struggle with which it was mixed up. Blake is emphatically the Puritan admiral. In rigidity of life, soberness of speech, and punctuality of religious ordinances, a ship under Blake was like a regiment under Cromwell. He stands alone, too, in naval history, as the greatest landsman who ever acquired renown at sea. But there are also traits of character about Blake such as are not preserved of others of the school. He was no mere "tarpawlin,"—to use the favourite phrase of that time,—like Batten or Lawson, but kept up through life the classical literature which he had cultivated at Wadham College; and rather liked it to be known that he was not the worst scholar of the period for the matter of that! This is a strong symptom that Blake was no fanatic, the sour stomach of the fanatic being too queasy to bear the good old Falernian. In politics, too, he had more liberality than others of his party. He was opposed to the king's execution. He served Cromwell, as he had served the Council of State, rather as an Englishman than a Cromwellian; and his memorable *dictum* is well known, that his business was "to keep foreigners from fooling us." In private life, he loved his native Somersetshire, its men, its fruit, and its cheeses, and had specimens of all on board his vessel; and he did his best to make the hard life of the sailors beneath him human and comfortable. Such was the Puritan admiral, who defeated Tromp in our own waters, and Rupert in the Mediterranean; who brought the Dey of Algiers to reason, and the echo of whose cannon on the shores of Italy startled the Vatican; and whose last exploit was to storm Santa Cruz, and destroy a Spanish squadron protected by batteries.

Blake died before the Restoration, but Penn and Lawson lived to serve under it, and to defeat the Dutch as they had defeated them before; and Lawson was killed in the great battle with Opdam in 1665. Unfortunately, some other naval incidents of Charles II.'s reign are equally remembered. In 1667, the Dutch came to the Nore, and going up the Medway, took the *Royal Charles*, the stern of which may still be seen by the British tourist in the Naval Museum at the Hague. Pepys was in a fearful state of agitation at this time, as well he might be. "Lord! to see how backwardly things do move!" he exclaims; and he sent his wife and father out of town with 1,300*l.* in gold in their night-bag. Pepys also notes the characteristic fact that "the night the Dutch burned our ships, the King did sup with my lady Castlemaine at the Duchess of Monmouth's . . . . and they were all mad in hunting of a poor moth." (*Diary*, vol. iv. p. 86.)

Generals, as well as admirals, were still appointed at this time to the

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command of fleets, and naval rank was still in a fluctuating and unformed condition. But the last great men who rose from the merchant service belonged to the generation which we have now reached, that of Benbow and Sir Cloudesley Shovel, who were first employed by Charles II. or James, and then by William, and whose exploits ushered in the eighteenth century. Benbow is first heard of in command of a well-armed merchantman in the Mediterranean, and the earliest anecdote we have of him, would hardly be credible on any less authority than that of his son-in-law, Paul Calton, Esq., who lived to tell it to Campbell, author of *Lives of the Admirals*. It seems that Benbow was attacked by a Sallee rover, which he captured; and that he cut off the Moors' heads and put them into a tub of pork-pickle. Going ashore at Cadiz, with a man following him who carried these pickled heads in a sack, he naturally attracted the attention of a customs' officer, who demanded a sight of the sack's contents. This Benbow would not grant: so he was taken before the magistrates of the city, where, having described his property as "provisions for my own use," he sternly exposed it to view on the table. The astonishment of the Spaniards was accompanied by keen admiration. The story was carried to the King of Spain, who recommended Benbow to the attention of James II.; and the grim nautical wag got the command of a man-of-war. He turned out an excellent officer, shrewd, blunt and brave; and was thoroughly appreciated by William III., who at last sent him as vice-admiral to the West Indies. There he fell in with a French squadron in 1702. In the action which ensued, two of Benbow's captains behaved so ill that they were afterwards put to death by sentence of a court-martial. The French escaped; and Benbow, whose leg had been shattered by a chain-shot, and who would not go below, died of his wounds at Jamaica. By some accident of fortune, *his* name rather than that of other admirals of a similar kidney became a synonym for all that was oldest of "the old school." And though every generation became in its turn an old school, and left its solemn warning that "the service was going to the devil" in the hands of its successors, still a peculiar association, now become chiefly humorous, attaches to the name of Benbow, even yet. The smell of that remarkable "pork-pickle" of his hung about the navy for generations, till dispelled by the eau-de-Cologne and other perfumes on sale at the shop of Zarb of Strada St. Giovanni, Malta, and elsewhere. There is no such queer story about Sir Cloudesley Shovel, one of the victors of La Hogue; but Addison's remark on the bad taste of adorning him with a fine wig on his monument in the Abbey, shows the general impression that he, too, was a rough old hero of the true primæval breed. He was lost on the Scilly Isles, soon after the death of Benbow.

The celebrated admirals of the eighteenth century were usually men of better condition than the majority of their predecessors; and they also entered the navy young. Boscawen was of old Cornish pedigree; Hawke was the son of a barrister; Anson was of a landed house in Staffordshire;

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Byron (the poet's grandfather) and Keppel were sons of peers; Howe inherited an Irish peerage, and had been to Eton; Jervis was of respectable Staffordshire connections; Rodney came of a long line of gentlemen, and had been to Harrow; Nelson was the son of a Norfolk clergyman who had married into a county family; and Collingwood belonged to one of the best stocks in the county of Northumberland. They all went early to sea; and thus they combined what was best in the two great classes of the British admirals their predecessors. They were as good gentlemen as the Howards and Monsons, the Blakes and Ascues, the Russells and Rookes: they were as good seamen as the Drakes and Frobishers, the Batters and Lawsons, the Benbows and Shovels.

Of the earlier race of eighteenth-century admirals we have not such detailed accounts, or such familiar portraits, as of the later race, who attained their crowning distinctions during the great Revolutionary War. Anson, Boscawen, and Hawke began their careers in the Spanish war of 1739 and the following years, and gained their highest celebrity in the Seven Years' War. Rodney, Howe, and Jervis, in their turns, began to be known in the Seven Years' War; rose to fame and rank in the American War; and the last two lived to do great services in high command in the Revolutionary War,—which threw all preceding struggles into comparative obscurity. Nelson and Collingwood, in *their* turn, were born during the Seven Years' War; trained in the American War; and came to perfection in the Revolutionary War. Each generation formed the men of the next generation. Rodney had the *Eagle* under Hawke, in the action off Cape Finisterre in 1747, and served under Boscawen at the reduction of Louisburg in 1758. Jervis was a youngster soon after the indecisive engagement with the French and Spanish fleets off Toulon in 1743-4, when Hawke ran out of the line and captured the Spanish ship *Poder*, and he never forgot the impression which this story made upon him. He was also with Saunders at Quebec, and gained post-rank in 1760. Howe was in Anson's squadron when Anson, as commodore, sailed on his famous voyage to the South Seas in 1740; and he first distinguished himself as a captain in Boscawen's squadron in 1755. To the era of Anson, Boscawen, Hawke, and their less famous brother admirals, belongs a still more familiarly known officer than they,—Commodore Trunnion. Smollett went as surgeon's mate to South America in 1741, and was consequently quite familiar with the officers among whom Boscawen and Hawke were rising into position, and Howe and Jervis were educated. Trunnion is thus of the "old school" even as regards the Seven Years' War men; and holds by his traditions to those who had seen Benbow. We know that Jervis told Captain Brenton, his biographer, that the scenes which met his eyes when he went afloat were quite in keeping with Smollett's descriptions, and this is a valuable testimony to Smollett's truthfulness. His admirable humour can take care of itself; but it is a pity that he did not, while seizing on the striking and comic features of the service, give us also some quieter and more exact delineations of it. At

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this time of day it is not easy to form definite conceptions even of the Boscawens and Hawkes; but there is a biography—dull, of course, while useful—of Anson, by Sir John Barrow. Anson was not merely an excellent and intellectual sea-commander, whose voyage will always be remembered among the maritime glories of England; he had also—what is much less known—the whole direction of the naval department in the Seven Years' War.

We have fuller and more satisfactory accounts of the admirals whom Anson, Hawke, and Boscawen contributed to form. Rodney was the senior of these, having been born in 1718, and Rodney's Life has been written by his son-in-law, Major-General Mundy, who had, naturally, access to the best information. We have said already that he was with Hawke off Cape Finisterre, where six French men-of-war were taken; and with Boscawen at Louisburg when a garrison of six thousand men surrendered. He became rear-admiral in 1759, bombarded Havre, and captured Martinique. He was also governor of Greenwich Hospital, in which situation he showed more than common attention to the comfort of the poor pensioners, whose history is not the brightest chapter in the history of the British navy. But if peace has its victories as well as war, so it has dangers which often hit men who go unhurt through those of war. Rodney, who was a man of fashion, contrived by expensive living and electioneering, to contract so much debt as to be obliged to fly from his creditors into the country of his old enemies, the French. He was living in Paris in this state of difficulty when the war of 1778 began to grow imminent; and an incident happened which the subsequent events made romantic and interesting. The Maréchal Biron offered to lend him a thousand louis to enable him to return home. He accepted the kindness, returned to England, and in 1782 fought the well-known action with the Comte de Grasse in the West Indies, in which he captured the count himself, and four other ships, besides sinking one. The good Marshal's loan was thus a bad investment from a patriotic point of view; but it probably added zest to the courtesy with which, as a high-bred gentleman, Rodney treated his prisoner the Comte de Grasse. When the Comte de Grasse saw the order and general condition of the English ships, he told Rodney very frankly that he thought his country's navy a hundred years behind that of England. For this action Rodney was made a peer.

Rodney did not live to see what is with just emphasis called the Great War, though he was only seven years older than Howe, and sixteen years older than Jervis. He died in 1792, just nine months before the appointment of Howe (who succeeded him in the honorary rank of "Vice-Admiral of England,") to be Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the Channel Fleet. Howe was now in his sixty-eighth year, and put to sea on the 14th July, 1793, with twenty-three sail of the line in two divisions. He had been a distinguished captain, as we have seen, some forty years before, and a heavy responsibility now rested on him, which he bore in his own taciturn,

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composed, self-reliant way. His fleet was not very strong as regarded the condition of the ships. Some time too was required to get it into perfect order and discipline. Howe accordingly did not expose it more than he could help to bad weather; and was in no hurry to precipitate an action with the French, having resolved that when the right time came, the action should be a decisive one. He used to cruise and drill, drill and cruise; and every now and then he put into Torbay. The cockney satirists were very merry at his expense in 1793 and the early part of 1794. But *Black Dick*, as the sailors used to call Lord Howe, was a grave, solid man, not too thin-skinned, and not afraid of lead, whether in the form of bullets or ridicule. He bided his time, and in May, 1794, stood for Ushant, having detached Admiral Montague with six ships, to attend a convoy, and retaining twenty-two sail of the line and six frigates. He had two admirals, Sir Alexander Hood, and Graves; and four rear-admirals, Pasley, Caldwell, Bowyer, and Gardner, under his command; and his own flag was flying in a three-decker, the *Queen Charlotte*, of a hundred guns. He soon discovered that the French fleet had left Brest, and he stood under easy sail in the direction where it was expected they would be found. On the morning of the 28th May the advanced frigates sighted them, and the French proceeded to form in line on the larboard tack; while the English beat up towards them in a fresh breeze. There was some cannonading towards evening as soon as our ships got within reach; and the French force was found to consist of twenty-six ships of the line and frigates. The English formed order of battle, and frigates were appointed to watch the enemy during the night. On the 29th, the wind still being very fresh, there was no general action, but smart fighting went on between the portions of the fleets which reached each other. The *Charlotte* crossed the enemy's ships in the course of the day and passed through a continuous fire on each side. The 30th and 31st May were foggy, and nothing was done. But the morning of the 1st of June—*the* day—found the weather clearer, and Lord Howe's fleet to windward of the enemy, who were gallantly formed in line. Captain Trowbridge was a prisoner on board one of the French ships, and in the morning of the 1st he was told by a French officer that his friends did not seem to be coming down. But Trowbridge answered, that he had seen the signal for breakfast flying, and that after breakfast there was no doubt they would see more of his friends. They had not long to wait. About half-past eight that Sunday morning the English fleet bore up, and,—writes Collingwood, who was captain of the *Barfleur*,—"down we went under a crowd of sail, and in a manner that would have animated the coldest heart." Before half-past twelve the French fled, leaving seven fine ships behind them, one of which, the *Vengeur*, sank that evening—*not* in the transcendently heroic manner reported by the lying Barère to the Parisians at the time.

There was considerable difference between the performances of our ships on this great occasion, and Lord Howe by no means believed that every man had done his duty. His own vessel, the *Charlotte*, distinguished

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herself much. She broke the French line, brushing a ship on each side of her closely. Captain James Gambier in the *Defence* behaved very well, and this ought to be remembered all the more because Lord Dundonald in his *Autobiography* has been particularly hard on him for his conduct in command of the fleet in Basque Roads. The *Defence* broke the line, among the first, if she was not the very first, and she had all her masts shot away. While she was being towed along in this plight, near the *Invincible*, Captain Pakenham of that seventy-four, a lively Irishman, called out, "Hillo, Jemmy! 'Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth!'" This was a playful hit at the evangelicalism of Gambier, a friend of Hannah More * and of Wilberforce, who did his best to introduce their moral and religious reforms into the naval service. As may be supposed, this brought him many enemies in that age, when "parson employed preaching" was entered by an officer in his log as an account of the doings of Sunday. But though without the Nelson or Dundonald genius and ardour, the "blue-light" Gambier (to use the old naval slang for reformers of his type) was a useful and gallant officer.

The First of June was the crowning achievement of Lord Howe's life, of which the most distinguished event up to that time had been the Relief of Gibraltar in 1782, and it was the earliest of all the victories of the Great War. He was raised to an earldom, and the king paid him a visit on board his flag-ship at Portsmouth. His advice and assistance were afterwards of much value to Government in the dreadful Year of Mutinies, 1797. He retired at last to his seat in Hertfordshire—Porters—where one likes to remember that he had a library built after the model of his cabin in the *Queen Charlotte*. The most stoical and reticent of those old admirals were not without threads of sentiment and humour running through them; and a certain simplicity and homeliness belonged to their character, —not to be confounded with rusticity, for they were essentially gentlemen, —but fresh and wholesome as the sea air itself. Lord Howe's French cook complained to him that he did not allow him "de honour to cook his dinner." "I thought you cooked it every day," said the old earl. "Yes, mi lord, I boil de shicken, but dere is no cookery in dat." "Then you may *roast* de shicken to-day," Lord Howe said. This little anecdote, which the eminence of Lord Howe saves from being classed as twaddle, is one of the few personal and domestic stories which the ponderous Sir John Barrow condescends to give the world in his ill-written Life of the earl.

Captain Brenton's *Life of Earl St. Vincent* is more entertaining, and has that keener flavour of reality which belongs to biography when it is written by men whose own experience has been similar to that of their heroes. St. Vincent, as has been shown, had had a training quite like the training of Howe, who held him in much honour. His great victory

* Hence many interesting letters of Hannah More's will be found in Lord Gambier's *Memorials*, by Lady Chatterton, which should be read, also in justice to Gambier, along with Lord Dundonald's *Autobiography*.

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over the Spaniards followed Lord Howe's over the French in less than three years; having been won on St. Valentine's Day in 1797. But if Jervis won the coronet, Nelson won the laurels that day, when,—aided by his old friend Collingwood, in the course of it,—Nelson, without waiting for orders, left the line, and flew at the Spaniards like a hawk at a barn-yard full of poultry. But St. Vincent was a great commander-in-chief, as he proved in that memorable tenure of the Mediterranean station, during which Nelson conquered at the Nile, and the spirit of mutiny was kept under. He was also a great naval reformer, and when in office did much to correct the abominations of the dockyards. What they were, and what naval abuses generally were in George III.'s reign, few have now any conception. An officer has been known to have all the furniture of his house made on board, out of the ship's stores. "You had your hand in the bag, sir; why did not you help yourself?" said a Minister of the Crown to a purser who complained of being poor. Boroughmongers used to buy ships and hire them out as transports to Governments which needed their votes, at portentous rates of profit. In the dockyards, peculation was habitual; and the copper bolts for fastening vessels were sometimes only copper at the end, all the rest of the metal having been stolen, and wood substituted for it. How many brave men's lives the fattening of these vultures cost can never be known; the secret lies hidden in the depths of many a sea.

Whatever were the merits, however, of Rodney and Howe and St. Vincent,—not to attempt what could not be achieved, sketches of such less illustrious officers as Lord Keith, Lord Bridport, Sir Robert Calder, and the rest,—two Admirals stand apart as men whose names England cherishes with more familiar love and knowledge than any others. These two belong not to naval only but to general history. They have places in our household literature. Their celebrity is not that of the market-place and the picture-gallery only, but of the parlour and the nursery. Every reader knows already that we are going to write the names of Nelson and Collingwood. These names go together naturally somehow, like Pope and Swift, Johnson and Burke, and so forth.

Of course, we do not undertake to maintain that Collingwood was an equally great admiral with Nelson. But if Nelson has a pedestal of his own, setting him apart from all rivals, so Collingwood has a special place, too, by right of a civil and literary genius peculiar to himself. They were friends from early youth, acted together in the West Indies, fought together off Cape St. Vincent, and led each a division of the fleet at Trafalgar,—the great sea-fight of the world. When Nelson was wounded, one of the first things he did was to send an officer to Collingwood to give him his love and his good-by. "What an amiable good man he is. All the rest are geese," wrote Nelson of Collingwood in 1784.* "What a charming good man," he writes again; "he is a valuable member of

* *Dispatches and Letters*, i. 112.

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society." "The brothers Collingwood,"* Nelson says in another place, "were the only officers, with myself, who ever attempted to hinder the illicit trade with America." And such were the feelings prevailing between them till death. To Nelson, Collingwood is always "dear Coll." Twelve days before Trafalgar, Nelson wrote, "We can, my dear Coll, have no little jealousies; we have only one object in view. No man has more confidence in another than I have in you; and no man will render your services more justice than your very old friend." With a sure instinct, each of the heroes was thinking of the other as the great battle began. "Look at that noble fellow Collingwood, how he carries his ship into action!" said the one, at the moment that his friend was saying, "What would Nelson give to be here!"

They had, in truth, a great many essential qualities in common; but were yet sufficiently unlike to make the likeness attractive by its very strangeness. Nelson was among fighting-men what a Shelley or a Rousseau is among geniuses of a different class; a fervid, original, passionate being; a man preyed on by his own consciousness of power and intensity of feeling; a beacon-fire requiring a hill to itself, and for which there is not room in hearths and fire-places. Collingwood's genius was of a soberer hue, like that of Wordsworth, or the solid, quiet, amiable David Hume. He had by nature a quick temper; but he had got it—just as he had got the ship he commanded—under perfect discipline. Both were very sensitive to the love of women, and regarded them with that romantic veneration which the solitude and celibacy of the old sea-life in war-time had a tendency to develop in all naturally pure-minded men. But the only love-affair of Collingwood's was that which resulted in his marriage; and more thorough domestic affection never breathed from a human heart than is to be seen in his letters.† Nelson was more than once on the point of marrying before he did marry. He had an eager craving for sympathy of every kind, the sympathy of the world at large, which is fame; the sympathy of women's hearts, which is love. Whatever else may be said of his attachment to Lady Hamilton, it is cruel to say that it led him into doing professional or political wrong. The letter of public law was with him in all that he did in the Bay of Naples; and his treatment of Caracciolo,—a man who had not even the excuse for rebelling against his sovereign of being a Jacobin at heart,—was exactly what we should have expected from his known views, if no Lady Hamilton had existed at all. Caracciolo could not plead, and did not plead, that he was protected by Captain Foote's capitulation, which Nelson had a right to annul, and which he annulled before it had begun to be acted upon. Again, Nelson *had* such authority over the navy of the King of Naples, as justified him in ordering Caracciolo to be tried by a court-martial; and his execution followed from the

* The other brother was Wilfred Collingwood of the *Rattler*,—a first-rate officer who was cut off young.

† *Correspondence of Lord Collingwood*, by W. Newnham Collingwood; a delightful book, worth a score of professed biographies.

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court-martial's sentence.* Nothing, indeed, can be more shallow than the old illustration which would make Nelson at this time an Antony bewitched by a Cleopatra. Antony was a brutal debauchee, capable of energy on occasion and not without parts, but in the long run loving self-indulgence above everything. Nelson was not only full of sentiment, but his whole heart and soul were in his public duty. Part of the charm of Lady Hamilton to him was, that as a very clever woman, in the thick of the world of the Mediterranean politics in which *he* was acting, *she* acted and thought and felt along with him. But if "brave Emma," "good Emma," as he called her, had endeavoured to divert him, say, from attacking the French fleet, and to make him turn Trafalgar into an Actium, "brave Emma" would have been put into a cabin below the water-line, with a sentry over her, till the battle was finished. Her ardent British patriotism was one of the spells which she cast round him. The song of the siren was always "Rule Britannia." Common sense, we think, not less than common charity, should make us see in this one failing of the great seaman a result of the same romantic fervour which was the soul of his public services; but that it was not allowed to interfere with them, even a little, is proved by a letter among those which Lady Hamilton published, in which he discourages an obvious wish on her part to come out to the Mediterranean during his latest command. The flag of England was everything to him. Would he have dishonoured it by a judicial murder, under any influence?

It does not diminish, but enhances the part played by Nelson's imagination in this melodrama, that Lady Hamilton seems to have been, after all, rather a vulgar woman. That is the impression given of her in the *Diary* of Mrs. Trench, who came across the family group,—Sir William and Lady Hamilton, and Lord Nelson,—in Germany; and who also remarks that the lady's fine hair was seldom clean. Even here, however, we must allow for the stern feeling of the British gentlewoman towards a person who, having been an artist's model, had married a man of rank. It is pleasant to turn from Mrs. Trench's picture of the Mermaid of the Bay of Naples who had fascinated the mighty seaman—(though, to be sure, mermaids are represented as perpetually combing their hair, which, according to Mrs. Trench, cannot have been her ladyship's way)—to turn, we say, to another domestic picture in which Nelson makes one of the figures. The passage, which is from a letter of Collingwood's, in 1801, is the more interesting that it shows Collingwood vindicating his friend from a charge that was brought against him, and that has been brought, probably, against every successful great man since the world began:—

"It gave me much concern," Collingwood writes, "to hear an opinion expressed by some that our friend, Lord Nelson, had not borne his elevation with the temperance of a wise man. But surely more was said about it than the matter warranted. He was at Plymouth when I was there a

* See, on this subject, Sir Harris Nicolas's documents and appendix (*Dispatches and Letters*, vol. iii.); and a sensible note in Mr. Yonge's recent *History of the Navy*.

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fortnight since, and I could not observe the slightest difference in his manner. . . . . How surprised you would have been to have dropped into the 'Fountain Inn,' and seen Lord Nelson, my wife, and myself, sitting over the fire-side cozing, and little Sarah teaching Phillis, her dog, to dance."

"Little Sarah" was one of the two daughters to whom Collingwood addressed many of his charming letters. They and their mother, their education and their prospects, were never out of his head, amidst cares and labours that brought him to the grave. While he was in command of the Mediterranean, after Nelson's death, a duty which wore him out, he wrote again and again to his darlings, and about them. They must not read novels, he says; and, indeed, in those days, before Sir Walter Scott had begun to write them, novels were mostly sad rubbish. "Always remember that you are a gentlewoman," says the old admiral, "and let all your actions show you gentle." Much of his advice is expressed in the most felicitous diction, so that an eminent diplomatist of that day expressed his wonder where Collingwood got his style? The bounty of Nature was, of course, the first condition; but he was a great reader, and a reader of the best models of literature; and intimacy with a few masters is a far better training than the miscellaneous feeding on good, bad, and indifferent stuff, which is so general just now. There is something classic in the manly, lucid grace of Collingwood's English; and even here, as in the different domestic histories of the two, we may contrast him with his more illustrious friend. Nelson's genius delighted in figurative and terse expressions, at once poetic and concise, which strike on the subject like a shot striking the water, and throw up jets of brilliant spray. "Victory or Westminster Abbey!" "Laurel or cypress!" "If there were more Emmas there would be more Nelsons!" "England expects every man to do his duty!"—these are the characteristic sayings of Nelson, which have a smack of the antique world in them, and recall the sayings of the heroes of Plutarch. The genius of Collingwood was a quiet light, a lamp rather than a torch, less powerful, but clear, genial, and benign. With a calm, steady gaze he penetrated Bonaparte's scheme for luring away the British fleet and obtaining command of the Channel; and he expressed himself generally in measured and refined language. In deed, as in speech, Nelson was intuitive and impetuous, daring against the restraints of the profession as against the foe. Thus, at St. Vincent, he left the line on his own responsibility. At Copenhagen he flatly disobeyed Sir Hyde Parker's signal of recall. His hatred of the French had something of a Crusader's fury in it. Several times during his career he was on the point of quitting the service in disgust with what he thought ill-usage; and he foamed with rage against opposition like a breaking wave. All his maxims were in keeping with this fiery spirit. "*When in doubt, fight,*" he said, at Palermo, to a tall young Scots lord—destined—though he never got a really proper chance,—to show a kindred soul,—the gallant Lord Cochrane, afterwards Earl of Dundonald. Collingwood was without this brilliant

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vehemence, but had the solidest placid courage, shown in the gentlest kind of way. How beautifully he glided into Trafalgar, in the *Royal Sovereign*, at the head of the lee division, in advance of the whole fleet, everybody knows. And he had taken care, in the morning, to put on silk stockings, that if he was hit about the legs he might give the less trouble to the surgeon. There was, indeed, a delightful vein of homeliness about "Old Cuddie," as, by a playful abbreviation of his Christian name, Cuthbert, the service used to call him. But neither his simplicity nor his practical command of seamanship, down to its mechanical details, ever the least diminished the high veneration with which he was regarded. All that good old school, careful of their seamen, who worshipped them, strict but just to subordinate officers, exacted from the world a proper respect for their condition and pretensions. In fact, their sensitiveness as to their treatment sometimes disturbed the harmony of squadrons in a very disagreeable way. When Nelson was detached to Egypt over the heads of senior officers, Sir John Ord called Lord St. Vincent out, and was sent home to England; and about that time nearly all friendly intercourse was interrupted in the Mediterranean fleet. Nobody will wonder at all this who has even a glimmer of a notion of what the weariness of the common run of the old life was. There were blockades in which a ship never dropped anchor from Christmas to Christmas. Collingwood was away from his beloved home for years before his death, having hardly tasted what to him was the sweetest of life's pleasures, except by snatches; and he died at sea, in 1810, less gloriously, but scarcely less painfully, than Nelson, and before his natural time—worn out by sheer labour, and true to the last to England. There is something characteristic in the dying words of the two admirals. "I have not been a *great* sinner, doctor," Nelson said to the chaplain, with a mournful pathos; and then, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" Collingwood's words were happier, as, we are inclined to think that, in spite of its inferior splendour, his whole life had been. "He had reviewed," he said, "his past life, and his mind was at rest;" and though he spoke of his absent family, and of the great contest in which he left his country engaged, it was with calm resignation. And so Cuthbert, Lord Collingwood, breathed his last on salt water, as Horatio, Lord Nelson, had; and was laid beside him under the vast dome of St. Paul's, beneath which they are taking their well-earned rest,—

> Where the fiery fight is heard no more,
> And the storm has ceased to blow.

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The Fleet Parsons and the Fleet Marriages.

In the year 1837 a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the state, custody, and authenticity of non-parochial registers in England and Wales. An Act—the provisions of which are still in force—for registering births, deaths, and marriages by a general and civil process, was about to come into operation; and thus the future registration of the entire community had been secured. But as regarded the past, the only registers recognized by law were those kept at parish churches. It was proposed as far as possible to supply the deficiency involved in this exclusiveness, and to place all trustworthy non-parochial registers relating to previous years on the same footing as that of the records which were about to be kept under the new Act. With this object in view, and with the further design of discovering the best method for collecting and arranging these non-parochial records, the commissioners pursued their investigations.

The results attained by the commission were highly satisfactory. A large number of registers were submitted to the commissioners' examination, and were finally on their recommendation made evidence by the Act 3 & 4 Vict. cap. 92—the documents, with the consent of their late custodians, being permanently deposited in the keeping of the Registrar-General. A comparatively small number of the volumes having been found untrustworthy, were returned to the various local authorities by whom they had been forwarded to London.

Amongst the registers which came into the hands of the commissioners at this time, were those curious and interesting records which have chiefly supplied us with our materials for the present paper—the records, namely, of the celebrated Fleet marriages. The books were more than 1,200 in number; nearly a thousand of them, however, being small pamphlets or memorandum-books extremely unlike the volumes employed for registration purposes. These registers had been purchased by Government in the year 1821, and since that date had been at the Registry of the diocese of London. They were now handed over to the commissioners, that their claims to be made evidence might be reconsidered; for hitherto they had been of but doubtful and disputed value in courts of law.

For various reasons which will become apparent to the reader as we proceed to an examination of these extraordinary records, the commissioners came to the conclusion that they could not advise the placing of them on the same footing as those other non-parochial registers of which they had expressed their full approval. This conclusion, therefore, they signified in their report; adding, however, a recommendation that the Fleet

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books should be deposited in the same office with the more unimpeachable documents. The suggestion was adopted; and the Fleet registers are now preserved at the office of the Registrar-General, Somerset House, where they are open to search, upon the payment of a small fee.

Many years ago, Mr. J. S. Burn, the author of the *History of Parish Registers*, published a valuable account of the Fleet marriages, and of that strange class of men who performed them. Having, by the kind permission of the Registrar-General, had such access to the registers as has enabled us to discover some things which will be new even to the readers of Mr. Burn's volume, we propose to give in these pages the results of our investigation, while we shall amplify the narrative from other sources. But before calling attention to the documents themselves, it is necessary to refer to the state of the English law as to marriage at the period which they illustrate—a period embracing the latter part of the seventeenth century, and the first half of the eighteenth.

It would seem then, in the first place, that prior to the coming into force of Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act in March, 1754, it was not absolutely essential to the *validity* of matrimony that it should be presided over by a priest, or attended by any religious ceremony whatever. That is to say, the mutual consent of competent parties to become man and wife, when avowed before witnesses, even though accompanied by no solemnities such as the law enjoined and common custom followed, was held in a certain restricted sense to constitute real matrimony. It is true that marriage thus contracted was abhorred by the Church, and that the ecclesiastical law censured and punished it, and could, moreover, compel its solemnization according to prescribed form *in facie ecclesiæ*. Such marriage could not, however, be *annulled*. This, as it appears, had been acknowledged by the ecclesiastical courts from the thirteenth century downwards; and the practice of those courts had always been recognized by the English common and statute law.

The view of marriage implied in this practice had doubtless taken its origin in the theological doctrine which taught that marriage was a sacrament. For it had been admitted in that doctrine that the sacramental *fact* lay in the understanding between the contracting parties themselves, and not in the religious ceremonial or priestly benediction which attended the union. Hence the clandestine marriages which the ecclesiastical law came to denounce and punish, found, in some sort, their excuse in the Church's own admission respecting the nature of matrimony.*

But a marriage such as those to which we have referred, although a contract indissoluble between the parties themselves, and although recognized by the law as valid and binding, did not constitute a full and complete marriage, unless celebrated in the presence, and with the intervention.

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* See *Stephens's Clergy Law*, vol. i. p. 672.

Also *Letter to the Lord Brougham and Vaux on the Opinions of the Judges in the Irish Marriage Cases*, by Sir JOHN STODDART, Knt. LL.D., 1844.

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of a priest in orders.* This priestly intervention, however, even if itself informally practised, seems to have redeemed such marriage from the incompleteness which otherwise characterized it, and to have bestowed upon it the essentials, although not the privileges, of marriage performed *in facie ecclesiæ*.† The Fleet weddings, then, which were (for the most part) celebrated by ordained priests, but in an irregular manner, appear to have occupied a kind of middle position between marriages performed according to the full injunctions of the law on the one hand, and those contracted without *any* ministerial intervention on the other. They lacked the ecclesiastical sanction and privilege awarded to the former; but they possessed a completeness which was wanting to the latter. They were punishable by the law as to the manner of their celebration, for some of those who performed them underwent legal penalties; but they were nevertheless complete in law, as is witnessed by their invariable recognition as complete marriages in the numerous bigamy cases to which they gave rise.

But let us now inquire into the circumstances which were the immediate means of bringing the Fleet into notoriety as a place for the celebration of clandestine marriages. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, such marriages were of frequent occurrence in various London churches. Like the Fleet weddings themselves, and for similar reasons, they were irregular, punishable, and yet valid. They were not at first performed by persons of bad character. They took place for the most part in buildings which were supposed, for different reasons, to be exempted from the visitation of the bishop as ordinary—the exemption being made an excuse for dispensing with banns or licence. In the year 1674, these clandestine and informal marriages in churches had become so numerous that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners issued an order against them. With this order the origin of the Fleet marriages is to be identified. The issue of it was not likely to destroy the existing demand for clandestine matrimony; and it simply had the effect of changing, and that greatly for the worse, the persons by whom, and the circumstances under which, the required commodity was to be supplied.

In the days of which we are writing, a large number of dissolute clergymen were to be found within and about the Fleet Prison. Some of these were confined in the prison itself; others of them, although also *détenus* for debt, being privileged to reside within the rules of the Fleet. These men discovered in the recent order of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners the means of their own pecuniary benefit. They at once espoused the cause of candidates for clandestine matrimony, and undertook to meet the popular demand. They began to marry couples on application, without notice and without publicity, the only *sine quâ non* being the payment of fees; and the amount of these fees was permitted to vary, according to the pecuniary capacities of the applicants for matrimony, although, as we

* Opinions of the Judges in the case of the Queen *v.* Millis. *Stephens's Clergy Law*, vol. i.

† Roper's *Husband and Wife*, vol. ii. pp. 446-50.

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shall hereafter see, the parsons invariably secured as large a remuneration for their services as possible. These marriages were at first often solemnized in the Fleet Chapel; but the Act 10 Anne, cap. 19, at length put an end to their celebration there, and henceforth they took place (as indeed was not unfrequently the case before) in the various brandy-shops and other places at which the parsons lodged, or still oftener in certain taverns which came to be known as regular marriage-houses, the landlords whereof derived their profits from matrimony just as they did from malt liquors. In many cases rooms were specially fitted up for the performance of the ceremony, and these apartments were often dignified with the title of "chapel"—the name of a saint being sometimes prefixed to the word chapel in the ordinary manner. As soon as the Fleet became associated in the public mind with clandestine marriage, it was voluntarily resorted to by many abandoned clergymen.

It should not, then, be supposed that any privilege, attached or even pretended to be attached to the neighbourhood of the Fleet, was the basis of the irregular matrimonial practices which had sprung up there. It is, indeed, far from true that all the so-called Fleet marriages took place in that locality. On the contrary, we find from the registers that many of the parsons travelled all over London to perform weddings; and it was not an unusual circumstance for them to be summoned into different parts of the country also, to exercise their functions as the priests of Hymen there. The solution of the question as to how the Fleet came specially to be connected with clandestine marriage, is to be found simply in the circumstance that at the period when secret matrimony was driven from its ancient strongholds, the Fleet and its purlieus happened to contain just such men as were best suited for carrying on the persecuted trade: men, that is to say, whose pockets were empty, and whose reputation was destroyed, and who had consequently nothing further to lose through pecuniary penalties, or by the antagonism of respectable society.

The marriages in the Fleet continued to increase year by year. From the 19th October, 1704, to the 12th February, 1705, no less than 2,954 weddings had been celebrated (by evidence), besides others known to have been omitted. The maximum of the marriages was probably attained in the year preceding that in which Lord Hardwicke's Act came into force, viz. in 1753-4. It was in 1712 that the Fleet Chapel became unavailable for the practices of the Fleet parsons; and from about this date, we apprehend, the grosser features of their trade began to manifest themselves.

A traffic was now carried on, the shamelessness of which is almost incredible. The taverns and other houses where matrimony had at first taken place, doubtless with some sort of privacy, became known and spoken of as regular marriage-shops. They displayed, suspended from their walls, the huge and elaborate signboards of the day, explaining the nature of the accommodation offered within. But information more precise than the clasped hands, tied knots, and other symbolical devices of these signboards was provided. Notices were put up over the doors offering

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immediate marriage in the plainest terms, and stating the cheapness with which the ceremony might be secured. Touters, such as those which now haunt the entrances of cheap photograph-shops, lounged about the marriage-houses, suggesting the "parson" to passers-by, and fluently urging the facility with which the reverend gentleman's services might be secured. The better to ensure the zeal of these touters, they were generally allowed to participate in whatever gains they were instrumental in bringing to their employers. Thus stimulated, they occasionally carried their zeal to such an extreme as to attempt to drag people to matrimony, and to overcome reluctance by purely physical means. Respectable church-goers, passing Ludgate Hill to service, were not secure from the molestations of these men, who pursued their calling with as much vigour on Sundays as on other days. Sometimes the parsons themselves plied for customers on their own account; and it is said that the more degraded of them would offer to perform the marriage service on terms as low as a pipeful of tobacco or a dram of spirits. That the reverend gentlemen not unfrequently thus advertised themselves in person is intimated in *Peregrine Pickle*, at that point when the faithful *Pipes* gives battle to the turnkey on being expelled from the Fleet Prison. We will quote the passage to which we refer, for it gives, no doubt, a just notion of the social *status* of the Fleet parsons.

"A ring of butchers," says the tale, "was immediately formed; a couple of the reverend flamens who, in morning gowns, ply for marriages in that quarter of the town, constituted themselves seconds and umpires of the approaching contest, and the battle began. . . . Pipes was congratulated upon his victory, not only by his friend Hatchway, but also by the bye-standers, particularly the priest who had espoused his cause, and who now invited the strangers to his lodgings in a neighbouring alehouse, where they were entertained so much to their liking, that they determined to seek no other habitation while they should continue in town."

The bulk of the applicants for matrimony at the Fleet were doubtless of the lower orders. Labourers from the country, mechanics and small tradespeople of every description, constituted a large proportion of the parsons' patrons. Sailors too were amongst their most steady supporters; and when the ships of the Royal Navy came into port, there was often a vast rush of seamen to the Fleet. Jack is notorious for the breadth of his views on the subject of matrimony; and very likely in making up his mind to be united at the Fleet to the Polly of the hour, he argued with himself respecting the parson who should perform the ceremony somewhat as Touchstone did of Sir Oliver Martext:—"I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife." In the present day sailors exhibit a strong preference for being married without any religious service at all: they are now found to apply for matrimony at the register offices*

* Registrar-General's Annual Report for 1864, p. viii.

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more frequently than almost any other class of the community. But other grades of society besides those already mentioned sometimes had recourse to the Fleet for clandestine marriage. In turning the pages of the registers, we find that not a few of the persons married are described as gentlemen and gentlewomen; and at the period of which we are writing, these terms, we suppose, were more significant than at present. From particulars occasionally inserted in the entries of marriages, moreover, we learn definitely that country gentlemen, lawyers from the Temple, officers in the army, and sometimes people of rank and title, were amongst those who sought the services of the Fleet parson. While, therefore, our ideas of the marriages in general may justly lead us amongst the lower classes, it must not be forgotten that the upper ten thousand occasionally patronized our naughty parsons, and that the dreary purlieus of the Fleet were now and then lighted up by erratic flashes of quality and fashion.

So far we have spoken of *bonâ fide* weddings only. But the reader must learn that the lust after fees on the part of the Fleet parsons often led them to promote and perform marriages which were no marriages at all, but mere fictitious semblances of them. Young gentlemen, for instance, were sometimes made half intoxicated, and then entrapped into union with characters of the most degraded description. And these women, it is almost needless to say, quickly broke the bonds thus iniquitously tied, and contracted fresh marriages with new victims. The priests also readily lent themselves to the petitions of unfortunate girls, who were desirous of procuring, for the satisfaction of their friends, certificates to the effect that they had been married. In these cases a man was hired to personate a husband; the mockery of a marriage service was gone through, an entry was made in the register, and a certificate issued. There is an instance on record of a young fruitseller from the Fleet Bridge being seized upon to counterfeit a husband under such circumstances. The youth was paid ten shillings for the job. We learn from the registers too that feigned marriages sometimes took place with the object above alluded to, between *two women*—the parson being aware of, or at any rate strongly suspecting, the disguise of the one who personated the man. Considering the daring dishonesties of some of the reverend gentlemen, there is every reason for believing that they not unfrequently made entries in their books, and issued certified extracts, even where no pretence of a marriage-service had been gone through at all: and, *indeed*, this practice was less iniquitous as well as less troublesome than that of getting up a fictitious wedding in order to register it.

It is not difficult to form some idea of the kind of scene enacted at the generality of Fleet weddings. Having chosen the tavern or marriage-house at which they would be united—not an easy choice to make, we imagine, taking into consideration the counter representations of rival touters—the couple would be shown, with their friends, into that chamber of the establishment allotted to matrimony—a room doubtless redolent with the perfumes of spirits and tobacco. Any misgivings which might

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arise in the minds of the candidates for marriage as to the validity of the solemnities about to take place, were dispelled by the appearance of the parson, whose manner was important and dignified, and who had attired himself in thoroughly orthodox (although somewhat dirty) canonicals. What did it matter that the reverend priest's nose was somewhat red, and that the hand in which he held his book was suggestively tremulous? He was in orders; he had been at Oxford; and—he read, at least, as one having authority.

Meanwhile the spirits of all concerned had been duly supported with liquor, which it was of course the landlord's interest to circulate as freely as possible. Supposing the pecuniosity of the bridegroom to be sufficiently obvious, the service proceeded without any allusion on the part of the reverend priest to the question of fees. If, however, the solvency of the husband elect were open to doubt, we may be sure that the parson, before completing the ceremony, came to a definite understanding with him as to terms. As we shall hereafter see, the service was often left unfinished because an amount of money sufficient to meet the clerical ideas was not forthcoming.

The service read was of course that of the Church of England—although probably a modified and abbreviated version of it. At the commencement of a pocketbook kept by one of the parsons, we have found portions of the office for matrimony—apparently transcribed for reading from—so rendered as to lead to the conclusion that references to the Deity were, when it was practicable, omitted. For instance, in the passage which accompanies the giving of the ring, the invocation worded in the Prayer-book thus,—"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,"—is altered into the phrase, "From this time forth for ever more. Amen;" and the promise given by man and woman to hold together "according to God's holy ordinance" is rendered simply, "according to law." It was only to be expected that the parsons would reduce the directly religious portions of the service to the smallest possible limits. A clerk was generally present at the ceremony to say the *Amens*. He was either a person regularly employed for the purpose by the clergyman, or a pot-boy or some other tavern functionary fetched in for the occasion. Sometimes the proprietor of the marriage-house himself acted in this capacity, and kept the register also. Occasionally a woman was suddenly called upon to officiate as clerk.

The ceremony over, the parson made a note of the marriage in his pocketbook; this entry being subsequently transcribed into a larger and more regular register, which might belong either to the parson himself, or to the marriage-house keeper. In some cases the insertion was made in the pages of the more bulky volume direct. But this insertion, it would seem, never took place at all unless it was specially paid for; it was omitted, too, on those occasions when it was desired that the marriage should be kept entirely secret. If possible, the parson now sold a certificate of the event which had just taken place, to the parties married;

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parson himself was the proprietor of the "chapel," the division of fees of course rested with him; but it generally happened that he was in the hands of a marriage-house keeper, when his share of the gains was determined by that functionary. The entries to which we wish to call the reader's attention are as follow:—

10 Dec: 1728. Wm Salkeld a Marriner, and Mary Jones, both of St Andrews, Holborn. B & Sp. Pr Jno Floud. Marr: ten shillings, two and sixpence Clark; one Do Register, two and sixpence Certificate. They were married at twelve at night.

Sep. 30. 1742. Chambers Bute Gent: of the Parish of Foston in Derbyshire and Ann Trye of Amney in Glocestershire Sp. N.B. My Landlord Overs Invited me to mary the Couple &c at the Salutation Tavern near Gt Andrew Ch. He had 2 Gs out of 4.

Oct. 3d 1742. James Higham Marriner of St Margts West. Br Alice Sergant do Sp. were married at Lilly's. Pd 17: 6. Marriage. 4s A; Clk 5: C. 3 Boles of Bunch (*sic, for bowls of punch.*)

1742. October 24. Benjamin & Rose Married at ye Leg Tavern but would give no other account of themselves. pd £1. 10s

Subjoined are two entries showing that when money was not to be had, articles of jewellery, dress, &c. were occasionally accepted in its place, or by way of pledge. We fear we cannot undertake to explain the signs and abbreviations employed. In the first example, however, it is plain that the bridegroom tendered to the parson, in cash, a sum which the reverend gentleman considered insufficient, whereupon a ring was deposited with him by way of security for a further amount. The second entry speaks for itself.

Novr 11th 1743. John Hudson of St George Midx Baker a Widowr and Cathe Buckingham of St Giles Cripplegate Spr ———„———„———„———G/n; a Ring pledged for d/— Bos :—: g :—.

Feb. 2. 1745. James Fraizer of Coll Sole's Rigt of Foot Br & Elisabeth Fisher of Stains Sp: Dare O. all. Pd m. Left a Silver Buckle for ye Bousom of a Shirt and a Hankerchife for 1s : 3.

It would seem (as we have already intimated) that the parson himself, and not the keeper of the marriage-house, was in the habit of conducting the pecuniary negotiations. We will now give a few extracts from the books of different parsons, illustrative of the interruptions which often occurred in the midst of the marriage-service, and the disputes which were wont to arise between the priests and the applicants for matrimony, on account of the all-important question of fees.

September 14. 1737. A coachman came & was half married & won'd give but 3s 6d & went off.

June 21st 1740. John Jones of Eaton Sutton in Bedfordshire and Mary Steward of the same came to Woods in Fleet Lane about six oclock in the morning. Mr. Ashwell and self had been down the markett Wood called him and I went with him there found the said man and wooman offer'd Mr. Ashwell 3 shilling to marry him he would not so he swore very much and would have knocked him down but for me. was not married. took this memorandom that they might not Pretend afterwards they was married and not Register'd.

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The Mr. Ashwell referred to above was a man famous for the number of his marriages. He appears to have kept a clerk in regular employ, who, as it seems, made the foregoing entry, and also the following :—

July (1744) 15. Came a man and wooman to the Green Canister, he was an Irishman and Taylor to bee married. Gave Mr. Ashwell 2 : 6. but would have 5s. went away and abuised Mr. Ashwell very much, told him he was a Thief and I was worse. Took this account because should not say they was married and not Registered. N.B. The Fellow said Mr. Warren was his relation.

A few more extracts of the same description may be added ;—

May 28th 1742. Thomas Tinworth of Lowton in Essex B & Sart : & Jane Palmer ditto Sp. Half married went away (he had 4s.) to fetch more money. Saide he had a hundred Pound left by his father, his uncle had it in his hands took this account because She should not come and say they was married and not [registered.]

October 17. 1743. Michael Hickey of St. Catherines by the Tower Marriner & Br. & Elizabeth Hudson—7s. only. N.B. These were Half married ye day before.

(1745) June 4. John Greenruff of Farnham Royall in Bucks Sawyer W. & Martha Brookwell of do W. Ash. d.y. These people was with us in the June Before and the man forced her away Half Done because he would not pay. 4 : 8. (Ash).

Before leaving the subject of fees, we may mention that Mr. Walter Wyatt, a person whose pathetic aspirations after a better life we have already noticed, has left certain entries in one of his memorandum books, by means of which we are able to form some idea as to the amount of his weekly profits. Assuming the sums he gives to represent the whole of his receipts, we find that they amounted to about 17*l.* 10*s.* per week, or more than 900*l.* a year. But it should be stated that Wyatt was one of the most prominent and pushing of the Fleet clergymen, and that for this reason his receipts would be likely to exceed those of most of his confraternity.

The parsons certainly cannot be charged with want of zeal and diligence in the performance of their priestly functions. They appear to have been accessible at all hours of the day and night. An entry describing a marriage which took place at midnight has already been quoted, and another in which the parson was stated to be in requisition at six o'clock in the morning. Two of the following extracts relate to weddings celebrated at even more unseasonable hours :—

Thomas Delves, Nobleman's Sert. White Hart Court of West: & Betty Rushworth Do B & Sp. The Cock. Married at 3 clock in the Morning. Behav'd Rudely.

"Christmas Day at night Late about the Hour of 12 came to Mr. Alders 1739 John Newbury Gent and Maria Diens and a 3rd Person. Gave—(the sum here indicated is not intelligible)—behav'd Rudely told me that my Gown ought to be stript of my Back.

Sep. 1.——John Bell of the Pa of Walthamstow——and Ba : & Sarah Smith of Shad-well St. Pauls wid. Mrs. Horskins's 4 clock morn. Jno Floud.

We will now call the reader's attention to the practice of antedating the registers—a practice to which many of the Fleet parsons and marriage-house keepers were always ready to lend themselves. Some of them seem to have demurred when requested to do this; but others evidently did it as a matter of course whenever they were paid for the extra trouble.

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The famous Mr. Floud was amongst those who appear never to have made any objection. The following entry will afford an example of the practice:—

Novembr. 5. 1742 was married Benjamin Richards of the Parish of St Martin in the Fields Br and Judith Lance do Sp. at the Bull & Garter & gave gd for an antidate (*sic*) to March ye 11th in the same year which Lilly comply'd wth and put em in his book accordingly there being a vacancy in the Book sutable to the time.

The marriage here described took place under the auspices of Mr. Ashwell before referred to. "Lilly," who is alluded to in the entry, was a prominent character in connection with the Fleet marriages. He kept the Hand and Pen tavern near Fleet Bridge—a notorious marriage-house, at which more weddings seem to have been celebrated than at any other. One of Lilly's handbills is quoted by Mr. Burn. It runs thus :—

J. Lilly, at ye Hand and Pen, next door to the china shop, Fleet Bridge, London, will be perform'd the solemnization of marriages by a gentleman regularly bred at one of our universities, and lawfully ordain'd according to the institutions of the Church of England, and is ready to wait on any person in town or countrey.

Lilly was evidently an exceedingly sharp man of business, and even our astute parsons themselves had some difficulty in keeping pace with him. They often allude to his rogueries in their private memoranda. Mr. Walter Wyatt, for instance, makes the following note respecting him :—"These are to certify that J. L. is a rouge (*sic*)." No doubt Mr. Lilly entertained a precisely similar opinion of Mr. Wyatt. And he might justly do so.

But to proceed with our instances of antedating :—

1729. June—. George Mattocks of Giles Cripplegate Br and Catherine Smith of St George Southwark widw N.B. George had liv'd some years Prior to the Marriage, & had several children, & had things Done by Jos. accordingly.

That is, "Jos" (Joshua Lilly) dated the marriage entry "some years" back.

1729. June 10. John Nelson of ye Pa of St Georges Hanover Batchelor & Gardner & Mary Barns of the same Sp. married. Jno Floud Min. Cer: Dated 5 November 1727 to please their Parents—at Wheelers. J. F. Min.

In this case the marriage was either not entered in the larger register at all, or if an entry was made, the date inserted must have been forged so as to correspond with that of the certificate issued. The following extract will additionally exemplify the entire willingness of the parsons to accommodate their customers in the matter of dates :—

1729 June 25 } Wm Knight of the Parish of Hampstead Gardner and Batchelor & Joanna Woodward of ye Pa of Wilsdon Spinster pr. Jno Floud. The said Wm Knight on the other side—(the latter part of the entry is on a second leaf)—[had ?] his Certificate Dated 24 the Blank Left unfill'd up for the month and year none to search [illegible] himself.

We understand by this that Mr. William Knight could not upon the spur of the moment so accurately calculate the exigencies of his position as to be able at once to state the period to which he wished the marriage ascribed. He accordingly took away his certificate unfilled

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in order that he might put two and two together at leisure, and then fill in such a date as would suit his circumstances.

This clearly-proved unscrupulous misdating of the registers by the parsons, the strong probability that many of the entries which they made were entire fabrications, and the total absence of signatures either of the parties married or of the witnesses who might have been present at the weddings, have constituted the main reasons for that rejection of the Fleet registers as evidence, to which we have already adverted. It will at once be perceived that such irregularities fully justified such a rejection; and the reader will not wonder that the commissioners of 1837, having fully examined the records, objected to their being placed upon a footing different from that on which they had previously stood. We may state that in some pedigree cases the registers have, under a kind of protest, been received by certain judges as *declarations*, and as collateral evidence they have not been regarded as without value. But at all times they have been held to be extremely doubtful, and any opinion in their favour has been enunciated with the greatest caution.

It is not to be wondered at that many persons married at the Fleet, in a short time became anxious to free themselves from the bonds which they had incurred. Under these circumstances they seem to have held that all they had to do to ensure entire liberty was to procure an erasure of their names from the register books. Applications with this object were therefore often made to the parsons, who, upon the usual condition, were found willing to entertain them. From some memoranda we learn that moneys were occasionally paid for the promise of erasures, and that the erasures were never made. An entry illustrative of this species of fraud will be found amongst our subsequent extracts.

We have selected for quotation from the pocket-books the following notes, which will be entertaining in various ways. It will be seen that the parsons frequently comment upon the "vile behaviour" of the persons married. One would imagine that the "behaviour" must have been very "vile" indeed to call forth the observations of a Fleet clergyman; there is abundant evidence, indeed, that it was so. On some occasions the bridegrooms and their friends exhibited the most outrageous violence, with the object of intimidating the parsons into marrying them cheaply; and it happened not unfrequently that the reverend gentlemen were glad to hurry the marriage ceremony to a conclusion on almost any terms, that they might escape from the ruffianly gang which composed the bridal party.

John and Elizabeth August 30th 1737. at Mr Sandy's the Fleet. He said he belonged to the sea, and had his own hair.

Decembr 12th 1739. About ye Hour of 10 in ye Evening there came 2 men and One woman to Mr Burnfords The man yt was married appear'd by Dress as a Gentleman of fortune and ye woman yt was married like a Lady of Quality, ye Man yt came with em seemed to me to be a Tayler who sd he knew Mr B—d very well & me likewise. The Gentlman would not pay but in a mean and scandalous manner, he offerd d. & went Down stairs and Down ye Court came back Again & pd.g. in all

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went away without telling of their names. N.B. He sd he had 2 Xn Names viz: John Skinner & ye Gentlewoman sd her name was Elizabeth. N.B. Ye Gentlewoman when married had on a floured Silk Round Gown & after she was married she pulls off her flower'd Gown & underneath She had a Large full Black Silk Gown on & went away in ye same. Ye other was wrapt up. B—d Absent.

1741. May ye 12th 1741. A certain man with a spott in one eye a Sinament coat And a young woman wth a Pritty Genteel face & Appearance came to Mrs. Crooks and were Married she had on a Linnen Gown the Man sd his Name was Edward But would not tell who he was only yt he came from Spitalfield. The young woman sd her Name was Ann More of ye same Parish.

8 Oct: 1741. Robt ——— Mary at Newmarket married. Poold of his coat because it was Black, said he would not be married in that coat for yt Reason pd 2s 6.

1742/3 Jany 16. John Whitham of Hutton in Essex Husb. Br & Mary Westaby Do. Sp. NB. Vile Behav'd the fellow would not say with this ring I thee wed &c. Parish affair. Bull Garter.

The "Bull and Garter" was a noted tavern in the Fleet. The signs of some other taverns often alluded to in the registers were "The Two Fighting Cocks and Walnut Tree," "The Green Canister," "The Noah's Ark," "Jack's Last Shift," "The Shepherd and Goat," "The Leg," &c.

1742 Novembr 21. Richard Akerman Turner of Christ Church Batr & Lydia Collit at Mrs. Crooks. N.B. They Behav'd very Vilely, & attempted to Run away wth Mrs Crooks gold ring.

Mrs. Crook was the proprietor of the marriage-house, and lent her ring, it seems, for the purposes of the marriage ceremony.

8th Novbr. 1745. Timothy Floyd. Elis Love as under. She a most vile wicked abusive wooman, No: 274. Ash. K & all to pay 3s : 6. Clerk and Registr 4 : 8 part copy.

The subjoined extract shows that the Fleet marriages were not always contracted by young and impulsive persons. The wedding recorded took place at Mr. Lilly's "Hand and Pen," and was solemnized by Mr. Ashwell whom we have before mentioned.

1746. Jan 9. Jno Smith Gent Servt of St Marylebone wr & Ann Page wr He 82 years she 77 both fresh and in perfect senses. Ash.

It may be well in this place to remind the reader that the Fleet parsons, although the majority of them were regularly ordained clergymen, had yet their counterfeits and personators who were no clergymen at all. If we were left to judge of the matter from the references to it in the journals of the day alone, we should almost come to the conclusion that these impostors were as numerous as the actual priests—if not more so; for the journalists constantly mention the Fleet parson as a mock parson altogether. But other evidence leads us to a different conclusion. There is, however, no doubt that cases did sometimes arise where the garb and office of the clergyman were assumed, and his fees claimed, by individuals who were anything but clergy. But it will not be necessary for us to deal with these exceptional instances; the documents before us, moreover, do not supply us with any special evidence on the subject, there being every reason to believe that the parsons whose names appear in their pages were in all cases actually clergymen.

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Our quotations, as the reader will remember, have hitherto been taken from the *pocket-books* of the Fleet parsons, and from those only. We shall now call attention to one of the larger registers, since, unlike most of its class, it contains matter of considerable interest. In order that this remarkable volume may be understood, it should be borne in mind that it is not, like those which we have hitherto been dealing with, a book of a private and personal description, but, on the contrary, one intended for public inspection—a record, in fact, drawn up for the express purpose of being searched by any persons who might be ready to pay a fee for the examination of its contents. The register was evidently the property of a marriage-house proprietor. It dates from July, 1727, to the 25th of March, 1754—the day before Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act, which finally extinguished clandestine matrimony in England, came into operation. The registrar, having found it convenient to insert in the entries various memoranda respecting fees, &c., which he did not wish to be made public, has written these memoranda partially in Greek characters. This very imperfect precaution was, we suppose, sufficient for its immediate purpose; the great majority of those who were likely to search the volume being probably such as would not know the Greek alphabet. We will quote a few of such entries as may be transcribed without offence, and which will at the same time serve to exemplify some of the customs of the Fleet marriage-trade; but it is not easy to make our selection, since much that is coarse and scandalous is only too faithfully reported in these Greek letters. We shall not attempt to classify our quotations, but shall leave the reader to gather from them as he pleases either corroborations of assertions heretofore made in this article, or information on matters which may be wholly new to him. In the four cases where we insert the Greek characters, our extracts have been transcribed—as indeed have all our foregoing quotations—*literatim* from the originals.

January 1728.

13th *μαρρ: τhρηη ςhῖλλῖνγς & ονη δο. χηρτῖfη. Τhη βρῖδηγροομ wας τhη βροτhηρ of τhη μημοραϐλη Jοvατhαν Wῖλδ Εχηχυτηδ ατ Τyϐυρν.*	Andrew Wild a Whitesmith of St. Sepulchres and Mary Harold of do. Wr. & Ww. per Jno. Floud.

March 1728.

8th *Νοτhῖνγ ϐυτ α νοτη of hανδ fορ τhῖς μαρρῖαγη whιχh νηυηρ wας φαῖδ.*	William Corps of St. James's Clerkenwell Coachmaker & Elizabeth Scott of the Temple Br. & Ww. per Jno. Floud.

August 1728.

27th *μαρρῖαγη τhῖρτηην σhῖλλῖνγς & ονη & ςῖχφηνχη χηρτιfιχατη τhη wομαν νοτ χαρῖνγ το ϐη μαρρῖηδ ῖν τhη φληητ I hαδ τhημ μαρρῖηδ ατ μρ βροwνς ατ μρ Ηαρρῖςονς ῖν φεῖδγηονη (sic) χουρτ ιν τhη Ολδ Βαιληγ ατ fουρ α χλοχχ ῖν τhη μορνῖνγ.*	Christopher Owen, a Smith of St. Martins in the Fields & Susannah Dains of St. Giles's in the fields B & Sp. pr. Jno. Floud.

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August 1729.

12th *ϕδ ſīνη ςhĩllινγς ϕηρ τοτaλ.* N. B. *Thη* 28th *of* Aϕρĩλ 1736 *μρς βηλλ χaμη aνδ* Eaρνηςτλy *ĩντρηaτηδ μη το* Eρaςη *Thη μaρρĩaγη ουτ of τhη βοοχ for τhaτ hηρ hυςbaνδ haδ bηaτ aνδ aϐυςηδ hηρ ĩν a baρbaρous μaννηρ * * * I μaδη hηρ bηλeĩνη I δĩδ ςo, for whĩχh I haδ half a γυĩνηa aνδ ςhη aτ τhη ςaμη τιμη δηλĩνηρηδ μη υϕ hηρ χηρτĩfιχaτη* No *ϕηρςον ϕρηςηντ* (Aχχορδινγ *το hηρ δηςĩρη*)	Abraham Wells, a Butcher of the psh of Tottenham in Mdex & Susannah Hewitt of Enfield Wt & Wr pr Jne Flood.

The remainder of our quotations from the book under our notice shall be given in English type; but it will be remembered that these entries are inserted in the register in a manner precisely similar to the foregoing. With respect to the marriage (or pretended marriage), dated 13th May, 1734, it will be observed that the case was one of those we have previously mentioned, in which a man was hired to act the part of bridegroom. It is scarcely necessary to state that on issuing extracts from the book which we are considering, the registrar would ignore the first column altogether.

May 1730.

28th Married at the Globe Tavern Hatton Garden myself had five shillings as clark & gave a certificate on stamped paper (Handsomely Entertained)	William Tew, Gent. & Katherine Skeere, both of St Buttolphs Bishopsgate B. & Sp. pr Robert Cuthbert.

April 1734.

29th Marr: ten shillings & sixpence Clark two & sixpence. Certif: two do Spent ten shillings in Punch.	Joseph Harrison, a Groom Ann Bolt, both of St Mary Cray in Kent Br & Sp. pr J. Gayam.

May 1734.

13th Mr. Comings gave me half a guinea to find a bridegroom and defray all expenses. Parson two and sixpence Husband do & five & sixpence myself.	Samuel Stewart; a chocolate maker and Mary Nugent; both of St M Ludgate B & Sp pr Ralph Shadwell.

August 1735.

31. Total Thre & six pence but Honest Wigmore * kept all the mony so farewel him.	Mathew Medcalf, a weaver and Ann Hubbard both of Whitechappell B & Wr D. Wigmore.

* Wigmore was the officiating parson. The note signifies the marriage-house keeper's determination to employ him no longer.

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Enough has now been said and quoted to give a fair general notion of the matrimonial proceedings in the Fleet. A good deal, however, remains untold which cannot be recounted in these pages, and which would certainly not modify the opinion that the reader has probably formed as to the iniquity and degradation of the parsons.

It may appear strange to some that the legislature should have permitted the Fleet scandals to remain undisturbed for the long period of three-quarters of a century. But the fact is that enactments designed to remedy the evil were from time to time passed, which, however, all failed of their object, since, although they punished clandestine matrimony, they did not render such matrimony *invalid*. The penalties which they imposed were evaded by various clever manœuvres, and the mischief which they were intended to allay remained practically unchecked. Thus "the very vitals of the salutary laws which render property and person safe, continued to be brought into danger by the knavish tricks that debauchees and fortune-hunters were enabled to practise through the Fleet clergy;" and it was not until Lord Chancellor Hardwicke brought forward his famous bill that the evil was effectually destroyed. That measure provided that any person solemnizing matrimony otherwise than in a church or public chapel, and without banns or licence, should, on conviction, be adjudged guilty of felony, and be transported for fourteen years; it also provided that all such marriages should be *null and void*. Like all measures, however useful and salutary, which have the appearance of interfering with an established right, this bill met with the strongest opposition. Eventually, however, it passed into law, and began to operate on the 26th March, 1754. The general public and the parsons alike made the most of their time just at the last; and on the 25th March the crowd of applicants for marriage at the Fleet must have been enormous, for, in one register-book alone, 217 weddings are recorded as having been celebrated on that day.

The existence of the Fleet scandals during the three-quarters of a century which we have been reviewing is as strong a proof as can be adduced of the degraded condition of the English Church at that period: and indeed there is too much reason for believing that the Fleet parsons were little worse, although they might be less fortunate, than the majority of their beneficed brethren. Of course we may congratulate ourselves in these days, not only that our Marriage Laws have been so broadened and improved as to leave no reasonable excuse for, or indeed possibility of, clandestine matrimony; but also that probably not half-a-dozen priests holding orders in our Church could now be found who would lend themselves to irregularities such as those we have been considering, however great the facility, or the pecuniary inducement.

E. W.

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Sketches from Berchtesgaden and the Ziller-Thal.

COMPARATIVELY few English travellers know the charm of an early spring in the mountains. People who have been living through an Italian winter are eager to cross as quickly as possible into more familiar regions, and reach town for the season, and a few hours in a lumbering vetturino, with some shivering comments on the chilly blasts that sweep down upon them as they hurry over the St. Gothard or the Brenner, are all they realize of Alpine life in their passage; and yet never in the whole year is that world of mountain and river, wood and snow, half so beautiful.

Ce joli mois de Mai! It brings sunshine and warmth and gladness in its hand, loosening the frozen streams, and sending them down with great leaps of gladness white from the glaciers that gave them birth, melting the snow-mantle that has kept the tender plants and roots warmly covered from the frost, and wakening them with smiles and promises of summer: so that bare hill-sides that looked grim and desolate with snow half melted in dirty brown patches, are covered in a few hours with a radiancy of colour and bloom and sweetness, as the blossoms creep out into the sunshine, and birds are singing and insects humming their thanksgivings in a very jubilation of honeyed delight. The world seems young again, fresh and rested after its winter sleep, the roads have not grown white with the accumulated dust of summer, and the noonday heat which will bring headaches to weary August travellers, is still an unknown misery; the days are long, with bright sunrises and sunsets, and there is a frosty feeling in the air which is wonderfully exhilarating; and though the mountains be, many of them, only six or seven thousand feet high, you believe in perpetual snow as you see peak after peak gleaming sharply against the clear blue of the sky, and forget measurements and theodolites and any scientific assertions, taking it all on trust as unrivalled in grandeur and sublimity. The dark pine-woods clothe the sides of the hills, and

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everywhere there is a soft veil of greenery where larch and beech put out their golden buds and light up the spaces between the fir-shadows like veritable sunshine.

The still deep lakes of Tyrol, very small for the most part, have wonderful colours in their depths—emerald and ultramarine and gorgeous purple, as though Héré loved them, and had made them beautiful with reflections from peacocks' wings and breasts unseen by mortals; or possibly in later times, when German faerieland had supplanted old Olympus, the gnomes had sunk shafts and mined out galleries, piling stores of jewels and brilliant ore, and done a great business while shares were at a premium, till suddenly the world lost faith in them, treated them altogether as a myth, poor little elves, and so, finding the mine at a discount, they being not more than mortals, even a little less so in the matter of temper, let in the water and disappeared from the earth.

Writing of the spring as it ought to be in Tyrol, and as we found it during many happy weeks, it is only fair to state that in the year of grace 1866, the seasons were a little behindhand, and somehow the frost held its own in an unconscionable manner; and there are disadvantages in travelling in a country where visitors only come in with the late vegetables, and no blankets are kept! We consoled ourselves with philosophy, but facts are stern things, and it is difficult to believe that "whatever is is best" with the thermometer at 17°, and when you have to sleep in a German bed with one sheet and a *duvet* three feet square as your only defence against the cold. Certainly there are degrees of misery, and we were by no means at the lowest; but if the wind had not changed, and the frost had held, and we had journeyed far enough, we might have found ourselves in that outlying district where the cold was so intense that men's words froze as they were uttered, and conversation could only be resumed with the thaw in the spring!

We reached Berchtesgaden on the 22nd of May, in rather a bad humour, after a long wet drive from Reichenhall, and found that pleasantest of summer haunts ostentatiously preparing for warm weather and the butterflies it was to bring, and ignoring any poor strangers who might be "frozen out," and needing warmth and comfort and shelter.

Our tired horses dragged us along the broad high-road past many pretty châlets with cool green jalousies and shady arbours, but all hermetically sealed and guiltless of smoke or human habitant, past König Max's villa, also shuttered and barred and silent, past plashing fountains, the very thought of which made one shiver with a dire foreboding that we might have made a terrible mistake and that we were there *too soon;* on, with weary hoof splashing through the mud and sleepy driver nodding in the rain, till suddenly the *Kutscher* was smiling wide-eyed and wide-awake in a moment, and proving it by vigorous snappings of his whip. There was a quickening of the pace, a feeble demonstration of having done the last ten miles in an hour, and being a little blown in consequence, which imposed on nobody, and with a sudden jerk and rattle we drew up at the

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Hotel zum Watzmann, at the entrance of the little town. There was a big brown church opposite, a sound of sweet voices chaunting, and wreaths of greenery all over the inn-door, where people were standing in a state of suppressed excitement, and a little Oberkellner, like a puppet on wires—the sole marionette of a theatre opened before its troupe had been made ready, and with all the strings throughout the establishment attached to his small individuality,—who rushed to open our carriage-door, precipitating himself upon a bundle of cloaks with a vociferous welcome.

"Yes, the Herr had been there—the rooms were ready, the Herr had himself selected them. We were fortunate in our arrival—as, being the only guests, we could choose what pleased us. Just now it was true there were people, but that was only a wedding—one or two hundred of the peasants who would sup there, and there would be a dance. Could the Fräulein see them? Yes, surely—and dance also—there would be music: they were singing now, they were in the church over there, having already feasted. Later they would drink again, and the Damen should see the bride. There were the rooms: were the Damen satisfied?"

And so up the stairs and into the bright little chambers he hurried us; keeping up a ceaseless flow of talk, with much of hand-rubbing,—the cloaks being deposited,—and little hasty runs through different doors, and busy directions to a quiet, slow, handsome Kellnerin who smiled her welcome and hastened to make us comfortable. Such fresh, clean, pretty rooms they were, gay with muslin curtains and green jalousies, crimson cushions on the window-sills, floors polished with much scrubbing, downy pink-striped coverlets, a sofa and the little round table, with its red cloth, to make believe we had a salon, and a great white earthenware stove filling up a quarter of the room, and looking as though many hours and more faggots would be needed before any warmth could penetrate its icy smoothness. It was impossible to resist the friendly welcome, the promise of dinner at the moment, and a dance afterwards, the hesitating request that we would graciously eat in a small room adjoining, the Speisesaal being occupied by the bridal party. We thawed at once; fraternized with the waiter, with the chambermaid, with the whole establishment; threw ourselves heart and soul into the interests of the moment, and determined to enjoy the fun. It was freezing hard—about that there could be no mistake—and the little salon was two-thirds window and guiltless of a fireplace. We ate and shivered and listened to F.'s histories of his morning. He having preceded us on foot and arrived in time for the whole ceremony, and having witnessed sundry libations, was sceptical of the feasibility of our sharing even as spectators in the evening celebrations; but by this time the cold had become so intense, that his account of the big room with its warmth and light and many people, even with the tobacco-smoke, sounded welcome, and we ventured in, taking up a safe position near the door.

The scene was wonderfully picturesque and full of interest; the people enjoyed themselves so thoroughly, with such happy light-hearted merri-

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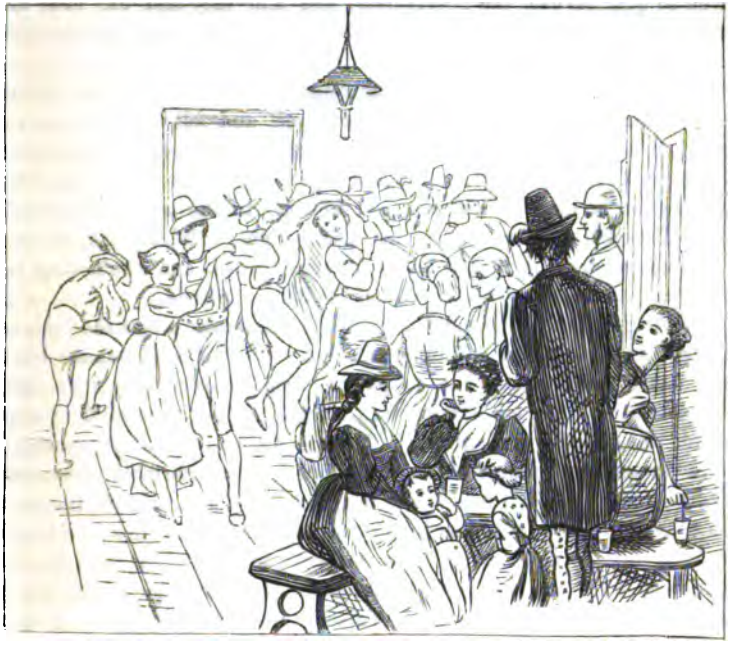
ment, with such earnest good-will, and the throng of glad faces, honest hard-working men and women, strong and sturdy, was a pleasant sight to see. The men were tall well-grown fellows, with handsome sun-burnt faces, with gay-coloured braces crossed over their white shirts—for there was hardly a jacket to be seen in the crowd, the dancing was too much in earnest for the carrying of any needless weight,—and wearing high-crowned hats, grey or black, some with the broad green band of the Salz-kammergut, all with feathers—white *Lämmergeier*, black *Auerhahn*, glossy and curled—a bunch of flowers, or a tassel, green or silver.



The women were in dark brown or black garments, hanging in heavy folds half-way below the knee, the bodice relieved with dainty chemisette or gay-coloured kerchief matching the brilliant apron, the hair glossy and braided, the dancers in green wreaths. One or two maidens who might, perhaps, aspire to belong to a higher class than the peasants around them wore flowing white robes, with trains that mournfully recalled Western civilization.

Down one side of the room sat the men and matrons,—house-fathers gossiping together over the weather and the crops, and clinking beer-glasses; the mothers, with mild quiet faces and steadfast eyes shining out under the shade of their broad hats, with kind glances at the younger life around them, and pleasant smiles over the bright faces so innocently happy, and whispered reminders of past days and other *Brautfests*, and of their own old romances. Good souls, they looked quiet and patient, as

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though through somewhat of sorrow and hard work, and blessed home joys and cares, they had kept their hearts fresh like a deep still pool made bright by the reflections from others' sunshine, and glad with little ripples of their own content, sending out rivers to barren places, and fed by streams from other lives, which, whether sweet or bitter, mingled with their own and made them more complete. There is something wonderfully touching in the faces of these German mothers—they look so good and hard-working and thrifty, though often so very poor, as though they might tell you sad stories of Hans being a *Wildschutz*, and Jacob far too much given to quarrels over the *Branntwein*, and that they and the little cows had to do all the work, yet the good God gave his blessing, and the *kleine* had never wanted for bread.

But all this time the dancing was going on fast and furious, till the great beams swung again, and the boards rose and fell with the hurrying feet. A little old man, the master of the ceremonies, worked himself almost into a fit in his excitement and eagerness. Standing in the centre of the room he shouted and stamped in time to the music, despotically marshalling his dancers, giving his orders right and left with vehement clappings, wiping his heated brows at every pause, and swallowing beer from many glasses hospitably held out for his acceptance.

We made our way through the throng to one corner where the bride and bridegroom were seated solemnly drinking. We had all to shake hands, with hearty good wishes, and to pledge them in some very sour liquid, like steel filings on edge, diluted with vinegar. They were of the peasant farmer class, neither very young. The man tall and ungainly, working off his awkwardness in offers of beer, and looking uncomfortably conscious of his long-tailed coat and heavy hat, which, as full dress, was *de rigueur* on the occasion. The bride was by no means pretty, but she spoke happily of their little cottage on the hills, and tried to do her part by asking the gentlemen to dance, and quietly accepting their apologies, thanking us for coming to them, and then relapsing into that stolid calm which nature and constant association with their dumb beasts teaches them, and which civilization has improved into the apathy of perfect good-breeding!

The dancing was perfect, the men changing their partners in the middle of a waltz without losing a step. The fiddlers played faster and faster as the dancers flew round the room. Some danced by themselves, not to lose a moment, leaping into the air, snapping their fingers, and jodelling in very gladness of heart. We had a store of magnesium-wire and coloured lights, and our father flung the bright blazing papers among them amidst bursts of ecstatic wonder and delight. They all showed us the greatest respect and hospitality, and one very ugly old man, probably thinking our feelings might be hurt if we were altogether passed over, suggested, "Possibly the Fräulein will dance?" and on our professing ignorance of the figures, met the difficulty graciously with "Perhaps, then, a cotillon?"

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At last, leaving them to their revels, we retreated to our rooms, but not to sleep; the noise across the passage was deafening. When the bridal pair left about midnight, the band preceded them downstairs, and all the guests followed two and two, cheering and jodelling as they drove off in an *Einspänner* for their mountain châlet. And then came more dancing and more noise; and if any one had been so unreasonable as to keep awake and listen to heavy bodies falling downstairs, and the other slight confusions attending their departure, possibly their views of the piety and thrift and simple habits of these poor *Bauern* might have been modified, with a dreamy sense that the good and the evil has drifted pretty equally over the world we live in, and that men are not necessarily better because they live nearer the heavens and breathe rarefied air.

During our five or six days at Berchtesgaden we spent many pleasant hours exploring the wood walks for fresh views of the snow-covered mountain whose great jagged peaks watched over the village below, or driving to the beautiful König-see, where we rowed lazily over the water, watching the long still shadows of the rocks, or landing to visit some cascade hidden in their clefts; spending long, quiet hours in the sunshine, sitting in a sheltered nook in the higher meadows, with work and books and painting, and a tinkling accompaniment of cow-bells, and far away great snow-slopes growing into violet shadows as the sun sank lower in the west; or discovering little out-of-the-way homesteads, where we made friends with the kind peasants, and heard their stories of good fortune or privation, admired the babies, and bought bowls full of sweet new milk, for now the cold weather had come suddenly to an end, changing into the perfection of warm noonday, with just a cheery thought of frost morning and evening that kept the snow upon the hills.

* * * * * *

As the evening of a wet day in June was closing in, we drew near the little village of Krimml. Having parted from F. at Hallstadt, and seen him start with a country guide and his trusty Almer for ten days in the mountains, and taken leave of our father at Satzburg—where he left us to return home—we four ladies, with the carriage and horses which we had already employed in our drive from Ischl, arranged to travel under Walther's * good care over the Hirschbühl, rejoining F. at Krimml, and spending a few days together in the Ziller-thal. For the last twenty-four hours the weather had been the only drawback to enjoyment; all the morning the rain had poured down in chilly showers, which grew only colder and mistier as the day wore on.

There was little traffic on the road, and few or no guests at the inns at this early season, except, as ever, the crowd of peasants in the *Stube;* and when we halted for a meal we had much pleasant gossip with the honest-

* Bartholome Walther, of Pontresina, one of the best guides of the Engadine.

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faced *Wirthins* or sturdy *Kellnerins*, who watched us as we ate, and were delighted to sit for their portraits and receive some little books from England, or a *Trinkgeld*, and a compliment on their pretty faces and ready kindliness. At Zell am Zee, where we halted for the night, we found ourselves in the old familiar inn of German idyls: the wainscoted walls and wooden tables and benches shining with cleanliness and much rubbing; the rooms large and low, with great beams supporting the ceiling, and broad windows with tiny panes; crucifixes, little cups for holy water, a faded wreath before some sacred picture decorating the walls. But these touches of higher grace and art were generally reserved for the bedrooms—the grand apartments of the house, often of enormous size, two-thirds window, gay with roses and sweet-scented stocks, with a huge black stove filling up one corner, and beds, piled high with bright cotton *duvets* and wadded counterpanes, sheets of homespun linen, coarse and white, with broad-laced edgings to the towels and pillows, the orthodox stiff German sofa and inevitable cabinet, behind whose glass-doors reposed the heirlooms of the house—old china, quaint cups and mugs and vases, dear to the good *Wirthin's* heart, silver-handled knives and forks, glass and crockery of every kind; and on the higher shelves, a crowd of tinsel ornaments, bouquets, toys, wreaths for festivals, gold and silver pins—each relic, great or worthless, priceless, no doubt, to those good hearts, and rich in tender recollections: the bridal flowers of her happy wedding morning—dear soul, though stout and old, and seamed a little by the winters that had passed her by, there had been a spring too for her once, rich in all love and promise. There were the toys that little hands had played with—perhaps most precious because the eager fingers may have been folded once so quietly, they never broke that stillness. There, too, the nosegay the young daughter had carried at her first communion, and many treasures, gay little pictures of saints, with flowers, and lace-paper, and legends, very like an ecclesiastical valentine, and with just the same tender little meanings insinuating themselves under the angelic wings, bought, as they may have been, at a country-fair by some great shy Pinzgauer for that blue-eyed maiden who waited on us below with the great silver spoon stuck into her bodice, and her name, Marie, or Ursula, or Filomena, embroidered on her broad belt.

We had left Mittersill with many forebodings as to the weather. The clouds were as low as they could well be to be clouds at all, and they very soon changed into a drizzle, and then came down in good earnest. So we pulled up at the roadside, and Walther and the coachman built up a close carriage carefully bit by bit, like a Chinese puzzle, taking out doors and windows and cross-pieces from some hidden receptacle in a truly marvellous and inexhaustible manner. The puzzle, when finished, was not a perfect fit; and we were glad to make cushions of our cloaks, which comfortably imbibed the moisture, whilst we made ourselves merry with riddles and stories and talk—the country being unenlivening, a great extent of flat marshy land and grass-fields where numbers of young horses were feeding,

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with a few stray houses and one or two villages. In many of the fields the poor people were kneeling in rows in the wet corn or rye, busily weeding, and laying up a store of rheumatic twinges for every half-dozen roots they succeeded in extracting, to say nothing of the havoc made among the green blades.

As the day wore on the clouds lifted, and in the sunlight we saw the Gross Venediger crowned with snow. Gradually the valley narrowed, and we drove into a kind of *cul-de-sac*, the little village of Krimml lying before us, and a glorious great waterfall, one thousand feet high, breaking through a cleft in the rock. The mountains looked very unpromising, and the weather scarcely less so, as the clouds again covered the hills, showing us here and there through their rents black dismal rocks and deep snow over which our path lay for the morrow. The inn was the roughest we had yet encountered. A ladder-like staircase led up from the darkness below to a vast damp landing; the boarded walls seemed exuding moisture, and the rain and damp fog entered at will through the great openings at either end: no woman was to be seen, and no one, apparently, to make us welcome or at all prepared for the arrival of guests. A rough old landlord, begrimed with the accumulated dirt of the past winter, and smoked and seasoned by the fumes of his own pipe, which was never out of his mouth, at last came to our relief and took us under his protection. "The Herr had not arrived, but his portmanteau was there, and no doubt he would appear shortly, and meanwhile we could see the rooms." On opening a door into a spacious chamber matters began to look more promising. We at once prepared to take possession and make things comfortable, ordered everything eatable the house contained, lit the candles on the round table, and prepared a famous brew of tea to welcome F. and Almer when they should arrive, probably wet and weary.

While D. ran to the kitchen with the teapot, E. hunted out the salt, when a cry from C. arrested them, as she stood gazing at them in blank

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despair, unable after the first scream to utter a word. Slowly they drew from her the direful truth,—the rain had penetrated her carpet-bag, and during the journey her precious possessions had been literally floating in soft water. As they extracted the moist masses, her companions suggested the evident wisdom of at once drying them; and making up a bundle of her garments, she hastened in search of the kitchen and a fire; but encountering the old *Wirth*, was hurried by him into the *Stube*, where a group of sympathetic and much-interested peasants, busy with their pipes, offered to smoke the clothes for her! Indignantly rejecting their proposal, she was conducted to the kitchen, and propitiated by the sight of a good fire in the broad stove and the alacrity with which mine host assisted her to string her possessions on a long spit, which was afterwards suspended over the blaze and turned till they were sufficiently done.

Calmness being restored, we settled down to our *Abendessen*, but with rather sad hearts, waiting hour after hour for F., who never came. L. and E. went to their room and vainly endeavoured to sleep. Ten, eleven o'clock, and no arrival! Sometimes they would be startled by a footstep stamping up the stairs, as one of the herdsmen climbed to his nest amongst the rafters. E. always suffered from chronic anxiety during F.'s absences, and the attack became violent whenever he ceased to appear at the expected moment. L. declares that she was not the least uneasy till E. worked her up to a proper state of misery; but this fact E. doubts. It was dismal enough lying sleepless in the cold gaunt room, listening to the rain beating against the windows, and the wind howling round the lonely house, or eagerly looking at their watches by the dim light of a little candle, to see how many hours still lay between them and the possibly dread uncertainties of the morning.

Suddenly a shrill old bell gave a clang, and steps were heard and voices, and the anxious watching passed away into a happy dreamless sleep.

Very merry was the breakfast, making up for all the shortcomings of the night before. F. recounted his adventures, and we watched the gathering of men and horses below the window. Much could not be said for the weather; but if there were no distant views, there was a very picturesque foreground to clouds and mist as our little party wound up the steep wood-path and over the grassy hill-side above; we four ladies on horseback endeavouring, as far as we were able, to protect ourselves from the pitiless rain, and exchanging merry talk and jokes with F. and the guides, who made the poor beasts rest every three minutes, much to our discomfort, as their backs were nearly at an angle of forty-five degrees! A pause at an *Almhütte*, where some great bowls of delicious milk were brought to us, and then we pressed on, our steeds slipping and stumbling for the next hour along a track, in reality a succession of deep hollows between short wet turf, half black bog, half holes and large stones, so that we were glad to dismount and trudge through water and soaked grass till we reached a more level road; but any after attempt at riding made us so unpleasantly con-

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scious of being wet through, at least as to our feet, that we were glad to run again to warm ourselves, and joyfully hailed the little inn at Gerlos, where we changed and dried our clothes over the kitchen-fire. The cloaks and rugs were hung across a beam over the great flat stove, *on* which a fire of wood was lit: a little tripod placed over it supported a saucepan or frying-pan; the men held our boots in the bright flame, while the *Mädchen* fed the fire with dry chips of wood from a great pile stored in one corner; F. preparing a good portion of soup, with a cake of dried vegetables, a square *à la Julienne* being added to the stock.

Meanwhile, two *Bergwagen* were being got ready, and the baggage stowed away. They were the worst we had ever seen; the poor horses never went beyond a walk, the drivers tramping at their side for four long hours; and for these delightful vehicles the charge was sixteen *Gülden*. D. and E. started in one, F. heading the procession on foot. C. and L. were established side by side on the second seat of one cart, Walther and Almer on the one before them. The seats were merely boards, laid across a long narrow trough on wheels. It was exceedingly difficult for two people to sit anyhow without tumbling off sideways, and when the paths—for road there was often none—led over great stones or rocks, the sight was ludicrous of the unhappy victims swaying from side to side, half shaken out, and then violently thrown back upon the planks, steadying themselves by the exertion of every muscle in their bodies, or rowing themselves along with enormous fir poles, with which F. supplied them. Half the exertion expended would have carried us on our own feet happily to the journey's end, but having elected to drive, we scorned to be turned from our purpose; Walther and Christian soon succumbed, and unable to endure such an amount of exercise, prepared to walk, though poor Almer was almost dead beat after his twenty-four hours' expedition of the previous day.

About a quarter of an hour after our start D. and E. came to grief, through the loss of the linch-pin or bolt of their chariot, which thereupon fell in two. A little *Wirthshaus* near by fortunately boasted another trough upon wheels, into which they and the bags were stowed—the appearance they presented forcibly reminding their companions of one of Mr. Leech's most vivid sketches of the youthful and agricultural poor taking the air in a clothes'-truck. The victims consider their sufferings to have been indescribable.

The road was execrably bad, and often very steep, but full of beauty of woods and meadows in all the glory of spring. The path wound down the sides of a steep ravine, with a torrent far below breaking in white showers of foam over the stones and between the dark stems of the firs, and carrying away in its course branches freshly torn from the pines, red and odorous, with great jagged edges of brown bark, that came sweeping down, holding out their broken twigs like hands of drowning men, and sometimes getting caught out in quiet little eddies, where they may rest for years, and weld themselves into the rich marl of the banks, till the moss covers

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them lovingly and flowers grow out of their heart, or a bright-eyed water-rat builds its nest in a soft bit of fibre.

The sides of the wood were green with plants, luscious grasses, and golden lichens starred with flowers, and many streams crossed our path; some so small they only made a bubbling in the grass, some busy and important enough to turn a mill and needing a wooden bridge, made in careless fashion of loose boards, over which we jolted, tossed helplessly into the air by the vibration. The woods rang with our laughter and moans; the stolid old driver giving no sign of sympathy, unless a chuckle of delight may be so regarded when a more fearful shock than usual elicited a cry of anguish. A sort of stone staircase, which announced itself as part of the high-road, brought matters to a climax. D. and E., from the safer abasement of their trough, looked back upon their companions. The horses took to the stairs as a matter of course, and the *Bergwagen* came after,—bump! jolt! shriek! creak! stumble! cries and laughter! bump! bump! bump!—the unhappy occupants holding on to each other, to their great poles, to the empty air, in an ecstasy of suffering and delight.

There had been a drizzle of rain all the morning, but as the day advanced the clouds cleared off a little, and we caught sight of the lovely Ziller-thal, to which we were bound. We were still journeying through a thick forest, winding in and out on the edge of a steep slope ending in a ravine, through which the river ran; and opposite to us rose another wooded mountain side, clothed to its summit with soft green meadows, like little bits of sun-

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shine cut out of the trees, and dozens of brown châlets, the lower ones the peasants' dwellings, the more distant hay-sheds, or *Almhütte*. The cattle were all in their higher pastures, and very sweet and Arcadian it all looked in the bright evening light. Gladly we hailed the emerald-green spire of the village church far below us: the tired horses hastened forward, and we reached Zell about seven, where we were warmly welcomed by the very affable old *Wirthin*, and while supper was preparing thankfully rested our worn and weary bodies, listening later for an hour or two to some pleasant *Volkslieder* and jodelling choruses, with a musical accompaniment from *Zither* and guitar, and a wonderful wooden instrument called *Holzgelächter*, which at each touch of the little sticks gave out sweet clear notes, indescribable, alas! except in the thought that an angel in pattens was singing somewhere. And so, with an interchange of friendly talk and conjuring and sketch-books on our part, and singing from the peasants, our day drew to a close; and while we slept, too soundly even to dream of its misadventures or fatigues, we woke to bright sunshine and glad plannings for another happy day amongst the hills.

A late breakfast at the luxurious hour of eight, a quiet drive through the pleasant country in a good carriage,—blessed be the man who invented springs!—a soft air scented with new-mown hay and crushed flowers drying on the high crossed poles that made the fields look full of great bears holding out embracing arms, or meek Capuchins standing with bowed heads, brought us to Mayrhofen, where we found a little room perched in the balcony, very cool and airy, with lattice-work sides, through which we looked down on an amusing little world below:—fat blue-eyed children toddling about with the inevitable big baby, peasants resting with their cattle, smoking and ruminant, an investigating cow endeavouring to establish itself in a cosy stable, from which it was driven by a young Tyroler with ironical hootings, to the dismay of the fat children among whom it immediately plunged, an alarming guggle from the baby premonitory of a scream, bringing an anxious mother from a wash-house, whose sturdy arms speedily routed the enemy and restored peace. Our guides, who had followed us in an *Einspänner*, appeared, elevating an alpenstock on which hung, waving in the breeze, "a banner with a strange device" in the shape of F.'s knickerbockers—which, having been thoroughly washed during the night after his tramp down the mountain, had now to be dried *en route*.

That ride to the Karlsteg was one never to be forgotten. Great rocks piled one upon another in chaotic confusion made the path, marked by a long slide here and there on the smooth stone where a hoof had begun a *glissade*. If it had been all up hill or all down, one might in time have become reconciled to the movement, but the hillocks were so small that each unfortunate beast formed an arc of a circle, and the still more unfortunate rider was first thrown forward almost on its head and then jerked over the tail. The path was in places so narrow that though a mule could pass, panniers, or anything so insignificant as the feet of the

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riders, had not been taken into account. After escaping being crushed between the rocks in a narrow defile, with a sudden lunge the animal would turn a corner and stand panting, its foreleg slipping on a loose stone edging the path, and your boots hanging over a precipice. A pleasant position, truly, for those who cannot keep their seat at any given angle of saddle or steed!

Lovely clematis with bright blue blossoms hung from the rocks; the woods, as ever, were full of the sweet spring fragrance; birds sung in the trees, and the torrent roared with a mighty voice as the masses of water fell with a great leap into the hissing cauldron below, and rocks and hill-side showed out dimly through the whirl of spray. It is only with an effort that the mind can so far triumph over matter as properly to appreciate such a scene, when the boots belonging to it are in the uncomfortable position mentioned above.

"There is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous," and in the course of our travels how many bursts of eloquence have not been cut short by a sudden slip or stumble on the part of the most promising-looking steed or most sure-footed of humans!

As the echo caught the roar of the water it sent it to us mockingly, as though a hundred spirits of the stream laughed back at us, and old Kuhleborn himself might have grown out of the mist and steam and defied us, as we passed on to find the still bed of the river higher up, and eat and drink, and profane those quiet places by mortal hunger and wonderment and laughter. Pleasantly the old Folk-lore grows into its own surroundings, and we have time to muse over it as we rest idly by the water, sheltered from a sudden shower by the strong roof of the old bridge, picturing to ourselves Undine's sweet white face smiling out of the spray, or fading away, pathetically mournful, as the wind sung her dirge through the pine-boughs; and up through the gorge, as night falls and clouds gather black and threatening, may still come, for aught we know, the weird Erl König or the Wild Huntsman and his spectral hounds. The dark hollows of these very rocks were full once of little gnomes and demons: good little *gobbos*, some of them, who gave dowries to pretty maidens, and wreaked fell judgment on prosperous iniquity. We had read all these stories long ago, in those sweet old days when everything was truth to us; and for the sake of that happy time we spoke of the old myths reverently, sighing because we were wiser and perhaps somewhat sadder also.

Soundly we slept that night in the big rooms at Zell, and loudly demonstrative was the good *Wirthin* at parting. We gave her a packet of our English tea—so called in contradistinction to the dried hay or carefully preserved twigs with which we had been favoured at many good hostelries. Her admiration of our teapot was boundless: she evidently regarded it as a valuable piece of family plate, as C. always carried it in a chamois-leather case and polished it carefully each morning; and E.'s statement of its having cost less than three *Gülden* was regarded as a vague anecdote

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totally destitute of truth, or too intimately connected with the conjuring of the night before, which had driven the good woman from the room with a cry of, "Was für Hexerei!"

Madame and the little *Kammermädchen* quite clung to us at parting, bringing us bouquets of sweet fresh flowers and imploring us to return.

"Wollen Sie nicht gewiss zuruckkommen, oder jedenfalls uns recommandiren; nicht wahr?" with a sudden eye to business and a tender pressure of our hands.

The bugles had sounded merrily and the *Freiwillige* were ranged in order before the door as we drove away. Of those great brave awkward peasants, how many may not have fallen, silently gathered in by the grim Prussian death, before the grass they had been mowing that early spring morning had turned dry and golden under their old roofs at home!

The Tyroler in these mountain valleys are an honest people, strong in their simple beliefs and diligent in prayers. Often we heard them chaunting a solemn thanksgiving round the great table on which a mighty stew of beans or polenta waited the onslaught of their wooden spoons: masters and herdsmen and the women of the house, each in their place, as in the good old Saxon times, when churl and hind ate plum-porridge at a festival, sitting below the salt.

Good faithful hearts, true to "Gott und Kaiser," fighting vainly for a broken cause and a fatal creed! God grant that from that baptism of blood a new fatherland may arise, strengthened and purified, and worthy of its great destiny in the future!

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Stone Edge.

CHAPTER I.

The Lone Moor.

On one of the highest, dreariest, coldest and bleakest of the ——shire hills stands a little old grey "Hall." When it was built (the date 16.. is over the door) the whole hill-side must have been moorland; but the ugly squares of field surrounded by bare stone walls, with their scanty crops of barley, and oats, and rushy grass, are encroaching fast on the purple heather which constituted its only beauty. The almost interminable ascent which leads to it across the lone moor, never steep,—long, slow, and tiresome—was merely a track with deep ruts, almost impassable in winter. Yet it must have been a house once of some pretension: the advancing gables with their stone balls and heavy coping had each its double-mullioned six-light window; there were carved mantelpieces and oak wainscoting within, and without an elaborate balustrade surmounted the irregular old wall and flanked the very handsome massive stone pillars with their great globes which shut in a little paved court opening on the lane.

It was within a stone's-throw of some of the most splendid scenery in that beautiful county. From the top of the Edge was a magnificent view over hill and dale, rock and hanging woods. In a steep cleft a mile or two from the house ran a deep valley, whose cliffs and 'tors' rose sheer from the tumbling river at the bottom, with beautiful foliage fringing the precipitous walls of rock,—a dale which tourists came from all parts to see; but the little grey old house turned its back sullenly on it all, crept sufficiently down the hill on the wrong side as if to shut out the view, and turned savagely to contemplate its own dreary hill-sides, bare and high without grandeur, cold and exposed without gaining anything by its elevation.

In the early days when it was built, it must have been easier than now to maintain a "family of distinction;" for on the estate, by no means very large, to which Stone Edge Hall belonged, there were no less than three of these little old manor-houses, each with its once Catholic chapel attached to it, now turned into a barn or cowshed, possessed once by a family whose pedigree was to be found in county chronicles and old monuments.

It was the end of October, but the wretched little crop of half-ripe oats was still uncarried. In those bleak regions, before the days of draining, the corn was often overtaken by snow before it could be reaped.

"It's a scratting world we live in," said the old farmer who inhabited the Hall, coming in from the vain attempt to rescue it, and throwing

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"YOU'RE TIRED, DEAR HEART," SAID LYDIA.

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himself on the settle by the great open fire. "I wunna fash mysen any onger o' this fashion; if th' ould squire will ha' his rent, happen he may ust come and fish it out wi' a ladle, the grun's as fu' o' watter as the pond-head."

"Will ye ha' some parritch, feyther," said a tall, slight woman, with a very sweet sad expression—his wife, though she was some forty years younger than himself.

The only answer was a grunt, but when he had "supped" it in a bowl with a wooden spoon on his knee, his humour seemed to improve enough for speech.

"Where's Cassandra?" he said.

"Gone down to fetch some yeast from Morehead."

"She's ever gadding, and you're allus o' th' fashion o' abetting on her."

His wife silently turned away to her stirring of the washtub, by means of a sort of churn called a "dolly"—a device by which the ——shire mountaineers had anticipated the idea of the American machine.

The old man's complaints went on almost as satisfactorily to himself, shouted through the open door.

"Lyddy! and where's German? *He's* off somewhere too, I'll be bound."

"Why, he took the milking-stool and the pail not ten minit back; ye mun ha' met him as ye came in," answered the patient wife. And old German *had* seen him, and *did* know perfectly where he was, although he indulged himself in complaints, as some people do in spirits, though he by no means denied himself either in this matter.

There was nothing whatever that indicated gentle blood in him,—quite the contrary. Yet he was descended from a very old family, and was the lineal representative of the possessors of one of the most beautiful estates in the county. Some generations before, however, the chief of the house had disinherited his son, and left the property to his daughter and her children; the heir with his descendants had continued to live not far off ever since as very poor farmers.

"Bon sang ne peut pas mentir," says the French proverb; but then it must be "bon sang," not only ancient, and old German was probably not unlike his ancestor the spendthrift outcast.

Poor Lyddy's fate had not been a happy one. Left an orphan to shift for herself before she was fifteen, she had gone from one farmhouse to another for wages barely sufficient to clothe her, and, when old German first saw her, she was living at Morehead, the nearest farm to Stone Edge. It was one of the defaced old manor-houses, with a beautiful little chapel attached to it, the only one which had been preserved in the neighbourhood, and which served as the parish church of the district. Old German, whenever he attended service at all, was in the habit of coming there; he had watched Lydia's pale sweet face across the church, and marked her unwearied step in the cheese-room and kitchen of the old farmhouse, and one day, when he met her alone coming up the steep lane from the mill, he accosted her with—

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"Lass, I've settled for to ma' thee my wife; thou'rt a housekeeping wench and a tidy, and I think thee'll do; wilt thou be ready for the asking on next Sabbath?

Lyddy looked up much surprised, with a red patch of colour on her cheek and a tear in her eye. An alliance with old Ashford was not a delightful prospect, but she was too much accustomed to be ordered about to have much will of her own in the disposal of herself, and accordingly she did as she was bid, going to her husband's home with no more feeling of hope or gratulation than if it had been a fresh dairymaid's place. Now old German's first wife had been a lady of property, one of the two daughters of a prosperous linendraper in the nearest little town, and the son and daughter whom she had left were, not unnaturally, especially angry and annoyed at their father's marriage. In the first place, Cassandra was only three years younger than the new wife, and in the next place she was "nothing but a servant-maid!" Miss Cassandra turned the coldest of cold shoulders on her meek stepmother, and took every opportunity of contemning and crossing her. German was several years younger than his sister, and followed her lead.

There was a little boy born in the due course of time, and poor Lydia, who had never had any one before in the world to love, driven in by her indifferent husband, who treated her little better than a servant, and seemed to have married her on the Mormon principle of getting a dairymaid in the cheapest manner, threw her whole heart into her passionate affection for her child. He was never out of her arms or her sight; she would sit crooning little songs and inarticulate words of fondness for ever in the intervals of her hard work, while Cassandra looked on rather scornfully at "the to-do she made with the brat." It grew up, however, strong and healthy, a beautiful child, afraid of nothing, whom even his coarse old father took pleasure in, and who won at last Cassandra's unwilling testimony, "Well for sure he is a pretty un." He was about two years old when one evening old German returned furiously drunk from the market, a not uncommon event with him. Lydia was putting the child to bed, and he escaped out of her hands and ran out to meet "daddy" in his little shirt, the round fat legs and little bare feet paddling along the dark stones. German had been quarrelling, and was in one of his worst tempers and half-mad with drink. When the little thing rushed up to him and took hold of his leg, he pushed it angrily away. "What did the imp come blitherin' and botherin' there for?" said he. In his blind fury he threw the child violently from him; it fell with its head against the sharp edge of the iron fender, and before Lydia, who saw it all, could rush across the room, it was lying in a pool of its own blood. She took it up without a word, the baby but once opened its eyes and looked at her—one long piteous look—and then closed them for ever.

The frightful shock sobered the wretched old man at once, but there was nothing to be done; the child was dead. There was small idea in those days of a doctor; he was useless here, and miles away, so no one

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was sent for. Poor Lydia wandered up and down all that night like one crazed with misery. She would not part with the little body, and kept stroking and petting it, carrying it in her arms, or putting it to sleep in a corner of the settle, where it lay like a beautiful marble image, but with that tender look of repose that no marble ever gave. She did not seem able to realize that it was dead, and hushed every one who stirred lest its rest should be broken, in a way which almost broke Cassandra's heart. It was not till late the next morning, when she sank into a stupor of utter exhaustion, that they could take the baby from her. And it was buried before she had in any way recovered her senses.

"Where's baby?" she said anxiously, putting one hand to her head and feeling with the other by her side, and then she came to herself. Then the truth seemed to flash upon her, and her wail as she hid her head under the bed-clothes rang in Cassandra's ears for weeks. And now all the generous part of the girl's nature came out. Her feeling to her stepmother altered entirely; she soothed and petted her like a child, she tended and watched over the poor thing in her patient misery, for Lydia moved about for months in a sort of maze, hardly understanding what was said to her, but lifting up her great eyes sometimes, like a dumb wounded thing which does not comprehend, but only suffers; till at last, by dint of sheer love and watchful care, she won her soul back, though shivering and cold and cheerless, to life again. From that time it was beautiful to see the love between the two. Cassandra's was the strongest will, the stoutest heart, the highest spirits—she defended her gentle stepmother against the old man's selfishness and tyranny; she warmed her by her love and cheered her by her hearty joyousness; and in her quieter way, Lyddy, without a moment's hesitation or a word's remark, would have walked through fire and water for her stepdaughter's sake. Her whole soul was devoted to making her happy.

Cassandra was a magnificent lassie. The Scandinavian blood runs in these northern races, which are larger and stronger than those in the southern counties, stouter made, both mind and body. She had something, however, of the rich colouring of more southern latitudes, great dark eyes and masses of dark hair, a rich brown and red bloom on her cheek, a merry arch look in her eyes, and a curious natural ease and courtesy—manners which would have been pronounced perfect in any drawing-room. As before said, her mother had been a lady of property; but it was property only in expectation; and old Ashford, after the fashion of his temper, had quarrelled desperately with his father-in-law, who, in revenge, left the whole of his money to his other child, cutting off Mrs. Ashford altogether. The ill-blood had of course descended to the next generation in the farmer's mind, and he never allowed his children to go near their aunt and uncle, who had retired from "public life" after keeping a small ale-house, and lived in great ease and dignity on their savings, having no children of their own, in a little square house close to the dusty road near the small town higher up the valley.

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Lydia, like many other very quiet people, had a strong will of her own, when sufficiently moved to exert it by anything she thought right, and she was quite determined that, as regarded the children, the breach should be healed, and the advantages of the connection secured. And what is the difference between obstinacy and firmness, but that intelligence is wanting in the first, to show what are the proper objects for which it ought to be exerted?

The first time that she propounded the idea that it would be right for the two to go and see their aunt, German fell into a frightful passion and declared that the Devil himself shouldn't make him consent. About a month after Lyddy began again exactly as if not a word had been said. The old man was as dogged as ever, but not so violent; the third time he was quite silent, and went out of the house. And now Lyddy's strategies were pointing to the final assault. "I've a heerd that Bessie Broom have a been very ill," said she one day, when with his pipe and his glass of ale he sat in the sunshine in a more peaceful disposition than usual; "and when Nanny Elmes" (the pedlar and news-carrier,) "went to Youlcliffe, I sent a comb frae the last honey, and for to hope as how she were s' a better fashion."

"And how dared ye to be a sending my things to them as I choose to ha' nought to do wi'?"

"It were my own," said Lyddy, submissively; "old Sammy giv' me the skep when I had a nursed him wi' his confirmation on the flungs; and the heather honey's a deal thought on in some parts."

"And what did they say?" growled German.

"They've a sent Cassandra as pretty a spot for a gownd as ever you saw, and hopes as how she'd be let come and see 'em at next wakes; and a piece for a weskit, yalla and brown and red, very neat, for you." (Poor Lyddy shrewdly suspected that it was intended for German junior, but she took the chance.)

"And what shall I do with such finery?" said the old man, sulkily, but fingering the bright tissue all the same.

"It cam frae Manchester this fall and was a new pattern, they wrote, just out," answered Lydia.

The vanity of new clothes is by no means usurped by womankind, or for that matter any other kind of vanity. German kept the "weskit," made up with fustian sleeves and back as a sort of jacket—a garment much affected in those parts—which Lyddy got ready with all haste.

"I'll ma' it good to thee, German my lad, an I ha' to save for a twelvemonth, for I reckon 'twas for thee thy aunt giv' it," said she to the boy, who was standing over her watching her nimble fingers.

"Nay, mother, it ma's naught to me; let my feyther ha' it, and welcome; but thee'll strive as I may get my turn too some day?"

The first time old Ashford came forth in his new jacket Lydia observed quietly, "Old Nanny's here; she's going to Youlcliffe, and I shall send word as the weskit is very comfable, as you was a wearing of it, and that

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'assandra thanks un kindly, and will be over to the feast come Saturday e'nnit."

Old German made a wry face and a grunt; but with the fatal garment linging to his very back, his mouth was shut: he did not like to say no efore Nanny who had just come into the house, and went out sulkily at he door.

"Am I to go?" said Cassie, looking in eagerly on her return from an xpedition to carry down eggs to the valley below. Lydia smiled.

"Yes, child," said Nanny. "And now about your cloes: them hats yn't wore now," said she solemnly, with her head on one side like a bird; "the more's the pity, they suit some folks rarely, they do," and she looked critically at the beautiful girl before her. The old English costume lingered still among the hills, as picturesque a dress as many that are studied and admired in Italy and Switzerland. Cassie had on a large black flat hat, with no crown, only a rising in the middle, "an oat-cake hat," as it was called, held on chiefly by the strings, a "quilt" petticoat of blue "calamanca," a red cloak and brown stockings, with buckles in her shoes.

"What must I wear?" said she anxiously. Like many other beautiful people she was nervously anxious to be "just like other people."

"Ah, she mun ha' a bonnet; can ye bring her one, Nanny?" said Lydia. "There's a ribbon was her mother's, and some other bits o' things. Mebbe you'll trust us, Nanny, an I canna pay now?" added she.

"Trust ye, child! Why, I'd trust ye wi' all the money in the king's counting-house—an I'd got it," she added, as a saving clause, as she went away.

During the next fortnight Ashford entirely ignored the visit, and was only somewhat more cross and oracular than usual. In those very secluded regions where events are rare, a fact is none the less esteemed or supposed to be worn threadbare as a topic for conversation because it has been used every week for thirty years or more. One day as he came in from the field to dinner he began as if he had never mentioned it before: "They're bad uns at Youlcliffe. Joshua Stracey he sold me a keow (now come eight year,) was the best i' th' all country side, says he; and I says to he, warn't she queer about the shouthers? And he says to me, she were a rare milker, and there weren't such a one not nowhere round; and Toosday she were just swelled like a barrel, and o' Sunday marn'n she were dead! And he said she were overdruv! Overdruv! and we were a matter of four hours coming from Youlcliffe."

Now this grievance of the cow was of ancient date and bitter memory. Old Ashford had gone to law about it and had lost his suit, and his wrongs rankling in his mind came rambling out whenever the sluice of words was opened, however far removed from the outrage itself. He had long been friends with Joshua Stracey, one of the sharpest cattle-dealers about; his slow obstinate old nature taking great pride in holding its own against a man who got the better of most people. "He never

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choused me," was his frequent boast. At last, in an evil hour of confidence over their ale, he told his crony of a certain filly on which he had his eye,—"the owner didn't know what a rare nag 'twould turn out,"—and Ashford had offered some low sum which the man refused, but they were drawing closer and were haggling over a matter of five shillings, when Joshua stepped in privately, bought the foal over his head, reared it, and sold it for a large sum. Ashford never forgot nor forgave this enormity, and when the two old men met at market or fair there was much ado to prevent their fighting. A sort of feud, a bitter hatred and desire for revenge arose, brooded over in a manner which we can hardly conceive in these days when one feeling and idea succeeds another so rapidly that none have the time to rankle as they did in the old days. Therefore it was with undiminished rancour that old German once more began on his wrongs as he flung himself down on the three-cornered chair ready for his dinner.

"He'll come to the gallows yet, he will, and I dunno see what call any o' mine hae to go to Youlcliffe at all."

Nobody replied. Lydia was putting the last touch to a saucepan containing a savoury something in which onions bore a large share; and Cassie, who was ironing her little bits of finery for the next day, removed them in much haste. Her father cast a grim look at her, and then at German, who had just come in from the field, and stood against the dresser talking to his sister as he waited for his dinner. Ashford did not like to see people enjoying themselves, and he therefore turned sharply on the lad.

"German, there's a moudewarp * ma's no end o' wark alongside the Bogle's Mead. Why han't ye set a trap till it, I say? Ye're a pretty fellow for a farmer."

"I'll see to a trap, but Cassie mun bring some wire from Youlcliffe. I han't got none. Is the pottage ready, mother? It's a very pretty smell is onions," said German, to make a diversion.

"They're but poor critturs down at Youlcliffe," the old man went on sententiously, "and as proud as turkeycocks. *I* wouldn't go near 'em not for sixpence. I cum of an ancient, old family, I do; and Broom's nobbut i' th' public line, for all they cock their heads so high. The king he says to my an*cestor*—they was out hunting, and Warrior Ashford he had a big grey horse as went over every thinck. And King Henry VI. says he, 'Sell me that horse;' and my an*cestor* he says, 'No, please your Majesty, not at no price.' 'What!' says the king, riled like, 'is there nowt as you'd sell him for? I'll gie anything ye ask.' 'Well,' says the warrior, 'if ye'll gie me Shining Cliff for a bedding-nook and Briery Bed for a watering-place, I'll take them for the horse.' Then one of the courtiers ups and says, 'Why, they're two of the best estates you've got hereabouts, please your Majesty.' 'King or no king,' says King

* "Telling me of the moldwarp and the ant," says Hotspur.—*Henry IV.* Act iii.

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Henry VI., 'I'll keep to my word,' and so he did, and he took the horse, and gived the warrior the property, and they're the best part of the estate now."

"The warrior mun ha' been a big man o' war, a judging by his sword," said Lydia, turning to a formidable weapon which hung by the fire, and too happy to keep the conversation on interests three hundred years old. "I allus think o' Gideon when I hear tell on un."

"It mun hae been queer, too, a skewering chaps right through wi' that long bit o' steel," added the unwarlike German, anxious to help his mother in keeping off aggravating topics by this historical line of discourse.

"Ye dunno know nowt about it," said his father, contemptuously. "Them wos fine times in the ould days, and there's nowt like it now. There's the wakes, as Cassie ma's such a rout about" (the poor girl had not uttered a word); "why, they're nothink to what they were i' th' ould times. I've a heerd my grandfather tell how they used to dance and make merry wi' the bagpipes. Where's the bagpipes now I'd like to know?"

"What's them?" said German.

"They'se pigs' bags as ye squeeze music out on," answered his father, rising to go back to the field; "but it's o' no use spaining to yo' as is so ignorant like, and has niver seen nowt!"

"He mun be a queer un, mun Joshua," said German, curiously, to his sister as they went out. Joshua was almost the only stranger of whom he ever heard, and the commodity was too rare, even by name, at Stone Edge for the dissipation of talking of him to be despised. "Hearken by feyther, and he mun hae horns and a tail. I should like fine for to see un."

"Nay, dunna thee say so," said Cassandra; "he mun be a bad un. What for would'st thou want to hae any dealings wi' bad folk?" she added, anxiously, with a woman's fear of stepping out of the ancient ways. German was turning into the yard to drive the cart-horses out to water at the great stone troughs in the lane, and she followed him with a jug and a pail, for the water was considered better for tea and the dairy than that of the well in the house. She pulled a green fern-leaf as usual, and put it where the rill trickled over a stone out of the hill-side, and thus made a tiny spout for the water, and as she stood waiting for it to fill her cans, and the big cart-horses drank at the lower trough with a loud inspiration, the tips of their noses daintily set on the surface of the water, German went on,—

"Joshua have a got a lad, Nanny telled me, as were up at Morehead arter his feyther's business last Wissuntide. Everybody goes i' th' world but me. Feyther mun think my yead's like yon balls upo' th' stone posteses, as I'm never to have an out. There's a firetail," said the boy, interrupting the recital of his wrongs to throw a stone at a redstart.

"I'm main glad thou'st missed the poor bird," said Cassie, smiling. "'Twouldn't ha' mended what's amiss wi' thee to hae broken its wing.

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I'm a'most sorry that it's I as was ast to aunt Bessie's. I've a big mind to let thee go ithstead."

"Nay," said the boy, "that would never do; thee and me's not one for aunt Bessie. Wimen likes wimen mostly for to chatter wi' un. But mebbe thou could'st bring in a word for me, easy like, not all one as a message frae me. There were a cart one fair time, I heard, at Youlcliffe," he added, with a deep sigh, "wi' a lion and a bear, or summat o' that sort, inside, and a big pictur outside, Buxton's boy telled me. There's a many things to be learnt down i' th' town too, as thou knowest nowt about;—how should a wench?" said German, with the magnificent contempt of boydom for femality. "Cattle and prices, and ploughs, and sich like;—and I dunno scarce know my own uncle not by sight sin' I were a little un, as could learn me a' them things; and what for?" he added, bitterly. "Because my grandad left his money as he chused. I dunno care for's money, but 'tis hard as I canna go and see the wild beasts and the world a bit, when, as one mid say, it's a' at one's own aunt's door. And then feyther threeps it at me as if it's my fault!"

CHAPTER II.

THE WAKES.

THE wakes are a very important institution. In the Puritanic tabooing of amusement among the Methodists in the hills, it is one of the few opportunities for it which has still been left undisturbed. "The feast" is determined by the saint's day to whom the church of each village is dedicated, although the fierce old Puritan-Protestants who celebrate it would be horrified if they knew that they were keeping a "Papist festival."

On the Saturday before they began, Cassandra, with a beating heart, set out with her bundle in her hand containing her new gown—the admired "spot"—upon this her first outing into the world, with much the same feelings that a young lady performs her entrance into the same. "There is a great deal of human nature in the world."

"Thee mun just get to Youlcliffe as thee can," said her father sulkily.

"German, thou'st put off thy kytle * and carry thee sister's things to th' auld mill, I'll be boun," whispered Lydia. "It shall be thy turn next, my lad," she added; "he wunna gie consent for both yet awhile."

Six miles of the white limestone road, dusty and glaring, made even Cassandra's strong young limbs glad to reach her aunt's door. She had not been to Youlcliffe for nearly seven years, as, since the quarrel about the money, her father had never allowed her to go near the place; and it was with a curious feeling of strangeness and knowledge that she made out the little square red house of which its owners were very proud, with a border of brilliant flowers in front—marigold and stock and larkspur.

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* Kertl—garment, short blouse.

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Mrs. Broom was leaning over the wicket-gate, and welcomed her niece from afar, loudly and warmly. She was a little round fat woman, with a pleasant jovial face, adorned with a cap whose ample border, the same width all round, with red and yellow flowers at regular intervals, rivalled a sunflower in magnificence, or even the great sun himself—a relic of the old public days.

"Well, child, and it's kindly welcome thou art, and a long time thou'st been a coming; but I reckon it ain't thy fault; thou'st ha' been main glad, I take it, to come out o' yon dull place. And now let me look at thee arter all these years. Thee'st got thy mother's eyes and hair, and a good deal o' her look; but, eh, thee'st a long way off o' her! She were a bonny lass; she were like me, only she were small. Thee hast thee feyther's height."

Other people were of opinion that Cassandra was very much handsomer than her mother, but who ever heard relations acknowledge this? A patronizing shake of the head is all that the prettiest girl ever gets, and "Ah, but you should have seen her mother in her prime." In fact, beauty ought to have died out of the world altogether, in such repeated failures as poor nature is supposed to make.

"See thee, child," said the old woman, proudly doing the honours of her ten feet of pleasure-ground, and taking hold of a China rose; "parson paid five shilling' for it not a twelvemon' back, and gardener giv' me a slip. Ain't it a beauty? But this wind sore daunts flowers, it jades 'um a very deal. And now come in, dearie, and ma' thyself at whaom."

And very much at home Cassandra began soon to feel as she went up and down helping her aunt in the multifarious preparations of that very notable woman for the feast. She had not been there very long when a tall pleasant-looking young fellow looked in at the door.

"I'm main sorry Master Broom ayn't to home. I'd a message for him, and feyther's in a vast o' hurry for to know the answer."

"Sit ye down, Roland Stracey, and bide a bit; ye'll be sure for to see him long o' five minutes or so; he's a sore one for's tea, is th' ould man; he canna abide to wait, can't Nathan. Here's my niece from Stone Edge."

Cassandra gave a little start, and looked curiously at the son of her father's foe. She was a little frightened and a little flurried, but she was only shy, not awkward, and though she blushed, she smiled, and though she drew back instead of coming forward, she did not look the less attractive for that. She was a very pretty picture with her modest beauty and her courteous shyness. A beautiful girl is very interesting to most people (ill-regulated minds, as the worshippers of ugliness now-a-days would say), so is the daughter of one's father's enemy; but to combine both attractions is to be irresistible, both before and since the days of Juliet; and accordingly Roland Stracey found the hour into which Mrs. Broom's five minutes expanded, only too short, and he even thought Nathan's arrival exceedingly ill-timed at the end of it. Not that he had much to do with Cassandra; he hardly indeed spoke to her, but he was very eloquent to her aunt;

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and though he was son to a cattle-dealer of no great reputation, he was a modest, well-behaved young fellow, "a quiet lad" as his father said rather contemptuously; and he made himself so agreeable to Mrs. Broom, who had known and loved his dead mother, that she asked him to look in for tea at the wakes. At last, having long outstayed his time, with his father's future reproaches sounding in his ears, he got up unwillingly to go. He turned when he reached the door, and looked back at Cassandra his mute farewell. The evening sun shone on her tall and noble form and the grand outline of her features which seemed to transfigure the little gray old parlour. "She's like a queen," said poor Roland to himself, humbly. "What am I that she should fancy me?"

The next day was Sunday, and Mrs. Broom was bustling about in her bonnet nearly an hour before it was necessary to start for service.

"We're main proud of our spire," said she, as she panted up the steep path and squeezed with infinite difficulty through the narrow stone openings which serve as stiles, "and it's as pratty a congregation as lives."

As they performed what to Cassandra was the awful ceremony of walking up the middle aisle, many a head turned round to look, and Cassandra in her nervous shyness took the notice which she excited as a reflection on her bonnet, which she perceived by the innate perception of millinery (which after all is only a phase of observation inherent in most women,) was of the wrong shape, and on the rest of her clothes, which she felt certain were of the wrong fashion; and therefore, when she reached her uncle's pew, she sat down in a humiliated state of mind and hid her face gladly. By-and-by the less devout worshippers came in as the clergyman appeared, and she observed Roland Stracey walk into a pew not very far off—where, however, she could not see him except by turning her head a little: and this only happened once, when her aunt, roused by "the Belief" out of a sleepy fit, knocked down her umbrella and her book and her handkerchief and her spectacles, and Cassandra, in a blinding state of confusion at the commotion and her own grovelling under the bench necessary to recover the property, turned her head the least bit in the world for sympathy towards Roland, and caught his eyes, fixed probably on the preacher (her own head and the pulpit were both in a straight line from him), in which case his strict attention did him the greatest credit.

The old church was grander than anything she had ever seen. There were most original old frescoes representing the Apostles with big staring eyes, and scrolls issuing out of their mouths bearing pious observations, which went sprawling over the chancel arch and roof in a great expenditure of blue, supposed to represent heaven. She thought she had never seen anything so beautiful. Indeed, except that involuntary appeal to Roland, she never once thought of him, but was absorbed in the magnificence about her and the splendour of the music, where three fiddles, a bassoon, and a violoncello were all struggling for the mastery, screeching like mad.

"'Twas like a little heaven below," said poor Cassandra to her aunt, with a glow of delight, as they began to move slowly out with the crowd.

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"Look, child," said the old woman, clawing hold of her near the door and dragging her up to a beautiful altar tomb of a recumbent warrior in full armour, with a great two-handed sword by his side. "Yon's one as belongs to your people; they call him Warrior Ashford."

Cassandra did as she was bid, but her attention was disturbed by knowing that Roland had come up just behind her. She did not see him, as she had never turned her head; she had not even heard him, for their acquaintance was of too short a date to enable her to distinguish his footstep, and in the trampling of feet it would have been impossible, and yet she knew it as well as if she had both seen and heard.

"It's a very pretty piece of work," said Roland, not addressing her. "See thee how thoe joints i' th' armour is set, like as if they were natural; I canna think how they done it."

"It's like a many things, if ye set you mind to't you'll find out how, Master Roland," said the old lady, smartly; "and now make haste, Cassie, for I'm clean clammed and drouthed, and I want my dinner. Ye'll not forget to-morrow at tea, Mr. Roland?"

Now tea is a moveable festival, varying according to the latitude of the country and class. "Genteel" tea may be even as late as half-past six; but Mrs. Broom was not genteel, and her guests were expected so soon after two that not a minute of rest had she or Cassandra from her preparations all that morning.

"Thou'st a lucky hand wi' the butter, I will say that, my wench," said her aunt, admiringly. "Set out the girdle-cakes at top, and the rasps and the honey frae yer feyther, wi' the pikilets."

"'Twas Lyddy sent it, aunt Bessie," said Cassandra.

"And the t'a down to draw. To be sure, how dear it do be," the old woman went on, without hearing any tongue but her own.

And in a few minutes after they were ready the little room was as full as the honeycomb itself.

Cassandra was wholly engrossed in serving; indeed it was far more to her taste than sitting grand with her pocket-handkerchief spread upon her lap, pouring her tea solemnly into her saucer. Very deft and handy she was in all her movements, and Roland's eyes followed her up and down, watching the grace there is in doing anything really well.

"You'd be a treasure in the public line," said her uncle, approvingly.

"She'll ha' a farm o' her own and plenty to do in it, I take it," answered aunt Bessie, with a toss of her head.

At last old Nathan, after his seventh cup of tea, declared he "couldn't swalla a drop more, and that Cassie mun ha' hers, 'by'r lady,' mun she." And she sat down at the corner of the side-table while her aunt poured out the last cup of bitter cold decoction, and Roland, in a shamefaced way, at doing work "which only females ought to," brought her the poor remains of the bread-and-butter and cake; but he was almost instantly called away by the demands of "society."

It was a very unsatisfactory day. He had not exchanged a word with

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her; and somehow the merrymaking seemed dull, and the time-honoured jokes stupid, as he tried vainly to get near her.

Everything, however, comes at last to an end, even a ——shire tea; and presently at dusk there was a general move, and shawling and bonneting, and leave-taking, and elaborate thanks at the door-sill, and again at the wicket-gate.

Roland remained behind the rest; he had provided himself with some excuse of business, to be "handy" in case of an opportunity, and he now flung out his grappler, and began on Nathan:—"My father says about the cow—" and he fumbled for a letter in his pocket.

"Keep it till to-morrow, lad; I canna do nought i' th' business line. I'm clean done and wored out wi' pleasuring," answered Nathan, yawning.

Roland had emptied the heterogeneous contents of his pocket on a vacant corner of the dresser, and among them lay a white, half-opened rose. A rose does not look the better for being stuffed into a hole with papers and string, and a knife, and a handkerchief; and he looked almost as rueful as his rose.

"I brought it this arternoon," he said, almost angrily, looking at Cassandra, though he could scarcely see her where she stood in the twilight. "And there were so many folk, and it were a rare un, too, as growed o' th' rectory garden-wall."

"Brought the cow! Growed on the rectory wall! Why, the lad's gone clean crazy. Well, well; we'll see about it, sin' wakes is over. Time for all things, man," said old Nathan, who was not in love, and if he ever had been had got over it forty years before; so it was pardonable if he did not interpret its short-hand, or read between the lines of Roland's discourse. But when he was gone out of sight—not a minute before—Cassandra took up the half-dead rose and hid it in her bosom.

In the course of the next few days they met several times, and once at a return tea to Mrs. Broom's great feast. "I saw he was very much in love with her, for he sat by her at dinner, and never spoke a word to her the whole time," was the remark of a very keen observer in a different line of life; and poor Roland gave this proof of his affection very pertinaciously, for he was a modest lad.

At the end of her holiday Cassandra returned home with rather a sinking heart. Old Ashford was so far right that if his daughter was to live entirely at Stone Edge, it was as well that she should not know that the world contained anything more cheerful than that dreary spot. She had been petted and admired and amused, and the contrast was rather overwhelming. At first it was a great delight to communicate all the new world of life she had seen to Lyddy and her brother, though she never mentioned Roland; but as they knew none of the people or places, and could not spur her with intelligent questions, even this pleasure soon failed, and Lyddy sighed a little to see how the brilliant spirits in which she so delighted were sobering down.

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CHAPTER III.

A Morning Visit.

The back of the old Hall was the most cheerful part of the place. Our ancestors, even in these exposed spots, seem to have had a curious fear of heat. The halls are generally on the cool side of the hills, and the living-rooms look to the north. The great old kitchen at Stone Edge, however, which stretched right across the house, was bright and pleasant. One high wide-mullioned window looked out on the remains of the Hall garden, with its ruined yew hedges and a straggling rosebush or two. The other side opened on the straw-yard, surrounded by cattle-pens, where flights of wheeling pigeons, hosts of chickens, wallowing ducks and pigs, lived together in picturesque confusion, and quite as much quarrelling and oppression and selfishness were to be seen as in the most civilized community. Cassie's pets were without number,—a milk-white calf, a dog which would dart out at command and bring home a chicken in its mouth unhurt, a cat the sworn friend of the dog, and sundry top-knotted hens.

All this was overlooked from a cosy corner in a deep window-seat cut out of the thickness of the great old stone wall, garnished with a faded red cushion, whereon lay two or three tattered hymn-books, an almanack, and Lyddy's Testament carefully done up in a handkerchief—the whole literature of the family. An immense open fireplace, large enough to roast an ox, occupied all the middle space, with seats in the chimney-corner on each side, the objects of great ambition—though, set as they were betwixt a scorching heat below and a tremendous draught overhead up the great funnel of the chimney reaching to the daylight above, it was more honourable than comfortable to sit there. Over it, in strange contrast with the strings of onions, the dried herbs and flitches of bacon, were hung a helmet and a gigantic two-handed sword. It must have been worn over "Warrior Ashford's" back, and been drawn over his shoulders, for there seemed no other mode of using it. It was a most formidable weapon, and the only relic left of the great soldier from whom Ashford was descended, —this, and perhaps the big bones which he inherited, though no particle of gentle blood seemed to have descended with them.

It was about a month after the wakes, and the two women had been hard at work all the morning in the cheese-room. It *is* hard work, but you will see a slight girl turning one heavy cheese after another by knack which a man can hardly lift.

"You're tired, dear heart," said Lydia, looking anxiously and lovingly at Cassie, as she stood rather listlessly leaning against the open doorway in her pink short gown and blue petticoat; a much prettier as well as more convenient dress than the trailing skirts of the present farmers' wives.

"Nay, I'm none tired—I'm only stupid," said she, lifting her arms and resting them on the wall as high as she could above her, for a change,

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while she leant her head against them. We only see in the Roman peasant, or a Greek statue, how much of grace in motion and attitude are lost by our civilized woman's dress, which does not allow the arms to move except in one direction.

The kitchen was spotlessly clean—"redded up"—for it was Saturday, every paver adorned with a pattern in chalk; the tables, the pewter, and the china rubbed up to a sort of sparkling purity, scarcely to be seen but in these upland habitations. There was a heap of mending on the little three-legged table in the corner, and Lydia turned to study an unconscionable rent in German's new kytle, that Cassie might not feel the burden of her watching eyes. The cat rubbed unheeded against the girl—who roused herself in a few minutes, however, with a little blush at her own thoughts. "I'll go and pick th' apples," she said. "Feyther says they fa' and dunna rippen; there's summat ma's bad to th' tails."

But she stopped short, and the blush deepened on her face as a young man walked suddenly in at the open door.

"It's Roland Stracey, what I met at my aunt's, mother," said Cassandra shyly. She had never used the word before, but had always called her "Lyddy," first to show her despite and then her love, and it was strange and touching to see her take refuge as it were from her own sensations under the protection of a "mother."

"My feyther have a sent me to see arter a keow, and I thought I'd jist look in at Stone Edge on the way," said the young man, shifting uneasily from one leg to the other.

Now Stone Edge was certainly on the way to no place, except perhaps to heaven, and the word made Lydia look up and turn one keen glance on Cassandra, who stood with crimson cheeks in the corner of the room and gave a glowing look of entreaty in return.

Lyddy had never gone through the process of love-making herself, but it seemed to her a sort of holy and heavenly rite, one to reverence and assist in in a serious and earnest fashion, and her grave and gentle welcome made the young man's heart swell as he took the seat offered him, out of which the cat and dog—who were lying in the closest friendship—were displaced.

"She's quite piert is Bessie Broom," he replied, in answer to questions concerning Nathan and his wife which served to break the awkwardness of the party. Presently, to the great relief of all, the boy German rushed in.

"I've broke my knife!" he cried. "Who's yon?" he went on in surprise; but even the unprecedented event of a stranger at Stone Edge could not keep him off his woes, and in a lamentable voice he went on—"I sot cuttin' a stick for to take the wapses' nest to-night (they wunna tang now they bite the gooseberries so), and I just laid the knife down, when I saw Daft Davie, as fierce as a maggot, cobbing stones at the new cauf, and I just gied un a shake for to mind un, when he creeps close, whips un up and breaks un wi a laugh like a screech-owl."

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"Shan I get un mended?" said Roland, catching at an excuse for coming again. "Ye can ha' mine till it's done," he added, holding out his own.

"Eh, hur *is* a beauty," said German, looking at it with the enthusiastic respect and affection which all men and boys feel for that piece of property. "Could I get one like un?—but it'll cost twopence-ha'penny!" an expression of magnificent meaning in the north. "And I hanna got but ninepence."

"I owe thee for the weskit, lad," said Lyddy. "I have na saved above thirteenpence upo' th' eggs yet, but there's more coming," and she began to hunt it out, hidden under cups and odd places on the dresser.

"And I've got a new shillin' as my grandmother giv' me when I were a little un," said Cassie, shyly.

"I'll get ye the knife and welcome, wi'out all that," said Roland, reluctantly taking the money. "Seems all one as I were robbin' ye, it does," he went on, looking at Cassie, and putting her shining piece in a pocket separately.

"Why, you're just a makin' the boy's heart leap for joy," said Lyddy.

Roland stayed as long as he dared, and hung silently about the threshold, and at last only went away when German, innocently puzzled by his delays, offered to show him a short-cut back to the road. As he strode down the hill with his hands in his pockets, the *esprit d'escalier* inspired him with all the things that he could, might, and should have said. "They mun think that I hanna a mossel of sense in me," he said bitterly to himself.

When he was gone, Cassandra came and put her arms round Lydia's neck and gave her a long and tender kiss—real love opens the heart, selfish love closes it to others—but neither of them spoke a word further, and life went at the Hall as usual.

Lyddy watched and waited. She had naturally looked round for the future of her darling among the unmarried farmers about. There were but few in that thin population,—and one was too young, and another too old, and the next was silly, and the last drank, and there was no rest for the sole of any foot to be found amongst them.

Twice again the young man dropped in. He had the excuse of bringing German's knife, and began not to be particular in making reasons for his wooing. It so happened, however, that he never came across old Ashford.

CHAPTER IV.

Taking a Character.

One morning German was told by his father to take the cart and carry wheat to the mill, when, to his great surprise, as he was driving off, Lydia appeared in her best bonnet and cloak. "Why, mother, where beest

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a goin'?" She smiled and made no answer, but got into the cart. "Drive me a little further, German," said she, when they reached the high-road he obeyed in silence, till they came to a "toll-bar," which stopped her further progress, as no farmer ever spends a penny in pikes.

The way was long, the road was steep, and Lydia was not strong, so that it was a sore pull, and, to her shyness, a trying thing to inquire at the Brooms' house. She had never worn any but dark colours since her baby's death, and her tall slender figure and pale face in its black bonnet had something of the repose and stillness of a Sister of Charity. At last, having found her goal, she walked in at the open door and found Darby and Joan sitting with a three-legged table between them, and their dinner in a basin.

"Why, woman, what ails ye?" said both at once; "ye look fit to faint."

"I'm come a good bit o' way in a hurry, and I'm not very strong. My name's Lyddy Ashford, but there's nought's the matter wi' me," said she, as she sank into a chair.

"And we're very glad to see ye, Lyddy," said the old man, as his wife bustled about and made much of her.

"I've just a cum to ax ye what sort o' a lad Roland Stracey mid be. He's after our Cassandra, in and out, out and in; and her feyther's just mad agin his feyther, you know; and there's sore times ahead for 'um, poor things; and if he's a ne'er-do-weel, best stamp out fire at onst; but if he's a good un—and he've a met her in this house, and canna be far wrong," said Lydia, with a woman's tact in her anxious desire to do her best for her poor child—"I would go through a deal for her sake; for there's none fit for her in our parts, not so to speak."

The old people looked aghast. "Who'd a thought it!" said he.

"Come a courtin' Cassie!" said she. People are ready enough to see anything but what goes on under their own noses.

"Well, to be sure; I mind her mother, poor thing, used to say that there was a many crooked sticks i' th' world, and drinks and tempers. She were fraid o' marryin', and then she took up wi' t' Ashford—and says she to th' baby, 'You'll be thinkin' o' weddin', too, little un,' and then she took on sorely." A flood of reminiscences was evidently beginning; Lyddy, however, was a woman of few words, and everything depended on her quick return. "But you was a sayin' 'bout the young man's character," she put in.

"Well, there ain't nought as any man can say agin it," answered the old man. "Even his father can't fault him, 'cept that he canna mak' him go his ways, and that's a good job, He's a queer un, a very uncultivated piece is Joshua, my certy."

"Roland's a very pratty-behaved lad," said the old woman, "and favours his mother. I knowed her well: she were a very pious woman, and brought him up i' th' fear of the Lord. She'd a sore time on it; Joshua just worrited her to death, poor thing. If it weren't along o' him, I'd be

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nain glad to have those two tied and a livin' near me, and as 'tis I dunna now as she cull do no better."

"I wanted to know that you was agreeable," said Lyddy skilfully, "and hat he was one as did his duty by God and man," and she rose as he spoke.

"Why, woman, you're not come a matter of twelve mile here and gen like that, to go like a melting th' snow; sit ye down reasonable and eat your victuals.

"I've no' much call for victuals," said Lyddy, "and I've got some bread in my pocket. I mun be off home as soon as may be."

"Set yer down, and eat yer dinner; I'll hear none o' such doings," said the hospitable old man angrily.

Before she left the old people had discovered that the marriage was the thing of all others they would like best, and that they had known and predicted it from the very first. "And she shall have sixty-eight punds to her portion o' that money would ha' been her mother's, when I go," was Mrs. Broom's very satisfactory ending; "but I wunna ha' you talk on it."

"Well, if ye mun go, woman, ye mun," said Nathan, "for we shall ha' a drop more rain too, the weather looks so vera tickle. I'll see if there beant a cart as mid be goin' that gate." In a short time he returned. "Tim the grocer-man's a goin' to see his brother down i' th' dale, and he's tak' thee to th' ferry in his cart, and welcome. He'll be round in a matter o' ten minits. Once t'other side the river, ye can up the back o' the Edge, and so nip home; 'twill be shorter than t'other road."

"I dunna like Tim," said Mrs. Broom energetically. "He'd shave the hairs off a bald man, he's so skinny. For a' we've dealt wi' him a score o' years, I niver was the better o' him; nobbut a candle at Yule and a bit o' cake for wakes."

"Yes, my missis; but d'ye think it's catching, like th' small-pox? He wonna hurt Lyddy for a' that, a carryin' on her a mile o' her weary way."

Notwithstanding the assistance of the cart, it was getting late. Poor Lyddy was not used to such distances, and the tremendous steepness of the new way tried her sorely. As she toiled up with her back to the view, she never looked round, though each step disclosed a fresh sweep of wooded hill. Far below, the river wound through a rocky valley into an open dale, and it was difficult to say which was the most beautiful. Beyond lay a tumbled mass of hills—purple with heather, rich with a wonderful bloom like that of a plum—which were said to stretch, unbroken, right away into Scotland.

But she saw nothing, for all her thoughts were concentred on unravelling the tangled web of the fortunes of those she loved so well. Lydia had one of those natures which in a different age and civilization would have led her into a contemplative order of nuns, or to have joined a society of Quietists of some description. She lived in another life, and moved almost automatically through the business of this, which seemed to her like shows and shadows, while her real life, as it were, was spent within.

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She perceived only through her affections. It was only through Cassie and her brother that she seemed to touch the earth, but her trembling anxiety for their welfare enabled her to see, and hear, and combine for them in a way which she never could have done for herself.

She almost fainted as she got into the house as the short daylight was fading.

"And what did they say? and did ye see him?" said Cassie, taking off Lydia's bonnet, and making a cup of tea for her, and kissing and fondling her all at once.

"How do ye know where I cum from?" said Lydia, with a smile, as soon as she could speak. "Do ye think there's but one place i' all th' world, lass?"

"There's but one place where ye'd go off so far to, and never say a word; and there's not a many ye'd half kill yersen o' this fashion for barrin' o' me, I know that," said Cassandra, with a light in her eyes, hugging her as she spoke. "German's been a watching cross the lone moor, all arternoon, cos we never thought ye'd come by the top o' th' nob."

"Master Broom sent me back that gate," answered Lyddy. "I couldn't set my mind at rest without axing o' them what sort the young man war, and what they thought on it."

"And ye heerd nowt but good on him," said Cassie, eagerly, in a low voice.

"No, dearie. Please God he's one as a woman mid gi'e her heart to in His sight. But there's a deal to think on yet. What'll ever thee feyther say?"

Old German's wrath at Lydia's unheard-of piece of independent action was mitigated by the news of Mrs. Broom's intended munificence. Lydia said nothing, however, as yet about Roland. "Sure who knows what may come of it?" The next week there came a message from Youlcliffe (through Nanny) bargaining for another visit from Cassie, as the price of her future dower. Ashford let her go, though he took care to be as cross as ever, in order to enhance the value of the concession.

The old Brooms had fully intended to take the management of Cassie's love-matters into their own hands. "Sure 'twill be as good as a play," said aunt Bessie, who was soft-hearted and sentimental at times. But as far as the *dénoûment* itself was concerned, Roland was too quick for them. He made out the day and the hour when Cassie might be expected, and was waiting on the look-out nearly an hour before the time. She had passed through the long village which straggled up the hill, and had reached a lonely part of the road, where a great belt of wood swept down the steep hillside, with white 'tors' of rock rising here and there. It was towards evening, and a bit solitary, and her heart began to quake a little when she heard the rolling stones which announced a man coming down a rude path on her right. She turned, however, and saw Roland, who, with a very elaborate and futile pretence of coming from some unknown place on urgent business (intended for the passers-by, who were not there), came up to her.

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"I'm sure yer bundle's heavy, Cassie," said he. "Let me car' it up hill. Our fathers hate each other, but that's no reason why we should," he added, in a low voice. With which abstract Christian sentiment Cassie thought it safe to agree in an almost inaudible voice. Then, however, as in other sermons, came the practical application, which was far harder.

"I love ye, Cassie, so as I canna put it into words, as a many can. Seems to me when I think on yer as 'twere a shinin' in a dark place—the shadow of a rock in a thirsty land," added he, with a remembrance of his mother's teaching. "Ourn ayn't a comfable pleasant place, Cassie" (a man does not offer the woman he loves his comfort, or his wealth, or his position, even if he has them; he knows better, and he offers her his loneliness, and his distress, and his sorrow, and his work, and his poverty, and tells her she can help him). "Ourn ayn't a pleasant place, Cassie. I've had none to care for me sin' my mother died, and a man's a poor creatur wi'out a woman to love him and see to him. Come to me, Cassie," he said, opening his arms as if to take her in.

She moved on by his side in silence, too much agitated to find words for an answer.

"And there," he burst out with almost a sob, "ye go, as cold and stately as one o' them white 'tors,' and as stony, wi' no more heart for me!"

The gloaming was falling, and it was dark under the trees where they were, but they reached an opening where light came through the branches; and he saw Cassie turning her beautiful eyes with the tears shining on their long lashes reproachfully and tenderly upon him.

"Oh," said the lad, falling back against the stone wall, in the suddenness of the shock of the surprise at the revelation he read there—although, as he had gone out to meet her in the express hope of something of the kind, there did not seem room for much astonishment. In another second he had her in his arms, and was kissing her passionately under the next most convenient shadow. They walked on hand in hand.

"Paradise mun ha' been a poor place, Cassie, when Adam was there his lone," said he.

"Afore Eve came to torment him?" answered she, with a smile, "and mend his shirts?" she added, as her quick eye caught sight of the torn and buttonless wristband round the hand that held hers.

"Eh, but they've been too nimble for us," said old Nathan, when the two entered the house together.

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Jephthah's Daughter.

MIRIAM.

For all the many years
I might have seen peace upon Israel,
Beside my father, in the citadel
Of Gilead, where in loneliness,
With neither son nor daughter, comfortless,
When I am gone, he will be judging still.
One little week of tears,
And we have wept our fill.
Yes, I shall go away, and have not seen
My children, or the Child who might have been.
And yet I cannot weep—
Cannot weep any more. I only wish to sleep
Here, in this flowery dell,
Where the soft waters well,
To soothe me with a murmur low and sweet;
Where the warm morning kiss of the sunrise
Will only half unseal my weary eyes,
With long night-watches worn, on rocky heights and chill:
Where roving eagerly, athirst for pain,
But yesterday I loved to wound my feet,
Smiling to see the stain
Of my own blood upon my maiden dress.
But all things earthly change—
And what was sad before is sunk to strange;
Till I lie wondering here,
What there can be to fear,
Except the ghost of buried foolishness.

FIRST COMPANION.

Lie still, and do not dream
Of what will come only too soon for us.
For thee, a moment's gleam
Out of thy father's hand, and endless sleep;
Or else a smiling waking from short rest.

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For us, long beating of the breast,
Shrill lamentations multitudinous,
And fast, and sackcloth, making beauty old;
And then an aching longing, buried deep.
But first the crowded hours
Shall lead thee through a labyrinth of flowers
Too many to be told.

MIRIAM.

Yes, only over all
I see the labyrinth wall,
Then clearest when you bid me look away.
If I could wish to stay,
I see the dark gate stand
Of the untravelled land
Open—as if it hungered after me.
I must not wish nor think,
But drift without a struggle to the brink
Of the silent shoreless sea,
Where one light gust may sink
A little shallop very quietly.

Last night I was afraid to wake, and know
At waking where I have to go,—
Almost afraid to sleep, lest haply I should dream,
And see untimely phantoms crowding near.
I dreamt in sooth, and now I shall not fear—
For now I do not seem
To know, when seen, the grisly shape of death,
Who fades before my shuddering gaze and breath
Like icy letters graven on a wall,
That grow the stranger as we pore on them,
Till at the last they are not seen at all.
But still I see his flashing diadem,
And one delicious gem,
Which wavers backward, beckoning me
Into the sleepy land;
I only do not see
The terrible spectre of a bloodless hand.

SECOND COMPANION.

One thing I cannot bear;
For one thing I rebel against thy lot.
It is not that thou diest, it is not

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That thou hast had no trouble of thy life,
Condemned to flee unwounded from the strife:
But that a ruthless snare
Hath taken thee and Jephthah unaware,
Wrought from his words, to work his God no gain,
But him and thee much pain.

MIRIAM.

Your thoughts are very slow,
My sister; long ago
I found the perfect end of all your talk.
I have not time to baulk
My spirit, hurrying to some shrine of peace,
Where it may rest,
Before it journey on its untried quest
To banishment,—or shall I say release?
Why mourn for me alone?
For do not Ammon's daughters also moan,—
If any at her task hath time—
For those who died in vain?
For those who live to drag a heavy chain,
For those who sojourn in a wasted land,
Widowed and childless, fatherless, motherless,
Gleaning the leavings of the spoiler's hand,
Who seem to me of all most miserable?
But thou dost triumph over their distress,
And makest merry at their heaviness—
Of whom how many have harmed Israel?
But thou wilt say, to pay my heart with lies,
Surely these were God's enemies.
I will not ask thee, for thou couldst not tell,
Of those who fell,
Licked up into the opening jaws of fight,
Before they knew if God would judge the right,
Who lay for hours and saw the slow sun climb
The molten moveless sky,
And heard the ebbing battle hoarsely roar;
Nor lived to know it would not swell again,
To beat in blood upon the holy shore;
But had no recompence for all their pain,
Fighting the battles of the Lord Most High.
And as for Ammon, was not Israel
Forbidden to molest them where they dwell,
Though Chemosh was their god?
If they were hateful in His eyes,

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Why make my father's brittle sword His rod,
Whose voiceless Word would chase them all away?
Sister, let us be wise,
That we may know His name;
Look at His ways with open face,
Even so little space
As Miriam's heart makes all His purpose plain,
Although His paths be dim.
He is the potter, we the clay,
We are the playthings of His game,
Whereat He plays with us and we with Him,
And then, to match our powers,
He plays His hand and ours;
We stake our craving joy, and shrinking pain,
He stakes His radiant might, and both may gain.
But Ammon only lost,—who were not wise.
I do not know at all,
Why we are here in thrall,
You who weep and I who die,
It wearies both of us to question why.
But as I climb to my sharp goal, I see
Earth laugh up bountifully under me,
And heaven bowed down in clear-eyed calm to bless,
Till I could faint for shamefaced happiness.

The little children go
Laughing about the everlasting hills,
To pluck the little flowers beside the rills;
They look not up into the heights, nor know
How quickly they will pass away,
As those who will not come again:
Nor think at all with what exceeding pain
Their mothers brought them forth to see the day;
But laugh in aimless play,
Nor ask for many things or great things to be glad.
Their mothers are not sad,
Though they have borne much heavier pain than I,
Heavy enough to make them die,
As I have heard them say my mother died,
With a triumphant look. My death will buy,
Has bought, far more, and yet I feel no pride:
My triumph dwindles always to a sigh,
Then the sigh changes to a wondering smile;
I think it is a weary while
Till I know why.

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Before, with shrouded face,
I sat apart in my own place,
Not going out to see the face of man,
Till that sunshiny morning, when I ran
To meet my sire—it seems so very long ago.
And now free breezes blow,
And looks of peasants play about my head,
And soon I shall be free among the dead,
Where all lie down below.
What pastime do they know
In that drear room?
What shapes are they that wander through the gloom?
And is God there?
Shall I be loveable and fair?
Shall I have maiden play and work to do?
Where hath He pitched His tent that I may sing His praise,
With holy wives and maids of elder days,
Who kiss the hand that led them hitherto,
Though once in summer ways?

Are the days short or long?
Does time move swift or slow?
Tell me, my sisters, tell me, if you know.
In ever changing throng,
The busy minutes go,
I note them as they each go by,
One by one unresistingly.
Each hath a kiss for me;
Why reach towards the next, or why
Strive to call back the last?
I, too, shall know when they are past,
If they went slow or fast.

My mother, in the visions of the night,
Came to me, swathed from head to foot in white;
But her eyes swam and all her face in light.
She leaned to me, and all the flowers
That were within her vesture made me faint:
She said, "I count the hours."
When she was gone, there seemed a taint,
As if the common earth was no more clean
Where one who knows the face of God had been.

Up, sisters, up! before the day
Has drunk the pearly dew away.

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I want to bury me among the flowers,
To see if I can quench the thirst
With which my mother left me, ah, too soon!
But yet at noon
Surely I shall be nursed
In her soft arms at last,
And she will lull me with a holy song—
How could I live away from her so long?
But when she has me she will hold me fast.
She counts the minutes now, but first
I have to meet my father's moody eye,
He shall not hear me sigh,
Where all the people wait
Before the judgment gate.
But gather all the little flowers that blow
Under the sun, which makes them live and die,
And run before me as I go,
To cover all the altar soft, that I may lie
That one half minute perfectly.

G. A. SIMCOX.

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The Eagle of the German Empire.

At the present time, when it has been rumoured that the title of Emperor of Germany may be assumed by one of the princely houses of the great Teutonic family, which till a few months since formed but a member of its Bund, and to obtain which it seems disposed to substitute the Nadelgewehr * for the old ceremony of election as in the palmy days of Frankfort, it may be interesting to those who have not had an opportunity of examining the subject to know something of the imperial bird, which from the time of Charlemagne, the *elected* Emperors carried as the insignia of that supreme power, till, in consequence of the imperial dignity having remained for so many generations in the family of Austria, it became the hereditary bearing of that house, its breast charged with the shield of the Archdukedom of Austria, and, as they fell under its rule, *impaled* with those of Bohemia and Lorraine, and in Hungary with those of the kingdom.

The first appearance of the Eagle in Germany was with Charlemagne, who, after being crowned Emperor in Rome on the 25th of December, 800, adopted the old Roman eagle for his cognizance; and at the same time the female wolf, the most ancient of Roman symbols, was also introduced, and is found in bronze at the entrance of the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, while he placed the eagle on his palace, with its head turned towards Germany—which position it continued in until the invasion of Lothaire of France and the capture of that town in 978, when the victorious monarch, it is said, turned the eagle's head towards France.†

Some have asserted that Otho II. replaced it in its former position on his return from his victorious march, immediately after, through France, to the very walls of Paris, which he besieged during three days. However, as it is acknowledged that the eagle disappeared "about that time" from the palace, it is more than probable, failing all proof to the contrary, that Lothaire either destroyed or carried away the imperial symbol. And yet some have naïvely told us that the *identical* eagle which spread its wings on the battlements of Charlemagne's palace has been lately discovered (1848) in the shape of a reading-desk in the choir of the cathedral in Aix-la-Chapelle;‡ but this is totally devoid of all grounds for belief, and no doubt proceeded from the ignorance of the person with whom it originated of the fact that there were innumerable eagle reading-desks, from a very early period, in the churches and chapels, as well as

* Needle-gun.

† *Dithmar, Mers ed. Wagner*, 51. *Richer, ed. Pertz*, 146.

‡ *Zeichen, Fahnen und Farben des Deutschen Reiches.* Frank. A.M. 1848.

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in cathedrals, both in town and country, in *every* part of Europe, and may be found, not only in Germany, but Italy, Spain, France, England, and Ireland; and specimens are to be met with, not only in ancient bronze, but in old carved oak. Of the former, one specimen may be seen in the Loan Chamber of the South Kensington Museum; and of the latter material there were, a short time since, two good specimens for sale in Wardour Street; and many persons will no doubt remember the beautiful bronze one found at the bottom of the lake at Newstead Abbey, which had supported the reading-desk in the abbey church, and within the breast of which was discovered, on opening a closely fitting door, some very interesting parchment documents relative to the sacred edifice, and which eagle had no doubt been deposited in the lake, for the security of its precious contents, by the fathers, at the approach of the storm which swept over and destroyed the abbey.

This same form of ecclesiastical reading-desk is to be found, not only in its original state and in present use, but also in some of the early bas-reliefs in Venice and other parts of Italy. As to the eagle which forms the reading-desk in the Cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, we think that were *it* placed on any situation so elevated as the battlements of the palace of Charlemagne, it would have had very much the appearance of David's solitary sparrow on the house-top.

But to return to the eagle of the Roman-German *empire*, the imperial bird seems to have been the symbol of that power ever since the days of Charlemagne, and still keeping its *original* form as a natural bird, so far as the grotesque drawing of the heraldic artists would admit; that is, a single-headed eagle, without crown, sceptre, sword, monde, or aureole.

It is first met with on the imperial insignia in the middle of the eleventh century, on the state seals and sceptres of the Emperors Henry III., IV., and V.—who are represented as seated on their thrones; on those of Lothaire and Alphonso, the rival sovereigns, and also of Louis of Bavaria.

As the symbol of imperial dignity it is found on the thrones of Louis of Bavaria and Charles IV. Also, from and after that period, it is the charge of the shields placed beside the enthroned Emperors Charles IV., Wenceslaus, Sigismond, &c.

From the thirteenth century it is also found engraved on the reverse of the imperial seal of state, which was the small, or privy seal, and which was used on all minor occasions by Rudolph of Hapsburg, Albert I., Henry VII., and Louis of Bavaria, when it was the only seal which was used by these monarchs, the latter of whom was the first who took the motto, "*Juste iudicate, filii hominum*," and which was retained by Gunther, Charles IV., and other Emperors.

The eagle was also engraved upon the seals of all the imperial functionaries, such as the Margraves of Austria from the eleventh century, and on those of the Margraves of Brandenburg from the twelfth, and on the seals of many of the imperial cities from the fourteenth century.

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It is also conspicuous on the coins of the Emperors Otto IV.,* Frederick II., Adolphus of Nassau, Frederick III.,† son of Ernest, Duke of Austria, down to Sigismond in the early part of the fifteenth century.

The eagle is also represented upon the two swords of state, both on the handle and on the scabbard—apparently of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.‡

The surcoats also, and housings of the rival Emperors Albert of Austria and Adolph of Nassau, at the battle of Göllheim, on the 2nd July, 1298, were charged with it; as will be seen by the following description given by a contemporary, Ottocar of Styria :—

Nu warn auch die Wappen-Klayt	Now were also the surcoats
Yetweders Kunigs geleich.	Of each king the same.
Albrecht der Furst Reich	Albert the Imperial Prince ‖
Auf ain reiches Tuch gel	On a rich yellow cloth
Mangen Swarczen Adaler	Many a black eagle
Hies wurchensz nach seiner Pet.	Distributed according to his wish. ¶
Dieselben *er* hat—	The same *he* (also) had—
Wappen-Rokh und Degkh—	Surcoat and housings—
Von Nazzau der keeh;	Nassau the Arrogant;
Des Wappen-Klayt man markht	The surcoat was observed
Geweben, und gewarcht	Woven, and worked
In derselben Varb und Gestalt.§	In the same colour and form.

The same is also to be found on the purple *dalmatics* of the Emperors in the Imperial Treasury, a list of which is given as early as 1350, when

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* *Zeichen, Fahnen,* &c. Frank. A.M. 1848. The Emperor is represented on horseback, his shield charged with an eagle.

† Thirty-ninth Emperor of Germany and fifth Duke of Austria, and *not* Frederick "the Beautiful," Duke of Austria, as has been generally supposed, and who has been described as such in the *Dictionnaire Universel. Vide Biographie Universelle* tom. xv. p. 552. 8vo. Paris, 1816.

‡ *Zeichen, Fahnen,* &c. Frank. A.M. 1848.

§ *Ottocari Horneckii Chronicum Austriacum Rhythmicum in Pez.* vol. iii. c. 1585, p. 627. fol. Ratisbonæ, 1745. We must here observe that ascribing this metrical history to Ottocar *von Horneck* is a great error, and one which has been continued down to the present time. The real author was Ottocar von *Steyermark* (Styria), a German poet and historian, born in Styria about the middle of the thirteenth century, but who has been confounded with a *Chevalier* Ottocar von Horneck, who was *renommé* at the same time. Ottocar from Styria, the real author, was *Minstrel* to Otto of *Lietenstein*, governor of Styria, and son of the celebrated *Minnesinger*, or amatory poet—Ulric of *Lichtenstein*,—and passed the greater part of his life at the castle of Otto, his patron, in Styria, and assisted at many great fêtes and solemnities at Vienna, Prague, and Presburg; but he never took part in the wars of the Empire, which the confusion between him and the *Chevalier* Ottocar led most authors to suppose. The "Historical Poem," from which the extract given above is taken, contains more than eighty thousand verses, and is one of the most valuable and important sources of the history of its epoch, as it contains extraordinary interesting details of the manners and customs of the thirteenth century.—*Vide Nouv. Biog. Génér.* tom xxxviii. col. 959. 4to. Paris, 1862.

‖ "Reichs-Fürst,"—Prince of the Empire.

¶ In heraldic terms, or, semée of eagles, sable.

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ney are described as being purple, and bearing many small round yellow hields charged with a single-headed black eagle.*

The first mention which I can find of the imperial *banner* charged ith the eagle is at the battle of the Elster, on the 15th of October, 1080, hen Godefroi de Bouillon, so celebrated for his chivalric exploits and llustrious character, which subsequently raised him to the sovereignty of erusalem, carried the banner of the Emperor Henry IV., which was harged with an eagle: "*Dux cum Aquila præcedens Imperatorem.*" †

The Emperor Otto IV. also carried an eagle—not sable, however, but gold, as many of the Roman Emperors had done before; ‡ and in a similar way, on the summit of a tall staff, placed in his own war chariot, at the battle of Bouvines, the 27th July, 1214: "*Aquilam deauratam super draconem pendentem in pertica longa erecta in quadriga.*" §

The addition of the serpent suspended beneath the imperial eagle, as described by this accurate chronicler, is very interesting; for, although it seems never to have been noticed, the serpent, no doubt, was borne in commemoration of the annexation of the Principality of Milan ‖ to the Empire by Otto III. in 996, when he took the town and proclaimed himself King of Lombardie.¶

Frederick II. and twenty-sixth Emperor of Germany (grandson of Barbarossa), who was born the 26th of December, 1194, frequently speaks in his letters of his victorious eagle banners.

THE DOUBLE-HEADED EAGLE.

"The double eagle displayed," as it is technically called, appears, according to some writers, for the first time in the early part of the fifteenth century, when it was adopted by the Emperor Sigismond ** as the particular distinction of the Roman imperial dignity, in opposition to that of the German, which had been since the days of Charlemagne especially distinguished by the simple "eagle displayed," that is, the natural

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* Murr. *Description of the Imperial Treasures.*

† Gulielmus (Archbishop of Tyre): *Historia Belli Sacri*, p. 150. Basileæ, 1564.

‡ "Caius Marcus carried the eagle, argent; Pompey the same, on a field azure; Julius Cæsar, gold, on a red field; and Octavius carried a *black* eagle on a *gold* ground; and it continued in these tinctures with the German Emperors."—Nisbet, b. i. p. ii. p. 345. Edin. 1722.

§ Alberici, in *God.* Guil. Leibnitii *Access. Hist.* tom ii. 479. Hanover, 1700.

‖ The arms of Milan are argent, a serpent gliding paliways azure, crowned or, having in its mouth a demi-infant, gules, in the act of being swallowed. Some writers describe the child as *issuing* from the mouth. "Boa scutaria in modum pali sinuosa et cyanea aureoque redimita, cum puero *emergente* puniceo ex ore illius in parmula argento illuso."—Sylvester Petra Sancta. Also *vide* Nisbet: *Heral.* b. i. p. ii. 343. Edin. 1722.

¶ *Biog. Univ.* tom xxxii. p. 238. Paris, 1822.

** Born on the 14th of February, 1368; Emperor, 21st July, 1411; and crowned King of the Romans at Aix-la-Chapelle, the 8th of November, 1414, and in Rome, May, 1433, and died at Znaim, 9th December, 1437.—*Nouv. Biog. Génér.* vol. xliii. c. 972-3. 8vo. Paris, 1864.

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bird, with its wings spread. The "double eagle displayed," it is asserted, became from this time "the distinction of the German Emperors, without, however, excluding the original "single eagle," which we find in the arms of Frankfort, and on many public buildings of the Empire in the fifteenth century: shields carved in stone, charged with the imperial "double eagle displayed," holding in its talons another shield charged with the old single eagle.

The *real* origin of the "double eagle" is wrapped in obscurity, though many attempts have been made to explain it, without any reliable authority. Its adoption in Germany was no doubt in "imitation of the Emperors of the Western Empire, upon the decline of that of the East, especially by Sigismond, who, it is said, joined the two eagles together, with their heads looking contrary ways, to show the sovereignties of the two Empires joined in his person."* But that it was carried by the Emperors of *Germany* long before Sigismond there is evidence, as it is found on a coin † struck in Holland under the Emperor Louis of Bavaria, in the *early* part of the fourteenth century, as that sovereign was born in 1286, and died 1347. It is also found on the reverse of the seal of Wenceslaus VII., Emperor of Germany and King of Bohemia, born 1359.

That the "double eagle" was carried by the Emperors of the East long before it was imitated by those of the West of Europe, there can be no doubt; and that it continued to be their symbol down to the overthrow of that Empire is also certain,—as Iwan, or Ivan III. (Vassilievitch) of Russia assumed for his arms the "double eagle displayed," in right of his wife Zoe, or Sophie, granddaughter of Michel Paléologue, that he might establish a claim to the imperial throne of the East, which had just then been overthrown.‡

There is another banner, however, which was borne by the Emperors of Germany, the origin of which it would be also most interesting to discover. It is noticed for the first time in 1195, when, on the 6th of June of that year, the Emperor Henry VI. § invested the town of Cremona with it. It is described in the protocol as a *red* gonfanon, charged with a *white* cross: "*Confanonus vero cum quo eos investivit, erat* rubeus, *habens crucem* albam *intus.*" ‖ A gonfanon in the old German—*Gund-fano*—signifies a war-banner, the same as *Sturm-Fahne.* What makes this banner especially interesting is, that we find it one hundred and three years later *identified* with the *imperial dignity,* as it was carried for the *two* rival Emperors at the battle of Göllheim, 2nd July, 1298. This *Sturm-Fahne* is thus described by a contemporaneous and very

* Nisbet, b. i. p. ii. 346. Edin. 1722.

† *Zeichen, Fahnen,* &c. Frank. A.M. 1848. It is a pity the author of this pamphlet does not say *where* the coin is.

‡ *Vide Biog. Univ.* tom. xxi. 311. Paris, 1818.

§ Son and successor of Frederick Barbarossa.

‖ *Antiquitates Italicæ, auctore Ludov. Anton. Muratori,* tom i. c. 621-2. 1738.

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ccurate historian, the same Ottocar of Styria of whom we have already poken :

Nun pruft was da geschach !	Now behold what happened there !
In ainer Vart man sach	Advancing they were seen,
Yetweders Sturm-Van Schein :	Each battle-flag unfurled :
Kunig Albrecht het den scin	King Albert had his
Gepruft pegarb.	Duly emblazoned.
Das Veld in 'rotter Varb,	The field of red colour,
Da inn was enmitten	In which, in the centre,
Ain weissz Chrewez gesniten.	A white cross was shaped.
Weder me noch nun	Neither more nor less
Heten die gegen in	Had the opponents
Ir Sturm-Vanen prayt.	Their battle-flags displayed.

That the banner of St. George, the patron saint of Germany, was in use we know, and that it is the naval ensign of Austria to this day ; but the banner of St. George is the very reverse of this one in question, for it is argent, a cross, gules, and is thus tinctured in every country of which he is the patron.

Had the *red* banner with the *white* cross, which was conferred by the Emperor Henry VI. on the town of Cremona, appeared only as such, it would have excited no interest, and it might have been thought the Emperor granted the banner of the patron saint of the Empire to the town of Cremona, merely *reversing* the colours, as has been seen with regard to the imperial arms, when it was granted to so many of the towns and states of the Empire, of which only a few carry it with the correct tinctures, namely, "or, charged with an eagle, sable," and of which the following is a list :—

Eger.	Memmingen.	Schöngau.
Eszlingen.*	Nürnberg.	Tull.
Friedberg in der Wetterau.	Rotweil.	Uberlingen.
Isni.	Oppenheim.*	Wetzlar.*
Kaufbeuern.	Pfullendorf.	Wimpfen.*

The following towns have one or *both* of the tinctures changed :—

Argent, an eagle sable, for

Achen (Aix-la-Chapelle).	Rotenburg (on the Tauber).
Bopfingen.	Schweinfurt.*
Dortmund.	Wangen.*
Goslar.*	Windsheim.*
Heilbronn.	Zell (on Hammersbach).
Ingelheim.	Zwol.
Mühlhausen (in Thüringen).	

The following towns carried,—

Nördlingen	Sable, an eagle, or.
Erfurt	Argent, an eagle, gules.
Frankfort	(*Counterchanged*) *gules*, an eagle, *argent*.
Donauwerth and Kempten	Or, a double eagle, displayed, sable.
Margravat of Brandenburg and the Countdom of Tyrol	Argent, an eagle, gules, the wings charged with a stalk of trefoil, or.
Hall, on the Kocher	Argent, an eagle, sable.

* The towns *thus* marked carry the eagle looking to the left.

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From these examples it might have been supposed that the Emperor Henry VI. had given the banner of the patron saint of the Empire to the town of Cremona, merely counterchanging the tinctures, as was done with regard to the imperial or *Reichs-Fahne* for most of the above-mentioned towns—but for the fact related with so much minutiæ by a contemporary and so accurate a chronicler as Ottocar of Styria, who always accompanied his master, Otto, governor of Styria, and was no doubt present with the army under Albert of Austria, the victorious rival of Adolph of Nassau, where he describes the *Sturm-Fahne*, or battle or war banner, of *both*, to have been the same as that granted by Henry VI. to the town of Cremona in 1195.

What is remarkable, however, is, that the imperial eagle-banner, the *Reichs-Fahne*, is not mentioned on *this* occasion, although the same historian states that the surcoats and housings of both sovereigns were "yellow," on which was "many a black eagle," or, in heraldic terms, "or, semée of eagles, sable."

The *Reichs*-Sturm-Fahne, or *imperial* battle-flag, however, again appears on the 28th September, 1322, at the decisive battle of Mühldorf, where the two rival Emperors, Louis of Bavaria and Frederick the Beautiful, *both* carried it into the field: "Utrique etiam *signa imperialia* aquilifera preferuntur."* For Louis the standard was borne by a Frankish noble, Conrad von Schlüsselburg, who distinguished himself so much by his gallantry that the victorious sovereign Louis invested him with the town and castle of Gröningen in Swabia. This is established by subsequent grants to succeeding Electoral Princes, where it is stated that this investiture incurred the hereditary obligation of the possessor to carry the imperial war-banner, "Reichs-*Sturm*-Fahne:" "Quod ipsi [Conrad and his heirs] vexillum eiusdem imperii, dictum *Sturmvane* in *vulgari*, debitis temporibus ratione dicti feodi ducere debeant."

In the year 1336, this fief of hereditary standard-bearer was transferred, along with its revenues, to Count Ulrich of Wirtemberg and his heirs, with whom it remained till the dissolution of the Empire. But from the time that Count Eberhard of Wirtemberg received the ducal dignity for himself and his house from the Emperor Maximilian I. (*anno* 1495), the imperial war-banner, "Reichs-*Sturm*-Fahne," has been carried by the Dukes of Wirtemberg in their arms, and accordingly it is to be found on a number of seals, coins, tombs, and paintings of that illustrious house, and in many cases has supplied us, not only with the form of the banner, but with its tincture and that of its charge.†

These armorial bearings were collected with great care and accuracy by the erudite Kulpis, in a work which appeared in 1693, in order to establish on legal authority the rights of the house of Wirtemberg against the usurpation of Hanover, which laid claim to the post of arch-standard-bearer (*Erzbannerherrnstelle*) of the Holy Roman empire.

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* Joh. Victoriensis in *Böhmer Fontes*, i. 394.

† *Zeichen, Fahnen, &c.* Frank. 1848.

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The imperial *pannus* or *Fahne* is represented in the arms of Wirtemberg under different forms, according to the usage of the time or the ignorance of the blazoner. In one instance it appears in the form of a *pennon*, "long, and tapering to the extremities;" the field is or, charged with a single eagle, sable, placed close to the staff, which terminates in a silver lance-*blade*. In other examples it is a *banner*, charged with the *double* eagle displayed: the riband or "streamer" is scarlet, which gives rise to a very whimsical idea in the head of the writer of the *Zeichen, Fahnen und Farben*, &c., "that this red streamer is undoubtedly an allusion to the '*Blut-Fahne*' (or blood-flag) before mentioned, and denotes the right of sovereignty or supreme power." But we must observe that all banners had their streamers, ribands (*Bänder*), cords and tassels, the colours of *which* were often chosen by *ladies*, who worked them, and presented them to or *with* the banner; and many an Austrian regiment to this day is proud of its banners and bands (*Bänder*), wrought by the most illustrious hands, from those of the Empress downwards; and could *anything* give to a regiment a more glorious *élan* than the sight of such a banner and *bands* tossed in the storm of battle, from whence it derives its name "*Sturm-Fahne?*"

The eagle was not crowned till the fifteenth century, and the sword and sceptre were added still later.

These are the principal details respecting the Eagle of the German Empire, which has now been borne by the house of Austria in almost unbroken succession down to Charles VI., 1745, from Rudolph of Hapsburg, who succeeded to the imperial dignity in 1273, and who gave to Germany, of his own direct line, sixteen emperors, twenty-two sovereigns to Austria, eleven kings to Hungary and Bohemia, and six to Spain.

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Blank Verse.

English blank verse is, perhaps, more various and plastic than any other national metre. It is capable of being used for the most commonplace and the most sublime utterances; so that, without any alteration in the vehicle, we pass from merely colloquial dialogue to strains of impassioned soliloquy, from comic repartee to tragic eloquence, from terse epigrams to luxuriant descriptions. Originally instituted, like the Athenian iambic, for the drama, it received in Milton's hands an epical treatment, and has by authors of our own day been used for idyllic, and even for lyrical compositions. Yet all of these so widely different applications have only served to develop, without exhausting, its marvellous resources. Plato mentions a Greek musical instrument called panharmonion, which was adapted to express all the different modes and systems of melodious utterance. This name might be applied to our blank verse: there is no harmony of sound, no dignity of movement, no swiftness, no subtlety of languid sweetness, no brevity, no force of emphasis beyond its scope. In hearing good blank verse, we do not long for rhyme; our ears are satisfied without it; nor does our sense of order and proportion require the obvious and artificial recurrence of stanzas, when the sense creates for itself a melodious structure, and is not forced into the mould of any arbitrary form. So much cannot be said for any other metre. The Greeks, who were peculiarly bound by limitations, and by self-imposed canons of fitness in art, reserved the hexameter for epical and idyllic poetry, the iambic for the drama, the elegiac for minor compositions of a more personal character, and other complex structures for lyrical and choral utterances. To have written an epic or an idyll in iambics would to them have seemed a solecism. And for this reason, the iambic received from their hands no more than an elementary development. Two sorts were recognized—the one adapted to the loose and flowing style of comic conversation; the other to the more ceremonious and measured march of tragic dialogue and description. But when the action of the play became animated, instead of accelerating the iambic rhythm, the poet used trochaic or anapæstic measures, obeying the law of variety, by adopting a new mode externally fitted to express the change he had in view.

In the infancy of our drama, rhyme, as the natural accompaniment of mediæval poetry, had universally been used, until the courtiers of Elizabeth bethought them of inventing some more solemn and stately metre in imitation of the classic. It will be remembered that attempts to naturalize Greek and Roman rhythms in our language were then fashionable. Sidney and the *literati* of the *Areopagus* spent their leisure hours in fashioning

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uncouth hexameters, and Roger Ascham, though he recognized the incapacity of English for scansion, was inclined to adopt an unrhymed metre like the classical iambic. Surrey first solved the problem practically by translating parts of the *Æneid* into verses of ten syllables without rhyme. But his measure has not much variety or ease. It remained for two devoted admirers of classical art, Sackville and Norton, to employ what Surrey called his "strange metre" in the drama. Their *Gorboduc*, acted before the Queen in 1561-2, is the first tragedy written in blank verse. The insufferable monotony and dreariness of this play are well-known to all students of our early literature. Yet respect for its antiquity induces me to give a specimen of its quaint style. We must remember in reading these lines that they are the embryon of Marlowe's, Shakspeare's, and Milton's verse.

> O mother, thou to murder thus thy child!
> Even Jove with justice must with lightning flames
> From heaven send down some strange revenge on thee.
> Ah, noble prince, how oft have I beheld
> Thee mounted on thy fierce and trampling steed,
> Shining in armour bright before the tilt,
> And with thy mistress sleeve tied on thy helm,
> And charge thy staff—to please thy lady's eye—
> That bowed the headpiece of thy friendly foe!

I have purposely chosen the most animated apostrophe in the whole play, in order that its venerable authors might appear to the best advantage. It will be noticed that notwithstanding much stiffness in the movement of the metre, and some embarrassment in the grammatical construction, we yet may trace variety and emphasis in the pauses of these lines beyond what would have been possible in sequences of rhymed couplets. Mr. Collier, in his *History of Dramatic Poetry*, mentions two other plays written in blank verse, but not performed on the public stage, before the appearance of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*. It is to this tragedy that he assigns the credit of having once and for all established blank verse as the popular dramatic metre of the English. With this opinion all students who have examined the origin of our theatrical literature will, no doubt, agree. But Marlowe did not merely drive the rhymed couplet from the stage by substituting the blank verse of his contemporaries: he created a new metre by the melody, variety, and force which he infused into the iambic, and left models of versification, the pomp and gorgeousness of which Shakspeare and Milton alone can be said to have surpassed. The change which he operated was so thorough and so novel to the playwrights as well as the playgoers of his time, that he met with some determined opposition. Thomas Nash spoke scornfully of "idiot art masters, that intrude themselves to our ears as the alchemists of eloquence, who (mounted on the stage of arrogance) think to attract better pens with the swelling bombast of bragging blank verse." In another sneer he described the new measure as "the spacious volubility of a drumming decasyllabon;"

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while Robert Greene, who had written many wearisome rhymed dramas, talked of making "verses jet on the stage in tragical buskins, every word filling the ear like the fa-burden of Bow bell, daring God out of heaven with that atheist, Tamburlan, or blaspheming with the mad priest of the Sun." But our "licentiate iambic" was destined to triumph. Greene and Nash gave way before inevitable fate, and wrote some better plays in consequence.

Let us inquire what change Marlowe really introduced, and what was his theory of dramatic versification. He found the tensyllabled heroic line monotonous, monosyllabic, and divided into five feet of alternate short and long. He left it various in form and structure, sometimes redundant by a syllable, sometimes deficient, enriched with unexpected emphases and changes in the beat. He found no sequence or attempt at periods: one line succeeded another with insipid regularity, and all were made after the same model. He grouped his verse according to the sense, obeying an internal law of melody, and allowing the thought contained in his words to dominate over their form.* He did not force his metre to preserve a fixed and unalterable type, but suffered it to assume most variable modulations, the whole beauty of which depended upon their perfect adaptation to the current of his ideas. By these means he was able to produce the double effect of variety and unity, to preserve the fixed march of his chosen metre, and yet, by subtle alterations in the pauses, speed, and grouping of the syllables, to make one measure represent a thousand. Used in this fashion, blank verse became a Proteus. It resembled music, which requires regular time and rhythm; but, by the employment of phrase, induces a higher kind of melody to rise above the common and prosaic beat of time. Bad writers of blank verse, like Marlowe's predecessors, or like those who in all ages have been deficient in plastic energy and power of harmonious modulation, produce successions of monotonous iambic lines, sacrificing all the poetry of expression to the mechanism of their art. Metre with them ceases to be the organic body of a vital thought, and becomes a mere framework. And bad critics praise them for the very faults of tameness and monotony which they miscall regularity of numbers. It was thus that the sublimest as well as the most audacious of Milton's essays in versification fell under the censure of Johnson.

It is not difficult to support these eulogies by reference to Marlowe's works; for some of his finest blank verse passages allow themselves to be detached without any great injury to their integrity. The following may be cited as an instance of his full-voiced harmony. Faustus exclaims—

> Have I not made blind Homer sing to me
> Of Alexander's love and Œnon's death?
> And hath not he who built the walls of Troy
> With ravishing sound of his melodious harp
> Made music with my Mephostophiles?

---

* Some of these remarks are repeated from a letter addressed by the author to the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the versification of Milton.

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We feel at once that a new spirit has been breathed into the metre—a spirit of undefinable melody. Something is owing to the choice of long resounding, and full-vowelled words; something to the use of monosyllables, as in the third line; something to alliteration; but more than all to the passion of the author, and to the "plastic stress" of his creative genius. This tragedy is full of fine passages, and the soliloquy in which Faustus watches his last moments ebb away, might be quoted as a perfect instance of variety and sustained effect in a situation which could only be redeemed from monotony by consummate art. Edward the Second is not less rich in versification. In order to prove that Marlowe could temper his blank verse to different moods and passions, take this speech, in which the indignant Edward first gives way to anger, and then to misery—

> Mortimer! who talks of Mortimer,
> Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer,
> That bloody man? Good father, on thy lap
> Lay I this head laden with mickle care.
> O, might I never ope these eyes again,
> Never again lift up this drooping head,
> O, never more lift up this dying heart!

The didactic dignity of Marlowe's verse may be gathered from these lines in *Tamburlaine*,—

> Our souls whose faculties can comprehend
> The wondrous architecture of the world,
> And measure every wandering planet's course,
> Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
> And always moving as the restless spheres,
> Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest
> Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,
> That perfect bliss and sole felicity,
> The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.

Again, as if wishing to prove what liberties might be taken with the iambic metre without injury to its music, Marlowe wrote these descriptive lines in the *Jew of Malta*:—

> Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
> Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
> Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
> And seld seen costly stones of so great price,
> As one of them, indifferently rated,
> May serve, in peril of calamity,
> To ransom great kings from captivity.

The licence of the first and third line is both daring and successful. The second departs less from the ordinary rhythm, while the four last carry back the period into the usual flow of Marlowe's verse.

The four passages which I have quoted are, perhaps, sufficient to prove that blank verse was not only brought into existence, but also perfected by Marlowe. It is true that, like all great poets, he left his own peculiar imprint on it, and that his metre is marked by an almost extravagant

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exuberance, impetuosity, and height of colouring. It seems to flow from him with the rapidity of improvisation, and to follow a law of melody rather felt than studied by its author. We feel that the poet loved to give the rein to his ungovernable fancy, forgetting the thought with which he started, revelling in sonorous words, and pouring forth a stream of images, so that the mind receives at last a vague and various impression of sublimity.

This was the character of very much Elizabethan poetry. Even Shakspeare was not free from intemperance in the use of words.

Marlowe's contemporaries soon caught the trick of sonorous versification. The obscure author of a play which has sometimes been attributed to Marlowe, wrote these lines in the true style of his master :—

> Chime out your softest strains of harmony,
> And on delicious music's silken wings
> Send ravishing delight to my love's ears.

While Peele contented himself with repeating his more honeyed cadences.

I will spare the reader any further specimens of the versification in which our poets rioted when Marlowe had unlocked the frozen streams of metre, and made it hurry in such liquid numbers.

It is time to proceed to Shakspeare, who, next to Marlowe, had more influence than any poet on the formation of our blank verse. Coleridge has maintained that his diction and metre were peculiarly his own, unimitated and inimitable. But I believe that a careful comparison of his style with that of his contemporaries will make it evident that he began a period in which versification was refined and purified from Marlowe's wordiness. Shakspeare has more than Marlowe's versatility and power; but his metre is never so extravagant in its pomp of verbal grandeur. He restrains his own luxuriance, and does not allow himself to be seduced by pleasing sounds. His finest passages owe none of their beauty to alliteration, and yet he knew most exquisitely how to use that meretricious handmaid of melody. Nothing can be more seductive than the charm of repeated liquids and vowels in the following lines :—

> On such a night
> Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
> Upon the wild sea banks and waft her love
> To come again to Carthage.

Nor again did Shakspeare employ big sounding words so profusely as Marlowe, but reserved them for effects of especial solemnity, as in the speech of Timon.

> Come not to me again : but say to Athens,
> Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
> Upon the beachéd verge of the salt flood ;
> Whom once a day with his embosséd froth
> The turbulent surge shall cover : thither come,
> And let my gravestone be your oracle.

But Shakspeare did not always, or indeed often, employ these somewhat obvious artifices of harmonious diction. The characteristic of his verse is

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that it is naturally, unobtrusively, and enduringly musical. We hardly know why his words are melodious, or what makes them always fresh, whereas the more apparent charms of Fletcher and of Marlowe pall upon our ears. Throughout his writings there is a subtle adjustment of sound to sense, of lofty thoughts to appropriate words; the ideas evolve themselves with inexhaustible spontaneity, and a suitable investiture of language is never wanting, so that each cadenced period seems made to hold a thought of its own, and thought is linked to thought and cadence to cadence in unending continuity. Inferior artists have systems of melody, pauses which they repeat, favourite terminations, and accelerations or retardations of the rhythm, which they employ whenever the occasion prompts them. But there is none of this in Shakspeare. He never falls into the commonplace of mannerism. Compare Oberon's speeches with Prospero's, or with Lorenzo's, or with Romeo's, or with Mark Antony's: under the Shakspearian similarity there is a different note in all of these, whereas we know beforehand what form the utterances of Bellario, or Philaster, or Memnon, or Ordella in Fletcher must certainly assume. As a single instance of the elasticity, self-restraint, and freshness of the Shakspearian blank verse; of its freedom from Marlowe's turgidity, or Fletcher's languor, or Milton's involution; of its ringing sound and lucid vigour, the following celebrated passage from *Measure for Measure* may be quoted. It illustrates the freedom from adventitious ornament and the organic continuity of Shakspeare's versification, while it also exhibits his power of varying his cadences and suiting them to the dramatic utterance of his characters.

> Ay, but to die, and go we know not whither;
> To lie in cold oblivion and to rot;
> This sensible warm motion to become
> A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
> To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
> In thrilling regions of thick ribbed ice;
> To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
> And blown with restless violence about
> The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
> Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
> Imagine howling;——'tis too horrible!
> The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
> That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
> Can lay on Nature, is a paradise
> To what we fear of death.

Each of Shakspeare's contemporaries and successors among the dramatists commanded a style of his own in blank verse composition. It was so peculiarly the function of the stage and of the playwrights at that particular epoch to perfect this metre, that I do not think some detailed examination of the language of the drama will be out of place. Coleridge observes that "Ben Jonson's blank verse is very masterly and individual." To this criticism might be added that it is the blank verse of a scholar—pointed, polished, and free from the lyricisms of his age. It lacks harmony and is often laboured: but vigorous and solid it never fails to be. This pane-

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gyric of poetry from the Italianized version of *Every Man in his Humour*, may be taken as a specimen of his most animated style :—

> I can repell opinion and approve
> The state of poesy, such as it is,
> Blessed, eternal, and most true divine ;
> Indeed, if you will look on poesy,
> As she appears in many, poor and lame,
> Patched up in remnants and old worn-out rags,
> Half-starved for want of her peculiar food,
> Sacred invention ; then I must confess
> Both your conceit and censure of her merit :
> But view her in her glorious ornaments,
> Attired in the majesty of art,
> Set high in spirit with the precious taste
> Of sweet philosophy ; and which is most,
> Crowned with the rich traditions of a soul
> That hates to have her dignity profaned
> With any relish of an earthly thought—
> Oh ! then how proud a presence does she bear !
> Then she is like herself, fit to be seen
> Of none but grave and consecrated eyes.

After a complete perusal of his works I find very little of the fluent grace which belonged in so large a measure to Fletcher and to Shakspeare. Yet the first lines of the *Sad Shepherd* have a very delicate music; they are almost unique in Ben Jonson :—

> Here was she wont to go ! and here ! and here !
> Just where these daisies, pinks, and violets grew :
> The world may find the spring by following her ;
> For other print her airy steps ne'er left.
> Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
> Or shake the downy blue bell from his stalk !
> But like the soft west wind she shot along,
> And where she went, the flowers took thickest root,
> As she had sowed them with her odorous foot.

The melody which gives so chaste and elegant a beauty to these lines is invariable in the verse of Beaumont and Fletcher. We have too much of it there, and surfeit on sweets ; for in a very short time we discover the trick of these great versifiers, and learn to expect their luxurious alliterations, and repeated cæsuras at the end of the fifth syllable. Their redundant and deficient lines, the sweetness long drawn out of their delicious cadences, become well known. Then the movement of their verse is not, like that of Shakspeare, self-evolved and thoroughly organic ; it obeys a rule ; luxury is sought for its own sake, and languor follows as a direct consequence of certain verbal mannerisms. Among these may be mentioned a decided preference for all words in which there is a predominance of liquids and of vowels. For instance, in this line :—

> Showers, hails, snows, frosts, and two-edged winds that prime
> The maiden blossoms.

There is no unlicensed redundancy of syllables ; but the labour of getting through so many accumulated sounds produces a strange retardation of the

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movement. Another peculiarity is the substitution of hendecasyllabic lines for the usual decasyllable blank verse through long periods of dialogue. In one scene of *Valentinian* there are fifty-five continuous lines, of which only five are decasyllabic verses, the rest being hendecasyllables; so that the licence of the superfluous syllable, which is always granted in dramatic writing for the sake of variety, becomes, in its turn, far more cloying than a strict adherence to the five-footed verse. It is also noticeable that this weak ending is frequently constructed by the addition of some emphatic monosyllable. Thus:—

L

I do remember him; he was my guardian,
Appointed by the senate to preserve me:
What a full majesty sits in his face yet.

Or:—

The desolations that this great eclipse works.

The natural consequence of these delays and languors in the rhythm is that the versification of Beaumont and Fletcher has always a meandering and rotary movement. It does not seem to leap or glide straight onward, but to return upon itself and wind and double. The following passage may be quoted as illustrative of its almost lyrical voluptuousness:—

I do her wrong, much wrong: she's young and blessed,
Fair as the spring, and as his blossoms tender;
But I a nipping North-wind, my head hung
With hails and frosty icicles: are the souls so too
When they depart hence, lame and old and loveless?
Ah, no! 'tis ever youth there: Age and Death
Follow our flesh no more, and that forced opinion
That spirits have no sexes, I believe not.

The speech of Aspatia among her maidens is an excellent example of the more careful verse of Fletcher:—

Fie, you have missed it here, Antiphila,
You are much mistaken, wench;
These colours are not dull and pale enough,
To shew a soul so full of misery
As this sad lady's was; do it by me,
Do it again by me the lost Aspatia,
And you shall find all true but the wild island.
I stand upon the sea beach now, and think
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
Wild as that desert, and let all about me
Tell that I am forsaken; do my face
(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow,)
Thus, thus, Antiphila, strive to make me look
Like Sorrow's monument; and the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks
Groan with continual surges, and behind me
Make all a desolation; look, look, wenches,
A miserable life of this poor picture!

There is enough variety and subtle melody in this without the usual effeminacy of Fletcher's style. What makes it most effective is that it is

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written so as to represent the natural inflections of tone, the pauses, and the emphases of the character who speaks it. One more specimen of this most musical of poets may be allowed me. It is from *Thierry and Theoderet*. Thierry speaks and Ordella answers:—

Th. 'Tis full of fearful shadows.
Ord. So is sleep, sir,
Or any thing that's merely ours and mortal;
We were begotten gods else: but these fears,
Feeling but once the fires of noble thoughts,
Fly, like the shapes of clouds we form, to nothing.
Th. Suppose it death.
Ord. I do.
Th. And endless parting
With all we can call ours, with all our sweetness,
With youth, strength, pleasure, people, time, nay reason.
For in the silent grave no conversation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father's counsel; nothing's heard,
Nor nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust, and an endless darkness, and dare you, woman,
Desire this place?
Ord. 'Tis of all sleep the sweetest;
Children begin it to us, strong men seek it,
And kings from height of all their painted glories
Fall like spent exhalations to this centre.

There the poet should have stopped, for exquisite thoughts have hitherto been rendered in exquisite language. He continues, however, for five lines of very inferior beauty.

Turning from the more celebrated to the less distinguished playwrights, we find almost universally the power of writing forcible blank verse. Marston condensed much thought into his lines, and made such epigrams as these:—

Can man by no means creep out of himself
And leave the slough of viperous grief behind?

or such addresses of concentrated passion as this prologue:—

Therefore we proclaim,
If any spirit breathes within this round,
Uncapable of weighty passion,
(As from his birth being hugged in the arms
And nuzzled 'twixt the breasts of Happiness)
Who winks and shuts his apprehension up
From common sense of what men were, and are;
Who would not know what men must be: let such
Hurry amain from our black-visaged shows;
We shall affright their eyes. But if a breast,
Nailed to the earth with grief, if any heart,
Pierced through with anguish, pant within this ring;
If there be any blood whose heat is choked
And stifled with true sense of misery—
If aught of these strains fill this consort up—
They do arrive most welcome.

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'here is much quaintness of language and roughness of rhythm in these ines; but how weighty, how eloquently solemn, is the apostrophe to hose of the spectators whose own sorrows render them participant of ragic woes. It is clear that a large and broad *style*, a sense of rhythm, nd a freedom in the use of blank verse as a natural vehicle of thought, vere epidemic in that age. Facility for expressing every shade of sentinent or reflection in clear and simple blank verse belonged peculiarly to Decker, Heywood, Middleton, and Rowley, poets who made but little pretension to melodious charms and flowers of fancy, but whose native ear maintained such flowing periods as the following:—

D. Thy voice sends forth such music, that I never
Was ravished with a more celestial sound.
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodness, angels would come down
To dwell with us. Thy name is Angelo,
And like that name thou art. Get thee to rest;
Thy youth with too much watching is oppressed.
A. No, my dear lady. I could weary stars,
And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes,
By my late watching; but to wait on you,
When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,
Methinks I'm singing with some choir in heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company.
Therefore, my most loved mistress, do not bid
Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence;
For then you break his heart.

The same praise belongs to Massinger, who was, indeed, associated with Decker in the production of the play from which these lines are quoted. Coleridge remarks that he has reconciled the language of everyday life with poetical diction more thoroughly than any other writer of dramatic blank verse, and for this reason he recommends him as a better model for young writers than Shakspeare, who is far too individual, and Fletcher, who is too monotonously lyrical. If it is the case with all our dramatists that the melody of their versification depends entirely upon the sense of their words, this is particularly true of Massinger.

It will be noticed that all the changes in his rhythm are accounted for by changes in the thought, or answer to supposed alterations of the actor's gestures and of his voice. In lighter moods, Massinger could use hendecasyllabic periods with much of Fletcher's melody. This is a specimen:—

Not far from where my father lives, a lady,
A neighbour by, blest with as great a beauty
As nature durst bestow without undoing,
Dwelt, and most happily, as I thought then,
And blessed the house a thousand times she dwelt in.
This beauty, in the blossom of my youth,
When my first fire knew no adulterate incense,
Nor I no way to flatter but my fondness,

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In all the bravery my friends could show me,
In all the faith my innocence could give me,
In the best language my true tongue could tell me,
And all the broken sighs my sick heart lent me,
I sued and served. Long did I love this lady,
Long was my travail, long my trade, to win her;
With all the duty of my soul I served her.

There is no need to call attention to the alliterative structures of this period. They are strongly marked. Massinger represents a wide class of the later Elizabethan playwrights, who used a flowing blank verse perfected by long practice for the purpose of the stage. Shirley was one of this set; he wrote evenly and with due attention to the meaning of his words. But there were other ambitious versifiers, like Ford, who sought for more recondite and elaborate graces. It has been thought that Ford imitated Shakspeare in his style as much as in the situations of his dramas. I cannot myself perceive much trace of Shakspeare in the verse of Ford; but these two specimens will enable the reader to judge fairly of his rhetoric:—

Hie to thy father's house, there lock thee fast
Alone within thy chamber; then fall down
On both thy knees, and grovel on the ground;
Cry to thy heart, wash every word thou utterst
In tears, and (if 't be possible) of blood:
Beg heaven to cleanse the leprosy of lust
That rots thy soul; acknowledge what thou art,
A wretch, a worm, a nothing: weep, sigh, pray
Three times a day, and three times every night;
For seven days space do this; then, if thou findest
No change in thy desires, return to me,
I'll think on remedy. Pray for thyself
At home, whilst I pray for thee here; away—
My blessing with thee—we have need to pray.

The lines are much more broken up than is usual with our dramatists. They sparkle with short sentences and quick successions of reiterated sounds. The same effect is noticeable in Calantha's dying speech, where the situation is quite different:—

Forgive me. Now I turn to thee, thou shadow
Of my contracted lord: bear witness all,
I put my mother's wedding-ring upon
His finger; 'twas my father's last bequest:
Thus I now marry him, whose wife I am!
Death shall not separate us. O, my lords,
I but deceived your eyes with antick gesture,
When one news straight came huddling on another,
Of death, and death, and death; still I danced forward.
But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.
Be such mere women, who with shrieks and outcries,
Can vow a present end to all their sorrows;
Yet live to vow new pleasures, and outlive them.
They are the silent griefs which cut the heart strings;
Let me die smiling.

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This is a clipping and incisive style. Even the largo (to borrow a term from music) of Calantha's address to her nobles, though it assumes hendecasyllabic stateliness, maintains the somewhat jerky motion of the lines that had preceded it. While speaking of Ben Jonson or of Marston would have been the proper time to mention the blank verse of George Chapman, a very manly and scholarlike author. He expressed philosophical ideas in elevated language. This eulogy of honourable love is vigorous in thought as well as metre :—

> 'Tis nature's second sun,
> Causing a spring of virtues where he shines ;
> And as without the sun, the world's great eye,
> All colours, beauties, both of art and nature,
> Are given in vain to man ; so without love
> All beauties bred in women are in vain,
> All virtues born in men lie buried ;
> For love informs them as the sun doth colours ;
> And as the sun, reflecting his warm beams
> Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers,
> So love, fair shining in the inward man,
> Brings forth in him the honourable fruits
> Of valour, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts,
> Brave resolution, and divine discourse.

There is nothing in this passage which can be termed highly poetical. It is chiefly interesting as showing the plasticity of language and of metre in the hands of our Elizabethan authors. They fixed their mind upon their thoughts, as we should do in writing prose, and turned out terse and pregnant lines not unadorned with melody. I have hitherto purposely abstained from speaking about Webster, a poet of no ordinary power, whose treatment of blank verse is specially illustrative of all the licences which were permitted by the playwrights of that time. His language is remarkably condensed, elliptical, and even crabbed. His verse is broken up into strange blocks and masses, often reading like rhythmical prose. It is hard, for instance, to make a five-footed line out of the following :—

> To be executed again ; who must despatch me ?

Yet close analysis will always prove that there was method in the aberrations of Webster, and that he used his metre as the most delicate and responsive instrument for all varieties of dramatic expression. Avoiding the sing-song of Greene and Peele, the lyrical sweetness of Fletcher, the prosaic gravity of Jonson, the mere fluency of Heywood and Decker, the tumid magniloquence of Marlowe, and the glittering regularity of Ford, he perfected a style which depends for its effect upon the emphases and pauses of the reciter. One of the most striking lines in his tragedy of the *Duchess of Malfi* proves how wholly and how successfully Webster sacrificed metre to expression. A brother is looking for the first time after death on the form of a sister whom he has caused to be murdered :—

> Cover her face : mine eyes dazzle : she died young.

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There is no cæsura, no regular flow of verse, in this line, though in pa of syllables it is not more redundant than half of Fletcher's. E sentence has to be said separately, with long intervals and sighs t indicate the working of remorseful thought. The powerful collocati his words may be illustrated by such a line as,—

> Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out!

where the logical meaning can hardly fail to be emphasized by the rea Quantity in the verse of Webster is sympathetic with the purpose of speaker: in writing it he no doubt imagined his actors declaiming great variety of intonation, with frequent and lengthy pauses, and considerable differences in the rapidity of their utterances. The dialo of the duchess with her waiting-maid on the subject of the other w and death is among the finest for its thoughts and language. As fa rhythm contributes to its excellences, they depend entirely upon the pau emphases, and irregularities of all sorts which are used. The duch begins,—

> O, that it were possible we might
> But hold some two days' conference with the dead.
> From them I should learn somewhat, I am sure,
> I never shall know here.

Up to this point the verses have run smoothly for Webster. But duchess has exhausted one vein of meditation. Her voice sinks, and falls into a profound reverie. When she rouses herself again to addr Cariola, she starts with a new thought, and the line is made redundant:—

> I'll tell thee a miracle;
> I am not mad yet to my cause of sorrow:
> The heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,
> The earth of flaming sulphur; yet I am not mad.

To eke out the second line the voice is made to dwell with emphasis up the word "mad," while the third and fourth have each twelve syllab which must be pronounced with desperate energy and distinctness,—as were rapidly beneath the breath. But again her passion changes. relents, and becomes more tender. And for a space we have verses flow more evenly:—

> I am acquainted with sad misery;
> As the tanned galley-slave is with his oar;
> Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
> And custom makes it easy.

At this point she sinks into meditation, and on rousing herself again w a fresh thought, the verse is broken and redundant:—

> What do I look like now?

Cariola answers plainly, and her lines have a smooth rhythm:—

> Like to your picture in the gallery,
> A deal of life in show, but none in practice;
> Or rather like some reverend monument,
> Whose ruins are even pitied.

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The duchess takes up this thought :—

> Very proper;
> And fortune seems only to have her eyesight
> To behold my tragedy.

Here her contemplation is broken by the approach of a messenger, and she exclaims, without completing the line,—

> How now!
> What noise is that?

It might seem almost hypercritical to remark, that when the train of thought is broken from without, the verse is deficient; when broken by the natural course of the speaker's reflection, it is redundant. Yet this may be observed in the instances which I have quoted, and there is a real reason for it. The redundant line indicates the incubation of long-continued reverie; the deficient very well expresses that short and sudden cessation of thought which is produced by an interruption from without. The remarks which I have made on Webster's style apply with almost equal force to that of his contemporaries. We read in *Hamlet*, for instance :—

> This bodily creation ecstasy
> Is very cunning in.
> Ecstasy!

The second line is defective in one syllable. That syllable, to Shakspeare's delicate sense of the value of sounds and pauses, was supplied by Hamlet's manner. The prince was meant, no doubt, to startle his audience by the sudden repetition of the word "ecstasy," after a quick gesture of astonishment.

To those who read the pages of our dramatists with this conception of their metre, its irregularities furnish an unerring index to the inflections which the actors must have used, to the characters which the poets designed, and to the situations which they calculated. The want of action is thus in some measure compensated, and it becomes apparent that the true secret of blank verse consists in the proper adaptation of words and rhythms to the sense contained in them. On this point I have already more than once insisted. I repeat it because it seems to me that in this respect blank verse differs from every other metre in kind, and that it cannot be properly appreciated, far less properly written, unless it be remembered that thought must always run before expression, and mould language to its own particular uses. Blank verse is indeed a sort of divinized prose.

Having traced the origin and development of blank verse upon the stage, and seen the congruence of liberty and law, the harmony of thought and form, which constitute its beauty, we can understand how Milton came to use it as he did. Milton was deeply read in the Elizabethan authors; he profited by all of them and wore their mantle with a double portion of their power. Nor did he fail to observe the analogy between blank verse and the Virgilian hexameter; so that he added structures of more complex melody than had been used upon the stage, periods more fitted to reading

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or to recitation than to the rapid utterance of acted character. Yet, while he dignified the metre by epical additions, he never forgot that he was handling the verse of tragedy; and every one of the "remarkably unharmonious" lines which Johnson has collected in his essay on the versification of Milton, was not fashioned, as the critic hints, in slovenly haste, or in despair of making modern language musical, but was deliberately written in obedience to the highest laws of the metre which Marlowe, Shakspeare, Fletcher, Webster, and the other dramatists had used. In suiting blank verse to epic poetry, Milton preserved the elasticity and force with which his predecessors had wielded it; his so-called harshness resulted from a deliberate or instinctive obedience to the genius of the English tragic metre. It seems hardly necessary to insist upon this view of Milton's versification. Yet the pernicious canons of the eighteenth century, when taste had become habituated to the mechanical regularity and meaningless monotony of the couplet, still prevail, and there are people who cannot read Milton by the sense and by their ear, but who cling blindly to the laws of rigorous scansion. A dispute arose not long ago in one of our leading papers, as to the proper reading of two lines in *Samson Agonistes;* where, by the way, dramatic licence was, to say the least, allowable. The lines run thus:—

> Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
> For his people of old: what hinders now?

It was suggested that they might be reduced to order by this transposition:—

> Yet God of old hath for his people wrought
> Things as incredible: what hinders now?

It is clear that the versification according to the second reading is far smoother. But is it more Miltonic, and would it not be very easy by a similar process of transposition to emasculate some of the most vigorous periods in Milton's poetry, and to reduce his music to the five-footed monotony of incompetent versifiers? The truth is, that the chorus,—or Milton, who speaks in the chorus,—does not think about iambic regularity, but is intent on arguing with Manoah. Its words of faith and confidence rush forth:—

> Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
> For his people of old——

then stop; and the question follows after a pause:—

> What hinders now?

Energy of meaning is thus communicated to the double purpose of their argument. The action of the speech is weakened by the suggested emendation. Take again line 175 of *Samson Agonistes*,—

> Universally crowned with highest praises.

and write it,—

> Crowned universally with highest praises.

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The first form is anomalous; the second makes a very decent hendecasyllabic. Johnson, Bentley, and the like, would rejoice in so manipulating a hundred characteristic passages; but true criticism looks backward and deduces its grounds of judgment from the predecessors rather than the successors of a poet. Adopting this standard, we should try Milton by Elizabethan models and not by the versifiers of the eighteenth century.

But these examples are taken from a tragedy. In *Paradise Lost* we find that Milton has varied the dramatic rhythm by abstaining from hendecasyllables and by introducing far more involved and artificial cadences. In fact the flow of epical language is naturally more sedate and complex than that of the drama: for it has to follow the thoughts of one mind through all its reasonings. Yet the dramatic genius of the metre is for ever asserting itself, as in the following lines:—

> Rejoicing but with awe,
> In adoration at his feet I fell
> Submiss; he reared me, and, "Whom thou soughtest I am,"
> Said mildly, "Author of all this thou seest
> Above, or round about thee, or beneath."

Here, if we fix our attention upon the lines and try to scan them, we find the third most dissonant. But if we read them by the sense, and follow the grouping of the thoughts, we terminate one cadence at "submiss," and after a moment of parenthetical description begin another period, which extends itself through the concluding lines. To analyse Miltonic blank verse in all its details would be the work of much study and prolonged labour. It is enough to indicate the fact that the most sonorous passages commence and terminate with interrupted lines, including in one organic structure, periods, parentheses, and paragraphs of fluent melody, that the harmonies are wrought by subtle and most complex alliterative systems, by delicate changes in the length and volume of syllables, and by the choice of names magnificent for their mere gorgeousness of sound. In these structures there are many pauses which enable the ear and voice to rest themselves, but none are perfect, none satisfy the want created by the opening hemistich, until the final and deliberate close is reached. Then the sense of harmony is gratified and we proceed with pleasure to a new and different sequence. If the truth of this remark is not confirmed by the following celebrated and essentially Miltonic passage, it must fall without further justification:—

> And now his heart
> Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength,
> Glories; for never since created man
> Met such embodied force as named with these
> Could merit more than that small infantry
> Warred on by cranes: though all the giant brood
> Of Phlegra, with the heroic race were joined
> That fought at Thebes or Ilium, on each side
> Mixed with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds
> In fable or romance of Uther's son,
> Begirt with English and Armoric knights;

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And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco or Morocco or Trebizond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia.

After perusing this quotation, let the reader compare it with Claudio's speech on Death in *Measure for Measure*, and observe the difference between Shakspearian and Miltonic, between dramatic and epical blank verse. The one is simple in construction and progressive, the other is complex and stationary; but both are musical beyond the possibility of imitation. The one exhibits a thought, in the process of formation, developing itself from the excited fancy of the speaker. The other presents to us an image crystallized and perfect in the poet's mind, the one is in time, the other in space—the one is a growing and the other a complete organism. The whole difference between the drama and the epic is implicit in these periods. The one resembles Music and the other Architecture.

In this again we find a proof that the structure of blank verse depends entirely upon the nature of the thought which it is meant to clothe. The thoughts of a dramatist—whether his characters converse or soliloquize—are, of necessity, in evolution; the thoughts of an epical poet are before him, as matter which he must give form to. The richness and melody and variety of his versification will, in either case, depend upon the copiousness of his language, the delicacy of his ear, and the fertility of his invention. We owe everything to the nature of the poet, and very little to the decasyllables which he is using.

Milton was the last of the Elizabethans. With him the spirit of our literary renaissance became for the time extinct. Even during his lifetime the taste and capacity for blank verse composition had expired. It is said that Dryden wished to put *Paradise Lost* into couplets, and received from Milton the indifferent answer, "Let the young man tag his rhymes." Dryden, in his essay on dramatic poetry, defended the use of rhyme, and introduced the habit of writing plays in heroics, to the detriment of sense and character and freedom. Yet there are passages in his later tragedies —*All for Love*, *Cleopatra*, *King Arthur*, and *The Spanish Friar*—which show that he could use the tragic metre of blank verse with moderate ability. The Elizabethan inspiration still feebly survives in lines like these:—

The gods are just,
But how can finite measure infinite?
Reason, alas! it does not know itself!
Yet man, vain man, will, with this short-lined plummet,
Fathom the vast abyss of heavenly justice.
Whatever is, is in its causes just,
Since all things are by fate. But purblind man
Sees but a part of the chain, the nearest links;
His eyes not carrying to that equal beam
That poises all above.

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This is average thought expressed in average words. But *Absalom and Achitophel* is a work of the very highest genius in its kind, written not under the influence and inspiration of another age, but produced as the expression of a different and no less genuine phase of national development. During the period of Dryden's ascendancy over English literature, very little blank verse was written of much moment. Yet, it must be remembered, that the passage of the *Mourning Bride*, which Johnson preferred to any single piece of English descriptive poetry, first saw the light in 1697. The lines begin—"How reverend is the face of this tall pile." They are dignified, melodious, and clear; but we already trace in the handling of the language more of effort after neatness and precision, and less of nature than was common with the elder dramatists. After the death of Otway and Congreve, blank verse held the stage in the miserable compositions of the eighteenth century; but it had no true vitality. The real works of genius in that period were written in couplets, and it was not until the first dawn of a second renaissance in England, that blank verse began again to be practised. Meanwhile the use of the couplet had unfitted poets for its composition. Their acquired canons of regularity, when applied to that loose and flowing metre, led them astray. They no longer trusted exclusively to their ear, but to a mechanism which rendered accuracy of ear almost useless, not to say impossible. Hence it followed, that when blank verse began again to be written, it found itself very much at the point where it had stood before the appearance of Marlowe. Even Thomson, who succeeded so well in imitating Spenserian stanza, wrote stiff and languid blank verse with monsyllabic terminations and monotonous cadences—a pedestrian style.

Cowper, in his translation of Homer, aimed at the Miltonic structure, and acquired a fine and solemn versification. The description of the Russian empress's ice-palace in *The Winter Morning Walk*, proves how he had imbued himself with the language of the *Paradise Lost*, and how naturally he adapted it to his own thoughts. Coleridge's blank verse has a kind of inflated grandeur, but not much of Elizabethan variety of music, subtlety of texture, and lightness of movement. His lines written in the Valley of Chamouni are sonorous; but they want elasticity, and are inferior in quality to his lyrics. Heaviness of style and turgid rhetoric deface his verse and prose alike. Wordsworth again could not handle blank verse with any certainty of success. Wildernesses of the *Excursion* extend for pages and pages barren of any beauty. We plod over them on foot, sinking knee-deep into the clinging sand; whereas the true master of blank verse carries us aloft as on a winged steed through cloud and sunshine in a yielding air. Wordsworth mistook the language of prose for that of Nature, and did not understand that natural verse might be written without the tedious heaviness of common disquisitions. One of his highest efforts is the poem on the Simplon Pass, introduced into the *Prelude*. This owes its great beauty to the perfect delineation which he has succeeded in producing by suggestive images, by reiterated cadences, by

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solitary lines, by breathless repetitions, by the perfect union in short which subsists between the poet's mind and the nature he is representing.

Byron again is uncertain in his blank verse. The lines on the Coliseum in *Manfred* are as good as a genuine Elizabethan passage, because they are spoken from the fulness of a poet's heart, and with a continuity of thought and copiousness of language which insured their organic vitality. But they are exceptional. Byron needed rhyme as an assistance to his defective melody. He did not feel that inner music which is the soul of true blank verse and sounding prose. In Keats at last we reach the power. His *Hyperion* is sung, not written; governed in all its parts by the controlling force of imagined melody. Its music is fluid, bound by no external measurement of feet, but determined by the sense and intonation of the poet's thought, while like the crotalos of the Athenian flute-player the decasyllabic beat maintains an uninterrupted undercurrent of regular pulsations. Keats studied Milton and strove to imitate him. But he falls below the majesty and breadth of Milton's manner. He is too luxuriant in words and images, too loose in rhythm and prone to description. In fact, he produces an Elizabethan poem of even more wanton superfluity than those which he imitates. The entrance of Phœbus into his desecrated palace is a gorgeous instance of the plasticity of language in a master's hand. But it smacks of a degenerating taste in art. Some of Shelley's blank verse is perhaps the best which this century has produced. In *Alastor* he shows what he can do both without imitation and by its help. The lines on Egypt are written with a true Miltonic roll and ponderous grandiloquence of aggregated names. But in the last paragraph of the poem we find the vernal freshness, elasticity, and delicacy that are Shelley's own. It is noticeable that both Keats and Shelley make an Elizabethan use of the so-called heroic couplet. *Epipsychidion* and *Lamia* are written, not in the metre of Dryden, Churchill, Pope, and Crabbe, but in that of Marlowe and Fletcher. Nothing proves more significantly the distance between the Elizabethan spirit and the taste of the eighteenth century, than the utter dissimilarity of these two metres, syllabically, and in point of rhyme identical. The couplets of Marlowe, Fletcher, Shelley, and Keats follow the laws of blank verse, and not rhyme;—that is to say, their periods and pauses are entirely determined by the sense. The couplets of Dryden and his followers resemble Ovid's elegiacs in the permanence of their form and the restriction of their thought. Mr. Browning, who is one of the latest and most characteristic products of the Elizabethan revival, has made good use of this loose rhyming metre in *Sordello*. Among the few intelligible passages of this poem may be found the following:—

> You can believe
> Sordello foremost in the regal class
> Nature has broadly severed from the mass
> Of men, and framed for pleasure, as she frames
> Some happy lands that have luxurious names

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For loose fertility; a foot-fall there
Suffices to upturn to the warm air
Half germinating spices, mere decay
Produces richer life, and day by day
New pollen on the lily petal grows,
And still more labyrinthine buds the rose.

The whole structure of this period, in its pauses and utter disregard of the rhymed system, is that of blank verse. The final couplet completes the sense and satisfies the ear with regularity. Browning by fits and starts produces passages of fine blank verse, blowing out bubbles of magnificent sound as glass is blown from red-hot matter by the fierce breath and fiery will. Swinburne, with more extravagance, sweeps the long purple, blows the golden trumpet, and intones the sacrificial chaunt of the Elizabethan hierarchy. Yet with him it is "a song of little meaning, though the words are strong." He is an artist in words; they obey him as the keys obey an organist, and from their combination he builds up melodious palaces of vacuous magnificence. How different is the art of Tennyson, the greatest living writer of blank verse. Here all is purity and elegance, and skill. We trace design and calculation in his style. The *lineæ labor* is perceptible. The classical beauty of the *Idylls of the King*, the luxuriant eloquence of the Princess, the calm majesty of Ulysses, the idyllic sweetness of Œnone, the grandeur of the Mort d'Arthur, are monuments to the variety and scientific grasp of his genius. Subtle melody and self-restrained splendour are observable throughout his compositions. He has the power of selection and of criticism, the lack of which makes blank verse timid or prosaic. It may be noticed that Tennyson has not only created for himself a style in narrative and descriptive blank verse, but that he has also adapted this Protean metre to lyrical purposes. Three songs in the *Princess*, "Tears, idle tears," "Now sleeps the crimson petal," and "Come down, O maid," are perfect specimens of most melodious and complete minstrelsy in words. We observe that the first of these songs is divided into periods of five lines, each of which terminates with the words "days that are no more." This recurrence of sound and meaning is a substitute for rhyme, and suggests rhyme so persuasively that it is impossible to call the poem mere blank verse. The second song is less simple in its construction: it consists of a quatrain followed by three couplets, and succeeded by a final quatrain, each group of lines ending with the word "me." The lines are so managed, by recurrences of sound and by the restriction of the sense to separate lines, that the form of lyric verse is again imitated without aid of rhyme. Theocritus, in his Amœbean Idylls, had suggested this system; and Shakspeare, in the *Merchant of Venice* (Act v. sc. 1), had shown what could be made of it in English. But the third song which I have mentioned depends for its effect upon no artificial structure, no reiterated sounds. The poet calls it an idyll: I think it may be referred to as a most convincing proof that the English language can be made perfectly lyrical and musical without the need of stanzas or of rhyme.

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I have now passed in brief review the greatest writers of blank verse and have shown that this metre, originally formed for dramatic eloquence became epical, idyllic, lyrical, didactic, according to the will of the poet who made use of it. In conclusion, I may repeat some of the points which are established with reference to the scope and purpose of the metre. It seems adapted specially for thought in evolution; it requires progression and sustained effort. As a consequence of this, its melody is determined by the sense which it contains, and depends more upon proportion and harmony of sounds, than upon recurrences and regularities of structure. This being its essential character, it follows that blank verse is better suited for descriptions, eloquent appeals, rhetorical declamations, for all those forms of poetry which imply a continuity and development of thought, than for the setting forth of some one perfect and full-formed idea. The thought or "moment" which is sufficient for a sonnet would seem poor and fragmentary in sixteen lines of blank verse, unless they were distinctly understood to form a part of some continuous poem or dramatic dialogue. When, therefore, blank verse is used lyrically, the poet who manipulates it, has to deceive the ear by structures analogous to those of rhymed stanzas. The harmony of our language is such as to admit of exquisite finish in this style; but blank verse sacrifices a portion of its characteristic freedom, and assimilates itself to another type of metrical expression, in the process. Another point about blank verse is that it admits of no mediocrity; it must be either clay or gold. Its writer gains no unreal advantage from the form of his versification, but has to produce fine thoughts in vigorous and musical language. Hence, we find that blank verse is the metre of genius, that it is only used successfully by indubitable poets, and that it is no favourite in a mean, contracted and unimaginative age. The freedom of the renaissance created it in England. The freedom of our own century has reproduced it. Blank verse is a type and symbol of our national literary genius—uncontrolled by precedent or rule, inclined to extravagance, and apt to degenerate into nonsense, yet reaching perfection at intervals by an inner force and *vivida vis* of manly inspiration.

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THE

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

THE BRAMLEIGHS OF BISHOP'S FOLLY. (With an Illustration.) 641

CHAPTER I.—*The Bishop's Folly.*
" II.—*Lady Augusta's Letter.*
" III.—*The Evening after a Hard Run.*
" IV.—*On the Croquet Lawn.*
" V.—*Confidential Talk.*

SLIPS ON AND OFF THE STAGE 665

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. (With an Illustration.) 676

MOBS 710

STONE EDGE 727

CHAPTER V.—*Nathan the Wise.*
" VI.—*Scientific and Antiquarian.*
" VII.—*Fern-Cutting on the Druid's Hill.*
" VIII.—*Crooked Ways.*

VOYAGE OF THE "DIANA" WHALER OF HULL, IN THE YEARS 1866-67 BY ALLEN YOUNG 748

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THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1867.

The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly.

CHAPTER I.

THE BISHOP'S FOLLY.

TOWARDS the close of the last century there was a very remarkable man Bishop of Down in Ireland; a Liberal in politics, in an age when Liberalism lay close on the confines of disloyalty, splendidly hospitable, at a period when hospitality verged on utter recklessness, he carried all his opinions to extremes. He had great taste, which had been cultivated by foreign travel, and having an ample fortune, was able to indulge in many whims and caprices, by which some were led to doubt of his sanity, but others, who judged him better, ascribed them to the self-indulgence of a man out of harmony with his time, and contemptuously indifferent to what the world might say of him.

He had passed many years in Italy, and had formed a great attachment to that country. He liked the people and their mode of life; he liked the old cities, so rich in art treasures and so teeming with associations of a picturesque past; and he especially liked their villa architecture, which seemed so essentially suited to a grand and costly style of living. The

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great reception-rooms, spacious and lofty; the ample antechambers, made for crowds of attendants; and the stairs wide enough for even equipages to ascend them. No more striking illustration of his capricious turn of mind need be given than the fact that it was his pleasure to build one of these magnificent edifices in an Irish county!—a costly whim, obliging him to bring over from Italy a whole troop of stucco-men and painters, men skilled in fresco-work and carving—an extravagance on which he spent thousands. Nor did he live to witness the completion of his splendid mansion.

After his death the building gradually fell into decay. His heirs, not improbably, little caring for a project which had engulphed so large a share of their fortune, made no efforts to arrest the destroying influences of time and climate, and "Bishop's Folly"—for such was the name given to it by the country-people—soon became a ruin. In some places the roof had fallen in, the doors and windows had all been carried away by the peasants, and in many a cabin or humble shealing in the county around slabs of coloured marble or fragments of costly carving might be met with, over which the skill of a cunning workman had been bestowed for days long. The mansion stood on the side of a mountain which sloped gradually to the sea. The demesne, well-wooded, but with young timber, was beautifully varied in surface, one deep glen running, as it were, from the very base of the house to the beach, and showing glimpses, through the trees, of a bright and rapid river tumbling onward to the sea. Seen in its dilapidation and decay, the aspect of the place was dreary and depressing, and led many to wonder how the bishop could ever have selected such a spot; for it was not only placed in the midst of a wild mountain region, but many miles away from anything that could be called a neighbourhood. But the same haughty defiance he gave the world in other things urged him here to show that he cared little for the judgments which might be passed upon him, or even for the circumstances which would have influenced other men. "When it is my pleasure to receive company, I shall have my house full, no matter where I live," was his haughty speech, and certainly the whole character of his life went to confirm his words.

Some question of disputed title, after the bishop's death, threw the estate into Chancery, and so it remained till, by the operation of the new law touching encumbered property, it became marketable, and was purchased by a rich London banker, who had declared his intention of coming to live upon it.

That any one rich enough to buy such a property, able to restore such a costly house, and maintain a style of living proportionate to its pretensions, could come to reside in the solitude and obscurity of an Irish county seemed all but impossible, and when the matter became assured by the visit of a well-known architect, and afterwards by the arrival of a troop of workmen, the puzzle then became to guess how it chanced that the great head of a rich banking firm, the chairman of this, the director of that, the promoter of Heaven-knows-what scores of industrial schemes for

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fortune, should withdraw from the great bustle of life to accept an existence of complete oblivion.

In the little village of Portshandon—which straggled along the beach, and where, with a few exceptions, none but fishermen and their families lived,—this question was hotly debated; an old half-pay lieutenant, who by courtesy was called captain, being at the head of those who first denied the possibility of the Bramleighs coming at all, and when that matter was removed beyond a doubt, next taking his stand on the fact that nothing short of some disaster in fortune, or some aspersion on character, could ever have driven a man out of the great world to finish his days in the exile of Ireland.

"I suppose you'll give in at last, Captain Craufurd," said Mrs. Bayley, the postmistress of Portshandon, as she pointed to a pile of letters and newspapers all addressed to "Castello" and which more than quadrupled the other correspondence of the locality.

"I didn't pretend they were not coming, Mrs. Bayley," said he, in the cracked and cantankerous tone he invariably spoke in. "I simply observed that I'd be thankful for any one telling me why they were coming. That's the puzzle,—why they're coming?"

"I suppose because they like it, and they can afford it," said she, with a toss of her head.

"Like it!" cried he, in derision. "Like it! Look out of the window there beside you, Mrs. Bayley, and say, isn't it a lovely prospect, that beggarly village, and the old rotten boats, keel uppermost, with the dead fish and the oyster-shells, and the torn nets, and the dirty children? Isn't it an elegant sight after Hyde Park and the Queen's palace?"

"I never saw the Queen's palace nor the other place you talk of, but I think there's worse towns to live in than Portshandon."

"And do they think they'll make it better by calling it Castello?" said he, as with a contemptuous gesture he threw from him one of the newspapers with this address. "If they want to think they're in Italy they ought to come down here in November with the Channel fogs sweeping up through the mountains, and the wind beating the rain against the windows. I hope they'll think they're in Naples. Why can't they call the place by the name we all know it by? It was Bishop's Folly when I was a boy, and it will be Bishop's Folly after I'm dead."

"I suppose people can call their house whatever they like? Nobody objects to your calling your place Craufurd's Lea."

"I'd like to see them object to it," cried he, fiercely. "It's Craufurd's Lea in Digge's *Survey of Down*, 1714. It's Craufurd's Lea in the *Anthologia Hibernica*, and it's down, too, in Joyce's *Irish Fisheries;* and we were Craufurds of Craufurd's Lea before one stone of that big barrack up there was laid, and maybe we'll be so after it's a ruin again."

"I hope it's not going to be a ruin any more, Captain Craufurd, all the same," said the postmistress, tartly, for she was not disposed to

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undervalue the increased importance the neighbourhood was about to derive from the rich family coming to live in it.

"Well, there's one thing I can tell you, Mrs. Bayley," said he, with his usual grin. "The devil a bit of Ireland they'd ever come to, if they could live in England. Mind my words, and see if they'll not come true. It's either the Bank is in a bad way, or this or that company is going to smash, or it's his wife has run away, or one of the daughters married the footman;—something or other has happened, you'll see, or we would never have the honour of their distinguished company down here."

"It's a bad wind blows nobody good," said Mrs. Bayley. "It's luck for us, anyhow."

"I don't perceive the luck of it either, ma'am," said the captain, with increased peevishness. "Chickens will be eighteenpence a couple, eggs a halfpenny a piece. I'd like to know what you'll pay for a codfish, such as I bought yesterday for fourpence?"

"It's better for them that has to sell them."

"Ay, but I'm talking of them that has to buy them, ma'am, and I'm thinking how a born gentleman with a fixed income is to compete with one of these fellows that gets his gold from California at market price, and makes more out of one morning's robbery on the Stock Exchange, than a Lieut.-General receives after thirty years' service."

A sharp tap at the window-pane interrupted the discussion at this critical moment, and Mrs. Bayley perceived it was Mr. Dorose, Colonel Bramleigh's valet, who had come for the letters for the great house."

"Only these, Mrs. Bayley?" said he, half contemptuously.

"Well, indeed, sir; it's a good-sized bundle after all. There's eleven letters, and about fifteen papers, and two books."

"Send them all on to Brighton, Mrs. Bayley. We shall not come down here till the end of the month. Just give me *The Times*, however;' and tearing open the cover, he turned to the City article. "I hope you've nothing in Ecuadors, Mrs. Bayley? they look shaky. I'm 'hit,' too, in my Turks. I see no dividend this half." Here he leaned forward, so as to whisper in her ear, and said, "Whenever you want a snug thing, Mrs. B., you're always safe with Brazilians;" and with this he moved off, leaving the postmistress in a flurry of shame and confusion as to what precise character of transaction his counsel applied.

"Upon my conscience, we're come to a pretty pass!" exclaimed the captain, as, buttoning his coat, he issued forth into the street; nor was his temper much improved by finding the way blocked up by a string of carts and drays, slowly proceeding towards the great house, all loaded with furniture and kitchen utensils, and the other details of a large household. A bystander remarked that four saddle-horses had passed through at daybreak, and one of the grooms had said, "It was nothing to what was coming in a few days."

Two days after this, and quite unexpectedly by all, the village awoke to see a great flag waving from the flagstaff over the chief tower of

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Castello; and the tidings were speedily circulated that the great people had arrived. A few sceptics, determining to decide the point for themselves, set out to go up to the house; but the lodge gate was closed, and the gatekeeper answered them from behind it, saying that no visitors were to be admitted; a small incident, in its way, but after all, it is by small incidents that men speculate on the tastes and tempers of a new dynasty.

CHAPTER II.

Lady Augusta's Letter.

It will save some time, both to writer and reader, while it will also serve to explain certain particulars about those we are interested in, if I give in this place a letter which was written by Lady Augusta Bramleigh, the Colonel's young wife, to a married sister at Rome. It ran thus:—

"Dearest Dorothy,— "Hanover Square, Nov. 10, 18—.

"Here we are back in town, at a season, too, when we find ourselves the only people left; and if I wanted to make a long story of how it happens, there is the material; but it is precisely what I desire to avoid, and at the risk of being barely intelligible, I will be brief. We have left Earlshope, and, indeed, Herefordshire, for good. Our campaign there was a social failure, but just such a failure as I predicted it would and must be; and although, possibly, I might have liked to have been spared some of the mortifications we met with, I am too much pleased with the results to quarrel over the means.

"You are already in possession of what we intended by the purchase of Earlshope—how we meant to become county magnates, marry our sons and daughters to neighbouring magnates, and live as though we had been rooted to the soil for centuries. I say 'we,' my dear, because I am too good a wife to separate myself from Col. B. in all these projects; but I am fain to own that as I only saw defeat in the plan, I opposed it from the first. Here, in town, money will do anything; at least, anything that one has any right to do. There may be a set or a clique to which it will not give admission; but who wants them, who needs them?

"There's always a wonderful Van Eyck or a Memling in a Dutch town, to obtain the sight of which you have to petition the authorities, or implore the Stadtholder; but I never knew any one admit that success repaid the trouble; and the chances are that you come away from the sight fully convinced that you have seen scores of old pictures exactly like it, and that all that could be said was, it was as brown and as dusky, and as generally disappointing, as its fellows. So it is with these small exclusive societies. It may be a great triumph of ingenuity to pick the lock; but there's nothing in the coffer to reward it. I repeat, then, with money—and we had money—London was open to us. All the more, too, that for some years back society has taken a speculative turn; and it is

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nothing derogatory to fine people 'to go in,' as it is called, for a good thing in 'Turks' or 'Brazilians,' in patent fuel, or a new loan to the children of Egypt. To these, and such like, your City man and banker is esteemed a safe pilot; and you would be amused at the amount of attention Col. B. was accustomed to meet with from men who regarded themselves as immeasurably above him, and who, all question of profit apart, would have hesitated at admitting him to their acquaintance.

"I tell you all these very commonplace truths, my dear Dorothy, because they may not, indeed cannot be such truisms to you—you, who live in a grand old city, with noble traditions, and the refinements that come transmitted from centuries of high habits; and I feel, as I write, how puzzled you will often be to follow me. London was, as I have twice said, our home; but for that very reason we could not be content with it. Earlshope, by ill-luck, was for sale, and we bought it. I am afraid to tell you the height of our castle-building; but, as we were all engaged, the work went on briskly, every day adding at least a story to the edifice. We were to start as high-sheriff, then represent the county. I am not quite clear, I think we never settled the point, as to the lord-lieutenancy; but I know the exact way, and the very time, in which we demanded our peerage. How we threatened to sulk, and did sulk; how we actually sat a whole night on the back benches; and how we made our eldest son dance twice with a daughter of the 'Opposition,'—menaces that no intelligent Cabinet or conscientious 'whip' could for a moment misunderstand. And oh! my dear Dora, as I write these things, how forcibly I feel the prudence of that step which once we all were so ready to condemn you for having taken. You were indeed right to marry a foreigner. That an English girl should address herself to the married life of England, the first condition is she should never have left England, not even for that holiday-trip to Paris and Switzerland, which people now do, as once they were wont to 'do Margate.' The whole game of existence is such a scramble with us—we scramble for social rank, for place, for influence, for Court favour, for patronage; and all these call for so much intrigue and plotting, that I vow to you I'd as soon be a Carbonara or a Sanfedista as the wife of an aspiring middle-class Englishman.

"But to return. The county would not have us—we were rich, and we were City folk, and they deemed it an unpardonable pretension in us to come down amongst them. They refused our invitations, and sent us none of their own. We split with them, contested the election against them, and got beaten. We spent unheard-of monies, and bribed everybody—we had not a vote for ten miles round. With universal suffrage, which we believe we promised them, we should have been at the head of the poll; but the freeholders were to a man opposed to us.

"I am told that our opponents behaved ungenerously and unjustly—perhaps they did; at all events, the end of the contest left us without a single acquaintance, and we stood alone in our glory of beaten candidateship, after three months of unheard-of fatigue, and more meanness than

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ike to mention. The end of all was, to shake the dust off our feet at Herefordshire, and advertise Earlshope for sale. Meanwhile we returned o town; just as shipwrecked men clamber up the first rock in sight, not eeling in their danger what desolation is before them. I take it that the generals of a beaten army talk very little over their late defeat. At all events we observed a most scrupulous reserve, and I don't think that a word was dropped amongst us for a month that could have led a stranger to believe that we had just been beaten in an election, and hunted out of the county.

"I was just beginning to feel that our lesson, a severe one, it is true, might redound to our future benefit, when our eldest-born,—I call them all mine, Dora, though not one of them will say mamma to me,—discovered that there was an Irish estate to be sold, with a fine house, and fine grounds, and that if we couldn't be great folk in the grander kingdom, there was no saying what we might not be in the smaller one. This was too much for me. I accepted the Herefordshire expedition because it smacked of active service. I knew well we should be defeated, and I knew there would be a battle, but I could not consent to banishment. What had I done, I asked myself over and over, that I should be sent to live in Ireland?

"I tried to get up a party against the project, and failed. Augustus Bramleigh—our heir—was in its favour, indeed, its chief promoter. Temple, the second son, who is a secretary of embassy, and the most insufferable of puppies, thought it a 'nice place for us,' and certain to save us money; and John—Jack, they call him—who is in the navy, thinks land to be land, besides that, he was once stationed at Cork, and thought it a paradise. If I could do little with the young men, I did less with the girls. Marion, the eldest, who deems her papa a sort of divine-right head of a family, would not discuss the scheme; and Eleanor, who goes in for nature and spontaneous feeling, replied that she was overjoyed at the thought of Ireland, and even half gave me to understand that she was only sorry it was not Africa. I was thus driven to a last resource. I sent for our old friend, Doctor Bartlet, and told him frankly that he must order me abroad to a dry warm climate, where there were few changes of temperature, and nothing depressing in the air. He did the thing to perfection; he called in Forbes to consult with him. The case was very serious, he said. The lung was not yet attacked, but the bronchial tubes were affected. Oh, how grateful I felt to my dear bronchial tubes, for they have sent me to Italy. Yes, Dolly dearest, I am off on Wednesday, and hope within a week after this reaches you to be at your side, pouring out all my sorrows, and asking for that consolation you never yet refused me. And now, to be eminently practical, can you obtain for me that beautiful little villa that overlooked the Borghese Gardens—it was called the Villino Altieri. The old Prince Giuseppe Altieri, who used to be an adorer of mine, if he be alive may like to resume his ancient passion, and accept me for a tenant; all the more that I can afford to be liberal. Col. B. behaves well always

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where money enters. I shall want servants, as I only mean to take from this, Rose and my groom. You know the sort of creatures I like; but, for any sake, be particular about the cook—I can't eat 'Romanesque'—and if there be a stray Frenchman wandering about, secure him. Do you remember dear old Pauletti, Dolly, who used to serve up those delicious little macaroni suppers long ago in our own room? Cheating us into gourmandism by the trick of deceit! Oh, what would I give to be as young again! To be soaring up to heaven, as I listened with closed eyes to the chaunt in the Sistine chapel, or ascending to another elysium of delight, as I gazed at the 'noble guard' of the Pope, who, while his black charger was caracoling, and he was holding on by the mane, yet managed to dart towards me such a look of love and devotion! and you remember, Dolly, we lived 'secondo piano,' at the time, and it was plucky of the man, considering how badly he rode. I yearn to go back there. I yearn for those sunsets from the Pincian, and those long rambling rides over the Campagna, leading to nothing but an everlasting dreaminess, and an intense desire that one could go on day after day in the same delicious life of unreality; for it is so, Dolly. Your Roman existence is as much a trance as anything ever was—not a sight nor sound to shock it. The swell of the organ and the odour of the incense follow you even to your pleasures, and, just as the light streams in through the painted windows with its radiance of gold and amber and rose, so does the Church tinge with its mellow lustre all that goes on within its shadow. And how sweet and soothing it all is. I don't know, I cannot know, if it lead to heaven, but it certainly goes in that direction, so far as peace of mind is concerned. What has become of Carlo Lambruschini? is he married? How good-looking he was, and how he sung. I never heard Mario without thinking of him. How is it that our people never have that velvety softness in their tenor voices; there is no richness, no latent depth of tone, and consequently no power of expression? Will his Eminence of the Palazzo Antinori know me again? I was only a child when he saw me last, and used to give me his 'benedizione.' Be sure you bespeak for me the same condescending favour again, Heretic though I be. Don't be shocked, dearest Dora, but I mean to be half converted, that is, to have a sort of serious flirtation with the Church; something that is to touch my affections, and yet not wound my principles; something that will surround me with all the fervour of the faith, and yet not ask me to sign the ordinances. I hope I can do this. I eagerly hope it, for it will supply a void in my heart which certainly neither the money article, nor the share list, nor even the details of a county contest, have sufficed to fill. Where is poor little Santa Rosa and his guitar? I want them, Dolly—I want them both. His little tinkling barcaroles were as pleasant as the drop of a fountain on a sultry night; and am I not a highly imaginative creature, who can write of a sultry night in this land of fog, east wind, gust, and gas-light. How my heart bounds to think how soon I shall leave it. How I could travesty the refrain, and cry, 'Rendez moi mon passeport,

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ou laissez moi mourir.' And now, Dolly, darling, I have done. Secure me the villa, engage my people. Tanti Saluti to the dear cardinal,—as many loves to all who are kind enough to remember me. Send me a lascia-passare for my luggage—it is voluminous—to the care of the consul at Civita Vecchia, and tell him to look out for me by the arrival of the French boat, somewhere about the 20th or 21st; he can be useful with the custom-house creatures, and obtain me a carriage all to myself in the train.

"It is always more 'carino' to talk of a husband at the last line of a letter, and so I say, give dear Tino all my loves, quite apart and distinct from my other legacies of the like nature. Tell him, I am more tolerant than I used to be—he will know my meaning—that I make paper cigarettes just as well, and occasionally, when in high good-humour, even condescend to smoke one too. Say also, that I have a little chestnut cob, quiet enough for his riding, which shall be always at his orders; that he may dine with me every Sunday, and have one dish—I know well what it will be, I smell the garlic of it even now—of his own dictating; and if these be not enough, add that he may make love to me during the whole of Lent; and with this, believe me

"Your own doating sister,
"AUGUSTA BRAMLEIGH."

"After much thought and many misgivings I deemed it advisable to offer to take one of the girls with me, leaving it open, to mark my indifference, as to which it should be. They both, however, refused, and to my intense relief, declared that they did not care to come abroad; Augustus also protesting that it was a plan he could not approve of. The diplomatist alone opined that the project had anything to recommend it; but as his authority, like my own, in the family, carries little weight, we were happily outvoted. I have, therefore, the supreme satisfaction—and is it not such?—of knowing that I have done the right thing, and it has cost me nothing; like those excellent people who throw very devout looks towards heaven, without the remotest desire to be there."

CHAPTER III.

"THE EVENING AFTER A HARD RUN."

IT was between eight and nine o'clock of a wintry evening near Christmas; a cold drizzle of rain was falling, which on the mountains might have been snow, as Mr. Drayton, the butler at the Great House, as Castello was called in the village, stood austerely with his back to the fire in the dining-room, and as he surveyed the table, wondered within himself what could possibly have detained the young gentlemen so late. The hounds had met that day about eight miles off, and Colonel Bramleigh had actually put off dinner half-an-hour for them, but to no avail; and now

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Mr. Drayton, whose whole personal arrangements for the evening had been so thoughtlessly interfered with, stood there musing over the wayward nature of youth, and inwardly longing for the time when, retiring from active service, he should enjoy the ease and indulgence his long life of fatigue and hardship had earned.

"They're coming now, Mr. Drayton," said a livery-servant, entering hastily. "George saw the light of their cigars as they came up the avenue."

"Bring in the soup, then, at once, and send George here with another log for the fire. There'll be no dressing for dinner to-day, I'll be bound," and imparting a sort of sarcastic bitterness to his speech, he filled himself a glass of sherry at the sideboard and tossed it off; only just in time, for the door opened, and a very noisy, merry party of four entered the room, and made for the fire.

"As soon as you like, Drayton," said Augustus, the eldest Bramleigh, a tall, good-looking, but somewhat stern-featured man of about eight-and-twenty. The second, Temple Bramleigh, was middle-sized, with a handsome but somewhat over-delicate-looking face, to which a simpering affectation of imperturbable self-conceit gave a sort of puppyism; while the youngest, Jack, was a bronzed, bright-eyed, fine-looking fellow, manly, energetic, and determined, but with a sweetness when he smiled and showed his good teeth that implied a soft and very impressionable nature. They were all in scarlet coats, and presented a group strikingly good-looking and manly. The fourth of the party was, however, so eminently handsome, and so superior in expression as well as lineament, that the others seemed almost vulgar beside him. He was in black coat and cords, a checked cravat seeming to indicate that he was verging, so far as he might, on the limits of hunting costume; for George L'Estrange was in orders, and the curate of the parish in which Castello stood. It is not necessary to detain the reader by any lengthened narrative of the handsome young parson. Enough to say, that it was not all from choice he had entered the Church,—narrow fortune, and the hope of a small family living, deciding him to adopt a career which to one who had the passion for field-sports seemed the very last to gratify his tastes. As a horseman he was confessedly the first in the country round; although his one horse—he was unable to keep a second—condemned him to rare appearance at the meets. The sight of the parson and his black mare, Nora Creina, in the field, were treated with a cheer, for he was a universal favourite, and if a general suffrage could have conferred the episcopate, George would have had his mitre many a day ago.

So sure a seat and so perfect a hand needed never to have wanted a mount. There was not a man with a stable who would not have been well pleased to see his horse ridden by such a rider; but L'Estrange declined all such offers—a sensitive fear of being called a hunting parson deterred him; indeed it was easy to see by the rarity with which he permitted himself the loved indulgence, what a struggle he maintained

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between will and temptation, and how keenly he felt the sacrifice he imposed upon himself.

Such, in brief, was the party who were now seated at table, well pleased to find themselves in presence of an admirable dinner, in a room replete with every comfort. The day's run, of course, formed the one topic of their talk, and a great deal of merriment went on about the sailor-like performances of Jack, who had been thrown twice, but on the whole acquitted himself creditably, and had taken one high bank so splendidly as to win a cheer from all who saw him.

"I wish you had not asked that poor Frenchman to follow you, Jack," said Augustus; "he was really riding very nicely till he came to that unlucky fence."

"I only cried out, 'Venez donc, monsieur,' and when I turned my head, after clearing the bank, I saw his horse with his legs in the air and monsieur underneath."

"When I picked him up," broke in L'Estrange, "he said, 'Merci, mille fois, monsieur,' and then fainted off, the poor fellow's face actually wearing the smile of courtesy he had got up to thank me."

"Why will Frenchmen try things that are quite out of their beat?" said Jack.

"That's a most absurd prejudice of yours, Master Jack," cried the diplomatist. "Frenchmen ride admirably, nowadays. I've seen a steeple-chase in Normandy, over as stiff a course, and as well ridden as ever Leicestershire witnessed."

"Yes, yes; I've heard all that," said the sailor, "just as I've heard that their iron fleet is as good, if not better than our own."

"I think our own newspapers rather hint that," said L'Estrange.

"They do more," said Temple; "they prove it. They show a numerical superiority in ships, and they give an account of guns, and weight of metal dead against us."

"I'll not say anything of the French; but this much I will say," cried the sailor; "the question will have to be settled one of these days, and I'm right glad to think that it cannot be done by writers in newspapers."

"May I come in?" cried a soft voice; and a very pretty head, with long fair ringlets, appeared at the door.

"Yes. Come by all means," said Jack; "perhaps we shall be able, by your help, to talk of something besides fighting Frenchmen."

While he spoke, L'Estrange had risen, and approached to shake hands with her.

"Sit down with us, Nelly," said Augustus, "or George will get no dinner."

"Give me a chair, Drayton," said she; and, turning to her brother, added, "I only came in to ask some tidings about an unlucky foreigner; the servants have it he was cruelly hurt, some think hopelessly."

"There's the culprit who did the mischief," said Temple, pointing to Jack; "let him recount his feat."

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"I'm not to blame in the least, Nelly. I took a smashing high bank, and the little Frenchman tried to follow me and came to grief."

"Ay, but you challenged him to come on," said Temple. "Now, Master Jack, people don't do that sort of thing in the hunting-field."

"I said, 'Come along, monsieur,' to give him pluck. I never thought for a moment he was to suffer for it."

"But is he seriously hurt?" asked she.

"I think not," said L'Estrange; "he seemed to me more stunned than actually injured. Fortunately for him they had not far to take him, for the disaster occurred quite close to Duckett's Wood, where he is stopping."

"Is he at Longworth's?" asked Augustus.

"Yes. Longworth met him up the Nile, and they travelled together for some months, and when they parted, it was agreed they were to meet here at Christmas; and though Longworth had written to apprise his people they were coming, he has not appeared himself, and the Frenchman is waiting patiently for his host's arrival."

"And laming his best horse in the meanwhile. That dark bay will never do another day with hounds," said Temple.

"She was shaky before, but she is certainly not the better of this day's work. I'd feed her, and turn her out for a full year," said Augustus.

"I suppose that's another of those things in which the French are our superiors," muttered Jack, "but I suspect, I'd think twice about it before I'd instal myself in a man's house, and ride his horses in his absence."

"It was the host's duty to be there to receive him," said Temple, who was always on the watch to make the sailor feel how little he knew of society and its ways.

"I hope when you've finished your wine," said Ellen, "you'll not steal off to bed, as you did the other night, without ever appearing in the drawing-room."

"L'Estrange shall go, at all events," cried Augustus. "The church shall represent the laity."

"I'm not in trim to enter a drawing-room, Miss Bramleigh," said the curate, blushing. "I wouldn't dare to present myself in such a costume."

"I declare," said Jack, "I think it becomes you better than your Sunday rig; don't you, Nelly?"

"Papa will be greatly disappointed, Mr. L'Estrange, if he should not see you," said she, rising to leave the room; "he wants to hear all about your day's sport, and especially about that poor Frenchman. Do you know his name?"

"Yes, here's his card;—Anatole de Pracontal."

"A good name," said Temple, "but the fellow himself looks a snob."

"I call that very hard," said Jack, "to say what any fellow looks like when he is covered with slush and dirt, his hat smashed, and his mouth full of mud."

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"Don't forget that we expect to see you," said Ellen, with a nod and a smile, to the curate, and left the room.

"And who or what is Mr. Longworth?" said Temple.

"I never met him. All I know is, that he owns that very ugly red brick house, with the three gables in front, on the hill-side as you go towards Newry," said Augustus.

"I think I can tell you something about him," said the parson; "his father was my grandfather's agent. I believe he began as his steward, when we had property in this county; he must have been a shrewd sort of man, for he raised himself from a very humble origin to become a small estated proprietor and justice of the peace; and when he died, about four years ago, he left Philip Longworth something like a thousand a year in landed property, and some ready money besides."

"And this Longworth, as you call him,—what is he like?"

"A good sort of fellow, who would be better if he was not possessed by a craving ambition to know fine people, and move in their society. Not being able to attain the place he aspires to in his own county, he has gone abroad, and affects to have a horror of English life and ways, the real grievance being his own personal inability to meet acceptance in a certain set. This is what I hear of him; my own knowledge is very slight. I have ever found him well-mannered and polite, and except a slight sign of condescension, I should say pleasant."

"I take it," said the sailor, "he must be an arrant snob."

"Not necessarily, Jack," said Temple. "There is nothing ignoble in a man's desire to live with the best people, if he do nothing mean to reach that goal."

"Whom do you call the best people, Temple?" asked the other.

"By the best people, I mean the first in rank and station. I am not speaking of their moral excellence, but of their social superiority, and of that pre-eminence which comes of an indisputable position, high name, fortune, and the world's regards. These I call the best people to live with."

"And I do not," said Jack, rising, and throwing his napkin on the table, "not at least for men like myself. I want to associate with my equals. I want to mix with men who cannot overbear me by any accident of their wealth or title."

"Jack should never have gone into the navy, that's clear," said Augustus, laughing, "but let us draw round the fire and have a cigar."

"You'll have to pay your visit to the drawing-room, L'Estrange," said Jack, "before we begin to smoke, for the governor hates tobacco, and detects it in an instant."

"I declare," said the parson, as he looked at his splashed cords and dirty boots, "I have no courage to present myself in such a trim as this."

"Report yourself and come back at once," cried Jack.

"I'd say, don't go in at all," said Temple.

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"That's what I should do, certainly," said Augustus. "Sit down here. What are you drinking. This is Pomare, and better than claret of a cold evening."

And the curate yielded to the soft persuasion, and seated around the fire, the young men talked horses, dogs, and field-sports, till the butler came to say that tea was served in the drawing-room, when, rising, they declared themselves too tired to stay up longer, and wishing each other good-night, they sauntered up to their rooms to bed.

CHAPTER IV.

On the Croquet Lawn.

The day after a hard run, like the day after a battle, is often spent in endeavours to repair the disasters of the struggle. So was it here. The young men passed the morning in the stables, or going back and forward with bandages and liniments. There was a tendon to be cared for, a sore back to be attended to. Benbo, too, wouldn't feed; the groom said he had got a surfeit; which malady, in stable parlance, applies to excess of work, as well as excess of diet.

Augustus Bramleigh was, as becomes an eldest son, grandly imperious and dictatorial, and looked at his poor discomfited beast, as he stood with hanging head and heaving flanks, as though to say it was a disgraceful thing for an animal that had the honour to carry him to look so craven and disheartened. Temple, with the instincts of his craft and calling, cared little for the past, and took but small interest in the horse that was not likely to be soon of use to him; while Jack, with all a sailor's energy, worked away manfully, and assisted the grooms in every way he could. It was at the end of a very active morning, that Jack was returning to the house, when he saw L'Estrange's pony-chaise at the door, with black Nora in the shafts, as fresh and hearty to all seeming as though she had not carried her heavy owner through one of the stiffest runs of the season only the day before.

"Is your master here, Bill?" asked Jack of the small urchin, who barely reached the bar of the bit.

"No, sir; it's Miss Julia has druv' over. Master's fishing this morning."

Now Julia L'Estrange was a very pretty girl, and with a captivation of manner which to the young sailor was irresistible. She had been brought up in France, and imbibed that peculiar quiet coquetry which, in its quaint demureness, suggests just enough doubt of its sincerity to be provocative. She was dark enough to be a Spaniard from the south of Spain, and her long black eyelashes were darker even than her eyes. In her walk and her gesture there was that also which reminded one of Spain: the same blended litheness and dignity; and there was a firmness in her tread which took nothing from its elasticity.

When Jack heard that she was in the house, instead of hurrying in to

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meet her he sat moodily down on the steps of the door and lighted his cigar. "What's the use?" muttered he, and the same depressing sentence recurred to him again and again. They are very dark moments in life in which we have to confess to ourselves that, fight how we may, fate must beat us; that the very utmost we can do is to maintain a fierce struggle with destiny, but that in the end we must succumb. The more frequently poor Jack saw her, the more hopelessly he felt his lot. What was he,—what could he ever be, to aspire to such a girl as Julia? Was not the very presumption a thing to laugh at? He thought of how his elder brother would entertain such a notion; the cold solemnity with which he would ridicule his pretensions; and then Temple would treat him to some profound reflections on the misery of poor marriages; while Marion would chime in with some cutting reproaches on the selfishness with which, to gratify a caprice—she would call it a caprice—he ignored the just pretensions of his family, and the imperative necessity that pressed them to secure their position in the world by great alliances. This was Marion's code: it took three generations to make a family; the first must be wealthy; the second, by the united force of money and ability, secure a certain station of power and social influence; the third must fortify these by marriages—marriages of distinction; after which mere time would do the rest.

She had hoped much from her father's second marriage, and was grievously disappointed on finding how her stepmother's family affected displeasure at the match as a reason for a coldness towards them; while Lady Augusta herself as openly showed that she had stooped to the union merely to secure herself against the accidents of life and raise her above the misery of living on a very small income.

Jack was thinking moodily over all these things as he sat there, and with such depression of spirit that he half resolved, instead of staying out his full leave, to return to his ship at Portsmouth, and so forget shore life and all its fascinations. He heard the sound of a piano, and shortly after the rich delicious tones of Julia's voice. It was that mellow quality of sound musicians call mezzo soprano, whose gift it is to steal softly over the senses and steep them in a sweet rapture of peaceful delight. As the strains floated out, he felt as though the measure of incantation was running over for him, and he arose with a bound and hurried off into the wood. "I'll start to-morrow. I'll not let this folly master me," muttered he. "A fellow who can't stand up against his own fancies is not worth his salt. I'll go on board again and think of my duty," and he tried to assure himself that of all living men a sailor had least excuse for such weaknesses as these.

He had not much sympathy with the family ambitions. He thought that as they had wealth enough to live well and handsomely, a good station in the world, and not any one detracting element from their good-luck, either as regarded character or health, it was downright ingratitude to go in search of disappointments and defeats. It was, to his thinking,

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like a ship with plenty of sea-room rushing madly on to her ruin amongst the breakers. "I think Nelly is of my own mind," said he, "but who can say how long she will continue to be so? these stupid notions of being great folk will get hold of her at last. The high-minded Marion and that great genius Temple are certain to prevail in the end, and I shall always be a splendid example to point at and show the melancholy consequences of degenerate tastes and ignoble ambitions."

The sharp trot of a horse on the gravel road beside him startled him in his musings, and the pony-carriage whisked rapidly by. Augustus driving and Julia at his side. She was laughing. Her merry laugh rang out above the brisk jingle of horse and harness, and to the poor sailor it sounded like the knell of all his hopes. "What a confounded fool I was not to remember I had an elder brother," said he, bitterly. That he added something inaudible about the perfidious nature of girls is possibly true, but not being in evidence it is not necessary to record it.

Let us turn from the disconsolate youth to what is certes a prettier picture — the croquet lawn behind the house, where the two sisters, with the accomplished Temple, were engaged at a game.

"I hope, girls," said he, in one of his very finest drawls, "the future head of house and hopes is not going to make a precious fool of himself."

"You mean with the curate's sister," said Marion, with a saucy toss of her head. "I scarcely think he could be so absurd."

"I can't see the absurdity," broke in Ellen. "I think a duke might make her a duchess, and no great condescension in the act."

"Quite true, Nelly," said Temple; "that's exactly what a duke might do; but Mr. Bramleigh cannot. When you are at the top of the ladder, there's nothing left for you but to come down again; but the man at the bottom has to try to go up."

"But why must there be a ladder at all, Temple?" asked she eagerly.

"Isn't that speech Nelly all over?" cried Marion haughtily.

"I hope it is," said Ellen, "if it serves to convey what I faithfully believe,—that we are great fools in not enjoying a very pleasant lot in life instead of addressing ourselves to ambitions far and away beyond us."

"And which be they?" asked Temple, crossing his arms over his mallet, and standing like a soldier on guard.

"To be high and titled, or if not titled, to be accepted amongst that class, and treated as their equals in rank and condition."

"And why not, Nelly? What is this wonderful ten thousand that we all worship? Whence is it recruited, and how? These double wallflowers are not of Nature's making; they all come of culture, of fine mould, careful watering, and good gardening. They were single-petalled once on a time, like ourselves. Mind, it is no radical says this, girls—'moi qui vous parle' am no revolutionist, no leveller! I like these grand conditions, because they give existence its best stimulus, its noblest aspirations. The higher

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one goes in life—as on a mountain—the more pure the air and the wider the view."

"And do you mean to tell me that Augustus would consult his happiness better in marrying some fine lady, like our grand stepmamma, for instance, than a charming girl like Julia?" said Ellen.

"If Augustus' notions of happiness were to be measured by mine, I should say yes, unquestionably yes. Love is a very fleeting sentiment. The cost of the article, too, suggests most uncomfortable reflections. All the more as the memory comes when the acquisition itself is beginning to lose value. My former chief at Munich—the cleverest man of the world I ever met—used to say, as an investment, a pretty wife was a mistake. 'If,' said he, 'you laid out your money on a picture, your venture might turn out a bargain; if you bought a colt, your two-year-old might win a Derby; but your beauty of to-day will be barely good-looking in five years, and will be a positive fright in fifteen.'"

"Your accomplished friend was an odious beast!" said Nelly. "What was his name, Temple?"

"Lord Culduff. One of the first diplomatists in Europe."

"Culduff? How strange! Papa's agent, Mr. Harding, mentioned the name at breakfast. He said there was a nobleman come over from Germany to see his estates in the north of Down, where they had some hopes of having discovered coal."

"Is it possible Lord Culduff could be in our neighbourhood? The governor must ask him here at once," said Temple, with an animation of manner most unusual with him. "There must be no time lost about this. Finish your game without me, girls, for this matter is imminent;" and so saying, he resigned his mallet and hastened away to the house.

"I never saw Temple so eager about anything before," said Nelly. "It's quite charming to see how the mere mention of a grand name can call forth all his energy."

"Temple knows the world very well; and he knows how the whole game of life is conducted by a very few players, and that every one who desires to push his way must secure the intimacy, if he can, or at least the acquaintance, of these." And Marion delivered this speech with a most oracular and pretentious tone.

"Yes," said Nelly, with a droll sparkle in her eye; "he declared that profound statement last evening in the very same words. Who shall say it is not an immense advantage to have a brother so full of sage maxims, while his sisters are seen to catch up his words of wisdom, and actually believe them to be their own?"

"Temple may not be a Talleyrand; but he is certainly as brilliant as the charming Curate," said Marion, tartly.

"Oh, poor George!" cried Nelly; and her cheek flushed while she tried to seem indifferent. "Nobody ever called him a genius. When one says he is very good-looking and very good-humoured, tout est dit!"

"He is very much out of place as a parson."

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"Granted. I suspect he thinks so himself."

"Men usually feel that they cannot take orders without some strong impulse than a mere desire to gain a livelihood."

"I have never talked to him on the matter; but perhaps he had a great choice of a career."

"He might have gone into the army, I suppose? He'd have found scores of creatures there with about his own measure of intelligence."

"I fancied you liked George, Marion," said the other. And there was something half tender, half reproachful, in her tone.

"I liked him so far, that it was a boon to find anything so like a gentleman in this wild savagery; but if you mean that I would have endured him in town, or would have noticed him in society, you are strangely mistaken."

"Poor George!" and there was something comic in her glance as she sighed these words out.

"There; you have won," said Marion, throwing down her mallet. "I must go and hear what Temple is going to do. It would be a great blessing to see a man of the world and a man of mark in this dreary spot, and I hope papa will not lose the present opportunity to secure him."

"Are you alone, Nelly?" said her eldest brother, some time after, as he came up, and found her sitting, lost in thought, under a tree.

"Yes. Marion got tired and went in, and Temple went to ask papa about inviting some high and mighty personage who chances to be in our neighbourhood."

"Who is he?"

"Lord Culduff" he called him.

"Oh! a tremendous swell; an ambassador somewhere. What brings him down here?"

"I forget. Oh, it was something about a mine; he has found tin, or copper, or coal, I don't remember which, on some property of his here. By the way, Augustus, do you really think George L'Estrange a fool?"

"Think him a fool?"

"I mean," said she, blushing deeply, "Marion holds his intelligence so cheaply that she is quite shocked at his presuming to be in orders."

"Well, I don't think him exactly what Temple calls an 'esprit fort,' but he is a very nice fellow, very companionable, and a thorough gentleman in all respects."

"How well you have said it, dear Augustus," said she, with a face beaming with delight. "Where are you off to? Where are you going?"

"I am going to see the yearlings, in the paddock below the river."

"May I go with you, Gussy?" said she, drawing her arm within his. "I do like a brisk walk with you; and you always go like one with a purpose."

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CHAPTER V.

CONFIDENTIAL TALK.

TEMPLE found his father in his study, deeply engaged with a mass of papers and letters, and by the worn and fatigued expression of his face showing that he had passed a day of hard work.

"I hope I do not disturb you," said Temple, as he leaned on the table at which the other was seated.

"Throw that cigar away, and I'll tell you," said the old man, with a faint smile. "I never can conquer my aversion to tobacco. What do you want to say? Is it anything we cannot talk over at dinner, or after dinner?—for this post leaves at such an inconvenient hour, it gives me scant time to write."

"I beg a thousand pardons, sir; but I have just heard that a very distinguished member of our corps—I mean the diplomatic corps—is down in this neighbourhood, and I want your permission to ask him over here."

"Who is he?"

"Lord Culduff."

"What, that old scamp who ran away with Lady Clifford? I thought he couldn't come to England?"

"Why, sir, he is one of the first men we have. It was he that negotiated the Erzeroum treaty, and I heard Sir Stamford Bolter say he was the only man in England who understood the Sound dues."

"He ran off with another man's wife, and I don't like that."

"Well, sir, as he didn't marry her afterwards, it was clear it was only a passing indiscretion."

"Oh, indeed; that view of it never occurred to me. I suppose, then, it is in this light the corps regards it?"

"I trust so, sir. Where there is no complication there is no loss of character; and as Lord Culduff is received everywhere, and courted in the very best circles, I think it would be somewhat strange if we were to set up to teach the world how it ought to treat him."

"I have no such pretension. I simply claim the right to choose the people I invite to my house."

"He may be my chief to-morrow or next day," said Temple.

"So much the worse for you."

"Certainly not, sir, if we seize the opportunity to show him some attentions. He is a most high-bred gentleman, and both from his abilities, his rank, and his connections, sure to be at the head of the line; and I confess I'd be very much ashamed if he were to hear, as he is sure to hear, that I was in his vicinity without my ever having gone to wait on him."

"Go by all means, then. Wait upon him at once, Temple; but I tell you frankly, I don't fancy presenting such a man to your sisters."

"Why, sir, there is not a more unobjectionable man in all England; his manners are the very type of respectful deference towards ladies. He belongs to that old school which professes to be shocked with modern levity, while his whole conversation is a sort of quiet homage."

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"Well, well; how long would he stay—a week?"

"A couple of days, perhaps, if he came at all. Indeed, I greatly doubt that he would come. They say he is here about some coal-mine they have discovered on his property."

"What, has he found coal?" cried the old man, eagerly.

"So it is said, sir; or, at least, he hopes so."

"It's only lignite. I'm certain, it's only lignite. I have been deceived myself twice or thrice, and I don't believe coal—real coal—exists in this part of Ireland."

"Of that, I can tell you nothing; he, however, will only be too glad to talk the matter over with you."

"Yes; it is an interesting topic,—very interesting. Snell says that the great carboniferous strata are all in Ireland, but that they lie deep and demand vast capital to work them. He predicts a great manufacturing prosperity to the country when Manchester and Birmingham will have sunk into ruins. He opines that this lignite is a mere indication of the immense vein of true carbon beneath. But what should this old debauchee know of a great industrial theme! His whole anxiety will be to turn it to some immediate profit. He'll be looking for a loan, you'll see. Mark my words, Temple, he'll want an advance on his colliery." And he gave one of those rich chuckling laughs which are as peculiar to the monied classes as ever a simpering smile was to enamelled beauty.

"I don't say," added he, after a moment, "that the scheme may not be a good one—an excellent one. Sampson says that all manufactures will be transferred to Ireland yet,—that this will be in some future time the great seat of national industry and national wealth. Let your grand friend come then by all means; there is at least one topic we can talk over together.

Too happy to risk the success he had obtained by any further discussion, Temple hurried away to give orders for the great man's reception. There was a small suite of rooms, which had been furnished with unusual care and elegance when it was believed that Lady Augusta would have honoured Castello with her presence. Indeed, she had so far favoured the belief as to design some of the decorations herself, and had photographs taken of the rooms and the furniture, as well as of the views which presented themselves from the windows.

Though these rooms were on the second floor, they were accessible from without by a carriage-drive, which wound gradually up among the terraced gardens to a sort of plateau, where a marble fountain stood, with a group of naiads in the midst, over whom a perpetual spray fell like a veil; the whole surrounded with flowery shrubs and rare plants, sheltered from east and north by a strong belt of trees, and actually imparting to the favoured spot the character of a southern climate and country.

As the gardener was careful to replace the exhausted or faded flowers by others in full bloom, and as on every available day he displayed here the richest treasures of his conservatory, there was something singularly beautiful in the contrast of this foreground, glowing in tropical luxuriance,

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with the massive forest-trees down below, and farther in the distance the stern and rugged lines of the Mourne Mountains, as they frowned on the sea.

Within doors, everything that wealth could contribute to comfort was present, and though there was magnificence in the costly silk of the hangings and the velvety richness of the carpets, the prevailing impression was that it was enjoyment, not splendour, was sought for. There were few pictures—a Rysdael over the fireplace in the drawing-room, and two or three Cuyps—placid scenes of low-lying landscapes, bathed in soft sunsets. The doors were all hidden by heavy curtains, and a sense of voluptuous snugness seemed the spirit of the place.

The keys of this precious suite were in Marion's keeping, and as she walked through the rooms with Temple, and expatiated on the reckless expenditure bestowed upon them, she owned that for any less distinguished guest than the great diplomatist she would never have consented to their being opened. Temple, however, was loud in his praises, went over his high connections and titled relatives, his great services, and the immense reputation they had given him, and, last of all, he spoke of his personal qualities, the charm of his manner, and the captivation of his address, so that finally she became as eager as himself to see this great and gifted man beneath their roof.

During the evening they talked much together of what they should do to entertain their illustrious guest. There was, so to say, no neighbourhood, nor any possibility of having people to meet him, and they must, consequently, look to their home resources to amuse him.

"I hope Augustus will be properly attentive," said Temple.

"I'm certain he will. I'm more afraid of Nelly, if there be anything strange or peculiar in Lord Culduff's manner. She never puts any curb on her enjoyment of an oddity, and you'll certainly have to caution her that her humouristic talents must be kept in abeyance just now."

"I can trust Lord Culduff's manner to repress any tendency of this kind. Rely upon it, his courtly urbanity and high tone will protect him from all indiscretions; and Nelly—I'm sorry to say it, Marion—but Nelly is vulgar."

"She is certainly too familiar with fresh acquaintance. I have told her more than once that you do not always please people by showing you are on good terms with yourself. It is a great misfortune to her that she never was out before she came here. One season in town would have done more for her than all our precepts."

"Particularly as she heeds them so little," said Temple, snappishly.

"Cannot we manage to have some people to meet Lord Culduff at dinner? Who are the Gages who left their cards?"

"They sent them—not left them. Montague Gage is the master of the hounds, and, I believe, a person of some consideration here. He does not, however, appear to invite much intimacy. His note acknowledging our subscription—it was a hundred pounds too—was of the coldest, and we exchanged a very few formal words at the meet yesterday."

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"Are we going to repeat the Herefordshire experiment here, th... And she asked the question with a sparkling eye and a flushed chee... though the feeling it excited was not easily to be repressed.

"There's a Sir Roger Kennedy too has called."

"Yes, and Harding says he is married; but his wife's name is n... the card."

"I take it they know very little of the habits of the world. L... remember, Marion, where we are. Iceland is next door but one. thought Harding would have looked to all this; he ought to have ta... care that the county was properly attentive."

"An agent never wishes to see his chief reside on the property. I... like in my own career,—one is only chargé d'affaires when the L... the legation is on leave."

"And this was the county, we were told, was ready to receive us wi... sort of frantic enthusiasm. I wonder, Temple, do people ever tell the tru..."

"Yes, when they want you not to believe them. You see, Ma... we blundered here pretty much as we blundered in England. You'll n... get the governor to believe it, nor perhaps even Augustus, but there i... diplomacy of every-day life, and people who fancy they can dispense w... it invariably come to grief. Now I always told them—indeed I grew tir... telling them—every mile that separates you from a Capital diminishes th... power of your money. In the city you reign supreme, but to be a com... magnate you need scores of things beside a long credit at your banker's."

A very impatient toss of the head showed that Marion herself was n... fully a convert to these sage opinions, and it was with a half rude abrupt... ness that she broke in by asking how he intended to convey his invitation to Lord Culduff.

"There's the difficulty," said he, gravely. "He is going about from one place to another. Harding says he was at Rathbeggan on Sunday last, and was going on to Dinasker next day. I have been looking over the map, but I see no roads to these places. I think your best plan is to despatch Lacy with a letter. Lacy is the smartest fellow we have, and I think will be sure to find him. But the letter, too, is a puzzle."

"Why should it be? It will be, I suppose, a mere formal invitation?"

"No, no. It would never do to say, Colonel Bramleigh presents his compliments, and requests—and so on. The thing must have another tone. It ought to have a certain turn of expression."

"I am not aware of what amount of acquaintanceship exists between you and Lord Culduff," said she stiffly.

"The very least in life. I suspect if we met in a club, we should pass without speaking. I arrived at his Legation on the morning he was starting on leave. I remember he asked me to breakfast, but I declined, as I had been three days and nights on the road, and wanted to get to bed. I never met him since. What makes you look so serious, Marion?"

"I'm thinking what we shall do with him if he comes. Does he shoot, or hunt, or fish?—can you give him any out-o'-door occupation?"

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"I'm quite abroad as to all his tastes and habits. I only know so much of him as pertains to his character in the 'line;' but I'll go and write my note. I'll come back and show you what I have said," added he, as he gained the door.

When Marion was left alone to reflect over her brother's words, she was not altogether pleased. She was no convert to his opinions as to the necessity of any peculiar stratagem in the campaign of life. She had seen the house in town crowded with very great and distinguished company; she had observed how wealth asserted itself in society, and she could not perceive that in their acceptance by the world, there was any, the slightest deficiency of deference and respect. If they had failed in their county experiment in England, it was, she thought, because her father rashly took up an extreme position in politics, a mistake which Augustus indeed saw and protested against, but which some rash advisers were able to over-persuade the colonel into adopting.

Lady Augusta, too, was an evidence that the better classes did not decline this alliance, and on the whole she felt that Temple's reasonings were the offshoots of his peculiar set; that small priesthood of society who hold themselves so essentially above the great body of mankind.

"Not that we must make any more mistakes, however," thought she. "Not that we can afford another defeat;" and as she arrived at this sage judgment, Temple entered, with some sheets of note-paper in his hand.

"I'm not quite satisfied with any of these, Marion; I suspect I must just content myself with a mere formal 'requests the company.'"

"Let me hear what you have said."

"Here's the first," said he, reading. "'My dear Lord,—The lucky accident of your lordship's presence in this neighbourhood:'—which I have only accidentally learned."

"O dear, no! that's a chapter of accidents."

"Well; listen to this one: 'If I can trust to a rumour that has just reached us here, but which, it is possible our hopes may have given a credence to, that stern fact will subsequently deny, or reject, or contradict.' I'm not fully sure which verb to take."

"Much worse than the other," said Marion.

"It's all the confounded language; I could turn it in French to perfection."

"But I fancied your whole life was passed in this sort of phrase-fashioning, Temple?" said she, half smiling.

"Nothing of the kind. We keep the vernacular only for post-paper, and it always begins: 'My Lord,—Since by my despatch, No. 7,028, in which I reported to your lordship the details of an interview accorded me by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs of this Government;' and so on. Now all this, to the polite intercourse of society, is pretty much what singlestick is to the rapier. I wish you'd do this for me, Marion. After so many baulks, one always ends by a tumble."

"I declare I see no occasion for smartness or epigram. I'd simply

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say, 'I have only just heard that you are in our neighbourhood, and I beg to convey my father's hope and request that you will not leave it without giving us the honour of your company here.' You can throw in as many of your personal sentiments as may serve, like wool in a packing-case, to keep the whole tight and compact; but I think something like that would suffice."

"Perhaps so," said he, musingly, as he once more returned to his room. When he reappeared, after some minutes, it was with the air and look of a man who had just thrown off some weighty burden. "Thank heaven, it's done and despatched," said he. "I have been looking over the F. O. Guide, to see whether I addressed him aright. I fancied he was a Privy Councillor, and I find he is not; he is a G.C., however, and a Guelph, with leave to wear the star."

"Very gratifying to us—I mean if he should come here," said she, with a mocking smile.

"Don't pretend you do not value all these things fully as much as myself, Marion. You know well what the world thinks of them. These distinctions were no more made by us than the money of the realm; but we use one of them like the other, well aware that it represents a certain value, and is never disputed."

"How old is your friend?"

"Well, he is certainly not young. Here's what F. O. contributes to his biography. 'Entered the army as cornet in the 2nd Life Guards, 1816.' A precious long time ago that. 'First groom of the bedchamber—promoted—placed on half-pay—entered diplomatic service—in —19; special mission to Hanover—made G.C.H.—contested Essex, and returned on a petition—went back to diplomacy, and named special envoy to Tehran.' Ah! now we are coming to his real career."

"Oh, dear. I'd rather hear about him somewhat earlier," said she, taking the book out of his hand, and throwing it on the table. "It is a great penalty to pay for greatness to be gibbeted in this fashion. Don't you think so, Temple?"

"I wish I could see myself gibbeted, as you call it."

"If the will makes the way, we ought to be very great people," said she, with a smile, half derisive, half real. "Jack, perhaps not; nor Ellen. They have booked themselves in second-class carriages."

"I'll go and look up Harding; he is a secret sort of a fellow. I believe all agents assume that manner to every one but the head of the house and the heir. But perhaps I could manage to find out why these people have not called upon us; there must be something in it."

"I protest I think we ought to feel grateful to them; an exchange of hospitalities with them would be awful."

"Very likely; but I think we ought to have had the choice, and this they have not given us."

"And even for that I am grateful," said she, as with a haughty look she rose and left the room.

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Slips on and off the Stage.

UNREHEARSED stage-effects have, from the very earliest times, produced consequences of a varied character, yet all of more or less importance. They have excited laughter, surprise, indignation, and they have occasionally conferred immortality on actors who would not otherwise have belonged, at least permanently, to fame.

Now, one player's name has lived upwards of two thousand years, for no other reason than that, four hundred and eight years before Christ, by a slip of the tongue, caused by a little breathlessness, itself a consequence of much emotion and passionate acting, he mispronounced a word, and nearly brought the *Orestes* of Euripides to grief before three hundred lines of it had been fairly declaimed. A trifle served at all times to disturb the equanimity of an Athenian audience. They loved well enough to be made to laugh by any *impromptu* in a comedy; but if the dignity of tragedy was tripped up by a slip on the part of the actor, although they might laugh quite as loudly, they were angry with themselves that they could be thus moved, and were still more irritated against the offender who had made them merry in spite of themselves.

This was what happened on the day *Orestes* was first acted at Athens. The public sat in silent but eager expectation before the tragedy began; a few, here and there, discussed the qualities of the author, who was a painter before he was a poet. Some of the orthodox shook their heads at a man who advocated free inquiry in religion, and who went with the Greek Colenso, Anaxagoras, rather than with the believers in the inspiration which they found in the mythological revelations. One or two, unwilling to let scandal die, wondered that a man whose mother had sold (or was untruly said to have sold) watercress, should have been gifted to move the pulses of the heart so powerfully. Altogether, however, eager, silent expectation prevailed, and great was the relief when Electra at length appeared, and opened the long-waited-for tragedy with the well-known comforting assurance, that there is no speech so sharp, no pain so acute, no calamity so heavy, but that human nature could be brought to the bearing it, by compulsion, if not voluntarily. The pretty scene between Electra and Helen had followed, and the intelligent Chorus had enunciated noisy recommendations that the sleeping but passion-tossed Orestes should not be disturbed in his slumbers, and then followed the great scene in which the madness of Orestes takes fresh possession of him, masters him for awhile, but, thanks to his sister Electra's tending and woman's cunning, passes slowly off, leaving the victim exhausted but alive.

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The actor of this great part was Hegelochus, a handsome and ac plished tragedian, very popular with the Athenians, and much patro by the richer sort, who carried him home in their chariots, and gav honourable position at their festivals. Orestes had held the hou thrill by his terrific power. He had battled with the imaginary Fu and turned in anguish to his visionary mother, and fought in unutt agony against menacing calamities, and, at last, had bent his head that tender sisterly bosom, crushed, yet at peace. Gazing back, as distrust, he murmured, still breathless with agitation, "I look for waves; but now *I see the calm*"—γαλήνα ὁρῶ—he *should* have said: in his emotion and breathlessness, Hegelochus elided the final *α*, and with a musical sort of melancholy, γαλήν' ὁρῶ—"*I see the cat.*" It have sounded very absurd in Greek, or the theatre would not exploded, first into such mirth, and next into such wrath as *did* shak walls, and would have shaken the roof, if there had been *one* to edifice. As it was, the unrehearsed effect was near bringing the piece once to an end, especially as, when Orestes proceeded to stammer the inquiry, "Sister, wherefore do you weep, hiding your face be your vest?" every one saw that the poor lady was shaking wit extinguishable but silent laughter. With difficulty the piece proceed little explosions of mirth and of anger, because of the merry interrupt would now and then break forth to mar the progress of the play; and can fancy the additional ferocity with which Orestes, on one of th occasions, made direct application of the famous line, addressed Pylades, but shot by the player into the very face of the audience. "T man who is not silent, we ought to kill!" Such is the history of t first unrehearsed stage-effect that has been put upon record.

On the Roman stage, some few unrehearsed effects have been record but they are not of very great mark. Indeed, they have chiefly consist in applications of speeches made by the actors,—the application b made by the audience,—to politics and political persons present. Th speeches, if well delivered, were "encored" many times (in the Ro stage slang, "thousands of times"), till the actor was weary of repeati them. One actor, Paris, unwittingly obtained more applause than Ne who was playing as an amateur, and the Emperor, forthwith, tossed t "glory and the grief of the Roman stage" to the executioner! Th intercourse of English actors with English sovereigns has been of a mu more pleasant quality.

The legends that so pleasantly connect Shakspeare with Que Elizabeth are not all perhaps to be taken to the letter; but th can be no doubt that they are founded on a broad basis of truth. Th is one which narrates how the Queen, when Shakspeare was once actin in her presence, endeavoured to put him at pleasant perplexity betwee his sense of stage discipline and that of his loyal gallantry. After man a vain attempt, we are told that Elizabeth crossing the stage whereon th poet-actor was enacting the counterfeit presentment of a king, and engage

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in royal work, she dropped her glove. Shakspeare, without departing from the character he was illustrating, interpolated the original text with words to suit the action of his homage. He paused in a processional movement of which he made a part, exclaiming—

> And though now bent on this high embassy,
> Yet stoop we to pick up our cousin's glove—

and rendering it to her, with a profound bow, proudly strode off the stage.

We do not guarantee the authenticity of this anecdote, which (by the way) proves that Elizabeth *did* succeed in detaching the actor from the part which he was representing. This story, however, indicates how intimate the connection was then between the stage and the court.

Some slips on the old stage brought the offenders to great grief. For example, Pepys makes record of having gone to see *All's Lost by Lust*, in which the musical effects had been so ill rehearsed that singers and orchestra were all at odds, and universal discord reigned. One vocal lad was so out of tune and memory that his "master"—which may imply either the stage manager or the leader of the band—"fell about his ears, and beat him so that it put the whole house into an uproar." The circumstance must, therefore, have been unusual, even then: but at that time the discipline of the stage was rigorously enforced, and even tragedians of the first-class, who should allow themselves to smile at an involuntary slip, were visited by gravest censure.

Now and then instances have occurred in which the mispronunciation of a word has given it a meaning so incongruous as to cover the actor, who had been involuntarily guilty of it, with confusion. Audiences, or rather portions of audiences, not overburdened with refinement, have generally hailed these awkward slips with uproarious hilarity; the other portion has remained discreetly silent, as if it had lacked ears whereby to receive offence, or tongues to resent it. Downes, the old prompter of Charles II.'s days, has recorded one of these misfortunes. It occurred to a lady, Mistress Holden, a kinswoman of the great Betterton. She was playing in *Romeo and Juliet*, when a fatal word fell unintentionally from her lips; and as she happened at the moment to give it "vehement action," says Downes, "it put the house into such a laughter that London Bridge at low water was silence to it." Charles Kemble once slipped in a like direction; but the most amusing instance of an error committed by him against text and author was when he was once playing Shylock, and instead of asking, "Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?" overturned the text by exclaiming, "Shall I lay surgery upon my poll?" This is said to be—what Miss Edgeworth used to emphatically affirm of incidents in her stories—"Fact!" Less faith, we think, can be assigned to almost a better and better-known story, which made the soldier, who levels his halberd to prevent *Richard* from impeding the progress of *Henry's* funeral, with the remark, "My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass!" exclaim, in his hurry and confusion, "My lord, stand back, and let the parson cough!"

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Such a mistake, however, has many a parallel. On the French stage a young actor having to shout, "Sonnez, trompettes!" knocked all the majesty of the command by his shout of, "Trompez, sonnettes!" And, indeed, the French stage can furnish a parallel to the story of the error of Mrs. Hoff which made a full house so hilarious. The story is told in the correspondence of the Princess Palatine, under the date of 1719. She was then at Dunkirk, where the players acted in the presence of the court. One of them, performing *Mithridates*, happened, by unlucky change of a letter, to address to *Monime* a word that conveyed great offence in the utterance. The unlucky actor, in his confusion, made matters worse by turning to the royal box, in which the Dauphiness was the most conspicuous personage, and saying with great contrition, "Madam, I most humbly ask your pardon; my tongue unwittingly tripped me up!" The Dauphin was so tickled by this incident that he not only fell into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, but fell backwards from his seat. To save himself he grasped at the cord which kept the curtain up, and the curtain coming down by the run, struck against the lamps, and caught fire. The flames were immediately extinguished, but the curtain could not be raised, and the play was acted out, the audience looking at the performers through the gap caused by the fire.

One of the pleasantest incidents of the French court stage, however, occurred when the Emperor Napoleon jokingly hissed the Empress Josephine, who was acting a little operatic part in the theatre in the palace at St. Cloud. She demurely stepped forward and remarked, that any one of the audience who was dissatisfied with the performance might retire, and have his money returned to him at the doors. The consequent laughter was uproarious.

There are other slips on the stage than those made by words. At the beginning of the last century, on the French stage, the slipping of Baron's garter led to a traditional action observed in the part by every succeeding player; and the other night only, at the Variétés, the slipping of Mdlle. Chaumont's petticoat produced an amusing unrehearsed effect. In the first case the great French actor was performing the *Earl of Essex*, and his garter slipped from below his knee, in the scene where only he and the traitor *Cecil* were on the stage. Such a personage *Essex* might treat with indifference or contempt; and accordingly he replaced the dropped band round his leg, while he continued to address *Cecil* in a disdainful tone. The effect was so successful that succeeding actors adopted the incident of affecting to tighten the garter as a good "bit of business," and the tradition continued to be observed as long as *Le Comte d'Essex* continued to be acted. Mdlle. Chaumont's slip was of another character. It taxed her readiness in an emergency, and did not find her wanting. She was playing a *soubrette* in *Nos Gens*, and was engaged running to and fro to collect and burn the presents of various old lovers. In the very middle of her action she was impeded by her petticoat suddenly falling about her legs. Of course it was a very pretty article of its sort, and she got out of it, and

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of the embarrassment which had come with it, by describing it as a tribute of admiration from one of her old admirers, which must be sacrificed like all the rest; and she thrust it into the stage-fire accordingly, with a merry laugh, and amid the general hilarity of the house.

The Baron mentioned above was one of the greatest actors of his time; but when he grew old, the cruel French audiences of the period, forgetting his past greatness, began to insult him, and as he was one night playing Nero, they even hissed him! The aged monarch of the stage folded his arms, walked sternly down to the footlights, and exclaimed, "Ungrateful pit! 'twas I who taught you!" It was a slip of the tongue, he used to say; but he was nettled that they who had been made by him judges of good acting should have turned their knowledge against their instructor.

An incident not altogether dissimilar to this once occurred to Edmund Kean, but in his early days. The Guernsey people could not comprehend his sensible and natural action, which implied that the audience part of the house was to the player as simply the fourth side of the room, or other imaginary locality, in which the poet had placed him. *Richard*, turning his back on the Guernsey pit, as if the performer ignored them, appeared to one-half an insult, to the other an absurdity; and they hissed and laughed at him accordingly, till, chafed and chaffed into ungovernable rage, he pointed to them with his sword,—which flashed less fire than darted from those then peerless eyes, and exclaimed, with fierce application of the line to the pit, "Unmannered dogs! stand ye when I command!" The pit resented the offence, as they construed it, with the utmost vociferation, and demanded an apology. Kean dropped his sword, put himself in an apologetic attitude, assumed a low voice, and said in his deep yet soft and penetrating tones, that he had been in error,—he had thought them to be without understanding, but he was mistaken, he added, since they had made a proper application of the few words he had just uttered!

One of the singular slips cited in connection with the French stage was made by Mongozzi, an actor of the old Variétés. The farce to be performed was called *The Piece without an A* (*Pièce sans A*). The author had written it without once using that letter, a feat which presents numerous difficulties in French, similar to that which has now and then been attempted and accomplished in English of writing a song without a sibilant, or without the letter *s*,—which is, after all, something more difficult than dancing a hornpipe in fetters. To see the French piece a considerable number of spectators had assembled; the audience did not expect a play of any merit, but they were curious to find how one of any length could be carried on without any use of what is in constant use in French phrases, the letter *a*. At the rising of the curtain, Duval and Mongozzi entered from different sides of the stage, and the latter, on seeing the former, greeted him with "Ah, monsieur, vous voilà!" While the house broke into a roar of laughter, Mongozzi was corrected by the prompter,

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and he recommenced more correctly with "Eh, monsieur, vous voici!" Certainly, in a piece which boasted of having no *a* in it, the actor slipped drolly when he exclaimed, "Ah, sir, here you are!" instead of "Eh, sir, you here, then?"

This was the slip of a careless, not of a forgetful man. Very few actors have bad memories; some are of extraordinary quick study. Not long since, in the suddenly discovered absence of an actress, in a farce,—the curtain was just about to rise,—a young lady who had never played the part was asked to "go on," and she readily consented. She took the book in her hand, learnt a few lines at the wings, carried them with her on to the stage, learned a few more as she went to the back, busying herself apparently with what was on the chimneypiece, and came down to the front with what her memory gathered. The audience were unaware of the feat which was being performed, and it was accomplished with only one poor slip.

Very numerous are the stories of the slips, mistakes, transpositions, and wilful variations made from the author's true reading, by provincial actors. Many of these, however, are merely *ben trovato* stories; they at all events are not to be repeated with warrant of authenticity. At the same time the audacity or indifference of some country players has undoubtedly led to very exceptional sayings and doings on provincial stages. Whether the rural actor does not belong rather to romance than to reality, who is said to have maliciously spoilt a *point* which Mr. Macready used to make in *Richard*, by not only exclaiming, "My lord, the Duke of Buckingham is taken!" but adding the further information, "and we've cut off his head!"—cannot now be determined. There *is*, however, some warrant for another stray story in connection with this passage. Two strolling players were acting *Richard* and *Catesby*, at the Bullock-Smithy, or some equally elegant theatre. *Catesby*, ever eager to do well, went wrong, and missed his text. "My lord," he said, "the Duke of Richmond is taken!" Upon which, *Richard*, with humorous gravity upon his face, stepped forward and intimated to the house:—"If what this fellow says be strictly true, and Richmond now be held in durance vile, the play you see comes suddenly to end!" And nothing could be truer than that fact, although it was delivered in blank verse, to fashion which is to the actor sport. But we will not guarantee the genuineness of this story. The actors invent them as readily as the members of the Stock Exchange do conundrums.

Among the traits of stupidity put to the account of actors, by which droll unrehearsed effects have been produced on the stage, there is none that is supposed to convey greater proof of stupidity than that which distinguished the actor who originally represented *Lord Burghley* in the *Critic*. The names of several players are mentioned, each as being the hero of this story, but the original *Lord Burghley*, or *Burleigh*, was Irish Moody, far too acute an actor to be suspected for a fool. When Sheridan selected him for the part, the manager declared that Moody would be sure

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to commit some ridiculous error, and ruin the effect. The author protested that such a result was impossible, and according to the fashion of the times a wager was laid, and Sheridan hurried to the performer of the part to give him such instructions as should render any mistake beyond possibility. *Lord Burghley* has nothing to say, merely to sit a while, and then, as the stage-directions informed him, and Sheridan impressed it on his mind, "*Lord Burghley* comes forward, pauses near *Dangle*, shakes his head, and exit." The actor thoroughly understood the direction, he said, and could not err. At night he *came* forward, *did* pass near *Dangle*, shook his, *Dangle's*, head, and went solemnly off! Now, if this version of the story be correct, Moody must have been instructed by the manager so to act as to win the wager for him; he having backed Moody on the strength of his stupidity. On the other hand, if the story be really historical, the incident must have happened at rehearsal, and Moody have been substituted for some inefficient player originally cast for the character.

At this period great liberties were often taken by actors with audiences; and not very long before this, an unrehearsed stage-effect occurred which was connected with an act of impertinence on the part of a couple of players. Mrs. Griffiths' *Platonic Wife* was dragging its slow length along, wearying those on the stage as well as the audience in front. At the end of the third act the performers grew more impatient than the audience, and Holland and Powell, two respectable players, thrust their heads out from opposite sides of the stage when the "drop" was down, and earnestly appealed to the house to stop the piece by "damning" it then and there. The thing seems incredible, but the circumstance belongs to stage history; but nobler plays than the above lady's have been in peril.

Addison's "Cato" has been fertile in comic slips and serious consequences. Pope's magnificent prologue was in public favour only next to the play itself, but gradually it fell out of use. When the piece was reproduced in the last century for Sheridan, the part of *Portius* was assigned to an old utility-actor named Wignell, who had often played the part in his younger days. *Portius* opens the tragedy with these four lines:—

> The dawn is over-cast, the morning low'rs,
> And heavily in clouds brings on the day,—
> The great, th' important day, big with the fate
> Of Cato and of Rome!

Wignell uttered the first two lines amid a hurricane of shouts for the "prologue." He was one of those imperturbable actors who, if they are made to forget their *business*, stick close to the style of language they have to utter. Accordingly, he had scarcely pronounced the word "day" in the second line when, turning his head from *Marcus* to the audience, he continued, in the same lofty tone and measure,—

> Ladies and gentlemen, there has not been
> A prologue spoken to this play for years—

and then to *Marcus*, "The great, th' important day," and so on.

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Editors, by copying one another, have added to the crop of errors that have grown over and about this poor old *Cato*. In Knox's edition of the *Elegant Extracts*, in Jonson's edition of Addison's works (1726), and in a copy of the play printed at Göttingen (1766), in a volume of *English Miscellanies* edited by John Tompson, the following passage occurs:—

> The ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate,
> Puzzled in mazes, and perplext with errors;
> Our understanding traces them in vain,
> Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search!

Well! this is rank blasphemy, which Addison, of course, never wrote. The words, indeed, are his, but not the sense which wrong punctuation gives to them. The semicolon belongs to the first line only,—

> The ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate;

and then,—

> Puzzled in mazes, and perplext in errors,
> Our understanding traces them in vain, &c.

It is not the ways of Heaven that are puzzled and perplexed, but human understanding which is rather given to lose and bewilder itself under the circumstances described.

A single slip in this unlucky but popular tragedy of *Cato* cost a little Welsh actor his life. His name was Williams. Playing *Decius* to Quin's *Cato*, at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, in 1718, he entered with—"Cæsar sends health to Cato," but he pronounced the last name affectedly, mincing it into something like "Keeto." Quin, who gave a broad, classical enunciation to the letter *a* in the word, was offended, and instead of replying,—

> Could he send it
> To Cato's slaughtered friends, it would be welcome,

he exclaimed,—"Would he had sent a better messenger!" The fiery little Welshman was bursting with rage; and when *Cato* resumed with—"Are not your orders to address the senate?" he could hardly reply, "My business is with"—it *would* come—"Keeto." Ten times in the short scene he had to repeat the name, and Quin nearly as often; but the latter gave it a broad sound, and delivered it with a significant look, which almost shook the little actor off his feet, and did shake all the sides of the house with inextinguishable laughter. When they met in the green-room, the Welshman, triply armed by having just ground of complaint, assailed Quin for rendering him ridiculous in the eyes of the audience. Quin said it was in their ears, and would have laughed the matter off. But the soul of Williams would not stoop to such treatment, and after the play he lay in wait for Quin, under the Piazza, as *Cato* passed that way to take his punch. The older actor laughed as Williams drew his sword and bade Quin defend himself. The latter would have sustained defence with his cane, but the angry Welshman thrust so fiercely that the other was fain to draw

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his rapier, which speedily, without malice or intention on the part of the wielder, passed clear through the poor player's body. *Decius* was stretched dead on the pavement, and *Cato* looked on bewildered. Here was a man slain, and all for the mispronunciation of a vowel! The tragedy brought Quin to the bar of the Old Bailey; but the catastrophe was laid rather to the fashion of wearing swords than to the drawing them with evil purpose, and Quin was freed from censure, but not from sad memories.

Cato has led us away from Cooke, his slips, and the liberties he took with audiences. Although George III. once said that Lord Thurlow might as well play *Hamlet* as Cooke, George Frederick often acted the part, out of London. Reynolds tells us that when Cooke was once playing this part in Ireland, he was seen sharpening his sword before the fencing-match, and gave as a reason to curious inquirers:—"I and Mr. Laertes will to-night in reality settle our little disputes." The "young lady" who took interest in Laertes informed him of the peril in which he stood; and accordingly, when the fencing-match came on, the son of Polonius rushed in on the heir of Denmark, seized him in his arms, gave him a back fall, planted his knee upon him, and looked from the astonished George Frederick to the astonished audience with the proud air of a man who had introduced a new reading, and had been remarkably successful.

Moderation or reserve were things not to be expected, generally, from George Frederick Cooke, though he could practise both when the gentlemanly humour was upon him, or when it otherwise suited his purpose. He on one occasion consented to go down from London to play *Cato*, for the benefit of a poor actor, a quondam friend, in a country theatre. It was the character which Cooke played worse than any of those for which he was ill-suited yet which he *would* play. The tragedy itself is not one that is likely to be well handled by a provincial company; and on the occasion in question it met with supremely ill usage at very incompetent hands. All the appointments were bad, and what little of the text was remembered was delivered with many variations and a comic indifference to the rules of pronunciation. Cooke, however, was good-natured and tolerant. He swore a little, laughed a good deal, and bore with all, more or less patiently, till there was a general break-down, in the senate scene, owing to an universal forgetfulness of the text, which the most skilful of prompters could by no means remedy. This does not imply that Cooke's patience lasted long. In fact, he was only tolerant or amused while he looked on from the wing. The senate scene is in the second act, and it is the first in which *Cato* appears, as *Decius* says:—

> In Utica,
> And at the head of your own little senate!

Sempronius and *Lucius* had tumbled through their parts with much of that transposing of initial letters which came afterwards to be called "marowskying," and which often produces the most laughable effects; and *Marcius* had referred to *Decius* as the "Knoman right," instead of "Roman knight;" and *Cato* had just exclaimed, "Fathers, 'tis time you come to a

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resolve," to which *Lucius* replied—not quite according to the text,—"I is exactly our way of thinking!" when Cooke's (and *Cato's*) endur broke down. He started from his chair, and exclaiming, "With su senate Rome itself were damned!" rushed off the stage, to the admiration of the house, who, if they did not expect him to take his again, were certainly not disappointed.

Our ancestors, down to a time as late as our grandfathers', cert tolerated liberties taken with an audience by actors with a leniency is the more surprising as the manners of the times were ruder, and customs of a very ruffianly character. There are still individuals who may have seen Edwin. At the close of his career, Edwin was ing *Bowkit*, in the *Son-in-Law*, at the Haymarket. In the scene wh *Cranky* declines to accept him for a son-in-law, on account of his ugli Edwin uttered the word "ugly?" in a tone of surprise, and then adva to the lamps, said, with great coolness and infinite impudence, "No submit to the decision of an enlightened British public, which is the fellow of the *three*—I, old *Cranky*, or that gentleman in the front ro the balcony box?" The gentleman became the object, not of gen pity, but of general and loud derision, and he retreated hastily from humiliating consequences of the actor's impertinence.

It is said that Parsons, who played *Cranky*, was very indignant the freedom which Edwin took with *him* on this occasion; but no offended more grossly in this respect than Parsons himself. He had reverence even for persons who should be above insult if it were because they are unable to resent it. Parsons, at the same theatre, once playing one of the two workmen who build the scaffold (in the *of Calais*) on which are to be executed *Eustache de St. Pierre* and gallant comrades. In the course of his part he had to say, "So the is coming? An' the king like not my scaffold, he is no true man!" a night that George III. was present, Parsons, instead of keeping to was set down for him, approached the royal box, looked at the sovereign and rudely exclaimed: "An' the king were here, and didn't admire scaffold, I would say, '*D—— him, he has no taste!*'" It is said that royal George was the first in the general laugh that broke forth, and last to desist from such unseemly hilarity. If so, one can comprehe why he detected so much unintelligible nonsense in Shakspeare. much less offence, Sir Robert Walpole went down from his box, heartily caned an actor who had *gone out of his part* to make offensi allusion to him. The public sympathy was with the Minister.

There was far more justification for Mrs. Bellamy's unrehearsed and words towards the King of Denmark, when the latter was on a to George III. That extravagant beauty played *Alicia* in *Jane Shore* presence of the Dane, who, wearied with very fast living, was in a sound sleep during one of her finest scenes. The angry lady had to exclaim "Oh, thou false lord!" and she drew near to the slumbering monarch and shouted it close to his ears, with such astounding effect that he

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rted up, rubbed his eyes, became conscious of what was going on and w it had come about, and remarked that he would not have such a man for his wife though she had no end of kingdoms for a dowry.

But there are actors off, as well as on the stage, who have committed ps and produced effects which have been quite unpremeditated on their rts. These are persons who, belonging more or less to public life, are that respect something of actors, wherever they happen to be, but pecially if chance or supreme fortune bring them within the shadow of igust majesty. In such presence, these individuals are apt to become a ttle perplexed and embarrassed when suddenly addressed, and to make ttle "slips" in their speech, which are laughable or unlucky according o circumstances. There is a notable instance in the case of the peeress who, in a brief conversation which George II. commenced with her one lay at court, told the King that of all the sights in the world she was lying to see a coronation! *She* blushed. The King smiled sadly at the unexpected intelligence, and added, with good-natured gravity, that she might not have long to wait before her wish would be gratified.

Lady Northington, the wife of the swearing Lord Chancellor Northington, made a more ludicrous but a less offensive slip, in answer to a query put to her by George III. The King had asked her who had built Lord Northington's country-house,—the Grange,—and my lady, who was somewhat of an ignorant woman, replied, "*Indigo* Jones." His Majesty, conscious or unconscious of the blunder, only remarked that he "thought so, from the style!" Lady Northington was not so ignorant as to be unaware of the mistake she had made, and she told her husband of it, with the King's comment. On this intimation the gallant Chancellor dryly observed that he could not, for the life of him, tell which was the greater fool, the King or herself.

There have been occasions when a little vanity has caused individuals, when before the public, to "lose their head" and control over their tongue. A slip of this sort, born of vanity, was once committed by Lord Camden. As he was coming out from St. James's at the end of a royal festival, Townsend, the police chief at all court doings, called aloud, "Lord Camden's carriage!—Lord Camden's carriage!" "Townsend," said my lord, in an undertone, to the great Bow Street runner, "the King has made me a marquis!" "Oh!" exclaimed the police superintendent, as he turned round to the chariots and charioteers, "Lord Camden's carriage. *The King has made him a marquis!*" The newly-elevated peer could hardly forgive himself for having committed that little slip.

The marquis was the grandson of the Lord Chancellor Camden, whose family name was Pratt, and one of whose sons was the holder of many offices. On a new one being added to the half-dozen for which he was well paid and did little, Selwyn, who was one of those men who could never make a slip, except in the direction of wit, joyously exclaimed, "*Sat Prata biberunt!*" and even the country gentlemen roared.

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Beauty and the Beast.

I.

FAIRY times, gifts, music and dances are said to be over, or, as it has been said, they come to us so disguised and made familiar by habit that they do not seem to us strange. H. and I, on either side of the hearth, these long past winter evenings could sit without fear of fiery dwarfs skipping out of the ashes, of black puddings coming down the chimney to molest us. The clock ticked, the window-pane rattled. It was only the wind. The hearth-brush remained motionless on its hook. Pussy dozing on the hearth, with her claws quietly opening to the warmth of the blaze, purred on and never once startled us out of our usual placidity by addressing us in human tones. The children sleeping peacefully upstairs were not suddenly whisked away and changelings deposited in their cribs. If H. or I opened our mouths pearls and diamonds did not drop out of them, but neither did frogs and tadpoles fall from between our lips. The looking-glass tranquilly reflecting the comfortable little sitting-room, and the stiff ends of H.'s cap-ribbons, spared us visions of wreathing clouds parting to reveal distant scenes of horror and treachery. Poor H.! I am not sure but that she would have gladly looked in a mirror in which she could have sometimes seen the images of those she loved; but our chimney-glass, with its gilt moulding and bright polished surface, reflects only such homely scenes as two old women at work by the fire, some little Indian children at play upon the rug, the door opening and Susan bringing in the tea-things. As for wishing-cloths and little boiling pots, and such like, we have discovered that instead of rubbing lamps, or spreading magic tablecloths upon the floor, we have but to ring an invisible bell (which is even less trouble), and a smiling genius in a white cap and apron brings in anything we happen to fancy. When the clock strikes twelve, H. puts up her work and lights her candle; she has not yet been transformed into a beautiful

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GUY GRIFFITHS.

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princess all twinkling with jewels, neither does a scullion ever stand before me in rags; she does not murmur farewell for ever and melt through the key-hole, but "Good-night," as she closes the door. One night at twelve o'clock, just after she had left me, there was indeed a loud orthodox ring at the bell, which startled us both a little; H. came running down again without her cap, Susan appeared in great alarm from the kitchen. "It is the back-door bell, ma'am," said the girl, who had been sitting up over her new Sunday gown, but who was too frightened to see who was ringing.

I may as well explain that our little house is in a street, but that our back windows have the advantage of overlooking the grounds of the villa belonging to our good neighbour and friend Mr. Griffiths in Castle Gardens, and that a door opens out of our little back garden into his big one, of which we are allowed to keep the key. This door had been a postern gate once upon a time, for a bit of the old wall of the park is still standing, against which our succeeding bricks have been piled. It was a fortunate chance for us when our old ivy-tree died and we found the quaint little doorway behind it. Old Mr. Griffiths was alive then, and when I told him of my discovery he good-naturedly cleared the way on his side, and so the oak turned once more upon its rusty hinges to let the children pass through, and the nursemaid, instead of pages and secret emissaries and men-at-arms; and about three times a year young Mr. Griffiths stoops under the arch on his way to call upon us. I say young Mr. Griffiths, but I suppose he is over thirty now, for it is more than ten years since his father died.

When I opened the door, in a burst of wind and wet, I found that it was Guy Griffiths who stood outside bareheaded in the rain, ringing the bell that winter night. "Are you up?" he said. "For heaven's sake come to my mother, she's fainted; her maid is away; the doctor doesn't come. I thought you might know what to do." And then he led the way through the dark garden, hurrying along before me.

Poor lady, when I saw her I knew that it was no fainting-fit, but a paralytic stroke, from which she might perhaps recover in time; I could not tell. For the present there was little to be done: the maids were young and frightened; poor Guy wanted some word of sympathy and encouragement. So far I was able to be of use. We got her to bed and took off her finery, —she had been out at a dinner-party, and had been stricken on her return home,—Guy had discovered her speechless in the library. The poor fellow, frightened and overcome, waited about, trying to be of help, but he was so nervous that he tumbled over us all, and knocked over the chairs and bottles in his anxiety, and was of worse than no use. His kind old shaggy face looked pale, and his brown eyes *ringed* with anxiousness. I was touched by the young fellow's concern, for Mrs. Griffiths had not been a tender mother to him. How she had snapped and laughed at him, and frightened him with her quick sarcastic tongue and hard unmotherlike ways. I wondered if she thought of this as she lay there cold, rigid, watching us with glassy senseless eyes.

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The payments and debts and returns of affection are at all times hard to reckon. Some people pay a whole treasury of love in return for a straw; others deal out their affection at interest, others again take everything to the uttermost farthing, and cast it into the ditch and go their way and leave their benefactor penniless and a beggar. Guy himself, hard-headed as he was, and keen over his ledgers in Moorgate Street, could not have calculated such sums as these. All that she had had to give, all the best part of her shallow store, poor Julia Griffiths had paid to her husband, who did not love her: to her second son, whose whole life was a sorrow to his parents. When he died she could never forgive poor Guy for living still, for being his father's friend and right hand, and sole successor. She had been a real mother to Hugh, who was gone; to Guy, who was alive still and patiently waiting to do her bidding, she had shown herself only a stepdame; and yet I am sure no life-devoted mother could have been more anxiously watched and tended by her son. Perhaps—how shall I say what I mean?—if he had loved her more and been more entirely one with her now, his dismay would have been less, his power greater to bear her pain, to look on at her struggling agony of impotence: Even pain does not come between the love of people who really love.

The doctor came and went, leaving some comfort behind him. Guy sat up all that night burning logs on the fire in the dressing-room, out of the bedroom in which Mrs. Griffiths was lying. Every now and then I went into him and found him sitting over the hearth shaking his great shaggy head, as he had a way of doing, and biting his fingers, and muttering, "Poor soul, poor mother." Sometimes he would come in creaking on tiptoe; but his presence seemed to agitate the poor woman, and I was obliged to motion him back again. Once when I went in and sat down for a few minutes in an arm-chair beside him, he suddenly began to tell me that there had been trouble between them that morning. "It made it very hard to bear," he said. I asked him what the trouble had been. "I told her I thought I should like to marry," Guy confessed with a rueful face. (Even then I could hardly help smiling.) "Selfish beast that I am. I upset her, poor soul. I behaved like a brute." His distress was so great that it was almost impossible to console him, and it was in vain to assure him that the attack had been produced by physical causes. "Do you want to marry any one in particular?" I asked at last, to divert his thoughts, if I could, from the present. "No," said he; "at least—of course she is out of the question—only I thought perhaps some day I should have liked to have a wife and children and a home of my own. Why, the counting-house is not so dreary as this place sometimes seems to me." And then, though it was indeed no time for love-confidences, I could not help asking him who it was that was out of the question.

Guy Griffiths shrugged his great round shoulders impatiently, and gave something between a groan and sigh, and a smile,—(dark and sulky as he looked at times, a smile brightened up his grim face very pleasantly).

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"She don't even know my name," he said. "I saw her one night at the play, and then in a lane in the country a little time after.—I found out who she was. She's a daughter of old Barly the stockbroker. Belinda they call her—Miss Belinda. It's rather a silly name, isn't it?" (This, of course, I politely denied.) "I'm sure I don't know what there is about her," he went on in a gentle voice; "all the fellows down there were head over ears in love with her. I asked—in fact I went down to Farmborough in hopes of meeting her again. I never saw such a sweet young creature—never. I never spoke to her in my life." "But you know her father?" I asked. "Old Barly?—Yes," said Guy. "His wife was my father's cousin, and we are each other's trustees for some money which was divided between me and Mrs. Barly. My parents never kept up with them much, but I was named trustee in my father's place when he died. I didn't like to refuse. I had never seen Belinda then. Do you like sweet sleepy eyes that wake up now and then? Was that my mother calling?" For a minute he had forgotten the dreary present. It all came rushing back again. The bed creaked, the patient had moved a little on her pillow, and there was a gleam of some intelligence in her pinched face. The clock struck four in quick tinkling tones; the rain seemed to have ceased, and the clouds to be parting; the rooms turned suddenly chill though the fires were burning.

When I went home, about five o'clock, all the stars had come out and were shooting brilliantly overhead. The garden seemed full of a sudden freshness and of secret life stirring in the darkness; the sick woman's light was burning faintly, and in my own window the little bright lamp was flickering which H.'s kind fingers had trimmed and put there ready for me when I should return. When we reached the little gate Guy opened it and let me pass under some dripping green creeper which had been blown loose from the wall. He took my old hand in both his big ones, and began to say something that ended in a sort of inarticulate sound as he turned away and trudged back to his post again. I thought of the many meetings and partings at this little postern gate, and last words and protestations. Some may have been more sentimental perhaps than this one, but Guy's grunt of gratitude was more affecting to me than many a long string of words. I felt very sorry for him, poor old fellow, as I barred the door and climbed upstairs to my room. He sat up watching till the morning. But I was tired and soon went to sleep.

II.

Some people do very well for a time. Chances are propitious, the way lies straight before them up a gentle inclined plane, with a pleasant prospect on either side. They go rolling straight on, they don't exactly know how, and take it for granted that it is their own prudence and good driving and deserts which have brought them prosperously so far upon their journey. And then one day they come to a turnpike and destiny pops out of its little box and demands a toll, or prudence trips, or good sense

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shies at a scarecrow put up by the wayside,—or nobody knows why, but the whole machine breaks down on the road and can't be set going again. And then other vehicles go past it, hand-trucks, perambulators, cabs, omnibuses, and great prosperous barouches, and the people who were sitting in the broken-down equipage get out and walk away on foot.

On that celebrated and melancholy Black Monday of which we have all heard, poor John Barly and his three daughters came down the carpeted steps of their comfortable sociable for the last time and disappeared at the wicket of a little suburban cottage,—disappeared out of the prosperous, pompous, highly-respectable circle in which they had gyrated, dragged about by two fat bay horses, in the greatest decorum and respectability; dining out, receiving their friends, returning their civilities. Miss Barlys had left large cards with their names engraved upon them in return for other large cards upon which were inscribed equally respectable names, and the addresses of other equally commodious family mansions. A mansion—so the house-agents tell us—is a house like another with the addition of a back staircase. The Barlys and all their friends had back staircases to their houses and to their daily life as well. They only wished to contemplate the broad, swept, carpeted drawing-room flights. Indeed to Anna and Fanny Barly this making the best of things, card-leaving and visiting, seemed a business of vital importance. The youngest of the girls, who had been christened by the pretty silly name of Belinda, had only lately come home from school, and did not value these splendours and proprieties so highly as her sisters did. She had no great love for the life they led. Sometimes looking over the balusters of their great house in Capulet Square she had yawned out loud from very weariness, and then she would hear the sound echoing all the way up to the skylight and reverberating down from baluster to baluster. If she went into the drawing-room, instead of the yawning echoes the shrill voices of Anna and of Fanny were vibrating monotonously as they complimented Lady Ogden upon her new barouche, until Belinda could bear it no longer and would jump up and run away to her bedroom to escape it all. She had a handsome bedroom, draped in green damask, becarpeted, four-posted, with an enormous mahogany wardrobe of which poor Belle was dreadfully afraid, for the doors would fly open of their own accord in the dead of night, revealing dark abysses and depths unknown, with black ghosts hovering suspended or motionless and biding their time. There were other horrors: shrouds waving in the blackness, feet stirring, and low creakings of garotters, which she did not dare to dwell upon as she hastily locked the doors and pushed the writing-table against them.

It must therefore be confessed, that to Belinda the days had been long and oppressive sometimes in this handsomely appointed Tyburnean palace. Anna, the eldest sister, was queen-regnant; she had both ability and inclination to take the lead. She was short, broad, and dignified, and some years older than either of her sisters. Her father respected her

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business-like mind, admired her ambition, regretted sometimes secretly that she had never been able to make up her mind to accept any of the eligible young junior partners, the doctor, the curate, who had severally proposed to her. But then of course, as Anna often said, they could not possibly have got on without her at home. She had been in no hurry to leave the comfortable kingdom where she reigned in undisputed authority, ratifying the decisions of the ministry downstairs, appealed to by the butler, respectfully dreaded by both the housemaids. Who was there to go against her? Mr. Barly was in town all day and left everything to her; Fanny, the second sister, was her faithful ally. Fanny was sprightly, twenty-one, with black eyes and a curl that was much admired. She was fond of fashion, flirting, and finery, inquisitive, talkative, feeble-minded, and entirely devoted to Anna. As for Belle, she had only come back from school the other day. Anna could not quite understand her at times. Fanny was of age and content to do as she was bid; here was Belle at eighteen asserting herself very strangely. Anna and Fanny seemed to pair off somehow, and Belle always had to hold her own without any assistance, unless, indeed, her father was present. He had a great tenderness and affection for his youngest child, and the happiest hour of the day to Belinda was when she heard him come home and call for her in his cheerful quavering voice. By degrees it seemed to her as she listened, that the cheerfulness seemed to be dying away out of his voice, and only the quaver remained; but that may have been fancy and because she had taken a childish dislike to the echoes in the house.

At dinner-time Anna used to ask her father how things were going in the City, and whether shirtings had risen any higher, and at what premium the Tre Rosas shares were held in the market. These were some shares in a Cornish mine company of which Mr. Barly was a director. Anna thought so highly of the whole concern that she had been anxious to invest a portion of her own and her sister Fanny's money in it. They had some small inheritance from their mother, of part of which they had the control when they came of age; the rest was invested in the Funds in Mr. Griffiths' name, and could not be touched. Poor Belle, being a minor, had to be content with sixty pounds a year for her pin-money, which was all she could get for her two thousand pounds.

When Anna talked business Mr. Barly used to be quite dazzled by her practical clear-headedness, her calm foresight and powers of rapid calculation. Fanny used to prick up her ears and ask, shaking her curl playfully, how much girls must have to be heiresses, and did Anna think they should ever be heiresses? Anna would smile and nod her head, in a calm and chastened sort of way, at this childish impatience. "You should be very thankful, Frances, for all you have to look to, and for your excellent prospects. Emily Ogden, with all her fine airs, would not be sorry to be in your place." At which Fanny blushed up bright red, and Belinda jumped impatiently upon her chair, blinking her white eyelids impatiently over her clear grey eyes, as she had a way of doing. "I can't bear talking about

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money," said she; "anything is better . . . ." Then she too stopped short and blushed.

"Papa," interrupted Fanny playfully, "when will you escort us to the pantomime again? The Ogdens are all going next Tuesday, and you have been most naughty and not taken us anywhere for such a long time."

Mr. Barly, who rarely refused anything anybody asked him, pushed his chair away from the table and answered, with strange impatience in him,—"My dear, I have had no time lately for plays and amusements of any sort. After working from morning to night for you all I am tired and want a little peace of an evening. I have neither spirits nor——"

"Dear papa," said Belinda eagerly, "come up into the drawing-room and sit in the easy-chair, and let me play you to sleep." As she spoke, Belinda smiled a delightful fresh, sweet, tender smile, like sunshine falling on a fair landscape. No wonder the little stockbroker was fond of his youngest daughter. Frances was pouting, Anna frowned slightly as she locked up the wine and turned over in her mind whether she might not write to the Ogdens and ask them to let Frances join their party; as for Belinda, playing Mozart to her father in the dim drawing-room upstairs, she was struck by the worn and harassed look in his face as he slept, snoring gently in accompaniment to her music. It was the last time Belle ever played upon the old piano. Three or four days after the crash came. The great Tre Rosas Mining Company (Limited) had failed, and the old-established house of Barly and Co. unexpectedly stopped payment.

If poor Mr. Barly had done it on purpose, his ruin could not have been more complete and ingenious. When his affairs came to be looked into, and his liabilities had been met, it was found that an immense fortune had been muddled away, and that scarcely anything would be left but a small furnished cottage, which had been given for her life to an old aunt just deceased, and which reverted to Fanny, her godchild, and the small sum which still remained in the three per cents., of which mention has been made, and which could not be touched until Belle, the youngest of three daughters, should come of age.

After two or three miserable days of confusion—during which the machine which had been set going with so much trouble still revolved once or twice with the force of its own impetus, the butler answering the bell, the footman bringing up the coals, the cook sending up the dinner as usual—suddenly everything collapsed, and the great mass of furniture, servants, human creatures, animals, carriages, business and pleasure engagements, seemed overthrown together in a great struggling mass, panting and bewildered and trying to get free from the confusion of particles that no longer belonged to one another.

First, the cook packed up her things and some nice damask table-cloths and napkins, a pair of sheets, and Miss Barly's umbrella, which happened to be hanging in the hall; then the three ladies drove off with their father to the cottage, where it was decided they should go to be out of the way of any unpleasantness. He had no heart to begin again, and was

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determined to give up the battle. Belle sat with her father on the back seat of the carriage, looking up into his haggard face a little wistfully, and trying to be as miserable as the others. She could not help it,—a cottage in the country, ruin, roses, novelty, clean chintzes instead of damask, a little room with mignonette, cocks crowing, had a wicked, morbid attraction for her which she could not overcome. She had longed for such a life when she had gone down to stay with the Ogdens at Farmborough last month, and had seen several haystacks and lovely little thatched cottages, where she had felt she would have liked to spend the rest of her days; one in particular had taken her fancy, with dear little latticed windows and a pigeon-cote, and two rosy little babies with a kitten toddling out from the ivy porch; but a great rough-looking man had come up in a slouched wide-awake and frightened Emily Ogden so much that she had pulled Belinda away in a hurry . . . but here a sob from Fanny brought Belle back to her place in the barouche.

Anna felt she must bear up, and nerved herself to the effort. Upon her the blow fell more heavily than upon any of the others. Indignant, injured, angry with her father, furious with the managers, the directors, the shareholders, the secretary, the unfortunate company, with the Bankruptcy Court, the Ogdens, the laws of fate, the world in general, with Fanny for sobbing, and with Belle for looking placid, she sat blankly staring out of window as they drove past the houses where they had visited, and where she had been entertained an honoured guest; and now—she put the hateful thought away—bankrupt, disgraced! Her bonnet was crushed in, she did not say a word, but her face looked quite fierce and old, and frightened Fanny into fresh lamentations. These hysterics had been first brought on by the sight of Emily Ogden driving by in the new barouche. This was quite too much for her poor friend's fortitude. "Emily will drop us, I know she will," sobbed Fanny. "Oh, Anna! will they ever come and ask us to their Thursday luncheon-parties any more?"

"My children," said Mr. Barly, with a placid groan, pulling up the window, "we are disgraced; we can only hide our heads away from the world. Do not expect that any one will ever come near us again." At which announcement Fanny went off into new tears and bewailings. As for the kind, bewildered, weak-headed, soft-hearted little man, he had been so utterly worn out, harassed, worried, and wearied of late, that it was almost a relief to him to think that this was indeed the case. He sat holding Belle's hand in his, stroking and patting it, and wondering that people so near London did not keep the roads in better repair. "We must be getting near our new abode," said he at last almost cheerfully.

"You speak as if you were glad of our shame, papa," said Anna, suddenly, turning round upon him.

"Oh, hush!" cried Belle indignantly. Fortunately the coachman stopped at this moment on a spot a very long way off from Capulet Square; and leaning from his box, asked if it was that there little box across the common.

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"Oh, what a sweet little place!" cried Belinda. But her heart rather sank as she told this dreadful story.

Myrtle Cottage was a melancholy little tumbledown place, looking over Dumbleton Common, which they had been crossing all this time. It was covered with stucco, cracked and stained and mouldy. There was a stained-glass window, which was broken. The verandah wanted painting. From outside it was evident that the white muslin curtains were not so fresh as they might have been. There was a little garden in front, planted with durable materials. Even out of doors, in the gardens in the suburbs, the box-edges, the laurel-bushes, and the fusty old jessamines are apt to look shabby in time, if they are never renewed. A certain amount of time and money might, perhaps, have made Myrtle Cottage into a pleasant little habitation; but (judging from appearances) its last inhabitants seemed to have been in some want of both these commodities. Its helpless new occupants were not likely to have much of either to spare. A little dining-room, with glass drop candlesticks and a rickety table, and a print of a church and a Dissenting minister on the wall. A little drawing-room, with a great horsehair sofa, a huge round table in the middle of the room, and more glass drop candlesticks, also a small work-table of glass over faded worsted embroidery. Four little bedrooms, mousey, musty, snuffy, with four-posts as terrific as any they had left behind, and a small black dungeon for a maid-servant. This was the little paradise which Belle had been picturing to herself all along the road, and at which she looked round half sighing, half dismayed. Their bundles, baskets, blankets, were handed in, and a cart full of boxes had arrived. Fanny's parrot was shrieking at the top of its voice on the narrow landing.

"What fun!" cried Belinda sturdily, instantly setting to work to get things into some order, while Fanny lay exhausted upon the horsehair sofa; and Anna, in her haughtiest tones, desired the coachman to drive home, and stood watching the receding carriage until it had dwindled away into the distance—coachman, hammer-cloth, bay horses, respectability, and all. When she re-entered the house, the parrot was screeching still, and Martha, the under-housemaid—now transformed into a sort of extract of butler, footman, ladies'-maid, and cook—was frying some sausages, of which the vulgar smell pervaded the place.

III.

Belle exclaimed, but it required all her courage and natural brightness of spirit to go on looking at the bright side of things, praising the cottage, working in the garden, giving secret assistance to the two bewildered maids who waited on the reduced little family, cheering her father, smiling, and putting the best face on things, as her sisters used to do at home. If it had been all front stairs in Capulet Square, it was all back staircase at the cottage. Rural roses, calm sunsets, long shadows across the common are all very well; but when puffs of smoke come out of the

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himney and fill the little place; when, if the window is opened, a rush of vind and dust—worse almost than the smoke—comes eddying into the oom, and careers round the four narrow walls; when poor little Fanny oughs and shudders, and wraps her shawl more closely round her vith a groan; when the smell of the kitchen frying-pan perfumes the ouse, and a mouse scampers out of the cupboard, and blackbeetles ie struggling in the milk-jugs, and the pump runs dry, and spiders rawl out of the tea-caddy, and so forth; then, indeed, Belle deserves some credit for being cheerful under difficulties. She could not pretend to very high spirits, but she was brisk and willing, and ready to smile at her father's little occasional puns and feeble attempts at jocularity. Anna, who had been so admirable as a general, broke down under the fatigue of the actual labour in the trenches which belonged to their new life. A great many people can order others about very brilliantly and satisfactorily, who fail when they have to do the work themselves.

Some of the neighbours called upon them, but the Ogdens never appeared. Poor little Fanny used to take her lace-work and sit stitching and looping her thread at the window which overlooked the common and its broad roads, crossing and recrossing the plain; carriages came rolling along, people came walking, children ran past the windows of the little cottage, but the Ogdens never. Once Fanny thought she recognized the barouche—Lady Ogden and Emily sitting in front, Matthew Ogden on the back seat; surely, yes, surely it was him. But the carriage rolled off in a cloud of dust, and disappeared behind the wall of the neighbouring park; and Frances finished the loop, and passed her needle in and out of the muslin, feeling as if it was through her poor little heart that she was piercing and sticking; she pulled out a long thread, and it seemed to her as if the sunset stained it red like blood.

In the meanwhile Belle's voice had been singing away overhead, and Fanny, going upstairs presently, found her, with one of the maids, clearing out one of the upper rooms. The window was open, the furniture was piled up in the middle. Belle, with her sleeves tucked up and her dress carefully pinned out of the dust, was standing on a chair, hammer in hand, and fixing up some dimity curtains against the window. Tablecloths, brooms, pails, and brushes were lying about, and everything looked in perfect confusion. As Fanny stood looking and exclaiming, Anna also came to the door from her own room, where she had been taking a melancholy nap.

"What a mess you are making here," cried the elder sister, very angrily. How can you take up Martha's time, Belinda? And oh! how can you forget yourself to this degree? You seem to *exult* in your father's disgrace." Belinda flushed up.

"Really, Anna, I do not know what you mean," said she, turning round, vexed for a minute, and clasping a long curtain in both arms. "I could not bear to see my father's room looking so shabby and neglected; there is no disgrace in attending to his comfort. See, we have taken

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down those dusty curtains, and we are going to put up some the said the girl, springing down from the chair and exhibiting her trace

"And pray where is the money to come from," said Anna, "for these wonderful changes?"

"They cost no money," said Belinda, laughing. "I made myself with my own two hands. Don't you remember my old dress that you never liked, Anna? Look how I have pricked my f. Now, go down," said the girl, in her pretty imperative way, "and come up again till I call you."

Go down at Belle's bidding. . . . .

Anna went off fuming, and immediately set to work also, but different fashion. She unfortunately found that her father had re and was sitting in the little sitting-room down below by himself, w limp paper of the day before open upon his knees. He was not re He seemed out of spirits, and was gazing in a melancholy way at smouldering fire, and rubbing his bald head in a perplexed and tr manner. Seeing this, the silly woman, by way of cheering and comfor the poor old man, began to exclaim at Belinda's behaviour, to irritate and overwhelm him with allusions and reproaches.

"Scrubbing and slaving with her own hands," said Anna. "Forg ting herself; bringing us down lower indeed than we are already. Papa, she will not listen to me. You should tell her that you forbid to put us all to shame by her behaviour."

When Belle, panting, weary, triumphant, and with a blackened and rosy cheek, opened the door of the room presently and called father exultingly, she did not notice, as she ran upstairs before him, how wearily he followed her. A flood of light came from the dreary little room overhead. It had been transformed into a bower of white dimity, bright windows, clean muslin blinds. The fusty old carpet was gone, and a clean crumb-cloth had been put down, with a comfortable rug before the fireplace. A nosegay of jessamine stood on the chimney, and at each corner of the four-post bed the absurd young decorator had stuck a smart bow made out of some of her own blue ribbons, in place of the terrible plumes and tassels which had waved there in dust and darkness before. One of the two arm-chairs which blocked up the wall of the dining-room had been also covered out of some of Belinda's stores, and stood comfortably near the open window. The sun was setting over the great common outside, behind the mill and the distant fringe of elm-trees. Martha, standing all illuminated by the sunshine, with her mop in her hand, was grinning from ear to ear, and Belle turned and rushed into her father's arms. But Mr. Barly was quite overcome. "My child," he said, "why do you trouble yourself so much for me? Your sister has told me all. I don't deserve it. I cannot bear that you should be brought to this. My Belle working and slaving with your own hands through my fault—through my fault." The old man sat down on the side of the bed by which he had been standing, and laid his face in his hands, in a perfect agony of remorse

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·et. Belinda was dismayed by the result of her labours. In vain she cheer him and comfort him. The sweeter she seemed in his eyes, e miserable the poor father grew at the condition to which he had ; her.

· many days after he went about in a sort of despair, thinking what he lo to retrieve his ruined fortunes, and if Belinda still rose betimes to his comfort and the better ordering of the confused little household, ok care not to let it be known. Anna came down at nine, Fanny at Anna would then spend several hours regretting her former dignities, g the newspaper and the fashionable intelligence, while the dismal s of Fanny's piano (there was a jangling piano in the little drawing-) streamed across the common. To a stormy spring, with wind , and dust dashing against the window-panes, and grey clouds swiftly ng across the wide open country, had succeeded a warm and brilliant ner, with sunshine flooding and spreading over the country. Anna Fanny were able to get out a little now, but they were soon tired, and d sit down under a tree and remark to one another how greatly they ed their accustomed drives. Belinda, who had sometimes at first dis- ared now and then to cry mysteriously a little bit by herself over her bles, now discovered that at eighteen, with good health and plenty to happiness is possible, even without a carriage.

One day Mr. Barly, who still went into the City from habit, came home a some news which had greatly excited him. Wheal Tre Rosas, of which still held a great many shares, which he had never been able to dispose had been giving some signs of life. A fresh call was to be made: ne capitalist, with more money than he evidently knew what to do th, had been buying up a great deal of the stock. The works were to resumed. Mr. Barly had always been satisfied that the concern was a od one. He would give everything he had, he told Anna that evening, be able to raise enough money now to buy up more of the shares. His rtune was made if he could do so; his children replaced in their proper osition, and his name restored. Anna was in a state of greater flutter, possible, than her father himself. Belle sighed; she could not help eling doubtful, but she did not like to say much on the subject.

"Papa, this Wheal has proved a very treacherous wheel of fortune to us," she hazarded, blushing, and bending over her sewing; "we are very, very happy as we are."

"Happy?" said Anna with a sneer.

"Really, Belinda, you are too romantic," said Fanny, with a titter; while Mr. Barly cried out, in an excited way, "that she should be happier yet, and all her goodness and dutifulness should be rewarded in time." A sort of presentiment of evil came over Belinda, and her eyes filled up with tears; but she stitched them away and said no more.

Unfortunately the only money Mr. Barly could think of to lay his hands upon was that sum in the three per cents. upon which they were now living; and even if he chose he could not touch any of it, until Belinda

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came of age; unless, indeed, young Mr. Griffiths would give him permi to do so.

"Go to him, papa," cried Anna, enthusiastically. "Go to entreat, insist upon it, if necessary."

All that evening Anna and Frances talked over their brilli spects. "I should like to see the Ogdens again," said poor litt "Perhaps we shall if we go back to Capulet Square." "Cer certainly," said Anna. "I have heard that this Mr. Griffiths is uncouth and uncivilized person to deal with," continued Miss Bar her finger on her chin. "Papa, wouldn't it be better for me to go Griffiths instead of you?" This, however, Mr. Barly would not cons

Anna could hardly contain her vexation and spite when he came next day dispirited, crestfallen, and utterly wretched and disapp Mr. Griffiths would have nothing to say to it.

"What's the good of a trustee," said he to Mr. Barly, "if he w let you invest your money in such a speculative chance as that. Ta advice, and sell out your shares now if you can for anything you ca

"A surly, disagreeable fellow," said poor old Mr. Barly. "I h wish he had nothing to do with our affairs."

Anna fairly stamped with rage. "What insolence, when it is own. Papa, you have no spirit to allow such interference."

Mr. Barly looked at her gravely, and said he should *not* al Anna did not know what he meant.

Belinda was not easy about her father all this time. He came went in an odd excited sort of way, stopping short sometimes as he walking across the room, and standing absorbed in thought. One da went into the City unexpectedly about the middle of the day, and c back looking quite odd, pale, with curious eyes; something was w she could not tell what. In the meantime Wheal Tre Rosas seemed of Mr. Griffiths' prophecies, to be steadily rising in the world. M business had been done, the shares were a trifle higher. A meeti directors was convened, and actually a small dividend was declared Midsummer. It really seemed as if there was some chance after all th Anna should be reinstated in the barouche, in Capulet Square, and h place in society. She and Fanny were half wild with delight. "W we leave,"—was the beginning of every sentence they uttered. F wrote the good news to her friend Miss Ogden, and, under these circu stances, to Fanny's unfeigned delight, Emily Ogden thought herse justified in driving over to the village one fine afternoon and aft partaking of a cracked cupful of five-o'clock tea. It was slightly smok and the milk was turned. Belinda had gone out for a walk and was there to see to it all; I am afraid she did not quite forgive Emily the pa she had played, and could not make up her mind to meet her.

One morning Anna was much excited by the arrival of a letter direc to Mr. Barly in great round handwriting, and with a huge seal, all over lio and griffins. Her father was for ever expecting news of his beloved Tr

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Rosas, and he broke the seal with some curiosity. But this was only an invitation to dine and sleep at Castle Gardens from Mr. Griffiths, who said he had an offer to make Mr. Barly, and concluded by saying that he hoped Mr. Barly forgave him for the ungracious part he had been obliged to play the other day, and that, in like circumstances, he would do the same by him.

"I shan't go," said Mr. Barly, a little doggedly, putting the letter down.

"Not go, papa! Why, you may be able to talk him over if you get him quietly to yourself. Certainly you must go, papa," said Anna. "Oh! I'm sure he means to relent—how nice!" said Fanny. Even Belinda thought it was a pity he should not accept the invitation, and Mr. Barly gave way as usual. He asked them if they had any commands for him in town.

"Oh, thank you, papa," said Frances. "If you are going shopping, I wish you would bring me back a blue alpaca, and a white grenadine, and a pink sou-poult, and a——"

"My dear Fanny, that will be quite sufficient for the short time you remain here," interrupted Anna, who went on to give her father several commissions of her own—some writing-paper stamped with Barly Lodge and their crest in one corner; a jacket with buttons for the knife-boy they had lately engaged upon the strength of their coming good fortune; a new umbrella, house-agent's list of mansions in the neighbourhood of Capulet Square, the *Journal des Modes*, and the *New Court Guide*. "Let me see, there was something else," said Anna.

"Belle," said Mr. Barly, "how comes it you ask for nothing? What can I bring you, my child?"

Belle looked up with one of her bright melancholy smiles and replied, "If you should see any roses, papa, I think I should like a bunch of roses. We have none in the garden."

"Roses!" cried Fanny, laughing. "I didn't know you cared for anything but what was useful, Belle."

"I quite expected you would ask for a saucepan, or a mustard-pot," said Anna, with a sneer.

Belle sighed again, and then the three went and stood at the garden-gate to see their father off. It made a pretty little group for the geese on the common to contemplate,—the two young sisters at the wicket, the elder under the shade of the verandah, Belle upright, smiling, waving her slim hand; she was above the middle height, she had fair hair and dark eyebrows and grey eyes, over which she had a peculiar way of blinking her smooth white eyelids;—and all about, the birds, the soft winds, the great green common with its gorgeous furze-blossom blazing against the low bank of clouds in the horizon. Close at hand a white pony was tranquilly cropping the grass, and two little village children were standing outside the railings, gazing up open-mouthed at the pretty ladies who lived at the cottage.

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IV.

The clouds which had been gathering all the afternoon broke sh- before Mr. Barly reached his entertainer's house. He had tried t- there through Kensington Gardens, but could not make out the way, - went wandering round and round in some perplexity under the great t- with their creaking branches. The storm did not last long and the cl- dispersed at sunset. When Mr. Barly rang at the gate of the vill- Castle Gardens at last that evening he was weary, wet through, and - less triumphant than he had been when he left home in the morn-. The butler who let him in gave the bag which he had been carrying to - footman and showed him the way upstairs immediately, to the comfort- room which had been made ready for him. Upholsterers had don- work on the whole better than Belle with all her loving labour. T- chairs were softer than her print-covered horsehair cushions. The - lights were burning although it was broad daylight. Mr. Barly wa- the bay-window. The garden outside was a sight to see: smooth law- arches, roses in profusion and abundance, hanging and climbing - clustering everywhere, a distant gleam of a fountain, of a golden sky- chirruping and rustling in the bushes and trellises after the storm. T- sunset which was lighting up the fern on the rain-sprinkled common - twinkling through the rose-petals here, bringing out odours and aro- and whiffs of delicious scent. Mr. Barly thought of Belle, and how h- should like to see her flitting about in the garden and picking roses to h- heart's content. As he stood there he thought too with a pang of his - whom he had lost, and sighed in a sort of despair at the troubles whi- had fallen upon him of late; what would he not give to undo the work - the last few months, he thought—nay, of the last few days? He ha- once come to this very house with his wife in their early days of marria- He remembered it now, although he had not thought of it before.

Sometimes it happens to us all that things which happened ever - long ago seem to make a start out of their proper places in the course of time, and come after us, until they catch us up, as it were, and surroun- us, so that one can hear the voices, and see the faces and colours, and fe- the old sensations and thrills as keenly as at the time they occurred—a- so curiously and strangely vivid that one can scarcely conceive it possib- that years and years perhaps have passed since it all happened, and th- their present shock proceeds from ancient and almost forgotten impulse. And so as Mr. Barly looked and remembered and thought of the past, a sudden remorse and shame came over him. He seemed to see his wife standing in the garden, holding the roses up over her head, looking like Belle; like, yet unlike. Why it should have been so, at the thought of his wife among the flowers, I cannot tell; but as he remembered her he began to think of what he had done,—that he was there in the house of the man he had defrauded,—he began to ask himself how could he face him! how could he sit down beside him at table, and break his bread? The

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poor old fellow fell back with a groan in one of the comfortable arm-chairs. Should he confess? Oh, no—no, that would be the most terrible of all!

What he had done is simply told. When Guy Griffiths refused to let Mr. Barly lay hands on any of the money which he had in trust for his daughters, the foolish and angry old man had sold out a portion of the sum belonging to Mr. Griffiths which still remained in his own name. It had not seemed like dishonesty at the time, but now he would have gladly,—oh, how gladly! awakened to find it all a dream. He dressed mechanically, turning over every possible chance in his own mind. Let Wheal Tre Rosas go on and prosper, the first money should go to repay his loan, and no one would be the wiser. He went down into the library again when he was ready. It was empty still, and, to his relief, the master of the house had not yet come back. He waited a very long time, looking at the clock, at the reviews on the table, at the picture of Mrs. Griffiths, whom he could remember in her youth, upon the wall. The butler came in again to say that his master had not yet returned. Some message had come by a boy, which was not very intelligible,—he had been detained in the City. Mrs. Griffiths was not well enough to leave her room, but she hoped Mr. Barly would order dinner,—anything he required, —and that her son would shortly return.

It was very late. There was nothing else to be done. Mr. Barly found a fire lighted in the great dining-room, dinner laid, one plate and one knife and fork, at the end of the long table. The dinner was excellent, so was the wine. The butler uncorked a bottle of champagne, the cook sent up chickens and all sorts of good things. Mr. Barly almost felt as if he, by some strange metempsychosis, had been converted into the owner of this handsome dwelling, and all that belonged to it. At twelve o'clock Mr. Griffiths had not yet returned, and his guest, after a somewhat perplexed and solitary meal, retired to rest.

Mr. Barly breakfasted by himself again next morning. Mr. Griffiths had not returned all night. In his secret heart Mr. Griffiths' guest was almost relieved by the absence of his entertainer: it seemed like a respite. Perhaps, after all, everything would go well, and the confession which he had contemplated with such terror the night before need never be made. For the present it was clearly no use to wait any longer at the house. Mr. Barly asked for a cab to take him to the station, left his compliments and regrets and a small sum of money behind him, and then, as the cab delayed, strolled out into the front garden to wait for it.

Even in the front court the roses were all abloom; a great snow cluster was growing over the doorway, a pretty tea-rose was hanging its head over the scraper; against the outer railing which separated the house from the road rose-trees had been planted. The beautiful pink fragrant heads were pushing through the iron railings, and a delicious little rose-wind came blowing in the poor old fellow's face. He began to think—no wonder—of Belle and her fancy for roses, and mechanically, without much reflecting upon what he was about, he stopped and inhaled the ravishing

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sweet smell of the great dewy flowers, and then put out his hand and gathered one; and as he gathered it, a sharp thorn ran into his finger, and a heavy grasp was laid upon his shoulder. . . . . .

"So it is you, is it, who sneak in and steal my roses?" said an angry voice. "Now that I know who it is, I shall give you in charge."

Mr. Barly looked round greatly startled. He met the fierce glare of two dark brown eyes under shaggy brows, that were frowning very fiercely. A broad, thick-set, round-shouldered young man of forbidding aspect had laid hold of him. The young man let go his grasp when he saw the mistake he had made, but did not cease frowning.

"Oh! it is you, Mr. Barly," he said.

"I was just going," said the stockbroker, meekly. "I am glad you have returned in time for me to see you, Mr. Griffiths. I am sorry I took your rose. My youngest daughter is fond of them, and I thought I might, out of all this garden-full, you would not—she had asked——"

There was something so stern and unforgiving in Mr. Griffiths' face that the merchant stumbled in his words, and stopped short surprised, in the midst of his explanations.

"The roses were not yours, not if there were ten gardens full. I won't have my roses broken off," said Griffiths; "they should be cut with a knife. Come back with me; I want to have a little talk with you, Mr. Barly."

Somehow the old fellow's heart began to beat, and he felt himself turn rather sick.

"I was detained last night by some trouble in my office. One of my clerks, in whom I thought I could have trusted, absconded yesterday afternoon. I have been all the way to Liverpool in pursuit of him. What do you think should be done with him?" And Mr. Griffiths, from under his thick eyebrows, gave a quick glance at his present victim, and seemed to expect some sort of answer.

"You prosperous men cannot realize what it is to be greatly tempted," said Mr. Barly, with a faint smile.

"Do you know that Wheal Tre Rosas has come to grief a second time?" said young Mr. Griffiths abruptly, holding out the morning's *Times*, as they walked along. "I am *not* a prosperous man; I had a great many shares in that unlucky concern."

Poor Barly stopped short and turned quite pale and began to shake so that he had to put his hand out and lean against the wall. Failed! Was he doomed to misfortune? Then there was never any chance for him,—never. No hope! No hope of paying back the debt which weighed upon his conscience. He could not realize it. Failed! The rose had fallen to the ground;—the poor unlucky man stood still, staring blankly in the other's grim, unrelenting face. "I am ruined," he said.

"You are ruined! Is that the worst you have to tell me?" said Mr. Griffiths, still looking piercingly at him. Then the other felt that he knew all.

"I have been very unfortunate—and very much to blame," said

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Mr. Barly, still trembling;—"terribly to blame,—Mr. Griffiths. I can only throw myself upon your clemency."

"My clemency! my mercy! I am no philanthropist," said Guy, savagely. "I am a man of business, and you have defrauded me!"

"Sir," said the stockbroker, finding some odd comfort in braving the worst, "you refused to let me take what was my own;—I have sold out some of your money to invest in this fatal concern. Heaven knows it was not for myself, but for the sake of—of—others; and I thought to repay you ere long. You can repay yourself now. You need not reproach me any more. You can send me to prison if you like. I—I—don't much care what happens. My Belle, my poor Belle,—my poor girls!"

All this time Guy said never a word. He motioned Mr. Barly to follow him into the library. Mr. Barly obeyed, and stood meekly waiting for the coming onslaught. He stood in the full glare of the morning sun, which was pouring through the unblinded window. His poor old scanty head was bent, and his hair stood on end in the sunshine.

His eyes, avoiding the glare, went vacantly travelling along the scroll-work on the fender, and so to the coal-scuttle and to the skirting on the wall, and back again. Dishonoured,—yes. Bankrupt,—yes. Threescore years had brought him to this,—to shame, to trouble. It was a hard world for unlucky people, but Mr. Barly was too much broken, too weary and indifferent, to feel very bitterly even against the world. Meanwhile Guy was going on with his reflections, and like those amongst us who are still young and strong, he could put more life and energy into his condemnation and judgment of actions done, than the unlucky perpetrators had to give to the very deeds themselves. Some folks do wrong as well as right, with scarcely more than half a mind to it.

"How could you do such a thing?" cried the young man indignantly, beginning to rush up and down the room in his hasty, clumsy way, knocking against tables and chairs as he went along. "How could you do it?" he repeated. "I learnt it yesterday by chance. What can I say to you that your own conscience should not have told you already? How could you do it?" Guy had reached the great end window, and stamped with vexation and a mixture of anger and sorrow. For all his fierceness and gruffness, he was sorry for the poor feeble old man whose fate he held in his hand. There was the garden outside, and its treasure and glory of roses; there was the rose, lying on the ground, that old Barly had taken. It was lying broken and shining upon the gravel—one rose out of the hundreds that were bursting, and blooming, and fainting and falling on their spreading stems. It was like the wrong old Barly had done his kinsman—one little wrong Guy thought, one little handful out of all his abundance. He looked back, and by chance caught sight of their two figures reflected in the glass at the other end of the room,—his own image, the strong, round-backed, broad-shouldered young man, with gleaming white teeth and black bristling hair; the feeble and uncertain culprit, with his broken wandering looks, waiting his sentence. It was not Guy who

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delivered it. It came—no very terrible one after all—prompted by some unaccountable secret voice and impulse. Have we not all of us sometimes suddenly felt ashamed in our lives in the face of misfortune and sorrow? Are we Pharisees, standing in the market-place, with our phylacteries displayed to the world? We ask ourselves, in dismay, does this man go home justified rather than we? Guy was not the less worthy of his Belinda, poor fellow, because a thought of her crossed his mind, and because he blushed up, and a gentle look came into his eyes, and a shame into his heart—a shame of his strength and prosperousness, of his probity and high honour. When had he been tempted? What was it but a chance that he had been born what he was? And yet old Barly, in all his troubles, had a treasure in his possession for which Guy felt he would give all his good fortune and good repute, his roses—red, white, and golden—his best heart's devotion, which he secretly felt to be worth all the rest. Now was the time, the young man thought, to make that proposition which he had in his mind.

"Look here," said Guy, hanging his great shaggy head, and speaking quickly and thickly, as if he was the culprit instead of the accuser. "You imply it was for your daughter's sake that you cheated me. I cannot consent to act as you would have me do, and take your daughter's money to pay myself back. But if one of them,—Miss Belinda, since she likes roses,—chooses to come here and work the debt off, she can do so. My mother is in bad health and wants a companion; she will engage her at—let me see, a hundred guineas a year, and in this way, by degrees, the debt will be cleared off."

"In twenty years," said Mr. Barly, bewildered, relieved, astonished.

"Yes, in twenty years," said Guy, as if that was the most natural thing in the world. "Go home and consult her, and come back and give me the answer."

And as he spoke, the butler came in to say that the hansom was at the door.

Poor old Barly bent his worn meek head and went out. He was shaken and utterly puzzled. If Guy had told him to climb up the chimney he would have obeyed. He could only do as he was bid. As it was, he clambered with difficulty into the hansom, told the man to go to the station for Dumbleton, and he was driving off gladly when some one called after the cab. The old man peered out anxiously. Had Griffiths changed his mind? Was his heart hardened like Pharaoh's at the eleventh hour?

It was certainly Guy who came hastily after the cab, looking more awkward and sulky than ever. "Hoy! Stop! You have forgotten the roses for your daughter," said he, thrusting in a great bunch of sweet foam and freshness. As the cab drove along, people passing by looked up and envied the man who was carrying such loveliness through the black and dreary London streets. Could they have seen the face looking out behind the roses they might have ceased to envy.

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Belle was on the watch for her father at the garden-gate, and exclaimed with delight, as she saw him toiling up the hill from the station with his huge bunch of flowers. She came running to meet him with fluttering skirts and outstretched hands, and sweet smiles gladdening her face. "Oh, papa, how lovely! Have you had a pleasant time?" Her father hardly responded. "Take the roses, Belle," he said. "I have paid for them dearly enough." He went into the house wearily, and sat down in the shabby arm-chair. And then he turned and called Belinda to him wistfully and put his trembling arm round about her. Poor old Barly was no mighty Jephthah; but his feeble old head bent with some such pathetic longing and remorse over his Belle as he drew her to him, and told her, in a few simple broken words, all the story of what had befallen him in those few hours since he went away. He could not part from her. "I can't, I can't," he said, as the girl put her tender arms round his neck. . . . .

Guy came to see me a few days after his interview with old Mr. Barly, and told me that his mother had surprised him by her willing acquiescence in the scheme. I could have explained matters to him a little, but I thought it best to say nothing. Mrs. Griffiths had overheard, and understood a word or two of what he had said to me that night, when she was taken ill. Was it some sudden remorse for the past? was it a new-born mother's tenderness stirring in her cold heart, which made her question and cross-question me the next time that I was alone with her? There had often been a talk of some companion or better sort of attendant. When the news came of poor old Barly's failure, it was Mrs. Griffiths herself who first vaguely alluded again to this scheme.

"I might engage one of those girls—the—the—Belinda, I think you called her?"

I was touched, and took her cold hand and kissed it.

"I am sure she would be an immense comfort to you," I said. "You would never regret your kindness."

The sick woman sighed and turned away impatiently, and the result was the invitation to dinner, which turned out so disastrously.

V.

When Mr. Barly came down to breakfast the morning after his return he found another of those great square official-looking letters upon the table. There was a cheque in it for 100*l*. "You will have to meet heavy expenses," the young man wrote. "I am not sorry to have an opportunity of proving to you that it was not the money which you have taken from me I grudged, but the manner in which you took it. The only reparation you can make me is by keeping the enclosed for your present necessity."

In truth the family prospects were not very brilliant. Myrtle Cottage was resplendent with clean windows and well-scrubbed door-steps, but the

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furniture wanted repairing, the larder refilling. Belle could not darn up the broken flap of the dining-room table, nor conjure legs of mutton out of bare bones, though she got up ever so early; sweeping would not mend the hole in the carpet, nor could she dust the mildew-stains off the walls, the cracks out of the looking-glass.

Anna was morose, helpless, and jealous of the younger girl's influence over her father. Fanny was delicate; one gleam of happiness, however, streaked her horizon: Emily Ogden had written to invite her to spend a few days there. When Mr. Barly and his daughter had talked over Mr. Griffiths' proposition, Belle's own good sense told her that it would be folly to throw away this good chance. Let Mrs. Griffiths be ever so trying and difficult to deal with, and her son a thousand times sterner and ruder than he had already shown himself, she was determined to bear it all. Belinda knew her own powers, and felt as if she could endure anything, and that she should never forget the generosity and forbearance he had shown her poor father. Anna was delighted that her sister should go; she threw off the shawl in which she had muffled herself up ever since their reverses, brightened up wonderfully, talked mysteriously of Fanny's prospects as she helped both the girls to pack, made believe to shed a few tears as Belinda set off, and bustled back into the house with renewed importance. Belinda looked back and waved her hand, but Anna's back was already turned upon her.

Poor Belinda! For all her courage and cheerfulness her heart sank a little as they reached the great bronze gates in Castle Gardens. She would have been more unhappy still if she had not had to keep up her father's spirits. It was almost dinner-time, and Mrs. Griffiths' maid came down with a message. Her mistress was tired, and just going to bed, and would see her in the morning; Mr. Griffiths was dining in town; Miss Williamson would call upon Miss Barly that evening.

Dinner had been laid as usual in the great dining-room, with its marble columns and draperies, and Dutch pictures of game and of birds and flowers. Three servants were in waiting, a great silver chandelier lighted the dismal meal, huge dish-covers were upheaved, decanters of wine were handed round, all the *entrées* and delicacies came over again. Belle tried to eat to keep her father in company. She even made little jokes, and whispered to him that they evidently meant to fatten her up. The poor old fellow cheered up by degrees; the good claret warmed his feeble pulse, the good fare comforted and strengthened him. "I wish Martha would make us ice puddings," said Belle, helping him to a glittering mass of pale-coloured cream, with nutmeg and vanilla, and all sorts of delicious spices. He had just finished the last mouthful when the butler started and rushed out of the room, a door banged, a bell rang violently, a loud scraping was heard in the hall, and an echoing voice said, "Are they come? Are they in the dining-room?" And the crimson curtain was lifted up, and the master of the house entered the room carrying a bag and a great-coat over his arm. As he passed the sideboard

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the button of the coat caught in the fringe of a cloth which was spread upon it, and in a minute the cloth and all the glasses and plates which had been left there came to the ground with a wild crash, which would have made Belle laugh, if she had not been too nervous even to smile.

Guy merely told the servants to pick it all up, and put down the things he was carrying and walked straight across the room to the two frightened people at the far end of the table. Poor fellow! After shaking hands with old Barly and giving Belle an abrupt little nod, all he could find to say was,—

"I hope you came of your own free will, Miss Barly?" and as he spoke he gave a shy scowl and eyed her all over.

"Yes," Belle answered, blinking her soft eyes to see him more clearly.

"Then I'm very much obliged to you," said Guy.

This was such an astonishingly civil answer that Belinda's courage rose.

Poor Belinda's heart failed her again when Griffiths, still in an agony of shyness, then turned to her father, and in his roughest voice said,—

"You leave early in the morning, but I hope we shall keep your daughter for a very long time."

Poor fellow! he meant no harm and only intended this by way of conversation. Belle in her secret heart said to herself that he was a cruel brute; and poor Guy, having made this impression, broken a dozen wine-glasses, and gone through untold struggles of shyness, now wished them both good-night.

"Good-night, Mr. Barly; good-night, Miss Belle," said he. Something in his voice caused Belle to relent a little.

"Good-night, Mr. Griffiths," said the girl, standing up, a slight graceful figure, simple and nymph-like, amidst all this pomp of circumstance. As Griffiths shuffled out of the room he saw her still; all night he saw her in his dreams. That bright winsome young creature dressed in white soft folds, with all the gorgeous gildings and draperies, and the lights burning, and the pictures and gold cups glimmering round about her. They were his, and as many more of them as he chose: the inanimate, costly, sickening pomps and possessions; but a pure spirit like that, to be a bright living companion for him? Ah, no! that was not to be —not for him, not for such as him. Guy, for the first time in his life, as he went downstairs next morning, stopped and looked at himself attentively in the great glass on the staircase. He saw a great loutish, round-backed fellow, with a shaggy head and brown glittering eyes, and little strong white teeth like a dog's; he gave an uncouth sudden caper of rage and regret at his own appearance. "To think that happiness and life itself and love eternal depend upon tailors and hair-oil," groaned poor Guy, as he went down to his room to write letters.

Mrs. Griffiths had not seen Belle the night before; she was always nervously averse to seeing strangers, but she had sent for me that evening, and as I was leaving she asked me to go down and speak to Miss Barly

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before I went. Belinda was already in her room, but I ventured to knock at the door. She came to meet me with a bright puzzled face and all her pretty hair falling loose about her face. She had not a notion who I was, but begged me to come in. When I had explained things a little, she pulled out a chair for me to sit down.

"This house seems to me so mysterious and unlike anything else I have ever known," said she, "that I'm very grateful to any one who will tell me what I'm to do here—please sit down a little while."

I told her that she would have to write notes, to add up bills, to read to Mrs. Griffiths, and to come to me whenever she wanted any help or comfort. "You were quite right to come," said I. "They are excellent people. Guy is the kindest, best fellow in the whole world, and I have long heard of you, Miss Barly, and I'm sure such a good daughter as you have been will be rewarded some day."

Belle looked puzzled, grateful, a little proud, and very charming. She told me afterwards that it had been a great comfort to her father to hear of my little visit to her, and that she had succeeded in getting him away without any very painful scene.

Poor Belle! I wonder how many tears she shed that day after her father was gone? While she was waiting to be let in to Mrs. Griffiths she amused herself by wandering about the house, dropping a little tear here and there as she went along, and trying to think that it amused her to see so many yards of damask and stair-carpeting, all exactly alike, so many acres of chintz of the same pattern.

"Mr. Griffiths desired me to say that this tower room was to be made ready for you to sit in, ma'am," said the respectful butler, meeting her and opening a door. "It has not been used before." And he gave her the key, to which a label was affixed, with "Miss Barly's Room" written upon it, in the housekeeper's scrawling handwriting.

Belle gave a little shriek of admiration. It was a square room, with four windows, overlooking the gardens, the distant park, and the broad cheerful road which ran past the house. An ivy screen had been trained over one of the windows, roses were clustering in garlands round the deep sill casements. There was an Indian carpet, and pretty silk curtains, and comfortable chintz chairs and sofas, upon which beautiful birds were flying and lilies wreathing. There was an old-fashioned-looking piano too, and a great book-case filled with books and music. "They certainly treat me in the most magnificent way," thought Belle, sinking down upon the sofa in the window which overlooked the rose-garden, and inhaling a delicious breath of fragrant air. "They can't mean to be very unkind." Belle, who was a little curious, it must be confessed, looked at everything, made secret notes in her mind, read the titles of the books, examined the china, discovered a balcony to her turret. There was a little writing-table, too, with paper and pens and inks of various colours, which especially pleased her. A glass cup of cut roses had been placed upon it, and two dear little green books, in one of which some one had left a paper-cutter.

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The first was a book of fairy tales, from which I hope the good fairy editress will forgive me for stealing a sentence or two.

The other little green book was called the *Golden Treasury;* and when Belle took it up, it opened where the paper-cutter had been left, at the seventh page, and some one had scored the sonnet there. Belle read it, and somehow, as she read, the tears in her eyes started afresh.

> Being your slave, what should I do but tend
> Upon the hours and times of your desire?

it began. "To——" had been scrawled underneath; and then the letter following the "To" erased. Belle blinked her eyes over it, but could make nothing out. A little further on she found another scoring—

> O, my love's like a red, red rose,
> That's newly sprung in June!
> O, my love's like the melody,
> That's sweetly played in tune!

and this was signed with a G.

"Love! That is not for me; but I wish I had a slave," thought poor Belle, hanging her head over the book as it lay open in her lap, "and that he was clever enough to tell me what my father is doing at this minute." She could imagine it for herself, alas! without any magic interference. She could see the dreary little cottage, her poor old father wearily returning alone. She nearly broke down at the thought, but some one knocked at the door at that instant, and she forced herself to be calm as one of the servants came in with a telegram. Belinda tore open her telegram in some alarm and trembling terror of bad news from home; and then smiled a sweet loving smile of relief. The telegram came from Guy. It was dated from his office. "Your father desires me to send word that he is safe home. He sends his love. I have been to D. on business, and travelled down with him."

Belinda could not help saying to herself that Mr. Griffiths was very kind to have thought of her. His kindness gave her courage to meet his mother.

It was not very much that she had to do; but whatever it was she accomplished well and thoroughly, as was her way. Whatever the girl put her hand to she put her whole heart to at the same time. Her energy, sweetness, and good spirits cheered the sick woman and did her infinite good. Mrs. Griffiths took a great fancy to her, and liked to have her about her. Belle lunched with her the first day. She had better dine down below, Mrs. Griffiths said; and when dinner-time came the girl dressed herself, smoothed her yellow curls, and went shyly down the great staircase into the dining-room. It must be confessed that she glanced a little curiously at the table, wondering whether she was to dine alone or in company. This problem was soon solved; a side-door burst open, and Guy made his appearance, looking shy and ashamed of it as he came up and shook hands with her.

"Miss Belinda," said he, "will you allow me to dine with you?"

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"You must do as you like," said Belinda, quickly, starting back.

"Not at all," said Mr. Griffiths. "It is entirely as you shall decide. If you don't like my company, you need only say so. I shall not be offended. Well, shall we dine together?"

"Oh, certainly," laughed Belinda, confused in her turn.

So the two sat down to dine together. For the first time in his life Guy thought the great room light enough and bright and comfortable. The gold and silver plate didn't seem to crush him, nor the draperies to suffocate, nor the great columns ready to fall upon him. There was Belinda picking her grapes and playing with the sugar-plums. He could hardly believe it possible. His poor old heart gave great wistful thumps (if such a thing is possible) at the sound of her voice. She had lost much of her shyness, and they were talking of anything that came into their heads. She had been telling him about Myrtle Cottage, and the spiders there, and looking up, laughing, she was surprised to see him staring at her very sadly and kindly. He turned away abruptly, and began to help himself to all sorts of things out of the silver dishes.

"It's very good of you," Guy said, looking away, "to come and brighten this dismal house, and to stay with a poor suffering woman and a great uncouth fellow like myself."

"But you are both so very kind," said Belinda, simply. "I shall never forget——"

"Kind!" cried Guy, very roughly. "I behaved like a brute to you and your father yesterday. I am not used to ladies' society. I am stupid and shy and awkward."

"If you were very stupid," said Belle, smiling, "you would not have said that, Mr. Griffiths. Stupid people always think themselves charming."

When Guy said good-night immediately after dinner as usual, he sighed again, and looked at her with such kind and melancholy eyes that Belle felt an odd affection and compassion for him. "I never should have thought it possible to like him so much," thought the girl, as she slowly went along the passage to Mrs. Griffiths' door.

It was an odd life this young creature led in the great silent stifling house, with uncouth Guy for her playfellow, the sick woman's complaints and fancies for her duty in life. The silence of it all, its very comfort and splendidness, oppressed Belinda more at times than a simpler and more busy life, But the garden was an endless pleasure and refreshment, and she used to stroll about, skim over the terraces and walks, smell the roses, feed the birds and the gold fishes. Sometimes I have stood at my window watching the active figure flitting by in and out under the trellis, fifteen times round the pond, thirty-two times along the terrace walk. Belle was obliged to set herself tasks, or she would have got tired sometimes of wandering about by herself. All this time she never thought of Guy except as a curious sort of companion; any thought of sentiment had never once occurred to her.

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VI.

One day that Belle had been in the garden longer than usual, she remembered a note for Mrs. Griffiths that she had forgotten to write, and springing up the steps into the hall, on the way, with some roses in her apron, she suddenly almost ran up against Guy, who had come home earlier than usual. The girl stood blushing and looking more charming than ever. The young fellow stood quite still too, looking with such expressive and admiring glances that Belinda blushed deeper still, and made haste to escape to her room. Presently the gong sounded, and there was no help for it, and she had to go down again. Guy was in the dining-room as polite and as shy as usual, and Belinda gradually forgot the passing impression. The butler put the dessert on the table and left them, and when she had finished her fruit Belinda got up to say good-by. As she was leaving the room she heard Guy's footsteps following. She stopped short. He came up to her. He looked very pale, and said suddenly in a quick, husky voice, "Belle, will you marry me?" Poor Belinda opened her grey eyes full in his face. She could hardly believe she had heard aright. She was startled, taken aback, but she followed her impulse of the moment, and answered gravely, "No, Guy."

He wasn't angry or surprised. He had known it all along, poor fellow, and expected nothing else. He only sighed, looked at her once again, and then went away out of the room.

Poor Belle, she stood there where he had left her,—the lights burnt, the great table glittered, the curtains waved. It was like a strange dream. She clasped her hands together, and then suddenly ran and fled away up to her own room,—frightened, utterly puzzled, bewildered, not knowing what to do or to whom to speak. It was a comfort to be summoned as usual to read to Mrs. Griffiths. She longed to pour out her story to the poor lady, but she dreaded agitating her. She read as she was bid. Once she stopped short, but her mistress impatiently motioned her to go on. She obeyed, stumbling and tumbling over the words before her, until there came a knock at the door, and, contrary to his custom, Guy entered the room. He looked very pale, poor fellow, and sad and subdued. "I wanted to see you, Miss Belinda," he said aloud, "and to tell you that I hope this will make no difference, and that you will remain with us as if nothing had happened. You warned me, mamma, but I could not help myself. It's my own fault. Good-night. That is all I had to say."

Belle turned wistfully to Mrs. Griffiths. The thin hand was impatiently twisting the coverlet. "Of course—Who would have anything to say to him? Foolish fellow," she muttered in her indistinct way. "Go on, Miss Barly."

"Oh, but tell me first, ought I remain here?" Belle asked, imploringly.

"Certainly, unless you are unhappy with us," the sick woman answered, peevishly. Mrs. Griffiths never made any other allusion to what had happened. I think the truth was that she did not care very much for

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anything outside the doors of her sick-room. Perhaps she thought her s had been over-hasty, and that in time Belinda might change her mind. T people lying on their last sick-beds, the terrors, anxieties, longings of h seem very curious and strange. They seem to forget that they we once anxious, hopeful, eager themselves, as they lie gazing at the awf veil which will so soon be withdrawn from before their fading eyes.

A sort of constraint came between Guy and Belinda at first, it wore away by degrees. He often alluded to his proposal, but in hopeless and gentle a way that she could not be angry, still she w disquieted and unhappy. She felt that it was a false and awkward p tion. She could not bear to see him looking ill and sad, as he di times, with great black rings under his dark eyes. It was worse when she saw him brighten up with happiness at some chance word let fall now and then—speaking inadvertently of home, as he did, or of roses next year. He must not mistake her. She could not bear to p him by hard words, and yet sometimes she felt it was her duty to spe them. One day she met him in the street, on her way back to the ho The roll of the passing carriage-wheels gave Guy confidence, and, walk by her side, he began to say, "Now I never know what delightful surpri may not be waiting for me at every street corner. Ah, Miss Belle, my whole life might be one long dream of wonder and happiness, if . . . . "Don't speak like this ever again; I shall go away," said Belle, interru ing, and crossing the road, in her agitation, under the very noses of t omnibus horses. "I wish I could like you enough to marry you. I sh always love you enough to be your friend; please don't talk of anythi else." Belle said this in a bright brisk imploring decided way, and hoped to have put an end to the matter. That day she came to me and told h little story. There were almost as many reasons for her staying as for her leaving, the poor child thought. I could not advise her to go, for the assistance that she was able to send home was very valuable. (Guy laughed, and utterly refused to accept a sixpence of her salary.) Mrs. Griffiths evidently wanted her; Guy, poor fellow, would have given all he had to keep her, as we all knew too well.

Circumstance orders events sometimes, when people themselves, with all their powers and knowledge of good and of evil, are but passive instruments in the hands of fate. News came that Mr. Barly was ill, and little Belinda, with an anxious face, and a note in her trembling hand, came into Mrs. Griffiths' room one day to say she must go to him directly. "Your father is ill," wrote Anna. "Circumstances demand your immediate return to him." Guy happened to be present, and when Belle left the room he followed her out into the passage.

"You are going?" he said.

"I don't know what Anna means by circumstances, but papa is ill and wants me," said Belinda, almost crying.

"And I want you," said Guy; "but that don't matter of course. Go—go, since you wish it."

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After all, perhaps it was well she was going, thought Belle, as she went to pack up her boxes. Poor Guy's sad face haunted her. She seemed to carry it away in her box with her other possessions.

It would be difficult to describe what he felt, poor fellow, when he came upon the luggage standing ready corded in the hall, and he found that Belle had taken him at his word. He was so silent a man, so self-contained, so diffident of his own strength to win her love in time, so unused to the ways of the world and of women, that he could be judged by no ordinary rule. His utter despair and bewilderment would have been laughable almost, if they had not been so genuine. He paced about the garden with hasty uncertain footsteps, muttering to himself as he went along, and angrily cutting at the rose-hedges. "Of course she must go, since she wished it;—of course she must—of course, of course. What would the house be like when she was gone?" For an instant a vision of a great dull vault without warmth, or light or colour, or possible comfort anywhere, rose before him. He tried to imagine what his life would be if she never came back into it; but as he stood still trying to seize the picture, it seemed to him that it was a thing not to be imagined or thought of. Wherever he looked he saw her, everywhere and in everything. He had imagined himself unhappy; now he discovered that for the last few weeks, since little Belinda had come, he had basked in the summer she had brought, and found new life in the sunshine of her presence. Of an evening he had come home eagerly from his daily toil looking to find her. When he left early in the morning he would look up with kind eyes at her windows as he drove away. Once, early one morning, he had passed her near the lodge-gate, standing in the shadow of the great aspen-tree, and making way for the horses to go by. Belle was holding back the clean stiff folds of her pink muslin dress; she looked up with that peculiar blink of her grey eyes, smiled and nodded her bright head, and shrunk away from the horses. Every morning Guy used to look under the tree after that to see if she were there by chance, even if he had parted from her but a minute before. Good stupid old fellow! he used to smile to himself at his own foolishness. One of his fancies about her was that Belinda was a bird who would fly away some day, and perch up in the branches of one of the great trees, far, far beyond his reach. And now was this fancy coming true? was she going—leaving him—flying away where he could not follow her? He gave an inarticulate sound of mingled anger and sorrow and tenderness which relieved his heart, but which puzzled Belle herself, who was coming down the garden walk to meet him.

"I was looking for you, Mr. Griffiths," said Belle. "Your mother wants to speak to you. I too wanted to ask you something," the girl went on, blushing. "She is kind enough to wish me to come back. . . . But——"

Belle stopped short, blushed up, and began pulling at the leaves sprouting on either side of the narrow alley. When she looked up after a minute, with one of her quick short-sighted glances, she found that Guy's two little brown eyes were fixed upon her steadily.

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"Don't be afraid that I shall trouble you," he said, reddening. "If you knew—if you had the smallest conception what your presence is to me, you would come back. I think you would."

Miss Barly didn't answer, but blushed up again and walked on in silence, hanging her head to conceal the two bright tears which had come into her eyes. She was so sorry, so very sorry. But what could she do? Guy had walked on to the end of the rose-garden, and Belle had followed. Now, instead of turning towards the house, he had come out into the bright-looking kitchen-garden, with its red brick walls hung with their various draperies of lichen and mosses, and garlands of clambering fruit. Four little paths led up to the turf carpet which had been laid down in the centre of the garden: here a fountain plashed with a tranquil fall of waters upon water; all sorts of sweet kitchen-herbs, mint and thyme and parsley, were growing along the straight-cut beds. Birds were pecking at the nets along the walls; one little sparrow that had been drinking at the fountain flew away as they approached. The few bright-coloured straggling flowers caught the sunlight and reflected it in sparks like the water.

The master of this pleasant place put out his great clumsy hand, and took hold of Belle's soft reluctant fingers. "Ah, Belle," he said, "is there no hope for me? Will there never be any chance?"

"I wish with all my heart there was a chance," said poor Belle, pulling away her hand impatiently. "Why do you wound and pain me by speaking again and again of what is far best forgotten? Dear Mr. Griffiths, I will marry you to-morrow, if you desire it," said the girl, with a sudden impulse turning pale and remembering all that she owed to his forbearance and gentleness; "but please, please don't ask it." She looked so frightened and desperate that poor Guy felt that this was worse than anything, and sadly shook his head.

"Don't be afraid," he said. "I don't want to marry you against your will, or keep you here. Yes, you shall go home, and I will stop here alone, and cut my throat if I find I cannot bear the place without you. I am only joking. I daresay I shall do very well," said Griffiths with a sigh; and he turned away and began stamping off in his clumsy way. Then he suddenly stopped and looked back. Belle was standing in the sunshine with her face hidden in her hands. She was so puzzled, and sorry, and hopeless, and mournful. The only thing she could do was to cry, poor child,—and by some instinct Griffiths guessed that she was crying; he knew it,—his heart melted with pity. The poor fellow came back trembling. "My dearest," he said, "don't cry. What a brute I am to make you cry. Tell me anything in the whole world I can do to make you happy."

"If I could only do anything for you," said Belle, "that would make me happier."

"Then come back, my dear," said Guy, "and don't fly away yet for ever, as you threatened just now. Come back and cheer up my mother, and make tea and a little sunshine for me, until—until some confounded fellow comes and carries you off," said poor Griffiths.

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"Oh, that will never be. Yes; I'll come," said Belle, earnestly. I'll go home for a week and come back; indeed I will."

"Only let me know," said Mr. Griffiths, "and my mother will send e carriage for you. Shall we say a week?" he added, anxious to drive hard bargain.

"Yes," said Belinda, smiling; "I'll write and tell you the day."

Nothing would induce Griffiths to order the carriage until after dinner, nd it was quite late at night when Belle got home.

VII.

Poor little Myrtle Cottage looked very small and shabby as she drove up in the darkness to the door. A brilliant illumination streamed from all the windows. Martha rubbed her elbows at the sight of the gorgeous equipage. Fanny came to the door surprised, laughing, giggling, mysterious. Everything looked much as usual, except that a large and pompous-looking gentleman was sitting on the drawing-room sofa, and beside him Anna, with a huge ring on her fourth finger, attempting to blush as Belle came into the room. Belle saw that she was not wanted, and ran upstairs to her father, who was better, and sitting in the arm-chair by his bedside. The poor old man nearly cried with delight and surprise, held out both his shaking hands to her, and clung tenderly to the bright young daughter. Belle sat beside him, holding his hand, asking him a hundred questions, kissing his wrinkled face and cheeks, and telling him all that had happened. Mr. Barly, too, had news to give. The fat gentleman downstairs, he told Belle, was no other than Anna's old admirer, the doctor, of whom mention has been made. He had re-proposed the day before, and was now sitting on the sofa on probation. Fanny's prospects, too, seemed satisfactory. "She assures me," said Mr. Barly, "that young Ogden is on the point of coming forward. An old man like me, my dear, is naturally anxious to see his children settled in life and comfortably provided for. I don't know who would be good enough for my Belinda. Not that awkward lout of a Griffiths. No, no; we must look out better than that."

"Oh, papa, if you knew how good and how kind he is!" said Belle, with a sudden revulsion of feeling; but she broke off abruptly, and spoke of something else.

The other maid, who had already gone to bed the night before when Belle arrived at the cottage, gave a loud shriek when she went into the room next morning and found some one asleep in the bed. Belle awoke, laughed and explained, and asked her to bring up her things.

"Bring 'em hup?" said the girl. "What, all them 'ampers that's come by the cart? No, miss, that's more than me and Martha have the strength for. I should crick my back if I were to attempt for to do such a thing."

"Hampers,—what hampers?" Belle asked; but when she went down she found the little passage piled with cases, flowers and game and

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preserves, and some fine old port for Mr. Barly, and some roses for Belle. As Belinda came downstairs, in her fresh morning dress, Anna, who had been poking about and examining the various packages, looked up with offended dignity.

"I think, considering that I am mistress here," said she, "these hampers should have been directed to me, instead of to you, Belinda. Mr. Griffiths strangely forgets. Indeed, I fear that you too are wanting in any great sense of ladylike propriety."

"Prunes, prism, propriety," said Belle, gaily. "Never mind, dear Anna; he's sent the things for all of us. Mr. Griffiths certainly never meant me to drink two dozen bottles of port wine in a week."

"You are evading the question," said Anna. "I have been wishing to talk to you for some time past,—come into the dining-room, if you please."

It seems almost impossible to believe, and yet I cannot help fearing that out of sheer spite and envy Anna Barly had even then determined that if she could prevent it, Belinda should never go back to Castle Gardens again, but remain in the cottage. The sight of the pretty things which had been given her there, all the evidences which told of the esteem and love in which she was held, maddened the foolish woman. I can give no other reason for the way in which she opposed Belinda's return to Mrs. Griffiths. "Her duty is at home," said Anna. "I myself shall be greatly engaged with Thomas,"—so she had already learnt to call Dr. Robinson. "Fanny also is preoccupied; Belinda must remain."

When Belle demurred and said that for the next few weeks she would like to return as she had promised, and stay until Mrs. Griffiths was suited with another companion, Anna's indignation rose and overpowered her dignity. Was it *her* sister who was so oblivious of the laws of society, propriety, modesty. Anna feared that Belinda had not reflected upon the strange appearance her conduct must have to others, to the Ogdens, to them all. What was the secret attraction which took her back? Anna said she had rather not inquire, and went on with her oration. "Unmaidenly,—not to be thought of,—the advice of those whose experience might be trusted"—does one not know the rigmarole by heart? When even the father, who had been previously talked to, sided with his eldest daughter, when Thomas, who was also called into the family conclave, nodded his head in an ominous manner, poor little Belinda, frightened, shaken, undecided, almost promised that she would do as they desired; and as she promised, the thought of poor Guy's grief and wistful haggard face came before her, and her poor little heart ached and sank at the thought. But not even Belinda, with all her courage, could resist the decision of so much experience, or Anna's hints and innuendoes, or, more insurmountable than all the rest, a sudden shyness and consciousness which had come over the poor little maiden, who turned crimson with shame and annoyance.

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Belinda had decided as she was told—had done as her conscience bid her,—and yet there was but little satisfaction in this duty accomplished. For about half an hour she went about feeling like a heroine, and then without any reason or occasion, it seemed to her that the mask had come off her face, that she had discovered herself to be a traitoress, that she had betrayed and abandoned her kindest friends; she called herself a selfish, ungrateful wretch, she wondered what Guy would think of her; she was out of temper, out of spirits, out of patience with herself, and the click of the blind swinging in the draft was unendurable. The complacent expression of Anna's handsome face put her teeth on edge. When Fanny tumbled over the footstool with a playful shriek, to everybody's surprise Belinda burst out crying.

Those few days were endless, slow, dull, unbearable—every second brought its pang of regret and discomfort and remorse. It seemed to Belinda that her ears listened, her mouth talked, her eyes looked at the four walls of the cottage, at the furze on the common, at the faces of her sisters, with a sort of mechanical effort. As if she were acting her daily life, not living it naturally and without effort. Only when she was with her father did she feel unconstrained; but even then there was an unexpressed reproach in her heart like a dull pain that she could not quiet. And so the long days lagged. Although Dr. Robinson enlivened them with his presence, and the Ogdens drove up to carry Fanny off to the happy regions of Capulet Square (E. for Elysium Anna I think would have docketed the district), to Belinda those days seemed slow, and dark and dim, and almost hopeless at times.

On the day on which Belinda was to have returned there came a letter to me telling her story plainly enough:—"I must not come back, my dearest Miss Williamson," she wrote. "I am going to write to Mrs. Griffiths and dear kind Mr. Guy to-morrow to tell them so. Anna does not think it is right. Papa clings to me and wants me, now that both my sisters are going to leave him. How often I shall think of you all—of all your goodness to me, of the beautiful roses, and my dear little room! Do you think Mr. Guy would let me take one or two books as a remembrance—Hume's *History of England*, Porteous's *Sermons*, and *Essays on Reform?* I should like to have something to remind me of you all, and to look at sometimes, since they say I am not to see you all again. Good-by, and thank you and Mrs. H. a thousand thousand times.—Your ever, ever affectionate BELINDA. P.S.—Might I also ask for that little green volume of the *Golden Treasury* which is up in the tower room?"

This was what Guy had feared all along. Once she was gone, he knew by instinct she would never come back. I hardly know how it fared with the poor fellow all this time. He kept out of our way, and would try to escape me, but once by chance I met him, and I was shocked by the change which had come over him. I had my own opinion, as we all have at times. H. and I had talked it over,—for old women are good for

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something after all, and can sometimes play a sentimental part in life as well as young ones. It seemed to us impossible that Belinda should not relent to so much goodness and unselfishness, and come back again some day never to go any more. We knew enough of Anna Barly to guess the part *she* had played, nor did we despair of seeing Belinda among us once more. But some one must help her, she could not reach us unassisted; and so I told Mrs. Griffiths, who had remarked upon her son's distress and altered looks.

"If you will lend us the carriage," I said, "either H. or I will go over to Dumbleton to-morrow, and I doubt not that we shall bring her." H. went. She told me about it afterwards. Anna was fortunately absent. Mr. Barly was downstairs, and H. was able to talk to him a little bit before Belinda came down. The poor old man always thought as he was told to think, and since his illness he was more uncertain and broken than ever. He was dismayed when H. told him in her decided way that he was probably sacrificing two people's happiness for life by his ill-timed interference. When at last Belinda came down, she looked almost as ill as Griffiths himself. She rushed into H.'s arms with a scream of delight, and eagerly asked a hundred questions. "How were they all—what were they all doing?"

H. was very decided. Everybody was very ill and wanted Belinda back. "Your father says he can spare you very well," said she. "Why not come back with me this afternoon, if only for a time? It is your duty," H. continued, in her dry way. "You should not leave them in this uncertainty." "Go, my child—pray go," urged Mr. Barly. And at last Belinda consented shyly, nothing loth.

H. began to question her when she had got her safe in the carriage. Belinda said she had not been well. She could not sleep, she said. She had had bad dreams. She blushed and confessed that she had dreamt of Guy lying dead in the kitchen-garden. She had gone about the house trying, indeed she had tried to be cheerful and busy as usual, but she felt unhappy, ungrateful. "Oh, what a foolish girl I am," she said. All the lights were burning in the little town, the west was glowing and reflected in the river, the boats trembled and shot through the shiny waters, and the people were out upon the banks, as they crossed the bridge again on their way from Dumbleton. Belle was happier certainly, but crying from agitation.

"Have I made him miserable, poor fellow? Oh, I think I shall blame myself all my life," said she, covering her face with her hands. "Oh, H.! H.! what shall I do?"

H. dryly replied that she must be guided by circumstances, and when they reached Castle Gardens, kissed her and set her down at the great gate, while she herself went home in the carriage.

It was all twilight by this time among the roses. Belinda met the gate-keeper, who touched his hat and told her his master was in the garden; and so instead of going into the house she flitted away towards

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the garden, crossed the lawns, and went in and out among the bowers and trellises looking for him—frightened by her own temerity at first, gaining courage by degrees. It was so still, so sweet, so dark; the stars were coming out in the evening sky, a meteor went flashing from east to west, a bat flew across her path; all the scent hung heavy in the air. Twice Belinda called out timidly, "Mr. Griffiths, Mr. Griffiths!" but no one answered. Then she remembered her dream in sudden terror, and hurried into the kitchen-garden to the fountain where they had parted.

What had happened? Some one was lying on the grass. Was this her dream? was it Guy? was he dead? had she killed him? Belinda ran up to him, seized his hand, and called him Guy—dear Guy; and Guy, who had fallen asleep from very weariness and sadness of heart, opened his eyes to hear himself called by the voice he loved best in the world; while the sweetest eyes, full of tender tears, were gazing anxiously into his ugly face. Ugly? Fairy tales have told us this at least, that ugliness and dulness do not exist for those who truly love. Had she ever thought him rough, uncouth, unlovable? Ah! she had been blind in those days; she knew better now. As they walked back through the twilight garden that night, Guy said humbly,—

"I shan't do you any credit, Belinda; I can only love you."

"*Only!*" said Belinda.

She didn't finish her sentence; but he understood very well what she meant.

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Mobs.

Ἀλλ' οὐ σὺ τούτων αἴτιος, μὴ φροντίσῃς
Ἀλλ' οἵ σε ταῦτ' ἐξηπάτων.

The British public, which has twice within the last ten months been almost frightened out of its propriety by the London "League" had, up to last year, enjoyed so long an immunity from spectacles of this nature, that it might be supposed to have pretty well forgotten what a mob really was. In 1848 the mob which assembled at Kennington, though considerable in point of numbers and seditious enough in its designs, was kept at a respectful distance, and was rather heard of than seen. The Chartist riots of 1839 did not come near London and were indeed the work rather of regular insurgents than of mobs. Up to 1866 nothing like the storming of Hyde Park had been witnessed for a whole generation; and if we refer to London only, we must go back as far as the Gordon riots for any similar acts of downright violence.

But if we do go back to the eighteenth century,—the supposed century of strong government and aristocratic authority,—we shall find the London mob exercising an influence upon public affairs which our own more popular and liberal-minded age would not tolerate for a moment. This circumstance, strange as it may seem at first sight, is easily accounted for. The only mode of dealing with a mob in those days was by calling out the troops. A standing army was one of the most unpopular appendages of the most unpopular dynasty in our annals. To employ it against the people was always a hazardous experiment. To do so was to concentrate on one single act of authority almost every objection that could be urged to the Revolution. It was the revival of arbitrary power without the sanction of hereditary right: the coercion of the people by princes who were the creatures of the people. Unreasonable as these arguments may seem now, they were capable of being urged against Government with fatal effect then. And in the traditional dislike of English Ministers to employ soldiers on such occasions, we see one surviving vestige of the political passions of that epoch. But another, and perhaps more deeply-seated cause of the prominence usurped by mobs in the days of our great-grandfathers, is to be found in the political character and social position of the aristocracy. During the interval which elapsed between the English revolution and the French, the patrician order in this country had established a dominion which was seemingly immutable and eternal. Their confidence in themselves was absolute; and they no more expected that the people would ever try to govern, than Achilles expected that his horse

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would ever try to speak. At the same time they were divided into factions scarcely less bitter than the factions of the white and red roses. The contempt which they felt for the people was, if possible, excelled by the hatred which they bore each other: and both combined to promote that popular turbulence which is a salient feature of the period. Each faction in turn used the mob against its rival without the slightest fear of any damage to their common interests. A mansion or a meeting-house might be burnt down; a statesman might be rolled in the mud; a plebeian might be pricked with a bayonet, or even get a bullet in his gizzard; but these things were trifles to the men of that epoch, who always maintained that it was the first duty of a patriot to save his country; and who laid the blame of such accidents alternately on the wicked Minister who was aiming at despotism, or the profligate traitor who was in correspondence with Avignon or Boston. In the face of these tremendous considerations, a life or two more or less was a matter of supreme indifference. The chances were that the soldiers would be afraid to fire, or that the mob would run away before a collision could occur. But whatever happened, the aristocracy felt safe about itself. Thus we see that the backwardness of the Government to employ the only force at its command in the suppression of popular tumults, and the forwardness of the aristocracy to make use of agitation for the embarrassment of political rivals, combined together to ensure the mob great licence for some eighty or a hundred years. Things are changed now. Formerly the mob was the tool of the patricians. Now it has set up in business on its own account. In the last century there was never a mob of any consequence without some aristocrat to back it. Now-a-days the mob, like the Ring, has lost its "Corinthian" supporters altogether. Whether this loss is likely to enhance or to diminish its dangerous elements, we leave to wiser heads than ours to say.

The earliest mob of any note in the eighteenth century was in the reign of Queen Anne, in the year 1709. At that time the Church of England had grown immensely popular with the English people; and it is easy to see why. Dissent was still associated with Puritanism; and half a century had not effaced the memory of Nehemiah Solsgrace and Corporal Humgudgeon. Your ordinary Englishman then as now hated Popery with a hatred peculiar to himself: and the memorable stand of the seven bishops had gone straight to the national heart. It is not, perhaps, surprising that notwithstanding this episode the very party in the Church which represented these prelates should have been, upon the whole, Jacobite. But it is curious that the English populace should have followed them in this apparent inconsistency. Such, however, was the fact. Dr. Sacheverel was a Tory and divine-right man of the most highflying description. In the month of November, 1709, he preached a sermon before the Lord Mayor, in which he indulged himself to the utmost in the exaltation of all his favourite ideas. Passive obedience, divine right, and all the articles of Caroline Toryism, were laid down by

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him as undoubted axioms not to be questioned by any faithful s[illegible] Church of England. The Lord Mayor desired the sermon to be p[illegible] but the Government of the day took a very different view of the tra[illegible] and eventually ordered it to be burned. However, in the m[illegible] Sacheverel had been impeached, and at once became a popular [illegible] would have been far wiser to punish him, if it were necessary to p[illegible] him at all, with as little ostentation as possible. But a parli[illegible] impeachment, with a trial at Westminster Hall, was the very thing [illegible] Sacheverel's friends might have prayed for. The consequences we[illegible] seen by Lord Somers and Sir Joseph Jekyl; but the more [illegible] counsels of the Duke of Wharton prevailed against them; and [illegible] trial was begun. Sacheverel at this time was living in the Te[illegible] and he was escorted to and fro every day by immense crowds of p[illegible] who cheered him and tried to kiss his hand. As the trial lasted [illegible] weeks we can imagine the state to which the streets of London [illegible] reduced. Occasionally the mob burst out in acts of open vio[illegible] and would turn aside to burn a conventicle or beat a Whig, and [illegible] resume their ordinary avocations. In these outrages they were, acc[illegible] to Bishop Burnett, openly encouraged by men of rank, who accomp[illegible] the crowd in hackney-coaches, and threw money to the rioters. T[illegible] watchword was the Church and Sacheverel, and every man who refus[illegible] join in the shout was liable to abuse or blows. Burnett says he [illegible] before his own door a man's skull cleft open with a spade becaus[illegible] refused this pious test. The mob, it seems, were debating the prop[illegible] of burning the Bishop's own house, when they heard of the approach of [illegible] Guards, and immediately dispersed. As the Bishop's residence at [illegible] time was in St. John's Court, Clerkenwell, we see how wide-spread [illegible] disturbance must have been, and that it was by no means confined to [illegible] line of march between the Temple and Westminster. No system[illegible] efforts seem to have been made to put the mob down. The work [illegible] burning and beating went on, not indeed without interruption, but wit[illegible] any effectual check. Some lives were lost in Lincoln's Inn Fields, wh[illegible] the mob made a large bonfire out of the pews and wainscoting of [illegible] dissenting chapel, which stood, it seems, somewhere in the Temple, [illegible] belonged to a Mr. Burgess. But nothing like a regular patrol [illegible] established until the mob had pretty well worked its will upon [illegible] adverse party. The subject, of course, was continually discussed [illegible] Parliament, and the House of Commons presented an address to th[illegible] Queen, begging her to issue a proclamation, to offer rewards, and to [illegible] other measures for suppressing these gross disorders. Anne returned [illegible] gracious answer, complying with the prayer of the House. But there w[illegible] no great zeal at Court in favour of strong measures; and though seve[illegible] persons were apprehended, of whom two were convicted of high treason [illegible] sentenced to death, neither were allowed to die. But the effect produ[illegible] upon the public mind by these formidable riots was seen most o[illegible] spicuously in the debates which followed the conviction of Sacher[illegible]

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when the degree of punishment to be inflicted on him was under discussion. It seems certain that the House of Lords took a milder view of his offence than they would have taken, but for fear of the vengeance of the mob. Nor were the consequences of these riots confined to the fortunes of the single individual who was the source of them. It was thought at the time that they had seriously injured the prospects of the Whig party and the Hanover succession. And certain it is that, encouraged by its success and its impunity in this particular instance, the London mob grew more troublesome and more turbulent for some few years than it had been for many generations; so much so that in the year 1717 even the mild and placable Addison felt moved to write a paper in the *Freeholder*, in which he told the "rabble" that if they didn't learn how to behave themselves, they must be taught that Government could crush them. It is pretty clear, however, that in this case, as in many others, the mob would not have produced such an impression as to modify the sentence passed on a great public offender, had it not to a great extent reflected the passions and prejudices of the country. Though very likely the believers in divine right and passive obedience were a minority, a conviction that the Whigs were intent on some nefarious designs against the Church was much more generally diffused; and people, who cared perhaps little for Sacheverel and his doctrines, were furious against his enemies, who were supposed to be "Presbyterians" in disguise.

The next great English mob which has acquired historical celebrity distinguished itself in 1733 against the famous Excise Bill of Sir Robert Walpole. This is an almost perfect instance of the submission of the majority of the House of Commons to a demonstration of physical force openly abetted by the minority. On the merits of the excise scheme itself we can hardly be expected to enter. It is sufficient to say that it was supported by a substantial majority, and would undoubtedly have become law, but for the audacious attitude of the London populace, who assembled in vast numbers in Palace Yard, and even penetrated to the lobbies of the House of Commons. It is amusing to read the different accounts given of this assemblage by the different parties in the House. Walpole called them sturdy beggars. Barnard, Tory Member for the City, thought it hard that "merchants of figure and character might not come down to the lobbies to consult with their friends on questions which affected their own interests." It seems, in fact, that the mixture of ruffianism and respectability in the mob of 1733 was much about the same as we have witnessed at a later period. The "rough" element asserted itself in attempts to mob the Prime Minister and other obnoxious Members of Parliament. The men "of figure and character" seem to have been absent when they were most wanted, and to have made no effort to restrain the excesses of their allies. The following extract from Sir Robert Walpole's speech will, perhaps, be found interesting at this moment:—"As to those clamours which have been raised without doors, and which "are now so much insisted on, it is very well known by whom and by what

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"methods they were raised, and it is no difficult matter to guess with what "views; but I am very far from taking them to be the sense of the nation, "or believing that the sentiments of the majority of the people were thereby "expressed. The most part of the people concerned in those clamours did "not speak their own sentiments; they were played by others like so many "puppets; it was not the puppets that spoke, it was those behind the curtain "that played them, and made them speak whatever they had uttered. "There is now a most extraordinary concourse of people at our doors. "Gentlemen may say what they please of the multitudes now at our "door, and in all the avenues leading to this House; they may call them a "modest multitude if they will; but whatever temper they were in when "they came hither, it may be very much altered now, after having waited "so long at our door. It may be a very easy matter for some designing "seditious person to raise a tumult and disorder among them; and when "tumults are once begun, no man knows where they may end: he is a "greater man than any I know in the nation that could, with the same ease, "appease them. For this reason, I must think that it was neither prudent "nor regular to use any methods to bringing such multitudes to this place, "under any pretence whatever. Gentlemen may give them what name "they think fit. It may be said that they came hither as humble suppli-"cants; but I know whom the law calls sturdy beggars; and those who "brought them hither could not be certain but that they might have "behaved in the same manner."*

On this night (March 14), after carrying his resolution by a majority of sixty-one, the Minister was advised to make his exit by a back way, and so give his enemies the slip. In spite, however, of the threats of the populace encouraged by the Opposition orators, he continued to press his measure forward, and obtained decisive though diminishing majorities upon each division. But the mob became so violent at last that Sir Robert's resolution wavered. The grounds on which his ultimate decision was taken are, at this distance of time, not very clear. It is certain, however, that the conduct of the mob had not only strengthened the regular Opposition, but had encouraged some of the Minister's party, who wanted only an excuse for defection, to declare that they could no longer support him. It is probable that both the King and Queen, who equally sympathised with "a brave fellow," which the monarch pronounced Walpole to be, would have stood by him to the last. And no doubt, if the Court had been resolute, the Bill could have been carried through the House of Commons. But in the case of a serious riot, some doubt, it seems, existed as to what extent the troops could be relied upon. The soldiers believed that the Bill would raise the price of their tobacco, and were almost as ripe for mutiny as the nation for rebellion.† A serious defection was threatened in the House of Lords; and Lord Bolingbroke's party at St. James's was said to be more numerous than at Dawley. On

* *Parliamentary History*, vol. vii. p. 351. † Hervey.

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the night of the 10th of April, after a petition from the City had been rejected by only seventeen votes, Walpole had his friends to supper, when he said, with a smile, "this dance it will no farther go," and that to-morrow he meant to sound a retreat. Whether it was before or after this supper that he held a meeting of his party, and declared that as the Act could not be carried into execution without an armed force, he would never be the Minister to enforce taxes by bloodshed, does not very clearly appear; and after what has been said of the supposed disposition of the troops, our readers may suspect that, in using this language, the Minister was taking credit to himself for a rather cheap kind of magnanimity. His resolution, however, was not received without considerable dissatisfaction. It was especially urged by his friends that there would be an end of all supplies if mobs were to control the legislature. But they did not shake his determination, and on the 11th of April the Bill was virtually abandoned, by a motion, introduced by Walpole in person, that the second reading should be postponed for two months. This humiliating concession, which was the cause of much wailing and gnashing of teeth in St. James's Palace, did not have the effect of disarming the resentment of the mob against the authors of the obnoxious scheme. On the night of its withdrawal a larger mob than usual filled all the precincts of the House of Commons; and, though they must have been informed of what had occurred inside, they seemed more ferocious than ever. When the House was rising, some of Walpole's friends, who had been outside, came back and told him what he must expect if he went out by the public passage. But Sir Robert gallantly resolved to face the worst, saying there was no end of flying from such menaces, and so, with ten or a dozen friends close round him, and a couple of servants, he marched boldly out upon the rioters. Fifty constables had been stationed outside the House, to secure a free passage for Members; and they strove to keep a lane for Walpole and his friends to pass through. But this was impossible. A general *mêlée* ensued, in which the constables' staves seem to have hurt as many friends as foes. One account says that a ruffian got hold of Walpole's cloak behind his neck, and nearly strangled him. Several of his protectors were badly hurt. Swords were drawn at last. And by that means, and by that only, was the Minister enabled to reach his carriage, and get safely to his own house. Where "the merchants of figure and character" were on this occasion, we are not informed.

The withdrawal of the Bill was of course regarded as a great popular triumph, and was celebrated with bonfires and illuminations not only in London but throughout the whole country. Sir Robert Walpole and a fat woman, intended for the Queen, were burned in effigy together. But on the whole these latest excesses of the mob rather tended to discredit their cause than to improve it; and the bulk of the people, satisfied with the end gained, soon perhaps grew ashamed of the means by which it was accomplished.

That the riots of 1733 represented the public feeling of their day quite

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as fully as the riots of 1709 the public opinion of that day, and derived, indeed, their whole influence from the consciousness of this fact which pervaded both the Court and Parliament, is indisputable. Sir Robert Walpole, as we see, thought, or affected to think, differently; but it is almost beyond a question at the present day that a very great proportion of the English people, down perhaps to the accession of George III., were anti-Hanoverian in their sympathies, and loved an excuse for bothering a Whig Government. A rebellion, indeed, was another matter. Rebellion was a harsh term,—a very harsh term, indeed, as the lawyers say; but for a little rioting, and cudgelling, and burning of conventicles, somebody was always good. And though the opposition to the Excise Bill was of course, to a great extent, raised on the merits of the measure, it was due in a still greater degree to the general unpopularity of the reigning family and the existing Government; and without the countenance of the aristocratic part of the community who shared in these sentiments, the mob could have done nothing.

To whomsoever we assign the credit, the victory in this instance was complete; and it is curious that after such a triumph more than thirty years should have elapsed before the mob again tried a fall with the constituted authorities.* When Wilkes, who had been expelled the House of Commons, and outlawed in 1763, returned to England in 1768, and was returned for the county of Middlesex, he was not only declared incapable of sitting, but was arrested and imprisoned in the King's Bench. The whole rabble of London were up in arms to protect their favourite. They rescued him once from the officers; but Wilkes had the good sense to surrender himself again, and remained in prison two years. The day of his incarceration was the 29th of April; and from that to the 10th of May, the day fixed for the meeting of Parliament, the neighbourhood of the prison was occupied by a determined mob, who made more than one attempt to deliver their champion by force. The reigning dynasty now, however, was firmer in its saddle than it had been in 1733, and there was much less reluctance to use troops against the mob. On the morning of the 10th of May, when there seemed reason to apprehend a renewed attack on the prison, more formidable than any which had preceded it, the magistrates appeared upon the spot with a regiment of infantry, which it was insinuated at the time had been chosen because it was a Scotch regiment, and indifferent to the liberties of the English. The Riot Act was read; it was answered by stones and brickbats. The troops fired, and killed six and wounded fifteen of the rioters. One man was shot by a soldier before the orders to fire had been given. He was found guilty of murder by a coroner's inquest, but was acquitted when brought to trial, and publicly presented with a purse of money by his colonel. Mr. Gillam, the magistrate, was likewise tried and acquitted. In this instance the mob was

* The Porteus mob is designedly omitted from our list, as being neither English nor political.

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clearly foiled; for Wilkes remained in prison till 1770, and after he became Lord Mayor, and was allowed to take his seat, he discarded the profession of a demagogue. On this occasion the mob, though not without aristocratic support, does not seem to have reflected any great body of opinion in the country at large, where Wilkes was commonly regarded as a combination of atheist, profligate, and republican. The Wilkes mob, in fact, was a London mob, and nothing else. It had little or no connection with the "people" in its best sense, as the Excise mob undoubtedly had, and as several other mobs had afterwards, in a greater or less degree. Its worst effect was that it rekindled the spirit of riot in the London populace, which had slumbered for a whole generation, but which now again became for many years a source of great annoyance to Government, and of serious alarm to all well-disposed persons.

The next serious riot by which the peace of London was disturbed occurred only three years afterwards. It arose out of the attempt of the House of Commons to exclude parliamentary reporters. All the complicated details of this dispute would be wearisome to our readers. It may be sufficient to say that the name of parliamentary "privilege" had come to stink in the nostrils of the people, and that the opponents of the Government on this question enjoyed all the advantages which the active support of Seven Dials might be considered to confer. The printers of the reports took refuge in the City. The House of Commons sent its officer to arrest them. The Lord Mayor and other City magistrates, of whom Alderman Oliver was, like his lordship, a Member of the House of Commons, refused to recognize the Speaker's warrant; or, in other words, set up the privileges of the City against the privilege of Parliament. They were eventually committed to the Tower, where they remained for some time. But the end of the dispute was that the right of publication was conceded, though it is perhaps too much to assert that the mob had any hand in this result. Be that as it may, however, they showed their teeth on this occasion to some purpose. Lord North and Charles Fox, then a young man of twenty-two, and a hot Tory, were dragged out of their carriages, and rolled in the gutters. But this was hardly a question in which the *nation* was much interested. And no doubt, if Government had felt that it was really for the public good that this privilege should be enforced, it would have been enforced. We merely quote the acts of this mob to show to what a pitch popular licence had then risen. Imagine Lord Derby being rolled in the mud! Yet Lord North's Government was a stronger Government than Lord Derby's. And Lord Derby's Government has given, we are told, greater offence to the "people" than ever Lord North's did.

But we are now approaching the *locus classicus* of English riots, to which every one, after the lapse of near a century, still appeals as a terrible illustration of what it is possible for a mob to do even when apparently actuated by the best motives and obedient to regular discipline: we mean the "Gordon Riots." Nothing, said Lord Eldon, many years

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afterwards, could have been more orderly than was the multitude in the morning, yet in the evening London was in flames. This is not a strictly accurate account of what did occur, for on the evening of the day on which the Protestant petition was presented, the proceedings of the mob were comparatively moderate. However, the old lord was speaking thirty-seven years after the event he was describing, and his words were near enough the truth for all practical purposes. In the session of Parliament of 1779 an Act had been passed—commonly known as Sir George Savile's Act—repealing some of the Roman Catholic disabilities imposed by the 11th and 12th of William III., which, unnecessary, perhaps, even when first enacted, had, eighty years afterwards, become intolerably oppressive and absurd. But the orthodoxy of the English lower orders remained up to the end of the eighteenth century unquenchable; and readily roused against Dissenters, it was still more easily, and still more fiercely inflammable, against Popery. The excitement against Sir George Savile's Act first began in Scotland, whence it rapidly spread into England, and resulted in the formation of Protestant associations to procure the repeal of the obnoxious statute. The movement was headed by Lord George Gordon, a son of the Duke of Gordon, and member for Ludgershall, in Wiltshire. His lordship was one of those mixtures of fool and fanatic which unhappily are not extinct in our own day, though their powers for mischief are diminished. What he expected to gain by the part he played it is impossible to conjecture. But it is difficult to believe that he was actuated by pure religious zeal. However that might be, his name and his rank made him a welcome leader to the Protestant Association of London, which seems to have numbered in its ranks a certain small minority of honest and respectable men, though the large majority were, of course, intemperate bigots. It was on Friday, the 2nd of June, 1780, that Lord George convened a grand Protestant meeting at St. George's-in-the-Fields, for the purpose of marching down to Westminster, and presenting the Protestant petition. If less than twenty thousand attended, he said, he should decline to present it. A great show of order and discipline was visible in his proceedings. He issued a string of resolutions regulating the line of march, and inviting the magistrates of London, Westminster, and Southwark to lend the aid of their presence towards overawing any riotous and evil-disposed persons who might be willing to disturb the peace. His arrangements were so far successful that he collected about a hundred thousand men at the place of muster, and, marching them in three columns across the different bridges, got them in to their places outside the Houses of Parliament by two o'clock in the afternoon. Their distinguishing badge was a blue cockade. But it soon appeared that many had mounted the cockade who cared very little for the cause. In point of fact that became evident at once which any but a fool must have foreseen at first, that of the whole number which had reached Westminster Hall the greater part was the lowest rabble, who could not be relied upon for an hour together to abstain from violence,

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and whose Protestant zeal was about on a par with Dugald Dalgetty's when he served under the Lion of the North and the Bulwark of the Protestant Faith. Love of excitement, with good prospects of liquor and plunder, had drawn together most part of them, and they set about gratifying these respective passions in regular order. They amused themselves for several hours with pulling a number of old men out of their carriages, hustling them roughly, and tearing their lawn sleeves if they were bishops, or their coats and cravats if they were laymen. From insult they had almost gone to bloodshed; for it seems that Lord Boston, at all events, narrowly escaped with his life, and that only by the ingenious device of getting up a discussion among one or two of the more fanatical of the ringleaders, as to whether the Pope was Antichrist, during the heat of which he slipped away. The Bishop of Rochester took refuge in a private house, and escaped over the leads in woman's clothes. The Duke of Northumberland happened to be driving down to the House with a gentleman in black by his side. The mob at once declared that this must certainly be a Jesuit, so they forthwith robbed the Duke of his purse and gold watch. Inside Westminster Hall the scene must have beggared all description. The lobby was crowded with the mob, who pressed so close up to the doors that Members could not get out to divide. Lord George himself was constantly in and out, encouraging his friends, and bidding them persevere. The question before the House was whether they should at once take into consideration the petition which his lordship had presented. They were almost unanimous against it. But nothing could be done while the mob continued in the lobby. And it was not till a party of the Foot Guards were at length got up by Lord North that the business of the House could go on. The lobbies were then cleared. The House decided to consider the petition on the sixth. The mob retired from the neighbourhood, and tranquillity seemed to be restored. The Duke of Richmond had that very afternoon, while his fellow Peers were being mobbed outside, introduced to the House of Lords a Bill for universal suffrage. It had naturally provoked much sarcasm; but nobody imagined at eight o'clock that evening, when the Peers broke up, what a dreadful confutation was in store for it.

On leaving Westminster Hall the mob divided into two parties, evidently bent on further mischief. But at first they were, as we have said, comparatively moderate. They did no more than burn down one Roman Catholic chapel in Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn, belonging to the Sardinian ambassador, and another in Warwick Street, belonging to the Bavarian ambassador. They then, partly owing to the appearance of the military, went home. It was thought afterwards that these attacks upon places of worship were intended as a blind to divert men's minds from any apprehension of the wider scheme of plunder and devastation which followed. The authorities, indeed, made very light of the riots up to this point; even Lord Mansfield spoke of it as quite a slight irregularity. He was soon to find out with what serious excesses it was pregnant.

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On Saturday the mob did little; but what little they did was quite unhindered by the law. They trifled with a few Popish chapels and dwelling-houses, but apparently in expectation that the magistrates *must* do something soon, refrained from any larger enterprises. Discovering at last, however, that they were really masters of the town, they proceeded to exercise their power on a more extended scale. On Sunday they burnt the chapel in Moor Fields. On Monday they destroyed the house of Sir George Savile; and on the following Tuesday and Wednesday all that havoc was committed which has made the Gordon riots historical. But all this is now an old story. The burning of Lord Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury Square, with his valuable library and MSS.; of Newgate, the King's Bench, the Fleet, and other prisons whose inmates hastened to swell the tide of ruffianism which everywhere flooded the metropolis: the destruction of Mr. Langdale's distillery in Holborn, and the spectacle of miserable half-burnt wretches gulping down spirits out of pails, or even sucking them up out of the gutters; the attack on the Bank, which was repelled by no less a personage than John Wilkes; the prominent figure of the mob leader mounted on a huge dray-horse, who has been turned to such good account by Mr. Dickens; and finally, "last scene of all," the heavy, sullen roar of sustained musketry which announced that the troops had at last begun to act: all these things have been described too often by more skilful pens than ours to warrant our dwelling on them now. The Government seemed paralysed; but the truth is, that Ministers remembered what had occurred in 1768, when Lord Barington had provoked such a storm of indignation by the encouragement he had given to the military; and the Secretary of State was actually in such a frenzy of alarm that he caused his servants to wear blue cockades. The officers likewise remembered the coroners' inquests of 1768, and positively refused to interfere, even when pillage and incendiarism was going on before their eyes, unless the Riot Act was first read by a civil magistrate. A company of the Guards stood idly by during the destruction of Lord Mansfield's house; and when a magistrate was at length found to read the Riot Act, only a few women and children remained to be fired on. The Lord Mayor behaved with culpable remissness, and a rather warm correspondence ensued between his lordship and the Home Office. It was not until the Wednesday night that, finding all other means fail, the King at length took the law into his own hands; and, after consulting the Attorney-General, caused it to be notified to the troops, that "in obedience to an order from the King in council, the military were to act without waiting for directions from the civil magistrate." This decisive step put a stop to the rioters at once. On Thursday all was tranquil; and on Friday Lord George Gordon was arrested. For nearly one entire week the mob had been in possession of London, and it is wonderful, when we come to reflect upon it, that the outrages committed were no worse. Above all, it is remarkable that no offences are recorded against women. Lord Eldon, indeed, tells us that his wife was

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stripped of her hat and neckerchief as he was taking her to the Temple for safety. And one man was hanged for cutting his wife's head off with a saw, because she came home in liquor, with a blue riband in her bonnet, hiccupping "No Popery." But then this was on the side of order. Nearly three hundred persons lost their lives in the streets, and the slaughter would probably have been much greater had not Government prohibited private persons from carrying fire-arms. The students in the Temple prepared to join the soldiers who were quartered there, but the commanding officer, as they were going out in the morning, shut the door in their faces, and ordered it to be instantly locked, saying that he did not want to have his own men shot. For participation in the riot, 135 prisoners were tried, 59 were convicted, and 21 were hanged. The leader, who was brought to trial in the following February, was acquitted on a technical point; but he died after all in Newgate, imprisoned on a charge of libel, in the year 1793.

The Gordon riots were in one respect an exception to the rule we have laid down with regard to eighteenth-century mobs. Though headed by an aristocrat, they were not fomented by either of the two rival parties of the aristocracy. Had the Government acted with becoming vigour at the outset, the Gordon riots would have formed no part of English history. All ranks and parties alike united in condemning, not only the excesses of the mob, but the principle on which they acted. Thus we see that neither the general good sense of the nation, nor even the moderation and discipline which mobs may exhibit in the beginning, are any guarantee against the most fearful disorders if the agitation is permitted to continue. In other words, a mob is by its nature always gravitating towards a riot; and if not checked in time, must as certainly come to that end, as unlimited drinking to drunkenness, or unlimited drunkenness to madness.

The Gordon riots were the last of those which had the effect of fairly paralysing Government. The remembrance of them was still fresh in men's minds when the French Revolution broke out, pointing the moral as it seemed of all popular disturbances, and consolidating the reminiscences of the last twenty years into a permanent principle. Henceforth, although a very small section of the Whig party did continue to lend a kind of moral sanction to the seditious agitations of the period, the great bulk of the nation repudiated the employment of mobs as edge-tools dangerous to play with; and it was not till nearly forty years had elapsed that the English mob regained anything of its pristine glory. An attempt was made in 1795 to resuscitate the reign of mob-law which half a century sooner might have been attended with serious consequences. The "Corresponding Society," as it was called, convened a great meeting in Copenhagen Fields, where 150,000 persons assembled, and an address to the King was voted praying for reform in Parliament, the dismissal of Ministers, and peace with France. A few days after this meeting the King went in state to open Parliament. His carriage was surrounded by a mob and one of the windows was broken by a small bullet. On his

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return he was still followed by the crowd, who threatened to pull him out of his carriage, which, it is thought, they would have done but for the timely arrival of the Guards. But still the moral effect of this mob was absolutely nothing except in so far as it stimulated the friends of order. Out of sympathy with the nation at large, and unsupported by any aristocratic party of any weight in the country, the mob was powerless. The only result of their behaviour was that two Bills, called the "Treason Bill" and the "Sedition Bill" were passed through Parliament by overwhelming majorities, and though they were never put in force, the evidence which they supplied of the strength and determination of Government cowed the leaders of agitation, and caused it gradually to wither.

Before we quit the eighteenth century we must notice the famous Birmingham riots, where the mob, as if to show their impartiality towards sectaries of all denominations, proceeded to cap the doings of the Gordon rioters by a like display of rancour towards the Dissenters. The cause of the disturbance was a sermon preached by Dr. Priestly, a Unitarian, in which he upheld what had then come to be called "French principles." While the people were still in a state of much irritation at this discourse, notice was given that the Unitarian Society intended to celebrate the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastile by a public festival and dinner, to be held at one of the chief hotels. Popular feeling rose so high at this announcement that the more prudent of the propagandists declined to attend the celebration. About eighty, however, did assemble on the 14th of July (1791); but were soon surrounded by an immense mob who shouted "Church and King" with much ferocity of demeanour ere the company separated. They then proceeded to reward themselves for their own loyalty by demolishing Dr. Priestly's house, which contained a valuable laboratory and library. From this they went on to other acts of violence of the like kind, and even made raids into the country, where they burned or ransacked several gentlemen's houses. They had their own way entirely from Thursday to Sunday, and committed damage for which the sufferers recovered about thirty thousand pounds from their respective hundreds. It was said that they were encouraged by the clergy and at least winked at by the magistrates. But this we must presume to be a calumny. Only three of the rioters were hung, but great numbers perished in the flames.

We now take a great leap into almost a new world, passing over nearly a quarter of a century before mobs again become formidable. It was not till after the peace, when invasion had ceased to have any terrors for us, and the exultation of victory was forgotten in the distress which prevailed among the people, that political agitation revived. The source of this distress we are not called upon to explain; that it existed is a well-known fact; and that the enactment of the Corn Laws about the same time formed a useful weapon in the hands of agitators, is equally notorious. From 1816 to 1820, London was honeycombed with conspiracies, none of them perhaps very formidable, but the mere consciousness of which was harassing and irrita-

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ting to Government. The Luddites were still active in the manufacturing districts. The agricultural labourers rose in gangs, burning ricks, destroying shops in the country towns, and keeping even the most retired parts of the country in constant trepidation and anxiety. A number of associations called Hampden clubs were formed at this period for the purpose partly, or at least ostensibly, of diverting the people from these outrages by organizing a peaceable agitation in favour of Parliamentary Reform. They did to some extent succeed in diverting popular indignation from one class of offenders to another; from butchers and bakers and machine-owners, to parliamentary borough-mongers. But they did not do much towards making the people more peaceable. Large public meetings now began to be held all over the kingdom, and the "demagogue" rose again into such importance as he had not enjoyed since the days of "Jack Wilkes." Gentlemen again took up the part, and the mob again became formidable. In December, 1816, there was a serious riot in the City, which was nipped in the bud by the firmness of the Lord Mayor and City magistrates. But all these things were but preludes to the great meeting at Manchester, in 1819, when ensued what is commonly known to the public as the "Peterloo Massacre," but which was attended in reality by rather less bloodshed than might reasonably have been apprehended beforehand. On the 12th of July a monster meeting was held at Birmingham (then, as our readers know, unrepresented), when Sir Charles Wolsely, of Wolsely Park in Staffordshire, and descended of a very ancient county family, was elected Member for the town. He had told his audience at a previous meeting at Stockport that he had taken part in the storming of the Bastile, and that what he had done for France he would not hesitate to do for his own country. Sir Charles was arrested for this speech shortly after his "election," at his house in Staffordshire. But the people of Manchester, fired by the example of their brethren at Birmingham, resolved to have a Member too, and pitched upon Orator Hunt as their representative. A meeting was announced for Monday, the 9th of August, for the purpose of formally electing him, to be held on an open space of ground near St. Peter's Church. The magistrates forbade the meeting, and gave notice to all loyal and peaceable subjects to abstain from attending it. The Reformers then begged that the authorities would themselves convene a meeting where the question of Parliamentary Reform might be discussed. This request they, not perhaps unnaturally, declined; and it was immediately notified that the original meeting would be held. It assembled accordingly to the number of about eighty thousand with flags and bands of music. The magistrates had come to the decision not to prevent the meeting but only to arrest the ringleaders. They had at hand about two hundred special constables, forty of the Manchester yeomanry, the 15th Hussars, part of the 31st and 88th Regiments of Foot, and four hundred of the Cheshire yeomanry. The chief constable, when he received his warrant, said that it was impossible for him to execute it without military assistance. The Manchester yeomanry were then ordered

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to break through the mob, and penetrate to the spot where Hunt and his associates stood. But the command was more easily given than obeyed. The soldiers did not attempt a regular charge, but more humanely endeavoured to push their horses through the mass, without using their arms. The result may be imagined. They got separated from each other, and firmly wedged in among the mob, unable either to advance or retreat. At this moment, and when the mob was beginning to pull some of them off their horses, the 15th Hussars came up, and received orders from Mr. Hulton, one of the magistrates, to disperse the crowd and rescue the yeomanry. This was the work of only a few minutes; the ground was soon cleared, and Hunt and ten others were arrested. Of course, no affair of this kind could take place without a good many people being hurt. Between three and four hundred are said to have been injured on this occasion. But the cases of sabre wounds were not more than twenty or thirty, while the lives lost were actually not more than six, one of these being a special constable, and the other a yeoman, who was knocked off his horse by a brickbat. The collision took place in August during the parliamentary recess; and it is rather remarkable that when Parliament assembled again in the following November, comparatively little was said upon the subject in either House. In fact, the circumstances of the case had been much exaggerated; and as the popular leaders in the legislature had been able during the vacation to make inquiries for themselves, they judged it more prudent, perhaps also more generous, to refrain from declamation.

It would be untrue to say that the agitation which culminated in "Peterloo" was followed by a reaction, but it was certainly followed by a period of comparative tranquillity. The repressive measures of a really strong Government did something; the horror with which the Cato Street Conspiracy inspired all classes of society did more. But what did more than all towards killing the popular excitement was the return of general prosperity which commenced soon after the accession of George IV. The question of Parliamentary Reform was allowed to go to sleep again, and Catholic Emancipation and the Slave Trade took its place in public estimation; on neither of these questions was democratic agitation possible.

We have to pass over a period of twelve years before we find the passions of 1819 again asserting themselves, or any English mob worth mentioning, in collision with the established authorities. The latter part of the autumn of 1831 was a terrible time for England. Early in October the Lords had rejected the Reform Bill by a majority of forty-one; and that vote was a signal for the whole populace of the country to rise. Riots took place in half the large towns of the kingdom, London included, where Lord Londonderry and the Duke of Cumberland were pulled off their horses, and the windows of the Dukes of Wellington and Newcastle were smashed to pieces. But Bristol and Nottingham were the chosen spots in which the mob once more reigned supreme, and re-enacted the scenes of 1780 almost to the letter. Sir Charles Wetherell was Recorder of Bristol,

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and he had been one of the most violent opponents of the Reform Bill. Towards the end of October the time arrived at which the usual gaol delivery was to be held before him. Even many of his friends in Bristol, who understood the state of public feeling, thought it would be wise in him to postpone his visit. But Sir Charles himself and the more resolute of the Tory party deemed it unadvisable to betray any symptoms of timidity, and it was determined to proceed as usual. The results were frightful. Sir Charles made his entry into the city on the 29th, and with difficulty reached the Guildhall, where, amid the groans and hisses of a dense multitude, the commission was opened. With still greater difficulty did the Recorder make his way from the Guildhall to the Mansion House, where he was of course to dine with the Lord Mayor. But such a banquet was served up to him that night as must have haunted his dreams ever afterwards. The mob, vigorously but ineffectively opposed by the constabulary, smashed the windows and broke in the doors of the Mansion House, and forced its obnoxious guest, instead of sitting down to the dinner that was preparing for him, to make his escape as best he could over the roof of an adjoining house. The residence of the chief magistrate was ransacked, and among other booty falling into the hands of the mob was Sir Charles's own portmanteau, which, it was noticed at the time, though full of different kinds of wearing-apparel, contained *no braces*.* All this time the lower stories of the house had been laid completely bare to the gaze of the outsiders, who saw through the broken windows, and gaping doors, the whole paraphernalia of the kitchen arranged as for a grand banquet. Joints of meat were seen hung upon the spits, saucepans simmering on the fire, game ready trussed upon the dressers, but the cooks had fled, the altars were deserted, even the cellars were left a prey to the thirsty multitude, who were not slow to avail themselves of the opportunity. Henceforth Bristol was for some days at the mercy of the mob, who drank, burned, and pillaged, right and left, without any serious interruption even from the military force, which was amply sufficient to have quelled the riot at any moment. The explanation of this disgraceful scene is almost word for word the explanation of the Gordon riots. Both the officers in command of the troops, and the magistrates in command of the officers, shrank from their duty. But it does appear that the major part of the blame rested on the shoulders of Colonel Brereton. In the first place, at the very commencement of the riot, he withdrew one half of his troops from the scene of action to give them refreshment; and the mob took advantage of his absence to gain the upper hand, which they maintained for several days afterwards. In the second place he insisted at a later period on being allowed to withdraw his men to a village two miles from Bristol, on the ground that they were not *safe* in the city. Thirdly, he several times refused to charge when ordered to do so by the magistrates, because, he said, his men were too

* An allusion to a well-known peculiarity of the eccentric old lawyer.

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fatigued. It seems beyond dispute that the most ordinary display of courage and firmness at the beginning would have crushed these riots in the cradle, as it would almost all the riots that have happened. But these qualities were unfortunately wanted; and what was still worse, they only returned when the mob was already exhausted, and respectable people began again to show themselves in the streets. Then the cavalry charged through the town, slashing on all sides without mercy or discrimination, and killing or maiming a considerable number of innocent and perhaps even friendly persons. An inquiry was instituted into the conduct of the military, the result of which was that it seemed likely that Colonel Brereton would be tried by a court-martial. The unfortunate officer, as is well known, destroyed himself a few days afterwards, to avoid the ordeal which he felt he could not face with credit. No one doubted his personal courage; but personal courage is scarcely the quality most in demand against a mob.

The Nottingham riots, which occurred about a fortnight earlier, were neither so serious nor of such long duration as those at Bristol. But they acquired an unhappy notoriety by two circumstances of more than ordinary interest which attended them. One was the destruction of Nottingham Castle, an ancient and splendid relic of past ages, then the property of the Duke of Newcastle, which possibly suggested to Mr. Disraeli his vivid picture of the burning of Mowbray Castle in *Sybil*. The other, and one sufficient by itself to make the memory of these riots execrable for all time, was the death of Mrs. Musters, Lord Byron's "Mary," whose home at Colwick Hall was attacked by the mob, during the absence of her husband. She took refuge, with her daughter, in the shrubberies on a cold wet autumn night, and between the combined effects of fright and cold she died only a few weeks afterwards. The rioters extended their ravages for many miles round Nottingham, and some even penetrated to Loughborough, a market-town within the borders of Leicestershire. The present writer has often heard from relatives of his own, who were staying near Loughborough at the time, the terror they underwent on that memorable night, in a lonely country-house, with none but ladies for the garrison.

With the riots of 1831 this brief sketch of English mobs may be properly concluded. The affair of 1848 was a meeting that was likely to become a mob, but in point of fact it never did, and it would be foreign to our purpose to dwell merely on possibilities. The riots of last year are too recent to be discussed without suspicion of a political bias, which it is our express purpose to avoid. The experience of a hundred and fifty years teaches us two things, that we never need fear the mob when the better classes, and those set in authority over them, are true to themselves; and, secondly, that the slightest want of energy, the most venial error of judgment, or the briefest relaxation of vigilance, may be fraught with all the horrors which London underwent in 1780, and Bristol in 1831.

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Stone Edge.

CHAPTER V.

NATHAN THE WISE.

NATHAN'S little square red tea-caddy of a house had been built on—most inharmoniously—to an old stone cottage covered with ivy. In the smart new room in front was a smart green door, with a brass knocker, only opened once or twice in the year in times of great ceremony, and on these occasions it stuck fast, and creaked and screeched and groaned as if it resented the indignity of so fine a piece of show being required to do any work. Alongside the door that never opened was the hospitable door which was never shut, except in the coldest weather; and at it now stood the old couple. Mrs. Broom's face was radiant with smiles, and though Nathan's welcome was quieter, it was not the least hearty.

"Well for sure, yer haven't lost time, yer two childer," cried he, laughing. "If I iver see folk in such a hurry. And my missis here as thowt she might bring yer togither, and mix and sweeten to her taste, like as if it were a pudden."

"Dear heart o' me, Nathan," said his wife, "as if I were niver content so I hadn't a finger i' th' pie. It mak's me young again for to see yer two. God bless ye both," added the affectionate old woman, with tears in her eyes, as she dragged Cassie into the room upstairs by way of taking off her bonnet. She set her in a chair, and took the blushing face between her hands and gave it a hearty kiss.

"Yer cheeks is like a red rose, child," she said. "Now tell me all about it."

But all she could get out of her was, "Oh, auntie, I am so happy, and it's all along o' you; if ye hadna got me here, I should niver ha' lighted upo' Roland. How could he think o' me?"

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"Bless ye, child, ye munna spoil him wi' thinkin' such a deal o' him! He's a pretty middlin' lad as men goes; but thee'st worth three o' him—a sight too good for such as he. I niver let on to Nathan how much account I makes o' him; 'tain't good for men."

But in spite of this stoical view of his claims, she petted Roland for the rest of the evening with all her heart. The old people did most of the talking, however, themselves. Cassie sat in a corner of the room, silent and quiet in her happiness. Roland was a little more excited, but answered Nathan's jokes a good deal at random. They both, however, agreed in expecting that sudden illumination in the authorities which all lovers in such cases believe must immediately take place: the change in the oldest and most cherished opinions, the vanishing of the most obstinate prejudices in their favour. A new light has shone on their lives, and they cannot conceive how it can fail to enlighten every one else around them. Nathan shook his head at them warningly.

"Well, ye'r bold and hopeful for to go dead agin two such as Joshuay and German Ashford, and think they're to dance to yer piping, and mak' friends at your bidding, and a' that, *to* be sure!"

"Eh but, Nathan," said his wife, "they dunno want 'um to dance; ony to shake hands and giv' um their own way, poor things."

"I mun be going," said Roland at last; "feyther'll be home by now. He's out to-night at a club-feast. He's none for taking too much as some does; but he's thowt very good company is feyther," added he, with a sort of pride.

"Well, 'tis wonderful to hear good and Joshuay joined together in one word," observed Mrs. Broom to herself in a loud whisper, not intended for society or necessary for Roland to remark on.

"I wish ye kindly good-night," said he, as he drew Cassie out on the little grass-plat shut in by a high row of hollies, that there might be no more inconvenient witnesses of their parting than the moon and stars, which, as the Irish song says, "were shining brightly, 'cause they'd nothing else to do." There were bright dots of light on the glistening leaves of the hollies and ivy, almost as brilliant as the stars themselves, so that the sky above and the earth beneath seemed to be sparkling with jewels: sweet scents seemed to rise on all sides from sweetbriar and jessamine and southernwood and thyme; the murmur in the still air of a stream dashing among the stones far away at the foot of the hill seemed to add to the quiet hush of the night; a magnificent "harvest-moon" was rising over the mountain in front of them, looking so large and near that it seemed to touch the hill-side itself. In the extreme stillness of the outside world they seemed first to realize the troubles and difficulties of the path before them.

"I wunna speak to feyther to-night," said Roland; "I'd mebbe best let it stan' over till to-morro' i' th' afternoon. He's mostly riled at market-time; we'll let it be till arter his bargains is made." And then, as a sudden qualm came over him as to the small foundation there might be

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for his "Spanish castles"—"Come nigh to me, come nigh to me, Cassie," said he, drawing her closer. "Whativer will I do without thee an my feyther an' thine will na hear reason?"

"Well-a-day," answered she, "we'd ha' to bide mebbe a long while; but there's worse things nor waitin', Roland, for true hearts as trusts one another." And her face in the moonlight looked the very ideal of trust and hope.

"Ah! but thou wiltna want me as I shall thee," said he, a little jealously.

"Dost thou think not?" answered she, with a smile. "Womenfolk bides at home and remembers, most times. Menfolk goes about and forgets!"

The next morning, as the excitement in Cassie's mind went off, the light of her joy grew dim, and the fear of her father became stronger.

"Lyddy said as you'd a promised to speak up for us to feyther an it were wanted, aunt Bessie," said she, anxiously. "Can't yer get him here?"

"Surely, surely, child, your uncle Nathan will tackle him; he's a vara powerful man i' speech is Nathan," said the old wife, with much pride. "There's not a many like him: folks comes fro' all sides for to ask counsel o' him, and orders themselves accordingly."

Mrs. Broom had a profound respect for her husband's wisdom. "My master says so and so," was, in her eyes, a final appeal for other people; in her own concerns, she preserved a liberal right of private judgment. But against stupidity even the gods themselves, says Schiller, fight in vain; even the wisest man may be worsted without ignominy in a struggle with the main force of brute obstinacy. In theory, it may be easy to reason with a bull as you shake a red rag in his face, but in practice, the bull has the best of it; and Ashford was a very perfect specimen of the race. Therefore, though Nathan entered on the operation with the greatest circumspection, beguiled the old farmer from the market when his work was done, to have some ale, and did not begin on the negotiation till the glass was fairly in his hand, it was not of the smallest use.

"I were thinking what a good job 'twere," Nathan began, clearing his throat, "if Cassie and Roland Stracey was to come togither. They say Joshuay's saved a good bit o' money, and it stanns to reason Roland will hae it all."

Ashford looked up slowly: it was some time before such an idea could at all enter his head. "The son o' yon scoundrelly cheating rogue!" he almost screamed, when at last he took it in. "I'll hear none o' such spoke in my house: d'ye hear, Nathan?" And he rose instantly and turned hastily towards the door, contriving, however, to finish his glass of ale as if in a fit of absence. "I'll ha' Cassie to come back wi' me," he went on, angrily.

"I wunna leave the girl owt o' my money an ye serve her so," said Mrs. Broom, kindling, and unable to resist striking in. "If ye'll let her

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wed wi' Roland, she shall ha' the pounds an' welcome; but if not, she shanna ha' a penny on't."

"Ye may do yer best or yer worst wi' it," answered Ashford, in a rage. "'Tain't yourn at all by rights, an' you knows it; an' anyhow, I'll do what I choose wi' my own child."

"You used her mother shameful; and now yer all one as bad to the girl," cried the old woman, hotly.

"Cassie," shouted her father fiercely up the stairs, where he seemed to know by instinct that she had retreated, "come down d'reely; ye shanna stay an hour longer to larn such ill things as here. Get ready yer traps and come away, I say." And till she came he stood outside the house, fretting and fuming in spite of all Nathan's endeavours to pour oil on the troubled waters.

"What are ye whimpering for, yer silly wench?" said he, as they went off hurriedly. "Why, it's all for yer good. There's fifty better men, ay a hundred, nor that Roland Stracey in these parts."

"I want no better," said poor Cassie, in a low voice, humbly, after the example of Miranda.

Nathan looked after them in silence as they went away.

"Tell'ee what, he's like a mad bull when he's crossed is Ashford," said Mrs. Broom, rather apologetically, and not quite sure of the policy of her interference, as she leant her arms on her knees.

"Yes, my missis; but 'twere a pity to set up his back wi' bygones when thee wanted un so sore to do right by the young uns for time to come. Thou shouldst ha' smoothed un down wi' soft answers as turns wrath, instead o' flouting and rilin' o' him, an' rubbin' a' his hairs backards."

"Dear heart alive, and so I should! But thee seest the word allus slips out afore I've time to shut the door o' my lips upon 'um, as thee dost. And I dunna believe as it mattered," she ended, consolingly to herself. "Ye may wile the birds off the bushes wi' talk sooner nor ye'd drive Ashford where he wunna go. I've knowed him this five-and-twenty year, and never heerd on him doing nowt to please nobody."

The other encounter with the authorities did not pass off much more smoothly. Joshua was as much annoyed as Ashford himself, although not so violent.

"What, the daughter o' that auld fool German? A man as hasna got brass enough in's pouch, nor sense in's yead to keep hissen out of the workhouse," said he, when his son spoke to him.

"But, feyther, won't ye just come down and see her," answered Roland, gently, not knowing that she was already gone. "She will ha' some brass. Old Mrs. Broom's agoin' to leave her her mother's portion."

"I tak' no account o' thattins at all; them's ony words, and words is but wind. 'Old' Bessie Broom, as thee callest her, 's younger nor me, and she may live years and years; and more by token she may quarrel wi'

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Ashford again, and tak' up wi' a' those nieces a' Nathan's and leave them her money. There's Martha Savage allus about the place wi' her sharp eyes. And I wunna hae thee marry wi'out money down, and there's an end on't."

Matters were beginning to look seriously with Joshua; he always trusted to his "luck," which had hitherto brought him through, but this time his affairs were turning queerly.

"Ye hanna suppered up thae five new heifers as I've bought," said his father. And about an hour after, before his son had nearly finished the work, he looked in again to the cattle-shed and observed: "Ashford have a carried off his daughter home again frae her aunt's. And he were in a rare passion they said; so ye needn't be after her."

Roland sauntered disconsolately down the hill the next day, as soon as he could finish his work, to carry his woes to the old couple. He had hitherto had no idea of the strength of his father's enmities.

"I nivir giv' it a thought," said he, dolefully, "but my feyther's had a been fine and glad for her to come o'er our doorstane, once he'd a seen Cassie, and what a one she were for to make us happy and comfortable, and she so well-favoured too, like Ruth—tain't such a fine thing for to marry wi' me."

"Then thee wast but a fool, my lad, as to think thee feyther 'ud be so took up wi' a farrantly wench as a' that; auld stomachs ain't like young uns," said Nathan. "My word, I dunna deny as Cassie's a good and a pretty one, and steps as clean as e'er a fillie on 'um, but what's that to a man like Joshuay, as is no dour as a stone? Ill will is a sweet mossel to them as likes it, as they'll turn o'er and o'er again i' their mouths; and for aught I see when ye hae done wrong by a man, ye'r a deal more set agin him nor when ye hae been wronged. I dunna know the rights o' all that coil atwixt him and old German, and I wouldna say ill o' thee feyther to thee; but to them as knows Joshuay it stanns to reason (an' it mun be one or t'other) as he's a more like to cheat nor to be cheaten, my lad."

"But Cassie hasna cheaten nobody. She'd hae washed and mended him, and hae kep' the house and him cheerful and tidy too," said the lover—and he was an ardent one too. Indeed it may be questioned whether this list of qualities was not quite as agreeable and meritorious, and even as likely to promote their household bliss, as those which a Belgravian young lady brings to the common stock. "And we'd ha' loved one another wonderful too: dearly," he repeated to himself in an undertone, as if this part of the business were an extra, not necessary for the opinion concerning the marriage which Nathan was supposed to be adjusting.

"Well," answered the old man, "'whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and an ye light on a virtuous woman, her price is far above rubies,' says the wise Solomon. Seems they was scanty in them days, and I dunna see as they's much commoner now. 'A virtuous woman's a crown to her husband,' says he, and he were mighty petticklar too about 'um were

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Solomon; and he know'd a vast about 'um too," he added parenthetically to himself as it were. "Therefore I'm none for discouraging thee, but thee mun wait, lad—thee mun wait—thee'st nowt but a lad yet."

"I'm twenty-three," said Roland, with some injured dignity.

"Eh! that's not much, my boy, I didna marry till I were nigh upon forty. There's time for a' things—

For patience is a virtue great,
Therefore we mun wi' patience wait."

"There thou'st got to thy proverbs agin! I believe my master thinks more o' King Solomon nor a' the rest o' the Bible put together fro' Genesis to Revelations, Kings, Lords, and Prophets put together," said Mrs. Broom, with some slight confusion between the constitution and the canon. She was not literary herself, and credited Solomon with much that would greatly have astonished that sage, particularly all the proverbs in prose and verse which ornamented her husband's discourse. "I dunna think as Solomon knowed much about women either," she went on, "for all he were so cliver. I doubt he'd but a bad lot to deal wi'—that Egyptian huzzie as had the temples and the high places and things."

"Well, I do think a deal on him," said Nathan, meditatively.

"You're very throng to-night. I mun wish you good evening," said poor Roland in a depressed tone, retiring less comforted by the prospect of possibly marrying Cassie by the time he was forty, than perhaps reason demanded, as the shrewd old woman perceived.

"And dunna ye take to heart so much what thoe wise men says about a' that waiting and sich like," said she. "Nathan nor Solomon's not young men, see thee." Mrs. Broom had the greatest possible pride in the extent of her husband's learning and wisdom, but thought it seemly to depreciate them slightly in public, both for "manners" and wholesome discipline to her great man's pride. "An yer true love and you's firm and faithful to each other, twill move mountains. 'Many waters will not quench love.' There's a proverb an he wants one. And ye'll come together, please God, afore long, an ye don't do ill that good may come. Afore you're forty," she added, with a smile.

The young man's face brightened; he turned suddenly and gave her a great hug in his gratitude.

"Nay, lad, fair and softly. I'm not Cassie," she said, laughing—

"No, but yo'r Cassie's aunt, and her aunt's mine too," he added triumphantly and defiantly as he went away.

CHAPTER VI.

SCIENTIFIC AND ANTIQUARIAN.

It was towards evening a few days after, and Cassie was feeding the chickens, and gazing absently at her father's retreating back as he passed out of the farm-yard, when she suddenly heard a low whistle, and saw

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Roland in a dark corner of the cowshed opposite eagerly watching her. In another moment he had rushed out from his hiding-place, caught hold of her, drawn her in among the stacks, and was kissing her behind their friendly shelter.

"What a time it is sin' I have a see'd thee," said he; "but my feyther wouldna let me stir—he watches me like a cat does a moos. He lets me go a bit, and then's down wi' his foot on me happen I go a good yard out o'th' town. I shouldna ha' got here to year, but he sent me wi' a message to Amos Young, and I chanced on un at the turn o'th' road, and so nipped up the nob."

"My feyther's altogether as savage wi' thee and thine," answered she. "What would he do an he were to see thee here? He says thy feyther telled un as how there were a lass wi' money down to her portion, as he were a keepin' on wi' a long sight o' time back for thee," said Cassie, looking shyly and anxiously into his face.

Roland whistled incredulously. "I dunna know o' any lass as is a waitin' for me, but I know the lass as I'm a waitin' for," he went on, putting his arm round her.

"How long wilt thou wait, dearie?" said she, with a shy smile. "Thou'st not a good one at waiting at all, I take it. My feyther's back were scarce turned afore thou whistled—an he'd a come back where would we ha' been?"

"Dost thee wish I should be pleased to wait for thee? But I'd bided there a smattish while i' th' cowshed afore thou see'dst me;—a mortal long while," he repeated energetically.

"A cock's stride, as folks say," answered she, laughing, as she pointed to the big cock who had followed them among the corn-ricks. "It makes believe as it takes a long step, and 'tain't nothink at all! I take it thou'st but a make-believe too, Roland," said she, fondly, "when thou say'st an thee'll bide any time for me. Thou'lt forget me afore I shall thee, wi' all this coil o' troubles."

It took so long for Roland to rebut these calumnies and to prove his unalterable faith, that the gloaming fell, and he was obliged to leave her before the subject was half over.

"I havena said half o' what I'd a got to tell thee nayther," he ended, sorrowfully.

There was a light in Cassie's face as she came into the house that told only too plainly what had been taking place outside. Lydia shook her head lovingly at her.

"Thee must tell un not to come again, dearie. An thee feyther finds un he'll be that mad angry he'll half kill us all. Bid Roland bide awhile, till this storm-time be overpast. Mebbe thee aunt will do summut for him whiles, by nows and thens."

As Roland came out of the farmyard gate, with eyes in the back of his head instead of in front, he fell full upon old Ashford, who had returned home earlier than usual. The height to which the untamed

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passions of those who habitually yield to them can reach, the effect of irresponsible power and unchecked temper in secluded places where public opinion does not come, is something terrible. When men live in communities they are forced to give and take, and education and civilization, though they do not do much for us, teach us at least to restrain, or at the worst disguise their violence. The horror inspired by the deeds of the feudal lords in France show to what this sometimes amounted. The wild-beast state of fury to which Henry VIII. was said occasionally to have been roused, has few modern equivalents; though there was a great official not long ago who has been seen to sweep the table-cover of a drawing-room on to the floor, breaking and destroying its miscellaneous contents, in a fit of rage, at one fell swoop.

Ashford's fury was fearful to witness. After venting his passion upon Roland, he turned into the house, knocking down the chairs as he passed, upsetting the tea-table in his blind rage, and striking at the women, who slunk terrified away. "Oh, master, remember the baby," said poor Lydia, pitifully, but the appeal only seemed to add fuel to the flame; while Roland, who felt that his ill-timed visit was the cause of all, hovered round the door, not daring to go in, lest it should aggravate matters. The noise at last brought up German.

"Is there nowt to be done to bring him out?" said Roland, seizing him by the arm in a great state of agitation. "Hearken, it's all one as if he were mad."

"Turn the pigs into the potatoes, or the barley mead's best,—it ain't sheared yet," said German, readily. "I've ony just shut to the gate. Feyther left it open, and the pigs is a' in the lane handy." And while Roland ran off to make good the fact, German walked in at the door and said, without raising his voice—

"Feyther, the pigs is in the barley mead, a doin' no end o' damage, and I canna get 'um out wi'out you."

The first effect of the interruption was only to divert the stream of wrath on German's head; but in a few minutes the old man hurried off, and the excitement and fatigue of the pig-hunt created such a diversion, that when he came back out of breath it was just possible for Lydia to make him understand that the crime should not happen again, though his savage ill-humour for the rest of the evening made all communication like walking on live coals.

The next day he was "down" in a tremendous fit of rheumatic gout. Whether the fit of passion brought on illness, or the illness the passion, the women had a hard time of it, and his temper was terrible to bear. They hardly knew what to do with him, when one evening old Nanny the carrier came in at the door. Nanny Elmes was an important institution. Outwardly she was only a hale, wiry little old woman, who carried about a basket containing tapes, buttons, needles and pins, and such small ware; but in fact the functions of post-office, electric telegraph, railroad and shop, culminated in her. As writing was a rare accomplish-

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ment, communication was chiefly verbal in the district, and generally passed through Nanny, who never forgot or mistook anything. But then she had the great advantage of not being able to read and write: and what says Plato? "Write nothing, for what has once been written is sure to disappear from the memory." And Mrs. Elmes (no mean authority) agreed entirely with Plato, and always held up to scorn "them as trusted to their finner-ends ithstead of to their brains." I wish among the scores of essays on the "advantages of education" some one would write on the evils attached to reading and writing: how memory decays and independent thought diminishes under its baneful influences. The difficulties and expense of writing with a waxen tablet and a style, or whatever Mr. Grote may settle was the custom, must have prevented most Greeks from infringing Plato's precept; and the population generally of Athens evidently trusted to talk for their information, and memory for its retention: yet no one ever denied the intelligence and high culture of that sharp-witted people. Nanny Elmes was so far like an old Greek (a Rhapsodist shall we say?) that her memory seemed able to contain anything she gave it to keep, and that she went from house to house, always welcome to her bite and sup, and a warm greeting besides, bearing to all who chose, in a poetical though not perhaps exactly rhythmical form, the news of the district, the "hauts faits" of the community. How Tommy Young, working at a mine of his own sinking in the "king's field"* of the mountain opposite, had smoked out Sammy Goodale, who had been brought "to grass" for dead; the said Tommy having suspected Sammy of hitting on his own particular vein of lead ore, and after all "it were only a working of the old man;" the mysterious miner of the ancient times. How the quarrymen had set fire to a "blast" a bit too soon, and poor Willy, who was weakly, would surely have been killed, an his uncle hadn't rushed forward and dragged him out, though his own leg were broken by a big stone. And these things are much more graphic as given by word of mouth, with look and gesture, than in cold print. Nanny was also esteemed as wise in all ways, therefore the women rejoiced greatly to see her.

"Eh, Nanny," said Lydia, "but ye're welcome as flowers in May! Where ha' ye been this ever so long? Here's the master so bad he canna hardly stir; wunnot ye think o' summat to do him good?"

"For what dunno yo try a charm, Master Ashford?" said old Nanny, setting down her basket and standing with arms a-kimbo in a determined way opposite him; "they're fine things whiles. I tried one when my Johnny were sick with th' chin- [whooping] cough, as they telled me of. He were to be set backards of a donkey and to ride nine times round an ash-tree, and a did un a deal o' good."

"But I thowt Johnny died o' th' chincough," said Lydia, humbly and anxiously; with no touch of scorn, but an earnest desire to ascertain her

* King's field is ground where every man may dig a mine at his pleasure, without any appeal from the miserable proprietor of the upper soil.

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facts before she entered on the interpretation of the law of this peculiar mode of medicine.

"Ay, he died for sure, but they said 'twere because I couldna get the ass up till mebbe a week afore he were taken. Anyhow, all the while he were ridin' 'twere wonderful how quiet the cough were."

"But I hanna got the chincough," said Ashford, sulkily.

"Nay, but there's charms and charms. Some folks thinks a deal o' a necklace of coins fro' the communion money, but I arena much for that," answered Nanny, who was a staunch Dissenter with a touch of pride. "It may be all very well for Church folk, but them as is brought up i' the light o' truth don'ot hold by such ways."

"I wonna be worrited nayther by physics nor charms," growled the old man, doggedly. "Where hae ye bin to all this while? tell me summat."

"I've been up i' th' Dales to Stoney Tracey. I allus goes there by nows and thens. Flour's up again, I heerd say," said Nanny, as the boy German came in with a sack on his head; "sure it's an uncommon price. Ye mun tak' heed to the Hobbthursts."

"What's them?" inquired German, with much interest, as he came up behind her, hoping for a "tale," while Cassandra turned round from washing her pans to hear; and even Lydia paused in her spinning to listen.

"Hast thee niver heerd," said the old woman, "o' the big boggat as robs the mills up i' th' Dales, for a' the doors be safe locked?"

"And how does he get in?" asked the boy, with round open eyes peering eagerly into the old woman's face.

"They say giant Hobb hath ever a little un alongside o' him, a dwarf like, as he puts through the window o' th' mill to tak' the meal. And the butter, too, ain't safe; but how that mid be I canna say, for they're all 'fraid to look out when he comes."

"Nay," said old Ashford, "I wunna ha' my lad telled such a pack o' nonsense tales a' thattens, a kippin' him frae his work. There ain't no such things in nature, not a bit. And the Hobb niver was knowed to come beyont the Dale," he added, conclusively in authority if not in reasoning.

"Well," replied the woman, "anyhow there's Squire Rivers been a pokin' and a diggin' into things as he'd better leave alone. I doubt the Hobb will be arter *his* meal anyways. He's been into the cavern they ca' Ludchurch, and t'other hole, where the Hobb has his lodging they allus say."

"Dear heart, what fools there do be in th' world," said Ashford, oracularly. "There were a queer little fella wi' spectacles on's nose, as comed here speerin' questions up and down, mebbe a twelvemonth back. 'And what's them figures upo' th' house?' says he. 'I dunna know,' says I. 'I beant booklearned'—short like, to ha' done wi' un. 'And how do ye ca' this, and what do ye ca' t'other?' he goes on, none daunted. 'And what's the name o' yon little hill nigh there?' 'Lose Hill,' says I. 'And that other t'other?'

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"Ah, that'll be Win Hill he'd mean," said Nanny, much interested.

"'Yes,' says he. 'I've a heerd tell o' that. There were a big battle here atwixt the Danes and them as were o' th' country-side. And an this be Lose Hill, where were the folks buried as were killed i' th' fight? What's yon mound?' he says, peering wi' his head o' one side, and his sharp eyes and barnacles. 'What, thattens? do ye mean Deddun's Mead?' says I. 'That's it,' he goes on. 'Dead Man's Mead' (as if he know'd a deal more o' it nor I, as had lived on it man and boy all my days). 'Ha' ye never digged nor found anything i' th' "lowe?"' 'What would there be? Gold, man?' I cum down sharp on 'im. 'Nay, friend, nowt but dead men's bones, and pikeheads, and cracked jugs mebbe,'" he says.

"And what for should ye fash yersen wi' thattens, I wonder?" put in Nanny.

"Well and that's just what I says to un. 'I want na bones, nor cracked jugs; there's enough o' them, and porringers too, i' th' house, wi' a' the lads and lasses break!' Wi' that he laughed right out—ye could ha' heerd him right over the hill. 'Mebbe ye'r in the right there, my man; they wouldn't be o' much account to you!' and a looked so queer out o' his eyes; and I heerd arter as it mun ha' been Squire Rivers from that side country! Well-a-day, what maggots them quality does tak' up wi'; cos they hasn't nowt else to do I take it! But if I'd ha' know'd it were the old squire I wouldna ha' made so free.

"Well, ye'd the best on him about the jugs anyhow," said Nanny, cheerfully.

"Ay, that had I; hadn't I?" repeated the old man, much pleased. "I tuk the change out on him there, I did."

After all, Nanny *had* brought a charm with her, and approved herself a good leech. Ashford improved from that time. She had amused him, and listened to and admired him, two of the best sedatives known in any pharmacopœia.

CHAPTER VII.

Fern-Cutting on the Druid's Hill.

It was a beautiful day late in October about a month after. "German," said his father, coming wearily into the house, "we mun ha' more bracken cut for fodder down i' th' Parson's Lot. Ye mun go down to-day, or it'll be too wet. I do b'leeve there ain't the kip o' a single heifer upo' the whole lot. I mun get what I can out of it. I were a fool to promise thretty shillin' a year for't,—the meresmen said as how it werena much above three acre. The old mare can git with the cart as far as the gate. I canna go, and Cassie'd better go i' th' stead to help thee."

German knew that it was much too late in the season for cutting bracken, but nothing was ever done in time at Stone Edge; and he and his sister took their sickles in silence and went down as they were desired.

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Nothing, in fact, could be less remunerative or more beautiful than the ground in question. It lay some distance from the farm, where the shade of the warmer valley began. The steep hill-side was clothed with masses of wood, amongst which the grey piles of rock appeared; the soil was shallow indeed, and so broken with stones, that one wondered how the tall trees found nourishment of any kind. Here and there were open spaces covered with heather and bracken, which in this autumn time had ripened to a russet brown, diversified with brilliant yellow and green patches of rushy grass, rich in colour beyond description. Slender white birch-stems and pendent mountain-ash hung with a wreath of scarlet berries, grew in groups here and there. A strip of this unprofitable heath had been allotted to the parson in some primitive distribution of the unenclosed soil; and a scraggy heifer or two belonging to Ashford had gained a scanty living on it, with an immense amount of toil. It was chiefly valuable to him for the farm, which saved straw, and German always rather enjoyed the expedition. Any change is pleasant to a boy, even to a hill-side a mile off; and he drove his old mare down the hill, with his sister by his side, shaken to pieces, but both very merry. German unharnessed the mare and tied her up, and Cassie wandered on with her sister in hand. Over all passed the shadows of the great fleecy clouds overhead, which sailed across the blue sky, throwing a changing shade here and there over the woods and hills, making the sunlit portions still more lovely in their autumn dress. Presently she thought she heard voices in the little grassy lane, which ran on the other side of the small stream at the bottom of the hill, and she leaned against the ruined wall, overspread with ivy and beautiful creeping plants, and hidden in a covert of honeysuckle and fern. Presently three men came out of a field on the other side of the lane. Joshua was warmly debating the value of a horse, which he had just been trying, with its master, the miller.

"I tell ye the nag's ten year old an she's a day. She ayn't worth five pounds," shouted he.

"She's worth more nor any horse you ever had," retorted the miller. "You might ride her to Youlcliffe without her turning a hair."

Roland, little interested, stood holding his father's horse and his own, and looking sadly up the valley which led to Stone Edge—so intently, that Cassie felt sure he would miss seeing her, and yet by moving she was afraid of drawing his father's attention. At last his eyes caught sight of German in the fern high up on the hill, and came eagerly down in search of her. There was a small close and a tolerably wide brook, and the wall on the bank between them, across which they stood looking at each other. His father and the miller went on gesticulating and arguing within a couple of yards of him, screaming, swearing, appealing, defending, while Roland, half hidden by the horses, gazed across the intervening space, and sadly said most eloquent things in that unvoiced conversation; and Cassie from her covert, masked by fern, under the changing shadows of the birch and mountain-ash, answered him again in the same language.

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At length Joshua, in the necessary passion, all in the way of business, turned suddenly round, seized his horse's bridle out of his son's hand, and rode off saying, "Come, Roland, I'll none waste my time with such roundings."

He was very sharp-eyed was Joshua, but a bargain is a bargain and an absorbing occupation, and he was watching the changes on the miller's face, not the unprofitable quivering of mountain-ashes. Luckily the miller's last words were long. "We'll halve the difference. You'll think on it again," was thrown backward and forward fiercely. Roland could not leave Cassie thus without a word. He took his chance, passed his horse's bridle under a stone on the wall, vaulted it, leaped at the brook, stumbled on the muddy bank and slipped with one leg into the water, sprang up the other side, and seized her by the hands with the greatest difficulty as he clung on to the wall.

"Oh, Roland!" said she, bending down from her high estate, and looking like a Druid priestess with her sickle under the oak-tree. "Thee father will be just right down mad. Go off, my lad. Lyddy bid me tell thee thou mustna come again till thy feyther and mine agree."

He had no time for remonstrances. In another moment he had cleared the stream and the wall again, had leapt on his horse and followed his father, carefully riding on the off-side of him to conceal his wet leg. Joshua was in high glee at getting the cob a few shillings cheaper than it was worth, and chatted on cheerfully to his son without perceiving his preoccupation. Cassie stood listening to the sharp sound of the horses' tread on the limestone which followed the unseen line of road far down the valley, till at a bend in the hill-side it stopped suddenly, when she turned round with a sigh.

"Well, I niver!" said German, laughing, behind her, "And that sharp un, Joshuay, not to see a mossel o' it right under his very nose! We shanna get much bracken tho' at this rate. Thee mun help me to stack what I've got intil th' cart, or we shanna get home to-night."

The winter passed on and they never met again, while neither German nor Cassie were suffered to go down to their uncle's at Youlcliffe.

One market-day, however, the old man's rheumatics were so bad that he summoned German to take the old mare and go down with a sample of oats in his stead.

"And I shall go and see my aunt," said the boy, stoutly. His father was grunting a refusal, but Lydia interposed, and his wrath was diverted on her devoted head.

"Feyther keeps her there argufying an it were her fault he's got a rick in's back," said German to his sister, who came with him to the door.

"Here's the kitling as she axed me for a long time back. How wilt thou carry it?" answered she.

"Gie it me in here," said German, opening his waistcoat, and the

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kitten was dropped into rather dangerous proximity to his skin, but apparently quite satisfied with its situation.

"Thou'st main good, lad, to dumb beasts," observed Lydia, admiringly, who had come up. "'Tain't a many as 'ud dare to ha' a cat's claws so nigh their flesh."

"See Roland an thee canst, lad, and bring me word o' him," whispered Cassie in her brother's ear, as he mounted the long-legged beast with his burden before him.

"And get me twal shirt-button," cried Lydia as he rode away.

Having arrived at Youlcliffe, put up his horse, and done his business, without seeing any signs of Roland, he betook himself to his aunt's, whom he found sitting jovial, cheerful, and red with heat, near a tremendous fire on a very hot day. In the abundance of coal in that district, it is thought bad manners and hospitality ever to let down the fire, however much suffering it may entail on oneself and one's friends.

"Well, German," said she, "and I'm very glad to see yer. Yes, I'm purely, thank ye, only I canna get shut o' the pean in my yead. By times it's enough to drive a dog mad."

"I've a brought the kitling, aunt, and it's a black one Cassie bid me say she had a chose," said he, as he drew forth the little woolly bundle and set it on a chair, where it stretched itself after its close packing, and contemplated existence in a grand way very deliberately.

"Dear heart alive, but it's a pretty un! They tell me it's good luck to bring a black cat to a house, but I dunna set great store by a' them things folks says."

"Thou'lt be fine and hungry, lad," said his uncle. "You young uns can eat your bellyful a many times over i' th' day. Thou'st nigh clemmed, I take it. The air's very strong and healthful at Stone Edge."

"Here's wheaten bread and cheese," said the old woman, "while I warm the bacon and broad beans left fra our dinner; there's nobbut a bilin' o' 'em left, I take it. And how's Cassie?" she inquired, standing over the boy and hospitably heaping the food on his plate. "I take it as very hard as I canna see her. One's own niece is a deal more to one nor one's husband's; leastways when hur's like Martha Savage."

"Thee niver canst abide Martha, my missis," said old Nathan, smiling.

"She've a tongue like a nutmeg grater, and she's as sharp as a ferret."

"There ain't a mossel o' harm in her," answered her husband; "but she do talk, there's no denying that."

"Talk!" replied Mrs. Broom, energetically. "She'd talk a horse's leg off! And she were the ugliest baby as ever I set eyes on," continued the old woman, in this rather miscellaneous catalogue of Mrs. Martha's crimes.

"'Fou' in the cradle, fair in the saddle,' they say, you know," said Nathan, laughing.

"Nay, there ye're quite out," answered his wife, triumphantly; "that saddle wunna fit, for she ain't fair, and she's never been upo' a horse's

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back in her born days; but thou lovest them proverbs so as thou'lt fit 'um upo' a' heads."

German meantime was doing full justice even to his aunt's Benjamin portion of food, his mouth had hitherto been too busy for talk, but there is an end even to a boy's appetite.

"Thank yer kindly, aunt, I'm full," he said at last, in answer to her renewed entreaties to eat, as he rose.

"And how's yer father?" she began. "He's very nasty-tempered. I've no patience wi' him for's ways. His head's as full o' maggots [fancies] as an egg is o' meat."

"Hush, wife," said Nathan, who took the side of the authorities. "Ye mustna say that afore his son. He's a bit westy by times is Ashford, that's a'. By 'r Lady, is it!"—(the curious old Catholic oath of the district).*

"What, when he keeps Cassie mewed up wi' his tantrums, and won't so much as let her own aunt ha' the view on her! And here's my own sister's son as I ha' hardly set eyes on sin' he were growed up!"

"Besides," said Nathan the wise, "correction's good for childer." And he went on chaunting, in a grave sonorous voice,—

> Solomon said, in accents mild,
> Spare the rod and spile the child;
> Be they man or be they maid,
> Whip them and whallop them, Solomon said!

"I dunna see as man or maid either's the better for cuttin' in to," answered German, meditatively, as he put the finishing stroke to a stick-head which he was making for his uncle with his beloved new knife. "I ain't a bit of wood, as he should carve me into what fashion he fancies. Here's yer stick, uncle, and long health to use it, and I wish I was where the stick will be—along with yer."

"Thank ye kindly, my lad, and the same to you, and dunna ye be in too great a haste wi' your life. There be a deal o' pride i' th' world wants felling."

"I bean't a learnin' nothin'; it's just muddlin' and milkin' and wabblin' i' th' mud arter plough-tail. I'm like the little donkeys i' th' lane, I canna addle [earn] nought." The burgher blood from his mother was stirring curiously in the lad. "Roland would ha' learnt me to write and cipher, but feyther wouldn' let me nigh him. Well, good-by, uncle. I must go; the minits runs as fast as rats down here."

"I want ye for to go to Amos Young's, up your way, German," shouted his aunt after him, "and get me some pills. My inside's very tickle for to fettle, and I mun hae 'em from him."

"I'll go and welcome; but I didn't know as he'd a knowed owt o' doctoring," answered her nephew.

"No, but he's a very pious man," said Mrs. Broom, convincedly.

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* "By'r lady shall she."—*See* Capulet: *Romeo and Juliet.*

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As he went out of the door he fell upon Roland, rushing eagerly after him. "I can see Stone Edge from Win Hill above our close," said he, "for all there's two dales and three shoulders o' the hill betwixt us. Tell Cassie if she'd go up to 'the Stones' wi' you, and make a fire o' weeds, I should see the white smoke plain, and take it as a sign she hain't forgotten me. Tell her I shall go up every evening till I see it."

With which injunctions German rode home: prices for his father, buttons for his mother, and this primitive love-token for his sister.

Stone Edge overlooked the whole country. In one direction the Dale stretched far up to the purple moors in a pale distance. About it the mountains were tumbled into an extraordinary variety of peaks and shoulders, with precipitous valleys huddled in between, while beyond the long slow ugly ascent which lay behind rose other hills and valleys far and dim. On the extreme summit stood the stones of some great Druidical work, remnants of forgotten worship. Two great uprights still remained, and a rocking-stone. They must have been a most poetic-minded priesthood: their temples are placed in the finest situations for effect of natural scenery that can be chosen. Stonehenge, with its almost illimitable horizon of plain, with something of the same grandeur as the sea, the Cornish rocking-stone on its stern granite precipices, within hearing of the never-resting dash of waves, the Northern remains, are each perfect in its kind.

The Edge must have been seen far and near, and the signal-fires —which were no mean substitute for telegraphs—could have been transmitted from such a centre with almost electric rapidity. Still there were other hills near, apparently as good for this purpose, and nothing but the keenest sense of the majesty and grandeur which such a position would add to their ceremonies, could have induced men in those pathless mountains to spend so much labour as was required to raise such vast stones on such a spot,—the worship of the beauty of Nature, which we are now taught to think came into the world only with and since good roads and "convenient post-chaises" gave people leisure to look about. No doubt it was a different feeling from what prompts a young lady to put her head languidly out of a carriage-window and say, "Look, papa, what a pretty mountain!"

The old Druid probably believed in his everlasting hills with a deep reverence mixed with fear. The earth-god had been at strange work in his wrath here, he probably thought; and those scarred cliffs and rifted mountains were no pastime for a smoking, flirting, noisy, draggled pleasure-train as now; but the signs of an offended God, propitiated probably by some fearful rites on that solitary peak of "earth-o'ergazing mountains." And there the young girl went up the next day and lit her signal-fire. The thin blue smoke curled outwards and away, and seemed to bear her thoughts with it. Even such communication, however, was a comfort to her, as she watched dreamily the answering beacon from the other hill.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Crooked Ways.

"The cranberries are ripe," said German one day to his sister.

"Be they?" said she. "Then I'll out and pick some, and send 'um to my aunt by Nanny Elmes."

Nothing can be more charming in the rare fine days of that rainy region than the upland moors in their unspoiled beauty. In July and August they are a gorgeous carpet of flowers—the dwarf yellow furze, mixed with three kinds of heather in their various purple gradations, making a perfect sea of bloom. Growing among these are rare vacciniums, with their lovely pink and white waxen bells, cranberries, whortleberries, blueberries, bilberries; while the red-leaved sundew, cotton-plant, and yellow asphodel, mixed with wonderful green mosses, cover the wetter spots. It is a rich garden for those who care, and for those who do not there is a fresh, soft, balmy lightness in the air, as if it were too delicious for Nature to give it in common use to her children, and she therefore kept it only for rare occasions and places difficult of access. Cassie was out on the cranberry moor very early in the next morning, and as she came and went among the flowers, not with any sentimental purposes towards them, but simply picking her "berries," she threw off her bonnet, and the delicate, bright, breezy-scented air made her young blood light within her heart, and she sang to herself as she went; the beautiful fresh young face looking even brighter than usual, for she felt as if all must come right.

> The summer flower is to the summer sweet,
> Though by itself it lives and dies unknown,

says one of the Shakspeare sonnets. I hope, therefore, that the summer enjoyed its human flower also, for there was no one else to do so, and it was a pity, for the sight was a very fair one. She turned home, having filled her little can and gathered moss to pack the fruit in, picking a bilberry here and there as she went, and putting it into her mouth as she smiled at the recollection of the many scrapes which she and German had got into on this very part of the moor—playing truant from work, their little mouths, blackened with the stains of the tell-tale bilberry, revealing their iniquities—when in the distance she saw Nanny Elmes coming up the green lane leading to the Old Hall.

It was so short a time since the old woman had been with them, that a cold chill of fear came over Cassie that something must have gone wrong, and she hurried forwards anxiously.

"Your uncle sends ye word, my lass, that your aunt ha' had a 'plexy stroke, and ye mun come down as fast as mid be an ye would see her alive. I were to ha' letted ye know last night, but I were so late, and I

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darena come up the lone moor by night, for 'tis a very boggety bit," said Nanny.

Cassie gave a little cry; her flowery visions seemed to melt away as under a frost, and then her conscience reproached her that her next thought should be, not of her poor aunt, but the personal one that if she went to Youlcliffe she might see Roland again.

Ashford was sitting in the kitchen, much "put about" by the news, and therefore as obstinate as possible. He seemed to take pleasure in declaring that Cassie should not go, a sufficient number of times to prevent her thinking him too kind. And he probably would have held to it, but Nanny Elmes was an authority and came to the rescue.

"She's struck for death, and Cassie mun go quickly or she'll never see her again. Go and put on thee bonnet, child," said she, as if it were a matter of course—which carried the day, and Cassie set off for Youlcliffe on her sad errand with a strange mixture of joy and sorrow in her heart.

Meantime Joshua, the shrewd and wary, had happened to hear of Mrs. Broom's illness before his son. He was standing on the high stone steps leading to his door that same evening when a small boy appeared at the foot.

"What do ye want, little un?" said he, looking down superciliously.

"Where's Roland?" replied the small messenger. "Bessie Broom have had a fit, and the doctor's away to Stoneaton they says, and Nathan thowt that mebbe Roland would ride over for un. Eh but there is the doctor come home hissen, so it don't matter now!" said the boy, who had not hurried himself with his message.

Joshua immediately determined to get his son out of harm's way. "For to be sure, Cassie'll be down to see her aunt d'recly," said he to himself.

After his fashion he was proud and fond of his boy. He had given him some education: Roland could read, and write, and cipher—at that time not common accomplishments, of which his father made much use. He had a sort of general notion of his son's making a grand marriage with money, which might help the "trade," which was all done in a gambling sort of way, rich one day, half-ruined the next, and he determined to make a great effort.

He went down to Roland, who was hard at work in the sheds behind the house "suppering up" and "littering down" the cattle, safe, as his father saw, from all chance of hearing the news. He came close up to the heifer which Roland was driving in, pinched it scientifically, and said,—

"Ye'll tak' her betimes to-morrow to Farmer Stodge's, as I promised un when he were this way; and then I was a thinking, Roland, as 'twould be a good job for thee to go on to t'other side York, to Mitchell's, as sould me the last lot o' runts, and see and manage about not paying the money. And there's a horsedealer, Jackman, as worries me sore about

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a heap o' things down there. Nobody can't manage it but you, Roland," said his father, who had a persuasive way with him when he chose. "I canna go mysen. I mun pick up summat i' th' way o' nags at the big fair at Hawksley; but if it can be done, you'll do it, and things is out and out bad wi' me this time."

Joshua had always kept his son in the dark as to his affairs; but his uneasiness this time was real.

"There's Martha Savage had a very tidy portion left her," he went on, "when her husband died; 'twould be very convenient now. Couldn't ye tak' to her, Roland? She's a pair o' smartish black eyes, and hur's a rare un to manage a house, and nimble o' foot."

"Ay, and wi' her tongue, too. But ye'd best leave yon alone, father. I'd not wed wi' her an she'd the Bank o' England to her fortune, and were as pretty as Queen Esther in her royal robes."

Joshua was beginning to feel that there was a certain point beyond which even he did not dare to urge his son, "quiet" as he thought him to be, and he hurried him off very early, before Cassandra could reach Youlcliffe, going with him himself the first few miles for better security.

"I'm not particular to a day or two about your coming back, Roland; 'tain't often ye get an out," he said at parting to his unconscious son.

"It's all for his good," he said to himself, as he returned slowly home alone. Whenever we do anything particularly selfish and ill-natured, we always find out that it is all for somebody's advantage. We so far pay homage to the good within us as to tell it a lie. It is not quite so silly as to believe us, but it is a little stupefied.

He was quite successful in his plans. The unsuspecting Roland was leaving Youlcliffe by one road as Cassandra approached it by another.

When she at length reached her aunt there was little consciousness left. The old woman lay in a sort of sleep, painless and quiet; and although she often spoke, the bystanders could not be sure that she recognized them. Pleasant, kindly words they were which she uttered, like herself, but the unseen world seemed to be closing round her. She talked, but it seemed to be chiefly with those who were gone,—her father, mother, and sister, who had been dead for years.

It was a gentle dismissal. As Cassie sat in the dimly-lighted chamber, watching the waning life ebbing slowly away, she involuntarily looked towards the door, and started at every fresh voice downstairs, hoping to see Roland, longing for a word or a sign. It was many months since the meeting under the fern on the steep hill-side, and she began to have the cold shiver of doubt which absence brings with it under such complete separation; but she watched and waited in vain, no Roland appeared. She reproached herself for thinking of anything but the solemn scene before her; but the tide of life was too strong within her,—she was too young to live in the past,—and her heart sank within her as she heard and saw nothing of him.

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The old man wandered about in a lost way, which was very pathetic, and refused to be comforted.

"Eh," said he, "she were ailing long afore she spoke; she niver took to her bed, and she said sudden like one day, 'I think I'll send for Cassie an I'm going to be bad.' And I said, 'Eh, lass, but ye mustna talk like that, to want a nuss! Thee'st ony a bit low; bide a bit. What iver I do an thou'st sick?' And she laughed out so merry, and says, 'Eh, men's but poor creeturs wi'out women to look arter 'um!' And I wouldn't b'lieve there was much amiss, and she aye so cheerful like. And last Saturday, afore she were took for death, there come one o' the Methodus as owed her a bit o' money for summat o' 'nother, and after she'd paid her, I heerd her say, 'Well, now I've squared matters wi' you here, Bessie Broom, and I hope, too, you've a made your accounts right wi' God; for it's like He may ca' ye soon to Himself an ye be so bad.' And such a turn it giv' me as niver were; for yur see she'd niver said nowt, and I couldn't bear to think she were real ill, nor as she were going away from me. And I'm right down mad wi' myself now as I didn't send for you d'recly, and the doctor too before, but she never could abide doctors."

"I'm sure you did a' you could for her, uncle," said Cassie affectionately.

"Nay, lass, but I didna; that's where 'tis. I were a thinkin' o' my own comfort,—I were right down took up wi' mysen,—that's how 'twere; and she, she were allus thinkin' for other folk, and niver giv' in till she were took for death."

"She were a happy wife anyhow were aunt Bessie," said she, "and thought no end o' you, ye know, uncle Nathan."

"Yes, my wench, but that was her goodness, not mine."

At last came the end: a bright light passed over the old woman's face—the light of the rising, not the setting—and then she passed so peacefully away that neither Cassandra nor her uncle could tell the moment when the breath ceased: that strange moment, which changes the man made after the image of his Maker into something less valuable than the clods of the field. Her father had made her promise that she would return immediately after the death, clenching it by saying that German should not go to the funeral unless she came home, so she prepared honourably to keep her word.

"Good-by, Cassie," said her uncle, as he parted with her at the little garden-gate. "She were main fond o' thee, lass, were thy aunt Bessy. Her have a left thee the sixty-eight pund odd. 'German,' says she, 'will hae his father's farm. We mun trust to thee to do rightly by that now.' Ah, and thae flowers," said the old man, going back to his own thoughts, and passing his hand affectionately over a bush as he went along, "how fond she were o' thae roses! She made 'um a' for to stand o' one leg. She said they werena so bothersome about the bottom, they didna hae so many rucks. And there she didna bide wi' us as long as

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the flowers! How hur did knock about to be sure!—summer and winter hur were allus a doing. She hadn't a lazy bone in hur body. She were a very endeevouring woman she were; and we niver had a word together for nine-and-thirty year!"

As they stood at the wicket they saw Joshua walking slowly away, having apparently just passed the house, with an affectation of not looking round.

"I wunna speak to him," said Nathan. "Bessie couldn't abide him. I wonder Roland hasna iver been to inquire after her, she set great store by him. And he know'd she were ill, for I sent up to him. Joshua gives it out as he's made a very deal o' money; happen he's grow'd too grand for such as we. And there's a farmer nigh to York where he's dealings in the cattle line, and where Roland goes a deal they say. That's where he is now I take it. I wonder whether there's any females in the house there?" said the old man dreamily. "But a should ha' come and seen his auld friend a should, afore he went; a thing prizeable is an old friend, and she were allus one to him."

It was with a weary heart that Cassie went home that day; "unknown females" danced before her imagination. What if his father had schemed Roland into marrying some York beauty? "What shall I care for the money then?" said the poor girl to herself. At first she had been glad of her dower: "but I've lost aunt Bessie as loved me, and now there's Roland going too; what good will money do me?"

As she turned off the high-road out of the broad Dale, she saw a storm of rain come travelling slowly up the valley: each fold of hill was slowly blotted out one after another; before it all seemed fair and glowing, behind it the beautiful details of rock and wood vanished as under the sweep of a brush of dark colour, the outlines were blurred, the beauty effaced as its finger touched them. When she reached Stone Edge, the skirts of the cloud had broken over her: she was wet to the skin; the beauty seemed to have been wiped out of her day, the cloud to be slowly gathering over her life.

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Voyage of the "Diana" Whaler of Hull,

IN THE YEARS 1866–67.

This short narrative of a voyage to the Eastern Greenland seas, and the northern regions of Davis Straits, is prepared from information given by the survivors and from the journals of the surgeon and the ship's log-book. It illustrates some of the dangers to which our whale-fishers are still exposed, notwithstanding the great improvements in the construction of ships, the introduction of steam, and knowledge and experience acquired by the various Arctic expeditions. Owing to the high value of oil and seal-skins, and the great demand for whalebone, which is now worked up for every conceivable article of use, and has reached a marketable value of nearly 700*l.* per ton, great encouragement has lately been offered to embark in the Northern fisheries, and quite a fleet of fine steam and sailing ships annually leave our shores on these adventurous voyages.

The ships sail about the end of February, having engaged all their principal officers, harpooners, boat-steerers, and seamen at the Northern ports, and proceed to fill up their complement of oarsmen, or rowers, with the hardy fishermen of the Shetland Islands. Without loss of time they sail to the edge of the Polar ice, in the Eastern Greenland seas, and the neighbourhood of Jan Mayen Island; and through storms and bitter frosts they cruise along, keeping a constant look-out from the *crow's-nest* at the mast-head for the young seals, which are born in thousands upon the ice. Incurring the greatest risks from collision with the pack-ice, the violent gales, and the loss of boats and men sent away in the search, they frequently after weeks and weeks of this laborious work return home without success, having missed the seals in the wild wastes around them. If, however, they have the good fortune to fall in with the seals, which are often seen in such quantities as to blacken the ice for miles away, the ship is immediately forced into the pack, and the men are sent away with rifles, clubs, and long knives, to kill them by hundreds, and to drag their skins and blubber to the ship. Should the weather remain fine and the pack so close that the poor seals cannot escape into the water, a ship will often fill up in a few days; but if a gale arise the men hasten on board, and the ship has to make all speed out of the ice, or remain to be crushed to atoms and the crews to perish. The sealing season at an end, the ships then return homeward to recruit their men and to replenish their stores for the voyage to Davis Straits in search of whales.

Formerly the whalers used to be content with trying the seas on the West coast of Greenland, in Davis Straits, as far as latitude 70°, and in

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the vicinity of Disco Island, beyond which it was considered impossible to pass. But owing to the expedition which was sent in 1818 for the discovery of the North-west passage having given information of the great numbers of whales seen in the extreme northern limits of Davis Straits, and more particularly on the western side, our whalers have since penetrated year after year these inhospitable regions, and oftentimes with astonishing success.

As the whales always seek the protection (from the attacks of the sword-fish,) of the *fast ice*, or ice which is still attached to the land and bays after the main body has broken away in the summer, and as they are found to be numerous in the neighbourhood of Lancaster Sound and Pond's Bay, the chief object of the whalers is to arrive there about the commencement of July. Succeeding in this, they are almost certain of a full ship, but they must encounter a most dangerous navigation on their way.

Northern Davis Straits and Baffin's Sea are full of a vast loose pack of floe-ice and enormous icebergs, either forced upon the land with incredible violence, or driven off it according to the direction of the gales of wind at the time. To arrive, then, at the north-western limits of Baffin's Sea, it is necessary to follow the indentations of the Greenland shores, pushing forward whenever the pack is driven to sea by the force of the wind; but when the pack drives upon the land, to hold on with every endeavour to the ice still attached to the shore, and even at times with large ice-saws to cut a dock for the ship in it for protection against the violence of the shock. To deviate from this course is considered fatal, for once to become entangled in the mass of drifting ice is to be carried out to sea with it and to be there frozen in. Escape is then almost impossible; the ship becomes more and more surrounded until, perhaps, land and water are alike lost to view; and if she is not soon crushed by the violent agitation of the ice-floes, or driven to pieces against a grounded iceberg, she is carried helplessly throughout the long winter wherever the storms and currents may drive the frozen sea, and until she is hurled into the Atlantic in following spring-time.

Such has been the fate of several of the whale-ships, some having been lost with all on board, never to be heard of again, others to be released in the spring with the greater part of their crews dead or dying. Such also was our fate in the *Fox* discovery ship, when we were for nine weary months thus hopelessly beset without once seeing either land or the open sea, and again only last year as happened to the *Diana* whaler, whose recent return home after having been given up for lost has created so much interest and sympathy for her unfortunate crew.

The *Diana* sailed from Hull on February 19th, and from Lerwick, March 8, 1866, for the Eastern Greenland fisheries, Having arrived at the ice in latitude 69° 45′—the magnificent peak of Jan Mayen island in sight—the search for seals was immediately commenced; but after battering about in the ice-edge, and in the pack, during four weeks, amid a succession of violent gales, she sailed on April 19, on her return homeward, having only succeeded in obtaining about twenty seals. It must have been with a heavy heart that Captain Gravill bore up from his more fortunate

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companions; for only the previous day he had spoken the ships *Milaka* with 3,000, the *Alexandra* with 3,000, and *Jan Mayen* with 1,500 seals. The season was at an end; no time was to be lost in pushing on to Davis Straits, and he could only hope that better fortune might attend him in the perilous voyage he had in prospect. The *Diana* arrived in Lerwick on April 28th, and the surgeon, Dr. Smith, thus describes his rambles on shore in Shetland:—"The country has a bleak and barren aspect, from the hills and undulations being covered with heather, varied only by the numbers of little stacks of peat. We met droves of small shaggy ponies, active long-woolled sheep, and stunted hide-bound cattle, with listless men and boys, followed by collie-dogs, attending to the stock, groups of women, girls, and aged men carrying turf along the winding roads in baskets upon their backs, all the women knitting as they walked. We entered the dwellings of some of the country-people: they were chiefly built of stone, with a thatched roof, and consisted of one room, with bed-cabins ranged around the sides, a fire of peat burning upon the floor, the smoke finding its way out through a small hole in the roof, and the *reek* of the peat most painful to the eyes, and rendering it difficult to find the proffered seat. We were offered milk at a penny a bowlful, and it was remarkable with what kindness and unaffected hospitality we were welcomed to these gloomy abodes. They seemed so glad to meet with sailors, for almost all the husbands, fathers, sons, and sweethearts in the island are engaged in the fisheries. One old woman in particular was delighted to see me. She told me that her husband and all her sons were at sea, and that she had lost one son in a ship that was never heard of again. She remarked that 'God had sent me to cheer her up a bit.' Other women dropped in at the same time, one of them a spaewife, or wizard, and these good creatures told many stories of the hardships and privations of a Shetlander's life, as they smoked their pipes filled with the *Diana's* tobacco. A ramble along the cliffs was most enjoyable. We sat down upon the turf and smoked, and drank fresh water from the springs, and we watched the hooded-crow picking up shell-fish from the beach, dropping it from a height upon the rocks, and descending again to pick the fish from the broken shell. Inland were women and old men busy manuring the ground with seaweed, and planting potatoes, which are dibbled in and covered by a light harrow, invariably drawn by women. I never saw a horse or pony at work upon the land."

By the 8th of May the *Diana* was all ready for sea, and sailed on her voyage to Davis Straits, and running across the Atlantic with favourable winds, she passed Cape Farewell, the extreme southern point of Greenland, on the 17th, and arrived off Disco on the 28th. Every preparation was now made for the capture of fish, the boats' gear was all rove and the lines coiled in them, the harpoons and lances sharpened, harpoon-guns cleaned, and the different crews told off to their boats. Several of the whaling-fleet were already in sight, ranging about in search of whales, and waiting for the rupture of ice to allow them to proceed northward.

On the 28th the first whale was seen, and the ship immediately

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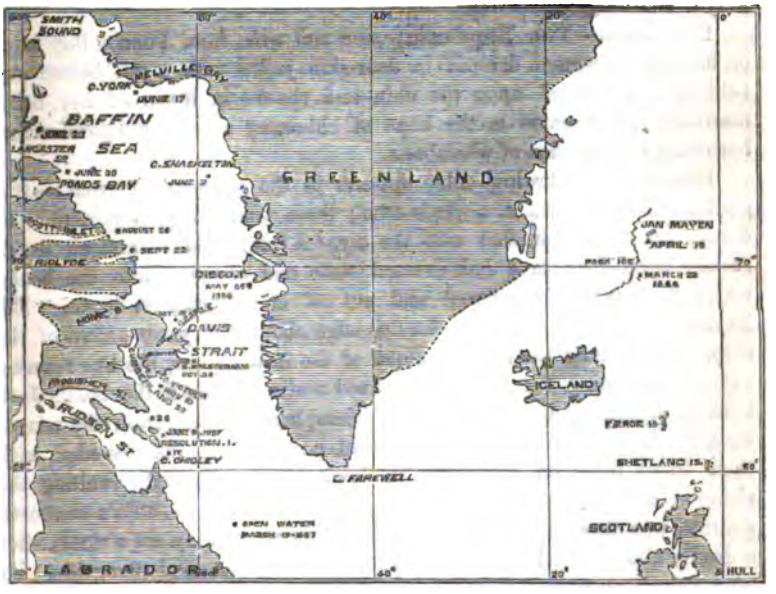
forced through a sheam of ice; but without success. The same evening, however, they saw the Jack flying from the mizen of the *Wildfire*, the signal that her boats were fast to a fish, which they soon killed.

From this time till 17th June they were struggling through the intricate navigation to the northward, along the Greenland coast, and through Melville Bay. They had several narrow escapes; but this being (as described above) the anxious period of the whalers' voyage, they had good reason to congratulate themselves upon arriving off Cape York with every prospect before them of sailing across the north water to the western shores before the land ice had disappeared and the whalers had left its protection. In this passage they had fallen in with many white bears roaming about, six being seen together on the 18th; but they do not appear to have killed any; and, indeed, our whale-fishers seem to have great dread of these animals. They relate stories of a single bear having attacked a whole ship's company of forty men, and invariably appear to have made all haste to the ship whenever a bear has been encountered in their rambles on the ice. The *Diana's* crew, however, succeeded in harpooning some of those beautiful narwhales, whose spiral horns of ivory are now so very valuable and so much sought after, especially by the Chinese. They are the "unicorn" of the whalers, and are killed with a harpoon discharged from the gun, generally taking out about one line, or 130 fathoms, before they are exhausted.



The course of the "Diana" on this Chart is indicated by the dots and dates.

On passing Cape York, they found the wild Esquimaux of Smith Sound, with their sledges and dogs drawn up on the ice, awaiting the arrival of the whalers in the hopes of barter. These poor Esquimaux are

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entirely shut off by enormous glaciers from the rest of mankind; they live by hunting the bear, the walrus, and seal, which they kill upon the ice with spears and knives;—having no guns or boats; they are so entirely isolated that, until the arrival of the expedition of 1818, they considered themselves the only people in the world. They are a fine manly race of about 150 people, clothed in the skins of the bear, the wolf, and the seal, and were the means of affording the greatest relief and assistance to Drs. Kane and Hayes, who wintered among them.

By the 25th of June the *Diana* reached the entrance to Lancaster Sound, and all hands were delighted at the prospect of a good and successful voyage. They were now on the west side, and in the best whaling waters. The decks were cleared of all lumber, the casks were all re-stowed in the hold, the lances and boat-axes carefully ground, large tackles rove for getting up the fish's head and tail, and, in fact, everything ready for *taking*, *flenching*, and *making off* at any moment. Early the following morning a whale rose near the ship, and the boats were instantly lowered in pursuit; but they were recalled by the captain on his coming upon deck, as it was contrary to his express wishes that any boats should be sent away on Sunday—a day always strictly observed by Captain Gravill as a day of rest, whenever the dangerous nature of their voyage would admit of it, and never allowed to pass without the crew being twice mustered for prayer and religious service.

29th June.—Two Esquimaux, man and wife, from Pond's Bay came on board; the woman dressed in deer-skin jacket with a tail before and behind, and tatooed upon the chin and cheeks in token of her being married. They came in the hope of obtaining a little gunpowder and bartering a few blades of whalebone.

30th.—The following entry appears in the surgeon's journal:—"A glorious day. At 2 A.M. a whale seen; three boats away in pursuit. At 4 A.M. the ship resounded with the cry, 'A fall! a fall!' and all hands rushed upon deck in a half-dressed state and crowded into the boats, which were instantly lowered and put off in the greatest haste. Bill Reynolds was fast to a fish at the floe-edge about 200 yards astern of the ship. I ran along the floe and stood at the boat's stern, the line running out like lightning, the fish having dived under the floe: the boat's Jack hoisted at the stern, the ship's Jack triumphantly flying from the mizen-mast head. Six other boats at different points along the floe-edge, with their crews lying on their oars in breathless excitement, awaiting the rising of the whale to strike her again. She rose on the ship's starboard quarter, was fired at again with a gun-harpoon, and by six o'clock, after a deadly struggle with harpoons and lances, she was dead alongside. At nine o'clock another fish was seen. Suddenly the captain sung out, 'A fall! a fall!' Again the same scene of excitement and confusion. Byers, the harpooner, was fast to a fish, but something evidently wrong; his boat was dragged nearly under water. The crew leaped upon the ice, the line flew up, the Jack was lowered, the whale was free, for the line had

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got entangled, and had it not broken the boat with all her crew would have been dragged to destruction. All the boats now returned to the ship but two, and we resumed the operation of flenching the first fish killed, when again the cry was raised, 'A fall! a fall!' The last fish had risen again and Clark had already buried his harpoon over the socket in her side. By 11.30 A.M. she was dead, and by 6 P.M., the operation of flenching was completed.

"All hands turned in early, very greasy, wet, and weary; the weather thick and foggy with sleet and snow; our decks and everything about the ship slippery with oil and grease, and thousands of sea-birds surrounding the ship, feeding, fighting, and chattering over the scraps of blubber and oil. We consider that we have got twenty tons of oil from these two fish. The bone of the first measures 10 ft. 8 in., and of the second 9 ft. 8 in. The value may be reckoned thus: twenty tons of oil at 50*l.* per ton, 1,000*l.*; one and a half tons of bone, at 700*l.* per ton, 1,050*l.* Total value of this day's fishing, 2,050*l.*

"The Esquimaux, who had remained on board and thoroughly entered into the sport, left next morning and returned in the afternoon with a sledge and six dogs and a tent in order to receive a load of '*muck-tuck*,' or whale's skin, which to them is a great delicacy."

Well would it have been for the *Diana's* crew had they followed the example of these poor Esquimaux in preserving some of this food for themselves, for the skin of the whale is most nutritious and has well-known anti-scorbutic properties. But the crew of the *Diana* were flushed with their present good-fortune and did not care to contemplate how greatly they might yet stand in need. They had arrived in good time at their fishing-ground, two whales had already been captured without those dangers with which the killing of these huge fish are often attended; they felt that they had only to work earnestly at the fishing for a few short weeks and then to return home to their families with the fruits of their hard-earned labours. But a sad change came over their fortunes. The sea in which they now were cruising, usually open at this season, already began to be blocked with ice driven over to the western shores by a continuance of easterly winds; and although many whales were seen from time to time, and the boats frequently sent away, they were so hampered with the ice-floes that it was almost all they could do to keep the ship from danger.

Several of the other whaling ships were met with, some having from two to five fish, others without any, and all agreeing that it was an unusual and unlucky season. On the 27th July they spoke the *Retriever*, her captain reporting that he had killed three and lost two fish; he had seen many whales, and could easily have filled his ship a few days since, had not the ice set in and jammed the boats. The *Wildfire* reported that at one time as many as forty whales were blowing around her when the ice suddenly set in and drove the ship away. The *Alexandra* had been nipped, and was bent almost like the letter S, and had narrowly escaped destruction. Some men having been seen travelling upon the ice towards the ships,

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and thought to be a wrecked crew, attempts were made to reach them, but for several days without avail, until at last they got to the *Tay*, and reported that they had left their ship, the *Queen*, of Peterhead, which had passed the whole winter in the Lancaster Sound, and were seeking refuge until their ship, which was still frozen in a floe of ten miles in extent, was released.

The summer was fast passing away, a few narwhales and seals being the only additions to the *Diana's* gains. The weather had become stormy and unsettled, and it was time to think of proceeding south and passing down the south-western shores on their return. By August 11, they had got as far as Coutts' Inlet, where, however, they met a succession of easterly winds, which had so driven the pack on the land that there was little prospect of getting farther in that direction. It was now decided to attempt to return home by passing round the north of the middle ice and down the east water, and by the 17th they were again in sight of Cape York, but they could not pass to the eastward; the ice was closed upon the land, and their only chance of escape seemed to try again the western shore. By September 3rd they had struggled as far as Scott's Inlet, but could get no farther, the entry in the log being "ship tight, nipped up." The situation was now getting desperate; the last of the fleet, the *Intrepid*, had parted with them the day previously, having been enabled by her greater steam-power to force through a nip, and had steamed away in a lane of water.

They were now alone, their coals all burnt, and the carpenter already sawing up the spare spars for fuel, and but two months' provisions remaining, with the certainty of their being carried off into the pack and drifting in it all through the winter, or of their ship being crushed and their all perishing in the wastes of ice and snow. In this awful position the captain called upon his officers for their advice, and then summoned all hands, and giving them a few words of encouragement, he told them that they must at once go upon short allowance; that he calculated that the two months' remaining provisions might be eked out until the following May; and that any of the men who had saved bread were to bring it aft for the general stock; that all the provisions were to be placed in charge of the chief harpooner, who was to weigh out carefully to each man three pounds of bread and three-quarters of a pound of salt beef daily for the present; this to be afterwards reduced, if necessary, and the officers to share alike with the men. It is needless to say that the crew all saw how necessary were these orders, and they agreed to them without a murmur.

The second mate having seen from aloft a dead whale upon the floe, with a number of bears feeding upon it, a party of nineteen men, with rifles and flenching-knives, were sent with a boat, in hopes of bringing back a load of the carcase and skin, for such an opportunity of getting food was not to be lost; but the distances in the ice are so deceptive that the whale was found to be miles farther off than it appeared, and they had soon to leave the heavy boat behind them. They did not reach the

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whale, and as the ice began to open, the ship loosed her foretop-gallant sail—the signal of instant recall—and they attempted to make their way back; but, finding themselves cut off by a lane of water, they got upon a small piece of floating ice for a raft to bring them across to where they had left their boats. In the middle of the passage their ice-raft began to sink under their weight. "Swim for your lives!" cried the mate, as he leaped into the freezing water, followed by seven others; thus releasing the raft of their weight, and enabling the rest, who could not swim, to keep the raft afloat. By this act of bravery all were saved; and, half-frozen and worn out with fatigue, they eventually reached their ships, without having attained the object of their journey.

Driven again out of their position—off Scott's Inlet—by a gale of wind, another attempt was made to return northward into the east water, by rounding the north of the middle ice; and on the 15th Cape York was once more in sight, but the ice was impassable. They now thought of wintering in Pond's Bay, but this was given up, as their provisions could not possibly be eked out beyond the early spring, and so, baffled on all sides, there was nothing left for them but to force the ship again down the western shore. With the greatest exertions they reached as far as the river Clyde on the 22nd. The new ice was forming so fast that all navigation was at an end, and the ship now appears to have been quite beset, and had already commenced her weary drift to the southward, with the main body of the ice. Hope almost seems to have left them, yet those brave fellows never for once relaxed their efforts; for the log-book contains daily entries of the desperate attempts made to move the ship, by setting the sails, warping with the frozen lines, and blasting the ice with gunpowder. The fatigues that this work must have entailed upon the men, half-starved and exposed to all the furies of the autumnal gales, with no hope or encouragement to persevere, and every effort in vain, must have been very great, and perhaps laid the first seeds of that dreaded disease which afterwards proved so fatal. In this helpless state the *Diana* drifted all the month of October. She was off Cape Broughton on the 17th, and off Cape Searle on the 18th—the simple entries in the log bearing evidence of bitter disappointments. Thus, October 2nd—"Saw a fish, but could not get to her." Fancy these starving men seeing a huge fish close at hand, but unable to capture it. Its crang or flesh would have been sufficient food for them all, and the oil and bone would have added 1,000*l.* to their voyage. Again, on the 15th there is the entry, "A body of water in sight to the south-eastward, but cannot get into it."

On the 22nd they were drifting off Exeter Sound, where an Englishman is wintering, and endeavouring to form a fishing colony of Esquimaux. The ship was fifteen miles from the land, and a burning signal of pitch and oakum was lighted at the yard-arm, in hopes of their being seen from the shore, and that some of the Esquimaux might come off to their relief. A storm was raging at the time, and even had a response been made from the land, pointing out the position of the settlement, it would have been

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imposable to have crossed the rugged ice. There now came a fresh danger. They were fast approaching the barren land, where nothing lives, and from whence escape is impossible. To their horror they found the ship driving directly upon the rocks of Cape Victoria, over which the ice was piling on to the shore; and to have struck the ground would have been instant destruction, for the ice would have at once run over and buried the ship.

The surgeon thus writes in his diary on November 8th:—"About four o'clock a massive fragment of ice was forcing itself against the ship's quarter. The watch on deck were hastily getting up the scanty provisions from the hold, others getting up sails from the line-room for tents; all this going on by lamplight, and in the greatest hurry and confusion. Then the ominous cry, 'All hands ahoy!' rang down the hatchway, and the whole crew instantly swarmed upon deck. The night was pitchy dark, the ship groaning and straining with the tremendous pressure, the officers shouting their orders, the dull rumbling of the provision-casks along the deck, the flaring, flickering light borne hastily to and fro, the shrieking of the storm, with the certain conviction that we were about to be crushed, all presented a scene which I shall never forget."

The boats' provisions being all ready, the men proceeded to pack their bags, and then the crew were called aft to prayers in the cabin, the captain urging upon them the necessity of imploring the aid of God in their desperate position. The general impression was that they would have to drag the boats and provisions in search of the natives in Cumberland Sound, and where it was thought some ships might be wintering; but as the men were already in a very weak state, and without sledges or travelling equipment of any kind, this was looked upon as a last and desperate resource.

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This state of things continued hour after hour until the evening of the 10th, when the ship was only half a mile off the tremendous cliffs of Cape Victoria. Then a sudden change of wind set in, and they were hurled round the rocks into the open of Frobisher Straits, "the beautiful aurora flickering in the heavens like another bow of promise."

During the remainder of November and the month of December the *Diana* was drifting in the entrance of Cumberland Sound and Frobisher Straits. On the 23rd November, the nip was so severe that all hands were called on deck to prepare for the worst. The ship was actually laid on her beam-ends, and the cry of "She's stove! she's stove!" rang along the decks. The pumps were ordered to be manned, but they were found to be so completely frozen as to be useless, and had to be disconnected and thawed out over a fire before they could be worked.

The ship now began to leak so fearfully that the crew tore away some of the inside planking, to try to stop the leak forward, but without success, and the pumps were kept going night and day, having constantly to be lifted and burnt out. The hardships were telling sadly on the crew, and the poor captain, completely worn out with anxiety and depression, was fast sinking. He had gone into a tent, which was rigged upon the ice near the ship, in case of their having suddenly to leave her, and he there tried to get some rest from the constant groaning and creaking of the ship; but almost perished with the cold, he had returned on board in a worse state than before.

Christmas day passed gloomily enough: at 8 A.M. the ship narrowly escaped destruction upon an iceberg, which was aground, and against which she was so nearly driven that the crew all prepared to seek escape upon the floe. At 9 A.M. another struggle with the same berg, the current driving them well upon it. At 11, a prayer-meeting was held upon the half-deck, and a hymn was sung; then dinner was served out, consisting of a slice of pudding, and a piece of cold salted beef, and some tripe which had been saved by the mate for the occasion. The crew sat down upon their chests in groups of two and three, and tried to forget their troubles in their first good meal since their being beset. In the cabin the officers had formed a table, and ate their dinner almost in silence, for the poor captain was in a dying state upon a sofa, and in a half-unconscious slumber, from which they feared to awake him. Even now they were not at rest, for at 3 P.M. the ice was again in motion, and the pressure upon the ship became so great that she was half lifted on her side, and even the cabin deck was bending under their feet. Thus they spent the day. No Christmas song or evening mirth was attempted, and all felt relieved when the night-watch was set, and they could retire to their berths and try to escape their gloomy thoughts in sleep.

On the following day the captain died, notwithstanding the unremitting attentions of those about him. They had sat up with him night after night as he lay with all his clothes on, ready at any moment to be carried out of the ship, and always anxiously inquiring

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how things were going on on deck. Well might his late companions feel his loss, for never was a man more respected by his crew. Many of them had been with him from their boyhood, for year after year, in these hazardous voyages, and all looked up to him as a father and a friend. They placed his body upon the bridge, in a coffin made by the carpenter.

The New Year commenced without change in their prospects. The ship gradually drove southward through the month of January, and on the 16th was off Cape Labrador. Only one cask of beef now remaining, the allowance was again reduced. The spare wood, cask-staves, and some of the boats were burnt for fuel, and an oil-lamp was kept burning to melt snow for water. Small stores were all gone, and still there were no hopes of an early release. The entries in the log-book recount the constant struggles of the crew with the ice, and their attempts to keep the ship afloat. On one or two occasions, a lean and hungry bear would come to look at the ship; but the whalers have an unfortunate prejudice against eating the flesh, which they consider poisonous, although it is really wholesome and nutritious food. They do not appear to have killed or attempted to hunt the bears. A few snowy owls and ravens also visited the ship; but beyond this they do not seem to have met with any opportunity of getting any fresh food whatever.

To pass the time, they told stories of their former adventures in the fisheries, illustrating the extraordinary dangers they frequently undergo; and one of the harpooners related the following to the surgeon:—

"I went to sea for the first time in 1854, as half-deck boy on board the *Violet*, of Hull, on a sealing voyage to East Greenland. It was perhaps the severest weather ever known in the country. One day we noticed something black upon the ice, and thinking it was the seals, a boat was sent away and found five poor fellows laid side by side, all frozen to death, and another kneeling by himself close by, with a boat-hook as a signal. We took them on board and buried them next day. The surviver told us that they belonged to a Danish ship, and had been away sealing, when a gale coming on, their boat was stove and the ship driven out of sight. He lived six weeks, but had to have both his legs taken off, and died afterwards. A good many ships were lost that year, and three Hull ships, the *Germania*, the *Hebe*, and the *Violet*, which I was aboard of. We drove into the pack in a gale of wind, and was stove in. We were eight days upon the wreck, the empty casks holding her up, but were taken off by a Dutch vessel and were kindly taken care of. It was fearfully cold that year; some of the crews were wrecked three times, and you'd see ships with their ensigns flying for doctors to come off to the wrecked crews, many of whom were badly frost-bitten." Such were the tales these poor fellows told each other as they sat over the flaring oil-lamps on board the *Diana*.

During the whole month of February the ship made but little progress, being jammed in the open of Frobisher Straits. The crew now began to get worse and worse from the effects of the short allowance of food, and on the 15th, Forbes, a Shetlander, died. The day previously he was

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working at the pumps (which he had resolutely refused to quit, determining to do his duty to the last), when he suddenly fell down, exclaiming, "I can do no more." He was immediately carried below to his berth, but said to the surgeon, "It is too cold there, doctor; it is full of ice, and I cannot sleep there." He was then put into another bed with one of his countrymen, but he never rallied again. Poor fellow, he had been allowed three extra biscuits in the last week, but was quite unable to eat them. On March 4th, Abernethy (Shetlander) died, and the two bodies were laid upon the bridge beside the captain. Towards the middle of March they had drifted down to the entrance of Hudson's Strait, and the ice becoming more slack, they were enabled at times to force the ship, with all sail and warps, short distances to the south-eastward, and on the 17th a heavy swell setting into the pack indicated their approach to the open ocean. The excitement was now intense. Every effort was made night and day; and at last, on the 18th, they broke out, after a gale of wind which severely damaged the rudder.

The broad Atlantic was now before them. They were released, and bore away with a loud cheer for home; but they were so reduced in strength as to be almost incapable of working the ship. The dreadful scurvy increased in violence on the sudden change from the frosts of the ice-pack to the damps and fogs of the open water. The 'tween-deck was in a fearful state from the sleeping berths, which had been almost constantly coated with ice, now becoming thawed and dripping wet. They had stripped the ship of almost everything inflammable, and so were unable to make any fire below, and many of the crew lay in their berths unable to help themselves or each other, and as all who were capable of duty were constantly called to the work upon deck, and that finished, they were so fatigued as to be just able to crawl to their beds, the unfortunate sick men were almost dependent upon the ship's cook, who sat up night and day trying to afford them some relief by feeding them with soaked biscuit and a thin soup made from his scraps which he had saved for the purpose. Some of those who had struggled upon deck in the first excitement of their release, soon fell down at the pumps, and as each day another death occurred the bodies were brought up from below, wrapped in canvas, and laid in rows upon deck. Some of the deaths of these scurvy-stricken men were so sudden—the effects of the slightest exertion followed by a fatal syncope—as scarcely to give time for the surgeon to be called to the bedside. On one occasion the surgeon was assisting upon deck, when a sailor said to him, "Doctor, you're wanted below," and he arrived between decks only in time to find a poor fellow who, in struggling out of his berth, had been thrown down from the rolling of the ship, and was lying dead upon the decks. On another occasion, the slight exertion of crawling out of bed was instantly fatal—poor Arthur Yell being found dead upon his two companions, over whom he had tried to pass, and who were too weak to remove his body from off them. Most providentially, strong fair winds drove them across the Atlantic, and they

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managed to get the sails set upon the ship, but were utterly unable to reduce it to the gales. In this state they flew before the wind in their race with death, until at last three only of the whole company were able to go aloft. The surgeon appears to have done everything in his power; for besides attending the sick and performing the sad offices for the dead, he took his turn at the pumps, kept the watch, and assisted with the sails and ropes. Messrs. Clark, Loffey, Byers, Smith, and Reynolds, mates and harpooners, worked with desperate energy, as indeed all did while capable of the least exertion. They fortunately made the land on March 31, and it was determined to run the ship into the nearest harbour, Ronas Voe, early on the 2nd April, 1867. So completely were they exhausted that had they been out for another day they must have been lost; for the night previous to sighting the land three men fell at the pumps, and one of the principal sails blew away from their inability to secure it. On entering Ronas Voe nine corpses were lying on the deck, two men only could go aloft, and two other poor fellows died in their berths; but with the aid of help from the shore the ship was brought safely to anchor, and a messenger despatched to Lerwick for assistance.

The kind people of the neighbourhood immediately sent off refreshments, and every attention was given to the poor worn-out sailors, who speak with the greatest gratitude of all the kindness, and who, now that their anxieties were at an end, soon began to improve in health. Help, however, came too late to save three other poor fellows, who died on the following day.

The sad funerals having taken place, and the *Diana* again prepared for sea, she subsequently sailed for Hull with a fresh crew sent to bring her round. Arriving in the Humber the news spread rapidly over the town that the "long-lost whaler" was in sight. How sadly different her present from many a former arrival, when she had returned triumphantly, with her crew rejoicing in success and health, and bringing a good account of their voyage to their employers and families. Crowds now flocked down to stare at her bleached rigging and her worn and whitened sides, and to lend their hearty sympathy; but no ringing cheer welcomed her coming, and no garland wove by fair hands fluttered from her maintop-gallant-stay, and her ensign half lowered from her peak was the sad signal of her sacred charge—the coffin of her good captain, who was now borne back upon the deck of his ship to his last home upon earth.

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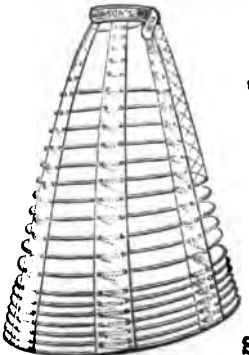

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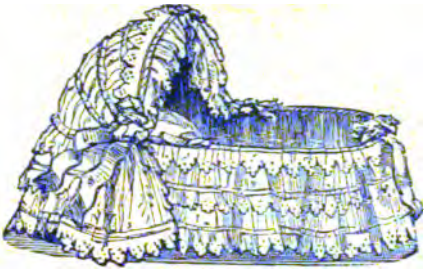

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